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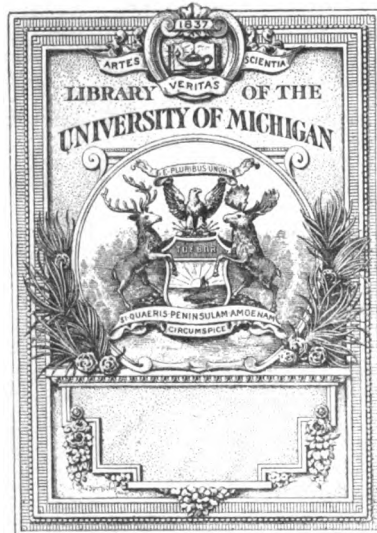
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No. MCLXXXV.

JULY 1914.

VOL. CXCVI.

"BRACKETED FIRST."
P. JACKS.

BY L. P. JACKS.

NO. 1
 "BRACKETED"
 BY L. P. JACKS.
 THOSE who are unfamiliar with the ways of our University may learn with a gentle surprise that in one subject which, from its nature, deals with the highest Degrees are obtainable without any Examination whatsoever. That subject is Moral Science. Are you a candidate for Honours in Mathematics? Then produce your instruments and draw an ellipse. In Physiology? Decapitate this frog and dissect the brain while we are watching you. In Botany? Put these seeds under the microscope and name the family-tree that bore them. In Medicine? Go to yonder bedside, feel the patient's pulse and prescribe the dose. In something without making a mess of it—or the Degree shall not be yours. But in Moral Science we have none of these tests. We ask you to identify no specimens, to diagnose no malady, to compound no bolus, to probe no wound, to administer no viaticum to the departing soul. All that, we say, will come afterwards; it is not in our province; we teach you not to do, but to think what you are doing. The events I am about to relate belong to a period—not so very long ago—when interest in speculative morals was keener in our University than it is to-day. Questions which have since grown stale and become provocative of yawns in the lecture-room were then in the ascendant. It was a time when a change of view concerning the ethical "End" might lead to the rupture of a friendship, when affinities concerning Free-will would explain the sudden marriage of a young professor, and when undergraduates would debate the Greatest Happiness till two in the morning. Moral

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Science was no more practical then than now, but the theoretical enthusiasm was greater, and there was more German blood in our intellectual veins. The spirit of mockery had not yet appeared at the Hegelian council-board; you could quote Lotze without being considered a bore; Schopenhauer was still uneclipsed by Nietzsche; and there was no more sporting event in the academic world than the yearly competition for the Kant Scholarship in Speculative Morals.

In the year when my story begins the competition for this Scholarship was unusually severe. That year, indeed, marks an illustrious date in the annals of Moral Science, as expounded in our University; we still talk of its glories in the Common Room when we remember the great days of old, over our second glass of port. Nineteen candidates were in for the Scholarship; and there was not a feeble one among them. All of them have since won distinction; several, it must be added, are dead.

Among the entrants for the Scholarship that year three stood out as the chief favourites. The candidate with the strongest backing was John Danvers, Scholar of St Rook's. It is said that the sons of clergymen often turn out ill; we ought not to be surprised, therefore, if the sons of blackguards occasionally turn out well. At all events the father in this case was, or had been, a blackguard, and the son

was turning out uncommonly well. He was one of those young men, of whom there are more in the world than one might suspect, who deliberately set themselves the task, or the duty, of atoning before the world for the sins of their fathers. What the particular sin of Danvers' father had been it concerns us not to know; enough that it had brought deep disgrace upon a family of honourable repute. He had disappeared and was reported to be dead; and since he had once been well known to many of us, and had numerous connections by kinship and marriage with members of the University, it was a point of prudence never to mention his name. Once only did John Danvers broach the matter to me; it was in the intimacy of those relationships which happily still subsist in our University between the teacher and the taught. His father's turpitude, he told me, had furnished him with a knowledge of evil that was quite unique, and he was determined to find out a way of applying this knowledge to the service of the world, so that the world in the long-run would become better off through his exertions than it would have been had his father committed no crimes. "There must be a way of doing that," he said, "and I suspect that it lies in the direction of social service. A man who knows what I know is in an exceptionally strong position for dealing with such and such types of evil; and I am

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looking to Moral Science to help me in finding a way of turning this knowledge to good account." This explains why John Danvers, who was one of the blithest boys imaginable, had turned his attention to Moral Science—a point otherwise hard to understand. I confess I received his confidence on this matter with mingled feelings. For Danvers himself and his motives I felt nothing but admiration; but I knew enough of moral science to fear that some disappointment might await him in that quarter. Moral science, as we cultivated it in those days, was not well adapted to meeting the needs of young men who were bent on atoning for the sins of their fathers. It was, as we have seen, avowedly and perhaps somewhat pompously, theoretical; whereas John Danvers' designs in morality leaned obviously to the practical side.

The candidate thought to have the second chance was Tom Pindar, descended from a long line of 'Varsity Dons. Of him my recollection is less distinct; at least I remember him rather as a type than as an individual. He had a big body, a firm mouth and a fine set of teeth: one of those straight-limbed, clean-minded, upstanding young Britons of whom, I thank God, you may find a thousand in the University any day. One distinguishing peculiarity, however, I can recall. He had a habit of biting so hard on the mouthpiece of his tobacco pipe that neither wood, vulcanite, nor amber

He would often come with Danvers and we used to make small bets on the chance of Tom's mouthpiece lasting out to the end of the ritual. This it was to stick his pipe in his mouth whenever he wanted to emphasise the points in his argument, and then, sure as fate, there would be a crash between his jaws; the pipe would fall on the floor and we had to wait for the rest of the sentence until Tom had finished splinters of amber into the process of spitting the coal-scuttle. In outward appearance he contradicted all one's notions of the professional moralist; none the less he had the wisdom of the schools at his finger-ends; he was a great champion of the doctrine of "self-realisation," and could trounce a Utilitarian till he made him dance.

The third favourite for the Kant Scholarship was Madeleine Doughty. The third, I mean, with the general public. Among the women—and several women always competed for the Kant Scholarship—she was acclaimed the most charming; but a few men backed her on other grounds. She was certainly gifted with intelligence beyond the common; and the combination of beauty and wit being highly prized in the University, there were not a few among the elder Dons who, whenever they saw Madeleine, had a notion of what they

would do if they were twenty years younger.

Like Pindar, Madeleine Doughty lacked the outward seeming of a moral philosopher. What attracted her to this science was never known till the events were fully accomplished which I am about to relate. But I will so far anticipate as to say that Madeleine was distantly connected with Danvers, whom she had known from childhood, and fully cognisant—more fully cognisant than anybody knew at the time—with the circumstances of the family disgrace. And besides this she had managed to penetrate, by means which I shall leave to the imagination of the reader, into the secret of John Danvers' designs in respect of his father's crime. There is something about the idea of making atonement which has a peculiar attraction for noble women; whenever atoning work is afoot some Magdalen or Cordelia is sure to find it out and take a hand; and, to be quite explicit, I believe that Madeleine Doughty had not only found out what Danvers was after, but was secretly preparing herself, in her own way, for participating in the young man's enterprise. She was resolute as well as intelligent; and subsequent events proved pretty plainly that she had made up her mind about some things which most girls at her age are content to leave in delightful uncertainty.

It was one of the rules of the examination for the Kant Scholarship that no candidate

was allowed to write his name on the papers,—they had numbers or pseudonyms, I forget which; but Miss Doughty's handwriting was peculiar, and I can tell you (being in the secret) that when the papers came in the first thing each of the examiners did was to pick out Madeleine's and stick them at the bottom of the pile, to be reserved as a *bonne bouche* till the last. Not that any of them had hopes for himself—they were all married men and Moral Philosophers to boot. But they were interested. They knew—everybody knew—that Danvers and Pindar were both desperately in love with Madeleine. How desperately you may judge from the following incident. On the morning the trial began the janitor received instructions (from a certain person) to interpose opaque pieces of furniture in the Examination Room along the lines of vision which connected Madeleine with the other two. They put Madeleine behind what was virtually a screen; which proves that, despite their philosophy, the examiners were men of the world and knew all about it.

We had heard also—for a University has some of the properties of a whispering gallery—that Madeleine was willing to marry either Danvers or Pindar, and would have given her hand to whichever of the pair had made the first decided move. There was also another story whose originator, if I remember rightly, was a little coach named

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Merlin, a man with a club-foot, whom some of us had observed making eyes through his spectacles at Madeleine. He gave it out that Madeleine had decided to have neither of the young men; that each of them had proposed and been rejected, because Madeleine would not inflict suffering on the other by accepting the one. This story I never believed; it was not in human nature. Besides, its source was tainted and watery. I know as a fact that neither Danvers nor Pindar ever proposed to Madeleine Doughty.

Such were the three favourites. It only remains for me to add that Danvers and Pindar were bosom friends,—old schoolfellows, comrades in many a hard-fought battle on the football field, and loyal to each other with a loyalty beyond the love of women. They were humble-minded too, as the loyal always are; each unconscious of his own fine qualities, but convinced that the other was just the finest fellow in the world. And thus it was that both of them were hanging back in the affair of Madeleine. It was a strife of mutual self-renunciation. "Go in and win her, Pin!" said the one; "she's far too good for me." "Go in and win her, Dan!" said the other; "I'm not nearly good enough for her." And the result was that neither of them "went in."

How is it, I have often asked myself, that not one of us wiseacres who were conducting the Examination for the Kant

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Scholarship had the perspicacity to see that here was a golden opportunity for introducing the Practical Test into the teaching of Moral Science, thereby earning immortal honours for our University as the initiator of a great Reform? Why, instead of plying them up to the last moment with questions as to the Universality of Moral Law, which all three answered to equal admiration, did we not put the matter to the touch at the very point where the Particular was thrust under our noses? Just consider what we might have done! After disposing of the other sixteen candidates we might have said to our three young friends: "Go into the next room all three of you and stay there for an hour or less; settle your little affair by the application of Kantian principles any other recognised principles of Morality; prove thus your capacity for Moral Decision and then return. No award to be made until the wedding bells begin to ring." It was of this practical test, the opportunity for which had been providentially thrown in our way. As it was, we followed the usual methods, awarding the Scholarship, after long debate, to Madeleine Doughty, whose "Essay" was extraordinarily brilliant. Its subject, chosen out of four alternatives, was "Courage as the Basis of Morality," treated in a manner by no means complimentary to Kant. The "Essays" of Danvers and Pindar were on "Self-sacrifice." They were dis-

tinguished by great knowledge of authorities, extreme subtlety of analysis, and profound deference to Kant; but both ending abruptly, just short of the conclusion, we were compelled to mark them with an "Alpha Minus." Never did examiners take more conscientious pains with their business. But I cannot escape an uncomfortable feeling that we might have had something serious to answer for. No thanks to us that things did not go utterly wrong. No thanks to us that Madeleine is not married to Merlin and that Danvers and Pindar did not become monks.

Thus it was, then, that the Examiners, acting in their official capacity, lost their chance. But Powers, which have no official status in the University, were at work, and the omission was soon made good. These Powers had a further Examination in store for Danvers, Pindar, and Madeleine Doughty; and, needless to say, *their* programme had been drawn up on strictly Practical Lines.

It happened about a year after the award of the Kant Scholarship; and you may take it as incidental witness to the Perversity of Things that this far more difficult Examination was launched upon our young friends on the very evening when the list of Final Honours in the School of Moral Science was posted in the Senate House—almost at the moment, that is to say, when the three were congratulating one another on

having done with Examinations for ever!

Who that has been through the mill needs reminding of that scene? Let the readiest writer describe it and his pen will make blots. Let the soundest sleeper recall it in the night watches and he will lie awake for an hour. We are in the Vestibule of the Senate House. A jabbering crowd of youths and maidens who move distractedly; groups formed and instantly dissolved; dark shadows under eyes that are glittering with excitement or apprehension; cold fingers and damp palms—this is what we see, this is what we feel. There is a nervous tension in the air; the walls are tremulous; the marble flags rock under the feet; voices, high-pitched and jerky, break forth and run about like sudden fractures in a field of ice. All at once the babble ceases: a man in a chocolate uniform and a gold-laced hat is fixing something on the wall; nothing is heard save the sound of hurrying feet and the rustle of women's skirts. The whole crowd has melted into a solid lump of human backs, massed against the wall; it seems to hang upon the notice-board as by a peg. So for half a minute it hangs; then a right-about face in both directions, and the lump has dissolved itself into a multiplicity of chattering units. The victors are suppressing their elation; the disappointed are passing it off; the broken are speaking with a smile that turns into a grin; backs are being slapped; consolations are

to hesitate. Whatever the connection might be, precipitate action was not quite the thing for a man who had just been bracketed first in Moral Science—a man, moreover, who had come within an ace of that bluest of blue ribbons, the Kant Scholarship. He was being taken unawares. One ought to reflect before acting. Otherwise one is a humbug.

Not many days before he had scored heavily on one of the papers in answer to a question which required him to weigh the respective merits of "reflective and unreflective Morality." He had shown (*maxima cum laude*) that the reflective sort is by far the superior article, supporting his argument by citations from the greatest authorities, including several terse passages of Aristotle, all reproduced in faultlessly accented Greek. Moreover, he had proved to the satisfaction of the Examiners that he knew the virtue of Benevolence up and down, from its measly adolescence in pagan ethics to its white-winged maturity under the Christian Law. He had analysed that virtue into its ultimate constituents; he had described the dunghill on which it was born and the golden palace it inhabits now; nay more, while dissecting the roots whence Benevolence springs, he had discovered a root unmentioned in any of the text-books—a sign of originality which the examiners, always hospitable to such discoveries, had been quick to welcome, one of them actually saying to his colleagues

that the point was "quite interesting." Which remark the Examiner concluded with a yawn. The poor man had read thirty-seven Essays on Benevolence that day.

While these reverberations were shaking his mind, Danvers, I say, hesitated; and the shilling, which had not yet seen the light, slipped from between his fingers and rejoined its comrades at the bottom of his trousers pocket. The tramp, whose hearing for such things was abnormally acute, heard the jingle of the coin, and correctly interpreting the sound, muttered an unspeakable word under his breath.

"Look here," said Danvers, "I don't give money to beggars on the street. You know it's illegal to ask. You'd get into trouble if the police saw you. You'd better go to the Casual Ward."

"Thank you, sir," said the tramp, speaking in a voice which seemed an excellent imitation of the voice we acquire, or cultivate, in the University. "I am always attracted by the Casual Ward, sir. It's a place both of comfort and refinement, and may be compared with the best London clubs. But unfortunately, sir, the Casual Ward is closed at this time of night."

"Then try the Salvation Army Shelter. You'll find it by going down that street and taking the first to the left. And come round to my rooms to-morrow morning and I'll give you a ticket for the Charity Organisation Society

and have your case investigated."

Danvers felt that he would really like to investigate this case.

"Thank you again," answered the tramp, taking off his hat, and artfully aiming the water that streamed from its brim upon Danvers' boots. "Thank you exceedingly. I was hoping you would say that, sir: in fact, it was only my modesty which prevented me asking for a Ticket at the first. I will certainly call upon you to-morrow morning. Will you be kind enough to name the hour and the place?"

"Come round to St Rook's College at eleven o'clock and ask for Mr Danvers. I'll tell the porter to show you to my room."

The man had large, prominent eyes; and he scrutinised Danvers up and down. Then, with the coolest insolence, he extended his dirty palm and said—

"Shake hands, Mr Danvers. I'm glad to meet you."

Danvers stepped back a pace. "I like your impudence," he said. "But you can't play that game with me, so don't try it on! However, come round to-morrow morning, and I'll do as I said."

"Punctually at eleven, Mr Danvers, I shall be at St Rook's. But may I venture to point out to you, sir, a little fact which has possibly escaped your observation? I think you perceive, sir, that I am very hungry now; but have you reflected that at eleven to-morrow morning I shall be

hungrier still, and perhaps in a state of exhaustion so extreme as to be unable to take advantage of your wisely deferred benevolence. These things don't stand still, sir."

Danvers turned away; he was bewildered, and had had enough. "This," he thought, "is a begging impostor,—one of those rascals who study their parts like actors preparing for the stage. I've heard they rehearse 'em in thieves' kitchens and criticise one another."

But in spite of the worldly wisdom hidden in this thought Danvers' mind was not at ease. He was not sure of himself. He felt like a man who had just been bathing out of his depth and had a panic, and is now swimming to shore, afraid to face his companions who are laughing at him on the beach. Or it was as if a nasty collision had taken place between things which had no business to be on the same road; as if an Ideal had forsaken the lines laid down for it and had been run into and tragically damaged by a Reality. "What ought I to have done?" he kept asking himself. "Am I an ass?"

I have heard of a drastic Institution where punctually at six in the morning the Head Physician touches an electric button, and instantly every patient is rolled out of his warm bed into a cold bath. John Danvers had just had a taste of this treatment: from the warm Honours of Moral Science he had been shot straight into the cold water of Moral Fact.

He was now on his way to the Post Office—to send a telegram to his mother and two sisters announcing that he was bracketed first in Moral Science with Pindar and "a girl." He had resolved to put it in that way.

But the image of the tramp persisted in his memory and troubled him sorely. "What is the matter with me?" he kept asking. "Have I betrayed my principles?"

Before he reached his rooms he had formed a resolution to restate the whole occurrence in terms of Moral Science, judge what he had done in the light of First Principles, and by their means lay down a definite plan of action which would save him from being taken unawares on any future occasion when he might be accosted by a tramp. And incidentally he would make up his mind as to the action he ought to take at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. He would not be caught napping again by tramps.

Danvers, on arriving at his rooms, composed himself to think. Had he done right or wrong in refusing the shilling to the tramp? Did it square with his own theory of Benevolence as expounded in the Essay? Did it illustrate that theory? Did it square with, illustrate, confirm or refute any theory whatsoever—Hobbes, Butler, Kant, Mill, Sidgwick, Green? Would any one of them, or all of them together, condemn or approve what he had done? These were his problems.

For a half-hour or more he

worried over them, leaning back in his arm-chair and smoking three successive pipes as an aid to reflection. He recalled what the great Authorities had said about Benevolence; he recalled his own theory. Then it was as if the ghosts of all the Moral Philosophers had been summoned into the room, and there they sat, round the table, like a Royal Commission investigating the problem. Volumes of wisdom poured from their lips; but it flowed off into space and seemed to miss the mark. They argued, they wrangled, they disagreed, they could draw up no Report. They talked of Abstract Principles and Concrete Cases; but a point of contact was nowhere to be found between what they were *saying* and what he, John Danvers, had just *done*. The deeper they went the more did his peculiar trouble pass out of their sight. They talked of "the poor" and how "the poor" ought to be treated; of the "problem of poverty" and how it ought to be solved: but all this failed somehow to reach that uncomfortable spot in Danvers' soul whence sprang the feeling that he was an ass. *Their* tramps were all in the plural, *his* was in the singular; those were a class, this an individual. Their tramps were all on paper; his was on the Senate House steps. Their tramps were odourless; his was not. *Theirs* had no eyes; his had,—eyes that looked at you in a very disconcerting way and haunted you afterwards. And—greatest differ-

ence of all—their tramps gave no trouble; they remained quiet, passive, invisible, while the experts were deciding what to do with them; and they were heard of no more from the moment that wisdom had issued its award. But *his* tramp thrust himself under your nose, tipped water on your boots, answered back with a dash of vinegar in his speech, offered to shake hands, and was coming round at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning to see you again.

Danvers began to walk about the room. "What ought I to have done?" he kept asking. "Ought I to have given the fellow a shilling? I'm dashed if I know. And what ought I to do when he comes round to-morrow morning? I'm dashed if I know. I wish I could consult Madeleine."

As he said the words Pindar entered the room.

"What's this you're dashed if you know and want to consult Madeleine about?" said Pindar.

"A serious affair. I've had a nasty experience to-night—a tragic collision, my boy—and the end of it is that I'm haunted by the ghost of a tramp, and I'm trying to place him in some kind of intelligible context. And not a common tramp either. A fellow with awful eyes. Looked like a 'Varsity Don dressed up for the part."

"Oh!" said Pindar. "A tramp! Chalk him on the blackboard, old man. I'm interested."

Danvers, with commendable brevity, told his story and sketched the problem he was trying to solve. "And I'm not going to bed," he concluded, "until I've settled the matter. Have I done right or wrong? Help me to thrash it out. Just before you came in I'd got myself tied up in a tangle of most infernal nonsense. Open your mouth, man; discourse and clear the air."

"Wait a bit," answered Pindar, "till we have a full statement of the facts."

"I've given you a full statement."

"No, you haven't. There's more behind—something you don't know. I saw and heard the whole thing on the Senate House steps; and what's more, I saw what happened after you went away. Madeleine is in the play already, my boy!"

"Great Scot! you don't say so!" exclaimed Danvers.

"Yes. Listen. As you went down the steps Madeleine came out of the door. And the tramp accosted her in exactly the same words he had used to you."

"The blackguard!" cried Danvers. "Just fancy that dirty brute speaking to her! Stinking of whisky, too! He'd try to frighten her! I wish I'd given him in charge!—Well, what did she do?"

"Gave him a shilling like a shot, and then talked to him for five minutes. I didn't hear what she said. But she wasn't frightened a bit."

"She never is," said the other. "But, I say—do you

think she saw me turn him down?"

"She did."

"Confusion!" cried Danvers. "But how do you know?"

"Because she spoke of it afterwards. We walked home together. But keep your hair on, Dan. There are more facts to come. I took a hand in the business myself."

"What did *you* do?"

"What it might have been wiser not to do."

"Like most things! Can't recognise it at that. Name the action. What was it?"

"I gave the man another shilling—without being asked."

"You idiot!" cried Danvers.

"If the tramp isn't already mad drunk and kicking some woman to death it's no fault of yours and Madeleine's. But why did *you* give him a shilling?"

"Because Madeleine did. Don't be an ass, Dan. You'd have done the same thing yourself, you know you would! And what's more, you'd give a tidy sum to have played my part instead of your own."

"By Gad, I would!"

"And then repent of it!"

"I don't know: but go on. What happened next?"

"I walked home with Madeleine, as I said. For some time she didn't speak. At last she stopped suddenly, and looking me straight between the eyes asked the very question you asked just now. 'Why did you give the tramp another shilling?' 'Because *you* gave him one,' I answered. 'I detest being imitated,' says she,

and looks as fierce as a button. 'Well,' says I, 'I wanted to do the same as you.' And didn't she just flare up when I said that! 'You muffin!' says she, 'it wasn't the *same*! I was the *first* to do it. A thing can't be done for the first time twice over!' 'Madeleine,' says I, 'it's all rot my being bracketed first with you. I ought to have been ploughed.' 'So you ought!' says she, and flounced away without another word, leaving me feeling like an idiot. Dan, there's a spice of the devil in Madeleine."

"You've been a long time finding that out," said Danvers. "But I'll tell you what all this will come to. Madeleine will have neither of us. She'll marry that little Johnny with the club-foot and the spectacles—what's his name? —Merlin. We've both out a poor figure over this affair, Pin."

"We have," said Pindar, and then added, after a pause, "I wish I had been *ploughed*!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean there's a lot of *pity* in that girl. She's compassionate, Dan; you could see it when she was talking to the tramp; it's the keynote of her temperament. I lay three to one that Merlin knocks both of us out with that club-foot of his. I wish we had club-feet. At least I wish *I* had!"

"Yes, it might smooth the way. You are right about pity, old man. Do you know the best run either of us ever had with Madeleine was when she knocked us over the Kant Scholarship? She was awfully

sorry for us that night, and either of us might have had her for the asking. She as good as told me so. Another time was when I got that sock in the mouth at the 'Varsity match. 'Poor old chap!' says she next day; and I'd have proposed there and then if I hadn't had three front teeth knocked out, and made such a horrid splutter when I talked. But, dash it, I believe she'd have taken me, splutter and all! However, it's up with us now! Merlin has the ball! What with all three being bracketed first, and then this tramp mess coming on the top of that, we haven't the ghost of a chance."

The two men smoked away in silence. Presently Danvers said—

"Pin, old man, I'm going to cut the knot—it's the only way. My mind's made up. I resign Madeleine to you! You're far the better man."

"And I resign her to you! You're worth six of me. My mind's made up too."

"There we are again!" said Danvers. "Another deadlock! We get no forrarder! And the end of it all will be that that little beast with the club-foot will have her. It makes no difference whether the two dogs quarrel over the bone, or each politely insist that the other shall have it. It's only another sort of fight, and the third dog gets the bone all the same. One of us two must cut the knot. Now, who is it to be?"

Danvers waited for an

answer. There was none. Suddenly an inspiration seized him, and he jumped from his chair. "I have it!" he cried. "Eureka! There's only one way out. Pin, my hearty, *we shall have to fight!* The Fates have decreed it. We're bracketed first with Madeleine. And I've suddenly seen what the Fates mean by it. They mean that we must *fight* for her!"

Pindar rose, went to the fire, and began poking it with Danvers' walking-stick. Then he became interested in a piece of old china on the mantel-shelf, and turned it upside down to examine the marks. He was evidently deep in thought. At last he said—

"You're right, Dan. We shall have to fight. But we are not going to fight with our fists. We are going to fight with weapons of reason—but gloves off all the same, mind you."

"Precisely what I meant," said Danvers. "How could I mean anything else?"

"Right-ho! We go back to the tramp and his shilling right away. That's the ring. Who was right, you or I, or both, or neither of us? We settle that question before we go to bed. We're a pair of humbugs if we can't. So here's the bargain. *The man who is proved to have done right shall have Madeleine. The man who is proved to have done wrong shall give her up.*"

"But suppose we don't

agree?"

"We ought to agree. If we can't, again I say we are a pair of humbugs, equally unworthy of Madeleine, and Merlin takes up the running."

"But suppose we do agree, and conclude that *both* of us were right—or wrong?"

"Then, by the powers, we'll toss up a halfpenny and let the gods decide the issue!"

"It's a sporting proposition right through," said Danvers eagerly, "and won't it just appeal to Madeleine when she hears about it? She shall know it was your suggestion."

"No, it was yours!"

"Never mind that. It will appeal to Madeleine anyhow. Only last week she said that next to lawn-tennis conduct is the most sporting thing in life. That's the only trouble with Madeleine! She's never serious about morality. But she's a deuced sight better girl than many who are."

"And a deuced sight prettier too!" added Pindar.

"She's *fast*, Pin, *fast*, I tell you. No, you blockhead, I don't mean fast in *that* sense! Of course not. I mean quick, easy, swift, ambidextrous, and all that—just as she plays lawn-tennis. Cuts in, serves 'em red-hot, and scores a point while the rest of us are pulling long faces at one another! Look how she handled that mess of Smithers and Haply! Cut the black-guard Smithers clean out of the show, brought the authorities round, and headed Haply off just as he was going to make an ass of himself—all

in one stroke, mind you, and quick as lightning. There's a lot of righteousness in *speed*, Tom Pindar—a lot, take my word for it! I've *seen* it in Madeleine. That's the point that Kant and his Johnnies have missed, though I believe it's in Aristotle, if the text was properly restored. But I'm talking shop. Let's go back to the fight. We'll make a proper duel of it—with moral principles for the weapons, and the cleverest and sweetest girl in England for the prize. Marriage by combat! Splendid! Primitive methods translated into higher forms: unity of idea amid diversity of ritual—and all that! It will become historic, Pin! It will make us famous, Pin! And we'll be serious. No jokes, and no quarter. No self-renouncing motives. In short, we'll play the game."

"We will," chimed in Pindar. "And what do you say to having a bit on? I suggest a fiver."

"Done. Each man backs himself for five pounds. Stakes on the table right away! And the whole ten pounds to go towards the purchase of Madeleine's engagement ring—which is going to cost at least fifty if the luck turns my way."

"Agreed. That's a great idea. It'll help to make a straight fight of it. It'll put the stopper on the self-renouncing business—the thing I'm most afraid of."

"Same here," said Danvers, as he placed a little pile of sovereigns on the top of Pindar's bank-note. "But

what about an umpire? I say, it's a pity we can't get the tramp. I'd like him to be judge."

"Bosh!" shouted Pindar. "We want somebody who knows Moral Science. I say, what about Madeleine?"

"Couldn't get her; though she'd enjoy it, and make a ripping good judge too. Only she'd make fun of us—the little demon! And I tell you we are going to have no nonsense about this."

"No nonsense be the word!" cried the other. "We'll have to do without an umpire. It's going to be a duel at midnight, in a lonely forest, with no seconds, and none save the survivor to tell the tale. And now to business! Up, Guards, and at 'em! Sock 'em, boys! We'll begin as two Greeks and imagine we've just put the case of the tramp before Socrates. And from that we'll gradually work up to a modern point of view."

At that moment the clock on Danvers' mantelpiece struck ten—and at it they went. I shall not enlighten the reader with the full text of the argument that followed. It was rapid, concentrated, and exhausting. At 10.40 the combatants refreshed themselves with a draught of plain soda and a pinch of snuff. This warmed them to their work, and the sword-play became magnificent. Subtle strokes were delivered which split the living hairs as they grew on the combatants' heads. There were moments when it ceased to be a duel and became an

orgy—an orgy of fine distinctions, a debauch of profundities. When midnight struck, every authority from Socrates to Nietzsche had been cited; but neither Danvers' shilling nor his friend's could yet claim to have the Moral Order behind it. Towards 1 A.M. there was a set-back. They discovered that the problem of Madeleine had become mixed up with the problem of the tramp. Thereupon the two things had to be disentangled, and this carried them back to a point considerably behind that from which they had started. But nothing could daunt them, and by two o'clock they had recovered most of the lost ground. Then it was proposed that before going further they should review the ground traversed and summarise results. This being accomplished, it appeared that, so far as the argument had gone, the weight of probability was against Pindar. He had acted "weakly"—so they agreed—in following the lead of Madeleine, and "blindly" in supposing he was doing "the same" as she. Nothing equally flagitious had been set down to Danvers' account.

"I admit," said Pindar, "that the argument is going against me, though I still have a fighting chance. You scored on 'the Whole' and on 'the Good'; but I shall head you off yet on 'the Beautiful.' But give me a breather first. Hand that lemon this way and let's have another smoke. Meanwhile, I'll tell you a funny thing, Dan. From the moment

I gave the shilling I've felt perfectly comfortable about what I did. And now that the argument is going against me, I feel more comfortable than ever. Even if I am definitely proved in the wrong, as I may be, I shall not feel one bit ashamed of myself."

"I'll cap that," said Danvers. "I've felt horribly ashamed of myself from the very first. If I hadn't felt such a mean beggar, and been so deucedly anxious to argue the feeling away, some of my best points would never have occurred to me. And the more my case has strengthened, the meaner I feel myself to be. I've been having a thin time ever since we began. And now I'm getting into a blue funk! If I win I shall never have the pluck to face Madeleine. She'd wither me up!"

"By Jove, Dan," cried Pindar with a start, "that bears on the case. Man, we've forgotten something! The distinction *between Subjective and Objective Right*! We must begin again and revise the whole argument in the light of that distinction."

"It's too late; I'm dead tired, and my form's leaving me," said Danvers.

Pindar jumped to his feet and pitched the lemon skin into the fire. "Hang it all!" he cried. "Let's toss the halfpenny and have done for ever with the whole blessed thing!"

"It's an awful come-down, considering the place we won in the Exams," interposed Danvers. "The halfpenny's a

confession of failure. A confession of monstrous, shameful, asinine failure! But sooner or later we shall come to something of the sort. I foresee we shall; and the sooner the better. But it means two things: first, we're a brace of humbugs; second, Merlin takes the bun."

"Merlin be blowed!" said Pindar. "I'll knock his ugly little head off. Dan,—no more blether! Here's a halfpenny. Best of three! Up she goes! Now then—heads or tails?" And he held out his two hands, palm to palm, under Danvers' nose.

"I won't call—not yet," was the answer. "We are at the Rubicon, old man; and I'm not going to cross till I've had five minutes to gather my moral forces. I may need 'em all. So may you."

"Five minutes and no more," he continued as they resettled themselves in the big arm-chairs. "Look at the clock. Be ready for the moment when I drop the handkerchief. Then out with your halfpenny and toss her up!"

There was deep silence for three minutes, broken only by the hypnotic ticking of the timepiece. Both men were visibly trembling, their eyes glued on the clock face. There was no sign that the moral forces were gathering: both seemed verging towards collapse. As the hand of the clock touched the fourth minute, Pindar, strong man as he was, actually screamed, and was on the point of going into hysterics when Danvers, who had been sitting with his eyes

half closed, started to his feet and uttered a loud cry.

"By Heaven," he shouted, "*there's Madeleine!*"

"Madeleine?" cried the other in a voice that was still half a scream, "Madeleine! Where? At the door? At the window? What, man! You don't mean she's here at this time of night?"

"No, no!" gasped Danvers. "A vision! I've seen her! Seen her as plain as I see you standing there! Seen her in her room at St Cheek's—with your photograph, and my photograph,—and Merlin's too, by Gad—on the mantelpiece."

"Get out! You're crazy!"

"No, I'm not. It's a telepathic communication. Not the first either. I've seen her, Pin, just as she is this minute. And—man alive!—what do you think she's doing?"

"Go on! How should I know?"

"*Tossing a halfpenny, my boy!* Tossing a halfpenny, Tom Pindar! Where are we now? Hoo!" Danvers' voice had become a mere moan of wind.

"And what if Madeleine's toss doesn't agree with ours?"

"Then there'll be the deuce to play all over again."

"And what if Madeline has had a vision and seen us tossing?"

"Then she takes Merlin."

"But what if she was tossing for Merlin?"

"She wasn't. She never once looked at his photograph."

"But what if it's all hallucination?"

"It isn't: it's a fact."

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"What's a fact? That Madeleine was tossing or that you thought she was?"

"Pindar, you're an ass."

"Danvers, we're both asses."

But never mind, old man. We've both got Firsts: that's the main thing. We ought to have rung off long ago. Let's go to bed. See you to-morrow morning."

For a time no more was said, and Pindar began putting on his overcoat, for the storm still raged outside. As he was passing out of the door Danvers spoke.

"Wait a second, Pin. What am I to do when the tramp turns up in the morning? I meant to think that out."

Scarcely had Danvers spoken these words when a violent buffet of wind smote the building, blew open the casement and extinguished the candles on the table. An acrid odour, from the smouldering wicks perhaps, filled the room.

"Bah!" said Danvers, as he struck a match, "what's the matter with these candles? The room smells like a charnel-house. But, I say, what am I to do about the tramp?"

"A hundred to one he won't turn up; they never do," answered the other.

"He's turning up all the time," said Danvers. "I can't keep him out of my mind. There's something queer about that chap. What do you think he said to me when I turned him down? '*These things don't stand still, sir.*'"

"There's nothing in that," said Pindar. "So long!" And he went away.

When he was gone Danvers suddenly remembered something, and rushing to the window he popped his head out, and called to Pindar who was now crossing the Quad.

"I say, Pin, what about that ten pounds?"

"Bet's off, of course," shouted Pindar. "Keep my stake till to-morrow morning. So long, again!"

Danvers slept ill that night, as one might expect. His dreams were haunted by the tramp, who was sometimes tossing halfpennies for Danvers' soul. And at every toss he would say, "These things don't stand still." Just before waking this dream melted into another. He dreamt that he was being drilled, with a rifle in his hand. And the drill-sergeant kept repeating something which Danvers, in waking experience, had heard him say many times. "Remember, gen'lmen, that in real war you 'ave to fire at a runnin' targit. And don't forget that the runnin' targit has a gun as well as you. Be prepared for the targit to fire back at you, gen'lmen, and take cover accordin'. These things don't stand still."

At eleven o'clock next morning Danvers was again in his sitting-room, waiting doubtfully for the tramp. No tramp came. At a quarter past eleven he gave him up, and taking the morning's paper began to read. In a column headed "Notes and News" his eye was caught by the following paragraph:—

"Shortly after twelve o'clock

last night, in High Street, a man was picked up by a policeman in a state of helpless intoxication. Soon after reaching the police station it was seen that the man's condition was serious. The doctor was immediately sent for, but before his arrival death had taken place. The only garments on the body, which was much emaciated, were an old overcoat and pair of trousers. From the contents of his pockets the police are of opinion that the man had seen better days, and they are not without hope that he may be identified. It appears that he was begging last night outside the Senate House, and several persons were seen to give him money. With this he evidently indulged in a drinking-bout, the result of which, in his famished condition, proved fatal."

When Danvers read this paragraph he turned sick at heart. His first clear impulse was to find Pindar and show him the news. He was just about to leave the room on this errand, when a step sounded on the stone staircase, and somebody tapped at the door. "Here's the tramp after all," thought Danvers, "the dead man must be another."

The next moment he saw he was mistaken. The person who entered the room was an Inspector of Police.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," said the Inspector. "From what we've heard it's thought you can help in identifying a man who died in the cells last

night—a tramp who was found drunk in the streets."

"I've just read about it in the paper," said Danvers. "All I know about the man, if he's the same, is that he asked me for money in the street, which I refused. From the way he talked he seemed to have had some education."

"There's other evidence of that, sir. But what made us think you might know something about him is that *we found your visiting-card in his pocket.*"

"My visiting-card!" exclaimed Danvers. "I gave him no card."

"He had it, sir. At least he had a card with 'John Danvers' on it, and the name of this College in the corner."

"Impossible!"

"Well, I'll own it's strange. It's a very dirty card, sir, and seems to have been in his pocket a long time. I have it here."

"Great God!" cried Danvers, turning as white as a sheet. "Show me the card."

The Inspector produced the card. It was as he said. On a filthy bit of pasteboard was the name "John Danvers" and "St Rook's College" in the corner. The young man staggered, and the Inspector, thinking he would faint, rushed across the room to support him. Sinking into a chair he covered his face with his hands, rocked his body to and fro, and simply moaned, "Oh, my God!" The Inspector, who was not unprepared, remained silent till Danvers uncovered his face.

"It's a painful thing, sir, no doubt. But I'm afraid you'll have to go through with the identification. Better get it over at once."

"Yes. Come along." Danvers put on his hat. As he walked with the Inspector through the streets the words of the tramp kept ringing in his ears—"These things don't stand still." Presently he said—

"Am I the only witness to this identification?"

"No, sir. There's one more. A Miss Doughty from the Ladies' College."

"O horror! Is that necessary? What has she to do with it? She knows nothing."

"Well, we are not sure. She was seen talking to the man for some time last night, and it's thought he may have told her something which may be useful in evidence. She's one of those that gave him money. A great mistake, sir, to give money to—" but the Inspector checked himself, and did not finish the sentence.

They came to the police station. Several persons were waiting about outside. Danvers looked round to see if Madeleine was among them. She was not there. As he passed through the corridors, he thought, he feared, that he might see her. He did not.

He was taken into the mortuary. There, on the middle of a long table, otherwise unoccupied, was a stretcher, and on the stretcher a human shape outlined under a sheet.

There was nothing else in the room.

They placed Danvers in front of the stretcher and removed the sheet. And he stood there, still as any figure out in stone, gazing at what lay before him.

For several minutes he stood thus. Then, speaking in a calm voice, he said—

"That is the body of my father. He disappeared years ago, and none of us have seen him since—till now. The card was his own. He was once a member of my College. He was—well, never mind what he was."

He did not break down. He showed no haste to turn away. He was like a man gazing at his image in a mirror. For there before him he saw a face like his own, aged and degraded, but also with marks of unutterable suffering, sternly emphasised and even ennobled by the touch of death.

"Yes," he said again, "that is my father."

As he repeated these words he trembled for the first time. At the same instant something touched him, and, behold, an arm tightly linked within his own. He felt no surprise. He did not even turn his head to see who it was. He *knew*; and it was as if he felt behind him the shelter of a great rock.

"Come away," said Madeleine. "It is enough!"

Arm-in-arm they two went out. As they walked thus along the crowded streets they passed acquaintances and college friends; saw their

smiles and knew what they were saying, thinking. They were unabashed.

For some time neither of them spoke a word. Then they began their first lovers' talk.

"These things don't stand still," said Danvers. Madeleine's answer was to tighten the arm that was linked in his.

"We were both right," she said.

"We are both right *now*," he answered; and again he felt the pressure tighten on his arm.

"It's the one thing in the world that is *infallibly* right," said Madeleine.

"Yes. It's the only way out. Madge, I've learnt more Moral Science in the last half-hour than all the universities in the world could ever teach me."

"You don't call *this* Moral Science?" said Madeleine; and she looked up at him with a smile that was half a reproach.

"By God, I do! It's the only sort that leads anywhere."

"Where is it leading you and me?"

"I don't know and don't wish to know. I'm content with the place it has led us to already. But it *leads*, Madge, it *leads*—that's the point."

They fell silent and walked on. You see, both of them had been taught to *think*. Presently Madeleine said—

"Dan, dear boy, you've been in deep waters to-day."

"EAGLE LODGING-HOUSE,
BECK'S ALLEY.

"MY DEAR SON,—I congratulate you on your First in Moral Science. Accept the blessing of the poor old drunkard, who is all that is left of your father.

"You inherit your aptitude for speculative morals from me; you owe me that; and I confess I was a bit cut up when you refused to shake hands. It's a mere accident that I have fallen to the lowest depths. Had I been able to come round in the morning, I would have set you right on Free-will.

"But it's too late. When you get this letter all will be over with me. I shall leave it with the boss to post to-morrow morning.

"Your father's mind, Jack, is considerably dilapidated, but retains enough intelligence to see the way out. As to will-power, I am unfortunately dependent on the services of a friend, and I begged enough money outside the Senate House to purchase his help. He lives in a bottle. Be thankful you gave me nothing, but tell Madeleine and Pindar that their money was well bestowed.

"I knew Madeleine at once; but you I did not recognise till you gave your name. The last

time I saw you your cheeks were smeared with strawberry jam.

"Thirty-two years ago, to the very day, the list came out on which my own name was conspicuous; and it is true, as I said, that I have walked twenty-eight miles to-day—to assist at your triumph, my boy, which I heard was expected, and to recall my own.

"I returned from the River Plate a month ago, having worked my passage in a cattle ship. Tell your mother, and the others whom I have wronged, that during these twelve years I have tasted every humiliation and endured all the torments of the damned. So far as I am concerned, the last act of expiation will be made to-night—in the pool below St Barnabas' Weir. But go on with the work of atonement, my boy. *And ask Madeleine to help you.* It needs more than the efforts of one person to get a soul like mine out of purgatory. Besides, she will counteract the speculative morals, of whose effects I am afraid. Speculative morals, Jack, should not be taken neat—that was my mistake. They require mixing with other things. Mix them with Madeleine. Once more, I bless you both. JOHN DANVERS."

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THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.
BY IAN HAY.
II. THE HOUSE-MASTER.

BY IAN HAY,
ILL. THE HOUSE

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.
BY IAN HAY.
II. THE HOUSE-MASTER.

To the boy, all masters (as Archdeacon, or being thrown distinct from the Head) con- out of the Empire in the heart sist of one class — namely, days. But no one in his heart are divisible into grades, or least of all their originator — indulge in acrimonious diver- They are merely antagonistic to the flesh (apart from chronic shortness of temper), has never boy sees the master, impecably reverent, rebelling the midst of vices, All day and every day the respectable in cap and gown, extolling the praises of industry, singing the praises of industry, and application, and attending to Chapel morning and evening: A boy has little or no intuition: he judges almost entirely by external. To him a master is not as other men are: he is a special type of humanity, endowed with a permanent bias towards energetic respect- ability, and grotesquely ignor- ant of the seamy side of life. The latter belief in particular appears to be quite ineradic- able. But in truth the scholastic hierarchy is a most complicated fabric. After him come the senior Universe stands the Head. Masters — or, as they prefer to scribe themselves, the perma- nent staff — then the junior masters. The whole body are divided and subdivided again into little groups — classical men, mathematical men, science

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men, and modern-language men—each group with its own particular axe to grind and its own tender spots. Then follow various specialists, not always resident; men whose life is one long and usually ineffectual struggle to convince the School—including the Head—that music, drawing, and the arts generally are subjects which ought to be taken seriously, even under the British educational system.

As already noted, after the Head—quite literally—come the House-masters. They are always after him: one or other of the troop is perpetually on his trail; and unless the great man displays the ferocity of the tiger or the wisdom of the serpent, they harry him exceedingly.

Behold him undergoing his daily penance—in audience in his study after breakfast. To him enter severally:—

A., a patronising person, with a few helpful suggestions upon the general management of the School. He usually begins—“When I was under Bulpett at Kidchester, we never, under any circumstances,—”

B., whose speciality is to discover moles in the eyes of other House-masters. He announces that yesterday afternoon he detected a member of the Eleven fielding in a Panama hat. “Are Panama hats permitted by the statutes of the School? I need hardly say that the boy was not a member of my House.”

C., a wobbler, who seeks advice as to whether an infraction of one of the rules of his House can best be met by a hundred lines of Virgil or public expulsion.

D., a House-master pure and simple, urging the postponement of the Final House-match, D.’s best bowler having contracted an ingrowing toenail.

E., another, insisting that the date be adhered to—for precisely the same reason.

(He receives no visit from F., who holds that a House-master’s House is his Castle, and would as soon think of coming to the fountain-head for advice as he would of following the advice if it were offered.)

G., an alarmist, who has heard a rumour that smallpox has broken out in the adjacent village, and recommends that the entire school be vaccinated forthwith.

H., a golfer, suggesting a half-holiday, to celebrate some suddenly unearthed anniversary in the annals of Country or School.

Lastly, on the telephone, I., a valetudinarian, to announce that he is suffering from pneumonia, and will be unable to come into School until after luncheon.

To be quite just, I. is the rarest bird of all. The average schoolmaster has a perfect passion for sticking to his work when utterly unfit for it. In this respect he differs materially from his pupil, who lies in bed in the dawning hours,

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endgelling his sleepy but fertile morning Chapel, and inquires
brain for a disease which—
(1) Has not been used before.
(2) Will incapacitate him for
work all morning.
(3) Will not prevent him
playing football in the after-
noon.

But if a master sprains his
ankle, he hobbles about his
form-room on a crutch. If
he contracts influenza, he swal-
lows a jorum of ammoniated
quinine, and totters into dissem-
inate germs among his not
ungrateful charges. Even if
he is rendered speechless by
tonsillitis, he takes his form
as usual, merely substituting
written invective (chalked up
on the blackboard) for the
torrent of verbal abuse which
he usually employs. The
medium of instruction—perhaps
It is all part—of his per-
manent pose as an apostle of
what is strenuous and praise-
worthy. It is also due to a
profound conviction that who-
ever of his colleagues is told off
to take his form for him will
indubitably undo the work of
many years within a few
hours.

Besides harrying the Head
and expostulating with one an-
other, the House-masters wage
unceasing war with the teach-
ing staff.

The bone of contention in
every case is a boy, and the
combat always follows certain
well-defined lines.

A form-master overtakes a
House-master hurrying to
suppressing an obvious retort,

II. The House-master.

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carelessly—
"By the way, isn't Binks
rather young for a boy?"
The House-master guardedly
admits that this is so.
"Well, do you mind if I dog
him?"
"Oh, come, I say, isn't that
rather done?"
"Nothing—not a hand's-
width." The House-master
looks severely at the
other boy, "Young Binks al-
ready looks like a young man."

"Are you quite sure
you know him?"
The form-master, who has
endured Master Binks' society
for nearly two years, and
laughs caustically. "Yes," he says, "I do know
you that he is rather an ex-
ceptional boy." "Ah!" says the House-
master, falling into the snare,
"Then——"

An exceptional young
man entered the Chapel, where
they revert to their daily
task of setting an example
by howling one another down
in the Psalms.

After Chapel the House-
master takes the form-master
aside and confides to him the
intelligence that he has been
a House-master for twenty-
five years. The form-master,
suppressing an obvious retort,

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endeavours to return to the question of Binks, but is compelled instead to listen to a brief homily upon the management of boys in general. As neither gentleman has breakfasted, the betting as to which will lose his temper first is almost even, with odds slightly in favour of the form-master, as being the younger and hungrier man. However, it is quite certain that one of them will—probably both. The light of reason being thus temporarily obscured, they part, to meditate further repartees and complain bitterly of one another to their colleagues.

But it is very seldom that Master Binks profits by such Olympian differences as these. Possibly the House-master may decline to give the form-master permission to flog Binks, but in nine cases out of ten, being nothing if not conscientious, he flogs Binks himself, carefully explaining to the form-master afterwards, by implication only, that he has done so not from conviction, but from an earnest desire to bolster up the authority of an inexperienced and incompetent colleague. But these quibbles, as already observed, do not help the writhing Binks at all.

However, a House-master *contra mundum*, and a House-master in his own house, are very different beings. We have already seen that a bad Head-master cannot always prevent a School from being good. But a House stands or falls entirely by its House-master.

If he is a good House-master it is a good House: if not, nothing can save it. And therefore the responsibility of a House-master far exceeds that of a Head.

Consider. He is *in loco parentis*—with apologies to Stalky!—to some forty or fifty of the shyest and most reserved animals in the world; one and all animated by a single desire—namely, to prevent any fellow-creature from ascertaining what is at the back of their minds. School-girls, we are given to understand, are prone to open their hearts to one another, or to some favourite teacher, with luxurious abandonment. Not so boys. Up to a point they are frankness itself: beyond that point lie depths which can only be plumbed by instinct and intuition—qualities whose possession is the only test of a born House-master. All his flock must be an open book to him: he must understand both its collective and its individual tendencies. If a boy is inert and listless, the House-master must know whether his condition is due to natural sloth or some secret trouble, such as bullying or evil companionship. If a boy appears deur and dogged, the House-master has to decide whether he is shy or merely insolent. Private tastes and pet hobbies must also be borne in mind. The complete confidence of a hitherto unresponsive subject can often be won by a tactful reference to music or photography. The House-

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master must be able, too, to distinguish between brains and mere precocity, and to separate the fundamentally stupid boy from the lazy boy who is pretending to be stupid—an extremely common type. He must cultivate a keen nose for the malingering, and at the same time keep a sharp lookout for fear lest the conscientious plodder should out himself silly. He must discriminate enthusiasm and heartless humbug, and he must make allowances for heredity and home influence. Many a House-master has been able to adjust to a boy by remembering that the boy has a mother, or no parents at all. He must keep a light hand on everything, yet doing almost nothing at all. If a House-master prides himself upon his iron discipline; if he quells mere noise with savage ferocity and screws down the healthy ragging, he will reap his reward. He will render his House quiet, obedient—and furtive. Under such circumstances prefects are a positive danger. Possessing special privileges, but no sense of responsibility, they regard their office merely as a convenient and exclusive avenue to misdemeanour.

II. *The House-master.* On the other hand, a House-master must not allow his pre-
fected unlimited authority, or his
own House. In other words
he must strike an even balance
between sovereign and deputy
—an undisturbed
dynasties
toppling
now.
In addition to all this, he
must be an Admirable Crichton.
Whatever his own par-
ticular teaching subject to be
able to unravel a knotty pas-
sage in *Æschylus*, "unseen,"
or complete a chemical for-
mula, or solve a quadratic equa-
tion. He must also be
able to explain how
at any hour of the
day or night, to explain how
novels are manufactured,
set a list of novels
for the House library, solve a
broken collar-bone, solve a jig-
saw puzzle in the sick-room,
assist an Old Boy in the choice
of a career, or prepare a can-
didate for Confirmation. And
the marvel is that he always
does it—in addition to his
day's work in
the House.
And what is his remunera-
tion? One of the rarest and
most precious privileges that
can be granted to an English-
man—the privilege of keeping
a public-house!
Let me explain. For the
first twenty years of his pro-
fessional career a schoolmaster
works as a mere instructor of
youth. By day he teaches his
own particular subject; by
night he looks over *proses* or

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corrects algebra papers. In his spare time he imparts private instruction to backward boys or scholarship candidates. Probably he bears a certain part in the supervision of the School games. He is possibly treasurer of one or two of the boys' own organisations—the Cricket Club or the Debating Society,—and as a rule he is permitted to fill up odd moments by sub-editing the School magazine or organising sing-songs. He cannot as a rule afford to marry; so he lives the best years of his life in two rooms, looking forward to the time, in the dim and hypothetical future, when he will possess what the ordinary artisan usually acquires on passing out of his teens—a home of his own.

At length, after many days, provided that a sufficient number of colleagues die or get superannuated, comes his reward, and he enters upon the realisation of his dreams. He is now a House-master, with every opportunity (and full permission) to work himself to death.

Still, you say, the labourer is worthy of his hire. A man occupying a position so onerous and responsible as this will be well remunerated.

What is his actual salary?

In many cases he receives no salary, as a House-master, at all. Instead, he is accorded the privilege of running his new home as a combined lodging-house and restaurant. His spare time (which the reader will have gathered is

more than considerable) is now pleasantly occupied in purchasing beef and mutton and selling them to Binks tertius. As his tenure of the House seldom exceeds ten or fifteen years, he has to exercise considerable commercial enterprise in order to make a sufficient "pile" to retire upon—as Binks tertius sometimes discovers to his cost. In other words, a scholar and gentleman's reward for a life of unremitting labour in one of the most exacting yet altruistic fields in the world is a licence to enrich himself for a period of years by cornering the daily bread of the pupils in his charge. And yet we feel surprised, and hurt, and indignant, when foreigners suggest that we are a nation of shopkeepers.

The life of a House-master is a living example of the lengths to which the British passion for undertaking heavy responsibilities and thankless tasks can be carried. Daily, hourly, he finds himself in contact (and occasional collision) with boys—boys for whose moral and physical welfare he is responsible; who in theory at least will regard him as their natural enemy; and who occupy the greater part of their leisure time in criticising and condemning him and everything that is his—his appearance, his character, his voice, his wife; the food that he provides and the raiment that he wears. He is harried by measles, mumps, servants, tradesmen, and parents. He feels constrained

Chapel on some excuse or other, and was skating up and down the Long Corridor, having a grand time. The old man came out of his study—I thought he was in Chapel—and growled, looking at me over his spectacles,—you remember the way?"

"Yes, rather. Go on!"

"He growled: 'Boy, do you consider roller-skating a Sunday pastime?' I, of course, looked a fool, and said, 'No, sir.' 'Well,' chuckled the old bird, 'I do; but I always make a point of respecting a man's religious scruples. I will therefore confiscate your skates.' And he did! He gave them back to me next day, though."

"I always remember him," says another, "the time I nearly got sacked. By rights I ought to have been, but I believe he got me off at the last moment. Anyhow, he called me into his study and told me I wasn't to go after all. He didn't jaw me, but said I could take an hour off school and go and telegraph home that things were all right. My people had been having a pretty bad time over it, I knew, and so did he. I was pretty near blubbing, but I held out. Then, just as I got to the door, he called me back. I turned round, rather in a funk that the jaw was coming after all. But he growled out—

"'It's a bit late in the term. The exchequer may be low. Here is sixpence for the telegram.'"

"This time I did blub. Not one man in a million would have thought of the sixpence. As a matter of fact, fourpence-halfpenny was all I had in the world."

And so on. His ears—especially his right ear—must be burning all day long.

Of course all House-masters are not like this. If you want to hear about the other sort, take up *The Lanchester Tradition*, by Mr G. F. Bradby, and make the acquaintance of Mr Chowdler—an individual example of a great type run to seed. And of course there is "Dirty Dick" in *The Hill*.

When he has fulfilled his allotted span as a House-master, our friend retires—not from schoolmastering, but from the provision trade. With his hardly-won gains he builds himself a house in the neighbourhood of the school, and lives there in a state of *otium cum dignitate*. He still takes his form: he continues to do so until old age descends upon him, or a new broom at the head of affairs makes a clean sweep of the "permanent" staff.

He is mellow now. He no longer washes his hands of all responsibility for the methods of his colleagues, or thanks God that his boys are not as other masters' boys are. He does not altogether enjoy his work in school: he is getting a little deaf, and is inclined to be testy. But teaching is his meat and his drink, and his

THE RED FOX OF HONAN.

BY CAPTAIN A. HILTON-JOHNSON.

"LIU tien chung; oh'ing lao-yeh oh'i lai!"—(Six o'clock, and time to get up, sir, please).

Turning in my bed I saw in the still half-darkened room a gaunt, yellowish face with half-closed eyes that peered into mine. The flicker of a candle on the table at my side threw the features into bold relief, but they were features with which I was unfamiliar. Blinking and still drowsy as I was, they touched no chord of recollection in my mind; nor could my wits for the moment fathom the association between their owner and six o'clock on a cold winter's morning.

Then I remembered. My own servant—or "boy," to use the term current all over Eastern Asia—had asked for leave of absence the day before to bury, for the third or fourth time in the few months he'd been with me, his maternal grandmother, aged eighty-six (her age, I had always noticed, was the one consistent thing about her); and this new attendant must, of course, be the friend he had promised to send as a substitute during the days of his mourning.

On previous occasions I had always declined the services of the friend, preferring rather the ministrations of a brother officer's servant. For, as part of the army of occupation in Northern China after the

Boxer rebellion of 1900, we were strangers in a strange land; and we had not yet been long enough in the country to appreciate, among many other points, the true value of a personal guarantee among the Chinese, no matter by whom it is given.

So I looked somewhat doubtfully at this newcomer, and asked him haltingly, in Chinese, who he might be. Truth to tell, I had little of the language in those days, and he, I suspected, spoke no word of any other tongue. But he understood what I said, and I think my heart warmed towards him on that account.

"I am of the name of Shan, with the given name of Yao-ting," he replied, "and I was told to wake your Honour at six o'clock."

"Well," I said facetiously in English, "I am, as you doubtless know, Lieutenant —, of the — Regiment, and I hope we shall get on well together." To which he, not understanding, gave a monosyllabic answer of assent and turned away to open the shuttered windows.

In such manner did we become acquainted, Shan Yao-ting and I; and as the days passed our acquaintance ripened into something very like mutual regard. On his part he was apparently devoted to

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my smallest interest; on mine, taken by assault and plan-
I could not fail to be impressed, dored; villages were sacked
by his many excellent qualities, and burned; men, women, and
Quiet, efficient, purposeful, he children were put ruthlessly to
always seemed to me to have the sword in truly medieval
been born to play a bigger part in fashion. The cold-blooded
in life than that of a mere atrocities committed by some
valet; he had an air of most past bandit chiefs are al-
authority, and it struck me when some investigation work
more than once that he would take me into the province of
should occasion demand. It took me into the province of
In short, he proved to be a conditions in Northern China
model servant; so much better, early, and the country lay
indeed than my own man that, 120 miles from the railway, a
weeks later I had stayed away, under normal conditions, but
and wished he had stayed away, year was likely to take me half
for good. But I had no valid game and used to the hardships,
and so one day Shan departed as long again. With me were
—unobtrusively as he had come, one which at this season of the
—out of my ken, as I imagined, two servants, old hands at the
for ever. year was likely to take me half
A dozen years passed. The For four days we had tra-
Revolution of 1911 had come velled over an open, almost
and gone, and the country was everywhere, as far as the eye
in the throes of the inevitable could reach—a blinding white
aftermath. A state of turmoil and daily hire. Snow was
and terror reigned far and wide. Wayfarers were seldom met
power in the hands of the local treeless plain. as far as the eye
authorities was seldom sufficient could reach—a blinding white
to cope with it. Soldiers sent pall on the landscape from
against the robbers were gene- which one longed for relief.
rally either defeated or induced with; towns and villages were
to join the enemy, who thus few and far between; inns with
became continually stronger and decent accommodation for men
and more daring. The opera- was on the fifth day after leav-
tions of these bands were well-defined ing the railway—when the
mostly confined to well-defined prospect of making by nightfall
areas, though here and there a anticipated stage by nightfall
real leader sprang to promi- grew more and more remote.
nence and, with a thousand or
more followers at his back,
carried his depredations further
afield. Walled cities were
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The Red Fox of Honan.

Snow had begun to fall during the midday halt, and it would have been wiser to have stayed where we were. But my errand was urgent, and I decided to push on, with the result that when dark set in we were many miles from anywhere marked on the map.

All traces of the track had long since been obliterated by snow, and for some time past our course had been followed partly by compass and partly by an instinctive and very remarkable sense of direction possessed by nearly all Chinese countrymen. Notwithstanding this we were off the road—that much I knew by dead reckoning: I was equally confident, however, that the error could only be small, and that given clear weather and daylight our whereabouts would very easily be ascertained.

But neither of these conditions was fulfilled; on the contrary it was distressingly dark, and the air was full of snow. What then was to be done? To camp seemed out of the question, as we had no shelter: to attempt to retrace our steps to the midday halting-place would have been useless. There was nothing to do but go on.

But the heavy going was beginning to tell on all of us. Even the baggage-mules were feeling it. In spite of the oaths and blows of their drivers their pace grew slower and slower. About seven o'clock it became evident that the party could proceed no farther without rest and nourishment,

and I had almost decided to bivouac when suddenly the snowflakes drifted away, and the clear, black vault of the heavens opened out above us.

A moment later one of the muleteers uttered an exclamation, and pointed eagerly towards the north. Away on the horizon a dull glow was visible against the sky, now flaring up brightly, now sinking till it almost disappeared. I pulled out the map, and, determining our approximate position, sought vainly for any sign of town or village in the direction of the blaze. For miles around us the paper was blank. But, map or no map, there was the fire; and it stood to reason that where there was fire there also would probably be people to give us the hot tea and the shelter we craved at the moment more than anything else in the world. So we turned our steps northwards, and the whole party unconsciously quickened its pace in anticipation of the good things to come.

Gradually, as we advanced, separate points of light became discernible in the general glare; resolving themselves by degrees into bonfires round which figures of people could be seen flitting hither and thither. Then, later, the almost continuous clanging of beaten gongs was borne to us over the waste of snow, punctuated now and again with the loud booming of a temple drum. But it was the best part of an hour before we

The Red Fox of Honan.

came close enough to distinguish anything in detail and then we saw in front of us a small village, the inhabitants of which were apparently having a fine old-fashioned jamboree, the like of which I had never witnessed before. The whole community seemed to have gone mad. It was late at night; it was bitterly cold, and to my certain knowledge the occasion was not one of the many festivals that occur in the Chinese year. For here we were engaged in a celebration that would have put the average Guy Fawkes fête to shame. Some clanged gongs; others laughed in glee and again capered over the snow holding burning torches aloft. Chinese talking excitedly at the top of their voices, though nobody took the least notice of what any one else said. Joviality As we approached we could see that the fires were being constantly replenished with timbers and wattle from some tumble-down shacks near-by; and this but increased our bewilderment, for few things are more carefully conserved than winter fuel in the treeless plains of China. Such reckless deed, staring mad. It was late at night; it was bitterly cold, and to my certain knowledge the occasion was not one of the many festivals that occur in the Chinese year. For here we were engaged in a celebration that would have put the average Guy Fawkes fête to shame. Some clanged gongs; others laughed in glee and again capered over the snow holding burning torches aloft. Chinese talking excitedly at the top of their voices, though nobody took the least notice of what any one else said. Joviality As we approached we could see that the fires were being constantly replenished with timbers and wattle from some tumble-down shacks near-by; and this but increased our bewilderment, for few things are more carefully conserved than winter fuel in the treeless plains of China. Such reckless

few hours earlier news had come by runners of the capture in a neighbouring district of a notorious brigand chief, an individual known by the sobriquet of Red Fox, which name had become a terror in the countryside. Following a not unusual custom, it had been decided, we were told, to march this miscreant under a strong military escort through the area in which his ravages had been committed, in order that as many as possible of his victims might meet him face to face before his execution. At each village the prisoner would be subjected to insults, abuse, and torture; until at last, unable from failing strength and hunger to travel farther, he would be summarily put to death with all the disgusting barbarities that customarily attend such events in China.

It was in celebration of the good news and in anticipation of his expected arrival that the rejoicings we had witnessed were proceeding: every man, woman, and child of them had suffered in some way or other at this monster's hands, and none were willing to be denied their promised treat.

For me, I had in a dozen years in China seen more than enough of such things; and dog-tired as I was, I turned into my blankets, profoundly thankful for their warmth and comfort and supremely indifferent to aught else but sleep.

My camp-bed had been placed in the inner room of the temple, as the best accommodation the

village could afford. By the feeble light of a red, guttering candle provided by an ancient priest I could just discern my surroundings. Above me were the murky recesses of a rafted, smoke-grimed roof, the home of cobwebs and bats; below me the hard mud floor devoid of covering and loathsomely unclean. Around me were the grim, silent gods,—fearsome in their red and yellow paint, weird-looking and forbidding in the half darkness,—standing in niches round the walls, or sitting, cross-legged and more than life-size, in serried rows behind the altar table.

And looking on them I must have slept and dreamed; and vaguely in my dreams there came a sense of great commotion, of running feet, of shouts and cries, of many voices near at hand—and silence.

And then I found myself awake. It was quite dark and the stillness was intense. Looking at my watch by match-light I found it was nearly five o'clock. Two hours more and we ought to be on our way: still two hours, though, and plenty of time for sleep.

But I couldn't sleep. I turned over and tried again, and the more I tried the wider awake I became. Then I realised that, punctuating the silence, was a continuous *pat, pat, pat*, in slow, regular time, coming apparently from the outer room. Instantly the thought occurred to me that some one was trying to steal upon me in my sleep. I seized my pistol from under my

from the fire and, laying their flaming ends against his bare flesh, had exulted in the mortal agony of their foe. But never a sound escaped his lips, never a plea for mercy, never a prayer that death might come soon.

But he cheated them after all; for, seeing that his body hung limp and unresponsive to pain, the soldiers unloosed the ropes, only to find that torture had gone too far and their captive was already dead. Then, according to custom, the corpse was beheaded and the ghastly relic placed in the temple room—the public place of the village—until the soldiers should carry it back to the district city, there to be displayed on a spear-head at the

main gate as a warning to all other evil-doers.

Then I gave orders for a start, for I had little inclination to stay longer in the place; and while I dressed and swallowed some food my bedding was packed and all was ready for the road.

As I passed through the outer room my eyes turned once more to the object that hung on the wall. Involuntarily I looked at my watch. By the dim light of early dawn I could just distinguish the hands upright upon the dial; and again I remembered those words—"I am of the name of Shan, with the given name of Yao-ting, and I was told to wake your Honour at six o'clock."

So within a while came their faces Ywain saw the face
him a day for the adventure of Sir Reinhold. Then he sat forth, and he
the Chess. And on the day morning was yet poor for the
appointed he looked forth from upon the grass. And when he
his house and saw how there had passed over the high land
stood before the door a company that was before the city he
of great ones, and they called that was before the city he
to him a horse that was made of a river and forded it,
ready for him. And when he went by a green road therein,
came out to them he perceived in a forest and he entered it,
him with a cloak of silver and of a castle that stood above the
blue, and they gave him for his gate of it and came to the hall
head a cap of silver and of a castle that stood above the
plume of blue, and he perceived in a forest and he entered it,
that like colours. Then they found him, neither in the gate-
brought him to the gate of the house none there to stay or to
city, and how it behoved him to speed him, neither in the gate-
him by what way he should go, and so prove the bell above that sounded to
go, and before noon to the Castle furnished with meat and drink
of the Chess, and so prove the bell above that sounded to
adventure. Also another of the hall above that sounded to
them cast a baldric and a horn by sorcery. Now when Ywain had well
about his neck, and said how dinner without hand or rope:
that without doubt it should do. And as he studied he
fortune to him as he should do. And as he studied he
deserve, and if so be that he heard a noise without the hall,
achieved the adventure then but of what the noise might be
when he came again he should do. And as he studied he
come blowing upon the horn, heard a noise without the hall,
that his friends might make do. And as he studied he
ready betimes to meet him. And as he studied he
And some there were that he could not tell, for it was
laughed thereat, and among he could not tell, for it was

faint as wind or water. So he arose and went into a bay window that was beside the high table, and there was a great lattice there which stood wide open, and he came to it and looked out. And he saw there a courtyard that lay beneath the window, and the floor of it was chequy sable and white after the fashion of the tables of chess, whereby he knew that he was come to his adventure. And thereby also he perceived the meaning of the noise that he heard: for even as he looked there came out of a cloister two companies apparelled after the fashion of the chess, as it were pawns and bishops and the like, on this side and on the other. And they of the other side were all in cloth of gold with red bordures, but they of the side that was Ywain's were all in cloth of silver with bordures of blue, and of the rustling of the cloth of gold and of silver came that noise aforesaid, and other noise was there none, but that only, and the sound of it was like the whispering of the wind in an ambush.

Then Ywain looked to see who was he that should play with him: and he saw how that beyond the chequer there was a window opened, over against the window wherein he stood. And in that window was a shadow, and in the shadow a semblance like to the semblance of a man: but between the windows came the sunlight broad upon the chequer, and for the glare of it he had no certainty of that which was within the shadow.

Then he saw that the two companies were all in order arrayed upon the chequer, and the game awaiting for him: and he thought how he would send his pawn forward according to the usage, but he spoke no word as yet, for he had no desire to hear his own voice in that place. Nevertheless the pawn moved as he would have it, and immediately a pawn of the gold moved also to meet him: whereby Ywain perceived that the manner of the game was not by speaking but by thinking, and when he thought again to command a piece, then that piece also moved according to his thought.

Thus began the playing upon this side and upon that: and in the beginning Ywain had the advantage, and he looked presently to have the mastery. But the way thereto was long and tangled, and the end fell suddenly into doubt. For when the time of the stroke was come Ywain perceived that either his remembrance had failed him in strange wise, or else that he had been undone by a knight of his: for whereas by his intention the knight should have been upon the sable, now he was found upon the white, and so out of distance for the stroke. Then was Ywain in great peril, but he fought warily to recover his game, and rebutted stoutly and so came again into good hope.

But with the misadventure and the doubt, and with the slowness of the playing, the day was wellnigh passed over, and the shadow of the battlements crept softly upon the

came again to them of the silver company and with his own blood he touched them upon the lips, until he had bebled them all: but the gold ones he touched not, for there was no need. And last of all he touched the Queen, and she awoke and rose up and looked upon him as with remembrance: and she put forth her hand in turn and touched him upon the breast, and immediately the pain ceased and the blood was stayed. And Ywain's heart trembled as she looked at him: for beneath her looks he saw his lady's image, as men see faces in the fire. But she let close her eyes again and turned her from him and so fell suddenly to her sleep.

Then Ywain entered into great meditation and continued long therein, so that he walked in meditation and ate and drank the same to his dinner and came unawares to the hour of the adventure. But when the pieces were now arrayed and by his thought he began to move them upon the chequer, then he perceived that on this day the game was in his hand: for his men obeyed him with so brisk obedience that he saw them moving before ever he knew that his will

was set. Also they went no more from his intent, but kept his ordinance and came all together to the stroke: whereby the gold company were discomfited and their king was both checked and mated.

Then upon the instant came a wind and thunder and lightning, and Ywain's eyes dazzled therewith. And when he opened his eyes again the castle was gone from him utterly, with the windows and the courtyard and the chequer: and he stood in a place of rocks upon a green mound of the forest. And there also he saw his horse beside him saddled and bridled, and upon the saddle bow two crowns, a gold and a silver. And he took the crowns and rode lightly toward the city: and when they of Paladore heard his horn they came forth to meet him, as they had said. Nevertheless the most of them were astonished and some displeased: for they looked not to have seen him again. And the gold crown they took for the Prince, as reason was: but with the silver crown they crowned Ywain and so brought him cityward. And as they went he fell aweary: and the sun set, and the night rose on Paladore.

CHAPTER XXI.—OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE CASTLE OF MAIDENS
AND HOW YWAIN WAS COUNSELLED TO ESCAPE THEREFROM.

Now for this adventure Ywain had great honour of all the commons, for there was no sort of fighting that they did not love, and they gave praise above measure to him that

could bring men into his obedience. Wherefore they were not willing that Ywain should meet as yet with the Howling Beast, for by that adventure they had lost many that should

have been great men for them. though they might not all be
 So they went clamouring that young, yet were they all too
 he might be assigned a day for tender to look upon wounds
 the Castle of Maidens, for that and death. And they were
 was an adventure without pain appalled in hoods of clear
 and without peril, as the most colours, red, joyous and well-
 of them deemed: howbeit others beset the wall, and they ceased not
 there were that thought otherwise. from making a high sweet
 wise. Then the Prince consented to noise among themselves, as it
 their clamour, being counselled to were the noise of swallows upon
 thereto by them of the Tower: a ridge-tile. Then Ywain and his were
 for they looked by that way, and by armed and came riding merrily
 either this way or that, and by to tourney. And they bestirred
 favour the Beast. So on the themselves in the best manner,
 but if not, then it might be so, the castle yielded and in mercy:
 as by day they came again to for they that kept it fought
 third brought him forth to a but no force to make good
 great castle of Maidens: and it had received the keys, Ywain
 stood a three mile from the his company: and there the
 city, in a meadow toward the maidens unarmed them and
 sun-rising. And thither re- they might eat and drink and
 sorted all the lords of Paladore, brought them to hall, that
 and great part of the commons, his company: and there the
 by hundreds and by thousands: they might eat and drink and
 and in the midst of them went custom. Now the custom of the castle
 Ywain with a twenty more was this, that whosoever should
 that these were all young and have the mastery thereof and
 And these were of his company: be wedded, every man with a
 lusty men, of lineage and might he and his depart again
 wealth sufficient, and they took therefrom save first they should
 banneret. Ywain for their captain and enter as by conquest, never
 So they came to the castle no maiden of the castle. And they
 anon, and found barriers there: were all, both men and maids,
 by and lists set ready: and the manner of their wedding
 Ywain and his company went was by lot. And when the
 within the lists. And against time for the lotting was come,
 them there came forth as many the maidens sat together in a
 others, for to do battle with gallery, among such as were
 they fought not with weapons of their blood and fellowship:
 of war, but with spears of wood and they were all diversely
 only. For upon the walls of clad in silken gear, no two
 the castle were many maidens, alike, but every one of one only
 both young and old; and

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colour. Then they that had won the castle were brought in before them in coats of silk; and the coats also were diverse and no two alike, but every one of one only colour. And the colours of the maidens and of the men were such as each one pleased, according to their fantasy: and the maidens knew not of the men, nor they of the maidens, how they would make choice: but when they came in presence, if any were matched in their colours then those two were wedded together and so departed from the castle to their own place.

Then when Ywain heard tell of the custom he was vexed with indignation, for he saw how he had been snared unwitting. And he went hither and thither, as it might be a young wolf raging in the net: but all the doors of the castle were barred and bolted, so that there was no escape. Then by chance he came upon an old dame, that was there within a little chamber alone: and he made excuse and would have taken his leave of her. But she called to him and said, Good Sir, what ails you? And he answered her, Good Madam, what think you? Shall a man be wedded by custom and by chance? Then she said, So are the most of men wedded; but if you will verily, it may be that I shall help you therefrom. Yea, verily, said Ywain, for I am bounden otherwhere.

Then the old dame put forth her hand and made to give him somewhat, and when he had handled it he perceived

that it was a silken coat, and the colour of it was of black, both within and without. And she said to him, Take this and abide the lotment, for it is not to be heard of among a million of maidens that any hath chosen black for her wedding. Then Ywain considered of her counsel, and saw that it was good: and though it had not been good yet he could not better it. So he made to leave her, but first he thanked her heartily: and that old dame looked kindly upon him, as with remembrance. And Ywain's heart trembled within him, for he saw beneath her looks the image of his lady, as beneath a many old faces may be seen the beauty that was there aforetime.

So he went from her to abide the lotment: and as she had said, even so it was, for there was none among the maidens that had black to her colour. Then all were matched save Ywain, and he only was left there unmatched: so that every man might see how he had taken counsel to escape. And some said that he had not wholly achieved the adventure, and others said that he had achieved it twice over, for he had prevailed both without the castle and within.

Howbeit they brought him forth with the rest that were all matched and wedded, and they came cityward with a great noise of shouting. And as they went Ywain fell aweary of them and of their customs: and the sun set and the night rose on Paladore.

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hear those men departing, for they rode as men in fear.

Then he looked, and saw how the park was all full of thickets, very dark and tangled of old growth: and he went forward slowly, lifting high his feet. And as he went it bechanced that he struck his axe against a tree, and wounded it chip-wise. And immediately there came a noise beside him like the growling of a great hound, and therewith a fear took him that was like a fear out of childhood, for it was quicker than thought and more deep within him. And he looked all ways, and saw nothing; and he listened and heard the beating of his heart.

Then he went forward again and found a place that was open ground: and it was a green valley between the thickets, and in the midst of the valley stood a goodly elm-tree. Yet was the goodliness of it by semblance only, for within bark it was long since gone and rotten. And Ywain came to the elm-tree and struck it wilfully, for he was there in a clear field and thought to see the truth of the matter. But in his stroke his senses departed from him, for there came a noise behind him such as he heard never in all his days, no, nor dreamed thereof in an evil dream. For it was like the roaring of a wild bull and like the howling of a dog upon a grave: and when he heard it his life turned black within him and his heart was angered even to madness. And he swung his axe and struck the tree haphazard, as a man may strike that is blinded in

battle, and his fear was greater than his courage, and his anger was greater than his fear.

So he went smiting, and his hands were bruised and his body shaken: and the Beast howled ever more loud and the rage of it pierced Ywain's heart and broke it utterly. For when he heard that sound it seemed to him that he was hated of all men and of himself also, and he felt his life perishing into dust as the grain perishes between the mill-stones. And his strength went from him momentarily, so that in no long time he had been mad or dead, save only for the help wherewith he was holpen presently.

For in his misery there came to him a sound of clear music, as a lantern comes to a child that is lost in darkness: and the music was of a reed only, yet there was within it a voice singing that was as plain as words. For as Ywain heard it he thought on old and noble wars, and he remembered in his heart the names of them which had renown therein; and he feared no more to be hated, for he had part with them. And therewith the howling of the Beast became faint and without meaning, as a noise that is very far off: and Ywain's strength came again to him and he hewed with might and with measure, and in a hundred strokes he felled the tree endlong.

Then with the fall of that tree the noise of howling ceased, and Ywain looked and saw that he had been long in his madness, for it was now the last hour of the day. And the

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music that he heard ceased not, but the voice changed within it; for it sang no more of old things, but of new. And as he heard it Ywain forgot all his life, and he thought of his desire; and it seemed to him that he was not far from him and he slept. And when he awoke it was dawn: and he rose up and began to go from the place of black swine, and met him a herd-girl with her hand was a little pipe. Then he remembered how he had been holpen overnight. Then he thought to ask of the grey and began to go from the place of black swine, and met him a herd-girl with her hand was a little pipe. Then he remembered how he had been holpen overnight. Then he thought to ask of the

CHAPTER XXIII.—HOW YWAIN EMPRISED TO GO TO THE CITY OF THE SAINTS AND SO INTO THE DELECTABLE ISLE.

So within a while he came to the gate, and found it open. And when he looked out, he saw a man named Bartholomy, that brought him thence had spoken of a day and a night, and they said how they would return again might find him still in life and understanding. And as he looked he saw far off a company that moved upon the road hitherward: but he perceived that they came not ahorse but on foot, and they were not two by foot, and kept in good order, and that which they sang together: and that which they sang was a godly hymn, but

Then Ywain stood still to mark their passing: but they were now going by him and he saw among them the young man named Bartholomy, that was friend to him in Paladore, and he ceased from his singing and ran out of the company and entreated him to be of them. And Ywain was little loth, for he saw how their backs were turned on Paladore, and he cared not greatly whither he went, so only he went not

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to that city. So he gave Bartholomy neither nay nor yea to his entreaty, but he began to go with him slowly, following behind the company.

And as they went Ywain began to ask of him to what place they were going and on what adventure. And Bartholomy answered him quickly and said how that it was no adventure but a high emprise, sounding in life and death, yea, of their very souls. For they were aweary of Paladore and misdoubted of all the customs there, seeing how they were hard customs with no kindness or godliness in them. Also he said how that in all the world there might no peace be found, save only in the City of the Saints: and that was by report far off and beset of many enemies. Yet were they vowed both to come thither and to dwell therein, if by endurance and good hope they might achieve their vows.

Then Ywain asked him: Whence then hath the City this peace? And Bartholomy said: The report of it is diverse. For some men say of it that it cometh by one way and some by another: as first, by conquest, for they that dwell there do continually subdue their enemies. But this to my thinking is a doubtful saying. And secondly, as some have said, it cometh by hope of

reward: for the people of the Saints trade thence into the Delectable Isle, where a man may have all that he will, whether of gold or ivory. And this also, said Bartholomy, I take for profit rather than for peace. But the third way is by good ordinance, for in that city they follow not their own will, nor strive amongst themselves, but every one to serve another: also they do nothing waywardly, but all things by rule and governance. And for this peace I long both by day and by night.

Then as he heard him Ywain was kindled a little, and he said within himself: I also am aweary, and would serve another, and not myself. And whether all this be true I cannot tell, but as I guess it is an old report that has warped in wandering. For what is this Delectable Isle wherein a man may have all his desire, if it be not that Aladore which I am to look for over sea, and who knows but I may come thither and find my lady and my love?

But to Bartholomy he told nothing of his musing: only he took him by the arm and said that he would go with him and see this city. And therewith he pressed his arm in token of fellowship: for he drew near to him in spirit because of his voice, and because of the words which he had spoken.

CHAPTER XXIV.—HOW YWAIN SAW THE CITY OF THE SAINTS THE FIRST TIME AND HOW HE HEARD THE BELLS THEREOF.

Now was Ywain once more not that joy which he had upon pilgrimage: yet he had aforetime, when he left his

through meadows and through boskage.

Then Ywain and Bartholomy came down towards the foothills and drew nearer to the city: and when they were upon the foothills they saw it over against them in marvelous wise. For the walls of it were of a white old age, with great bastions between all rounded, and before the walls were meadows and above them were massy trees. And within the city the roofs were of red and of grey, and among the roofs were spires and domes and high towers innumerable: and Ywain saw them clearly against the sky, and they were all passing beautiful, and not one of them like another. And there lay upon the city an enchantment, like to a mist or dimness upon it: for to such as stood without and looked upon it and beheld the walls and the gardens and the high towers thereof, to them it seemed ever to

be abiding in ancients and peace, as of no earthly city, but to those within it showed after another fashion.

And while Ywain and Bartholomy stood still looking upon the city the sun set and dusk came round about them; and in the dusk they saw a glimmering of lights. And they perceived that in that city was full plenty of chapels and of halls: for on every side there were great windows, and in the windows were many lights shining, rich and orderly, window by window a line upon the darkness. Also they heard suddenly a ringing of bells, so many and so sweet to hear, that they were astounded with the harmony of them: for they sounded one under another, as it might be under deep and shallow water. And there was one great bell which dinged below all other: and the sound of it came up to Ywain like a sound from the bottom of the sea.

CHAPTER XXV.—OF THE MANNER OF THE CITY AND HOW
YWAIN FELL A-DROWSING THEREIN.

Ah, said Ywain, what is this city and by whom builded? For it is certain that I came never here until now, and yet there is not one tower of it that I know not of old time. And Bartholomy answered him not, but out of the dusk a voice came and answered him, saying: Good truth and good reason, for this city was builded from the beginning, and all men are by nature free thereof;

so that come they what day they will they come not as strangers but inheritors.

Then Ywain saw a man before him standing, habited after the fashion of the religious: and he saw him gladly, for he took comfort in the words that he had spoken. And Bartholomy was comforted also, for he had been in doubt how they should come that night into the city, seeing that

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by likelihood the gates would to come forth out of the city
be shut and guarded. And he said walk abroad, to the intent
took the man by the hand and that he might lead in any that
entreated him that he would were forwinded. So they
make good his saying: and he came to the gate and passed
told him how they were of in with him, and he brought
Paladore, come hither by rest-houses where they should be
son of weariness, and he answered within the hour.
were by name Ywain and Bar-lodged, and they supped there
tholomy. Yea, but he answered And while they sat at supper
have new names for a new they spoke of all that had
life: for he also had in the fortune to them: and Vincent
world a name worldly, but was comforted, as a Doctor will
now become Vincentins, and answer them which are
prayed of things past. And half, by reason of the bells
Then Bartholomy said Ay: he said Ywain heard not the
and Ywain spoke no word, which above the city: for the sound
but his lips trembled. And he read it were with softness and with
Vincent looked upon their two half, by reason of the bells
faces, and he perceived the of them wrapt in about as
diversity of them, for he read his thought a dream: and he
And he said to Bartholomy: become pleasant to him and
What look you to find here? his thought a dream: and he
And he answered Peace: and hear those bells continually
Then he asked Ywain also, both by night and by day.
the same question: and Ywain desired nothing else but to
said openly: I am a lover and to Bartholomy: for this
a seeker, and I look only to was the manner of the city
answered him: It is well with them when they were come, and
you also, since you are come they received it to their joy
hither: for you shall love that forth under morning mist: for
which you desire not, and seek have seen them rising lively
that which you have never keep the daily ordinance: for
seen. Then he led them down though the city was thronged
toward the city: and as they rang bells at the point of
went that he should so have met there was but one and they
with them in the nick of day, and again when they had
need. But Vincent said that broken fast: and after, and at
it was no marvel: for that rang bells at the point of
every day at the time of broken fast: and after, and at
twilight it was his custom before noon and after, and at

evening and at midnight, so that they went never an hour without ringing of bells in some part of that city. And they took all their delight therein, and when they met together, as at board or bench or whatsoever doing, then they would have their converse of bells and of the comfort they took thereby. For they supposed that the properties of bells were many and diverse: and they heard one bell for courage and another for meditation, and one for ruth and another for gladness. And the deepest they heard for fellow-

ship, seeing that the sound of it was very great and came into every house both near and far. And in sum, the life of those which dwelt in that city was all to ring bells and to hear them, and to do no other thing: and therefrom was their sustenance and their repute.

So Ywain went daily a-ringing with the rest: and he lived as it were by sound alone and thought to have found peace. For his sorrow was rocked continually as a child is rocked in a cradle, and his soul was stilled as with a lullaby.

CHAPTER XXVL.—HOW YWAIN FOUND HIS LADY IN A GARDEN.

Now in this drowsihood was Ywain living well content: and the winter passed over and the year began to stir again from under ground. And March came with dust and dryness, and then came April with sweet showers to pierce that dryness, and in the gardens the small birds were a-pairing and a-nesting busily. But Ywain was still assotted upon bells, and his mind was subdued unto the tune of them. For he forgot neither his love nor his seeking: but when he should have wept therefor he remembered them only as an old and tender tale, or as a picture of one aforetime living, but now departed where is neither hope nor striving.

So on a day he walked alone in a garden of the city, and heard a sweet sad peal of bells chiming, and mused pleasantly thereon. Then suddenly he

came upon a lady that was standing on a sward of daisies, and she stood between two laylock bushes, a purple and a white, and gathered flowers of each. And her face was turned away from Ywain: but his blood moved at the sight of her, and he heard the bells no longer for a singing that was in his ears.

Then the lady looked down upon the flowers that she had gathered, and Ywain saw her face athwart, over her shoulder; and though her eyes were hid from him yet he saw well that she was his own lady. For he knew her by the turning of her neck, and by her hair, and by her ear that was like the hollow of a shell: and beside all these he knew her by a reason that was no reason but certainty. And he spoke to her by her name: and she turned her about and looked

CHAPTER XXVII.—HOW YWAIN WAS BIDDEN TO AN ABBEY
AND SO TO BE ENTRAPPED BY TREASON.

When Aithne had so said she stood looking upon Ywain: and her face was troubled, and her soul looked out of her eyes patiently, as it were one waiting for the dawn. For she was but newly come from Aladore, and she remembered as of yesterday how her mother had spoken with her before her death. And of Ywain she knew well that he was in good truth her friend and her lover: but for the rest she doubted, and in especial whether he were of one kind with her, that they might dwell together and find no division. And Ywain looked upon Aithne, and he also was troubled, but after another fashion: for he doubted not of her but of himself.

So they stood looking, on the one part and on the other: and they knew not how for all their doubting their spirits were already handfast, and devising of fellowship together. Nor they knew not what was being contrived against them and against their pilgrimage. For they talked, as they supposed, in secret: but in secret also they were betrayed.

Then suddenly there came a little noise of rustling, as of one that went by stealth among the laylook bushes. And Ywain started and strode forth and looked along the garden: and he saw a man going hard away from him, and no other near that place.

Then he would have followed after him: but the going of that man was marvellous, for he went not by leaping but by creeping, like a lizard going among grass. So Ywain came again to Aithne, and told her of that which he had seen: and they laughed thereat together. And Ywain was a little shamed, and thought no more of it: but Aithne laid it by, for she perceived that there was treason.

Then they went out from the garden, and so departed slowly each from other: and they made promise to come together day by day until the third day thereafter. For on the third day at night was the time of the moon's changing, when they should escape out of the City of the Saints. But when Ywain thought thereon he could not tell how it might be compassed. And he doubted not without reason, seeing that he was still in subjection. For when he was together with Aithne he heard only her voice and nothing else: but when he was gone from her, then perforce he would follow the usage of the city and hear bells to his pleasure.

Now on the morning of the third day, when Ywain was not yet gone forth, there came in Bartholomy to speak with him. And he bade Ywain to a bell-ringing in a certain Abbey of the city: for he showed him how it was that

rows on this side and on that. And they which sat therein were set over against each other: and beside every man in every stall there was a fair white candle burning. And with the light of those candles the whole place was lit and glorified: yet there was a darkness also within it, for the cedar work was wellnigh black with ancientry. Also the floor was of marble, lozengy black and white, and in the candle-shine it glimmered sombrely.

So they came within the chapel, and Vincent showed them where they should be seated. And to Bartholomy he showed a seat among the lowest, but Ywain he set in a high stall beneath a canopy, among those which were great ones in the Abbey and in the city. And when he was come to his place Ywain looked adown the chapel, and he saw how Vincent had bestowed himself: for he was set fast by the doorway, on the one side of it, and on the other side was set the Lord Abbot in his state.

Then when all men were in place the doors were closed, both the outer and the inner, and the Lord Abbot gave command and the Golden Bell began to ring. And at the sound of that bell the hearts of all that heard it were comforted exceedingly, and they folded their hands to rest: for that which they heard was as a sweetness poured out upon all things, whereby the wrongs of men were hidden and their crying drowned.

And Ywain also forgot in that instant all the ills that he had suffered in all his life: and of the morrow he dreamed without desire. For the fights wherein he had made forfeit and the hopes which he had never achieved, he remembered them but with tenderness, as shames and perils of childhood, nothing great: and in likewise he thought carelessly on all that was to come. And he knew not how long he sat there musing: for the blood lulled idly in his pulse as the sea water lulls before the turning of the tide.

Then upon a sudden his eyes opened and he beheld a marvel. For over against him there came upon the air the semblance of a man's hand: and the hand was great and black, and habited in a manch of black. And it came slowly along the chapel, by no motion that might be perceived: and as it came the lights perished dead before it by stall and by stall. And the lowest row were those which perished first, and then those next above them: and last of all the lights that were before the canopies.

And Ywain knew not what had befallen him, for he felt in his heart a lifting of heaviness: and he looked about to see his fellows, and when he saw them he was astonished. For they started up stiffly and yet they moved not: but they sat every one in his place with his eyes staring and his mouth misshapen. And the hand went towards Vincent and towards

MICHAEL LOK.

BY JAMES A. WILLIAMSON.

THE great body of merchants and adventurers who, in the England of the sixteenth century, embarked their fortunes in maritime undertakings may be roughly divided into two categories: those who looked westwards to tropical America, and sought to take by force of arms the wealth discovered by the Spaniard; and those who set out to conquer by more legitimate methods a share in the commerce of the East which year by year offered more alluring prospects to European enterprise.

Between the Eastern and Western venturers there was a wide cleavage. The fortunes of the London capitalists were bound up with the success of organised trading companies doing business with all parts of Europe, and now for the first time beginning to look farther afield. By them the brilliant exploits of Drake and the Devonshire school, with their huge immediate profits and their inevitable consequence of war, were regarded as mischievous in the extreme. Although bitterly opposed at the moment, both parties were in a sense right in contending that they acted in the true interests of their country. The immediate harm wrought on commerce by the war party was obvious. But they realised, as their rivals did not, that England would never obtain a fair share in the newly dis-

covered regions until some shattering blow had first been dealt at the great monopoly based on the Bull of Alexander VI. When Spanish America had been sacked from end to end, when rich carracks from the East had been met off the Azores and unladen in English ports, and when the Armada had come and gone, then only the work of the Western men was done. The great Elizabethan privateers passed away one by one leaving no successors, and the peaceful merchant, at once daring and prudent, was seen to be the permanent type which should lead the van of imperial progress. The colonisation of North America itself was effected by the sober, patient men who, under the great Queen, had been attracted rather by the merchandise of the East than by the gold of the West.

Although opposed to war, the more daring and imaginative of the mercantile section found an outlet for their energies in the promotion of discovery, and more particularly the discovery of a new route to the Pacific by the north either of America or Asia. To the peace party this discovery was of the first importance. It alone would justify their policy by giving England a trade route shorter by thousands of miles than those of her rivals, and capable of being defended against interlopers by a naval

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1914.] force of relatively small dimensions. The great quest failed, and Englishmen had after all to reach the East by the Cape of Good Hope. But the northern search fills a fascinating chapter in the history of our country. Of one incident of it, and of the character of the mercantile party in general, the career of Michael Lok is peculiarly illustrative. Born, by his own account, in 1532,¹ one of the numerous family of Sir William Lok, mercer and alderman of London, he was kept at school by his father until he was thirteen years old. He was then sent to Flanders and France "to learn those languages and to know the world." The English trade with Flanders was the monopoly of the Company of Merchant Adventurers, which most of the mercers and drapers of London were members. Lok spent seven years in the Low Countries "following the trade of merchandise," and this probably represents his period of apprenticeship to the Company. In view of his subsequent employments it should be noted that it was a very usual thing for a man to be a member of several companies at the same time, or to transfer from one to another, provided that he had somewhere served a satisfactory apprenticeship. In 1552 he visited Spain and Portugal, and the spectacle of the rich East Indianmen which he saw discharging their cargoes at Lisbon made a permanent impression on his mind. In the following years, he says, he travelled by land and sea through nearly every country of Christendom. After commanding for three years a great ship of 1000 tons in the Levant, he returned in her to England to settle down after an absence of fifteen years. Shortly after the opening of Elizabeth's reign, then, Lok was in London, and obtained the office of London agent for the Muscovy Company at 200 marks a-year. A house, rent free, and other emoluments, rendered his total salary equal to £200 a-year—a handsome income for that time.² It would seem that he was still interested in Levant ventures, to judge from "A discourse of the trade to Chio," addressed to him in 1569 by one Gaspar Campion.³ Chios produced the best of the malmsey wines which were much favoured in the early part of the century, but the trade had become very precarious by reason of the swarms of Mohammedan pirates who infested the Mediterranean. One other letter survives to throw a gleam of light upon Lok in the first period of his career. In 1559 John Knox wrote from St Andrews to a certain Anna Lok, evidently a

¹ His son, Zachary Lok, writing to Cecil in 1598, stated that his father was over sixty-four years of age when he went to Turkey in the early part of 1593. This would make the year of his birth 1528 or 1529.

The details of Lok's early life, as described by himself, are in Cotton MSS., Otho E. viii. f. 41.

² Multiply by 5 or 6 for modern value.

³ Hakluyt, 'Principal Navigations' (MacLehose ed., 1903), v. p. 111.

co-religionist. The letter deals with religious matters, and ends with a desire that the recipient shall salute (amongst others) "Mr Michael Lok and his wife."¹ It is not impossible that Lok was a Calvinist; the style of his letters conveys that impression.

During his years of wandering, and afterwards while living in London, he was an eager student of cosmography and navigation and all things pertaining to discovery. He eagerly discussed such topics with any who had information to impart; he spent more than £500 on books, charts, and instruments; and he accumulated a ream of notes whereby he persuaded himself "of great matters." He hints that his material welfare suffered by his devotion to these studies, but that nevertheless he felt drawn to them by an irresistible power. It would seem that by long pondering he had induced in himself the belief that he was a chosen instrument for the revelation of the great secret of the north for his country's benefit. A large idea is seldom the tenant of a single brain. Other men besides Lok were working, in theory only as yet, at the same problem. Since 1536 there had been no attempt on the North-West, nor since 1556 on the North-East. But thought was now ripening to action. Gilbert was preparing for the press his "Discourse" on the subject; and when Lok renewed an old acquaintance with Martin Frobisher he

found that the latter also had been concentrating all his thoughts for fifteen years on the same dream of national advancement.

It is possible that Frobisher's connection with the Lok family dated from his first going to sea in 1554, when he took part in an English voyage to the Guinea coast. The only expedition to Guinea now known to have been made in that year was a highly successful one commanded by a merchant named John Lok, and here most likely began the "old acquaintance" renewed in 1574.

Be that as it may, Captain Martin Frobisher, having served twenty years at sea and obtained some reputation as a skilful navigator, appeared at Court in the year 1574, and succeeded in interesting Lord Burghley and others in his plans for the discovery of the North-West Passage. It was essentially a scheme for the mercantile, conservative element to whom the great Minister at that time gave all his support. The goal in view was Eastern Asia and trade, not other people's colonies and fighting; and so, at the end of the year, Frobisher was able to go to the office of the Muscovy Company bearing a letter from the Privy Council in which the licence of the Company was requested for Frobisher to make his attempt. The Muscovy Company's consent was necessary, because under the terms of

¹ 'Foreign Calendar,' 1559-60, No. 85.

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their charter they were the monopolists of all trade with Asia by the north. But they had despatched only two expeditions to search for the North-East passage, in 1553 and 1556, and had never attempted the North-West at all. Thus it was now not unreasonable to require them either to exercise their privilege themselves or to stand aside for others to do so.

The Company at first demurred, but on a repetition of the request appointed a committee consisting of Sir George Barne, William Towerson, Stephen Borough, and Michael Lok to examine the scheme. Their chief concern was lest the new undertaking, failing to discover a route to Asia, should result instead in the establishment of a rival trade in furs, hemp, tallow, and skins in the unknown north-western lands. On this account they were reluctant to abate their monopoly. But Frobisher again brought his stronger influence to bear: a letter was addressed to the Company, and on February 3, 1575, the necessary licence was handed to the captain and his associates.

To Michael Lok these transactions had been of more than a mere business interest. Hitherto his idea had always been that the discovery should be performed by the Muscovy Company. They had the prior right, and it is likely that this reason he had entered their service. At first, then, Frobisher appeared to him as a dangerous rival, and his duty to his employers, as he says,

caused him to oppose the captain's claim. But Frobisher was a man of action and an enthusiast combined. He was, moreover, ready to move at once, and Lok was soon won over to his side. When the licence was granted, partly by the exercise of Lok's own influence, the latter made the great decision of his life. He quitted his safe post with the Company and embarked all his fortunes in the quest of the North-West Passage. It was the act of a man with a stout heart and a belief in his destiny; many such have led to brilliant renown; and because to Lok it brought obloquy and an old age spent largely in exile and wholly in poverty, he is not on that account to be worse thought of than are others who have achieved success from similar risks.

More than a year elapsed before the plan could be carried into practical effect. Frobisher's friends at Court, generous enough with their influence, showed at first no desire to adventure their money in the scheme. Lok had little more success in the city, and the voyage, intended for 1575, had to be postponed to the following year. During this time Lok and Frobisher were on terms of the greatest intimacy. The former placed his purse, his house, his books, and the fruits of his long study at the sailor's disposal, and gave him much needed encouragement when he fell into despondency at the lack of public support. In 1576 matters took a better turn. Burghley in-

terested himself so far as to lay down certain rules for the conduct of the venture, and his countenance inspired a few investors with confidence. A private company was formed, of which Lok acted as secretary. Men of reputation, such as Stephen and William Borough and Doctor Dee, began to meet at his house, and eventually sufficient money came in to warrant the setting forth of a small expedition. But now a fresh difficulty arose. Few of the venturers were sufficiently impressed with Frobisher's character or record to be willing that he should command their ships.¹ Again Lok stood his friend, and, to quote his own words, "stepped in with my credit for his credit to satisfy all the venturers that he would deal honestly, and like a true man, with the ships in the voyage." Eventually it was agreed that Frobisher should command, subject to the advice of the masters of the two ships and the purser of the expedition, "who were known for trusty men." On these terms he sailed from Gravesend on June 12, 1576, his little fleet consisting of two barks of 25 tons each, and a pinnace of 10 tons, the combined crews numbering 34 persons.²

The events of this first voyage were briefly as follows: Frobisher sailed into the Arctic by

way of the North Sea and the Shetland Islands. He arrived at Baffin's Land after losing the pinnace in a storm, and being deserted by his other consort. With the single remaining ship, the *Gabriel*, he pushed into a *cul de sac* now called Frobisher's Bay, thinking the land to the north of it to be the extreme north-east of Asia. Various indications convinced him that his supposed strait was of no great length, and that it led without impediment into the Mar del Sur, the great Pacific Ocean which Magellan had entered by its southern gate half a century before. But the kidnapping of five of his men by the Eskimos, and the sickly state of the remainder (thirteen in number), together with the approach of winter, forced him to turn homewards. He arrived in the Thames on October 9, his confident assertion that the Passage was found ensuring him a joyful reception. He brought with him a captured Eskimo, whose Mongolian features confirmed the belief that he was a Tartar of Cathay.

The voyage had, of course, been conducted at a financial loss. The total expenses had been £1613, 19s. 3d., and the subscribed stock only £875, the balance having been advanced by Michael Lok from his own purse. But Frobisher's report raised high hopes of success,

¹ Some years previously he had fallen under suspicion of piracy, although it does not appear that he was convicted.

² The documents relating to the North-West project, with a few exceptions contained in the Cecil Papers and the Privy Council Registers, are summarised in the 'Calendar of Colonial State Papers,' East Indies, 1513-1616. The more important, together with accounts of the voyages, are printed in full in the Hakluyt Society's 'Frobisher's Voyages,' edited by Admiral R. Collinson.

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1914.] and the prospect of a rich Queen, a delighted shareholder in the new venture, would trade with the East by a short and exclusive route rendered bestow a knighthood at least the temporary sinking of a few hundred pounds a small con- on the far-sighted prophet who sideration. Estimates were had shown his countrymen the cost of equipping five ships and immediately drawn up of the He had never forgotten the lading them with English sight of the great carraacks manufactured goods for sale in unloading at Lisbon, and his China. The Queen was peti- financial future must have tioned for a regular charter seemed bright indeed when he of incorporation in the usual reflected that his own new form, and before the end of guese trade was to beat the Portu- the year 1576 the Company of cisively as they in their time Cathay had taken its place in had routed the Venetians. By the growing list of English no person had a doubt yet been maritime undertakings. The expressed of the one fact on royal grant constituted all the assertion of Martin Frobisher original venturers one company which all this depended, the and corporation for ever, with that the Passage was indubit- power to admit others, to ably found.

Before the completion of pre- parations for the second voyage a new circumstance arose, keep courts, choose a governor and officials, make laws, fine and imprison delinquents, and a trivial at first, but rapidly maintain against all interlopers assuming huge proportions as a monopoly of trade in the excited minds brooded upon it, north-western seas. In con- and destined to change the sideration of his great services whole character of the under- Michael Lok was to be the first taking. At a certain place in the Company; also Martin the newly discovered regions Frobisher was to be Admiral picked up a fragment of for life of all the new discov- black ore which, by its eries, with a similar reward. weight, was judged to contain some metal. Curiosity being aroused by this substance, pieces of it were given to different assayers for experi- ment. Three English crafta- men found it to be of no value, but a Venetian named Agnello showed grains of gold and silver which he declared he had extracted from the ore. The rumour, once started, proved uncontrollable. The Queen was informed, grave-ly, that the Passage was indubitably found.

Before the completion of pre- parations for the second voyage a new circumstance arose, keep courts, choose a governor and officials, make laws, fine and imprison delinquents, and a trivial at first, but rapidly maintain against all interlopers assuming huge proportions as a monopoly of trade in the excited minds brooded upon it, north-western seas. In con- sideration of his great services Michael Lok was to be the first governor for life, with 1 per cent of all goods imported by the Company; also Martin Frobisher was to be Admiral for life of all the new discov- eries, with a similar reward.

Lok was now at the summit of his fortunes. From a re- spectable place in the middle ranks of life he had sprung in less than two years to a position which other men had only ac- quered by a lifetime of am- bitious toil. He was now a man of worship in the city and of consequence at Court. He might count on acquiring an important voice in the councils of the nation, and he might reasonably expect that the

statesmen and merchants were bitten with a gold mania, fabulous estimates were circulated as to the value of the ore, and London saw visions of Mexico and Peru superseded by the mines of the north. Nothing better illustrates the disturbance of the mental equilibrium of sober men which Frobisher's alleged discovery had caused than that this one unlucky sample, assayed under conditions by no means precluding suspicion of fraud, should have caused the great project of Cathay to degenerate into a gold hunt.

Frobisher's official instructions for the second voyage are concerned almost entirely with the latter object. Sailing with his two small barks of the previous year and a Queen's ship of 200 tons named the *Aid*, he was to make the best of his way to the region already discovered and lade his ships with the ore. He was also to search for further mines and safe harbours and to endeavour to recover the five men captured by the natives in 1576. He was to consider the possibility of fortifying the new country in order to protect the mines, and if practicable to leave a small garrison behind for the winter. In the event of the mines failing he was to send home the large ship and to proceed with the two barks to the discovery of Cathay. This last clause never came into operation. With these orders he set sail on May 25, 1577.

The conduct of Michael Lok in the setting forth of the second expedition shows his implicit faith in the soundness of the

undertaking. So certain was he of success that he not only allowed the ships to sail before a considerable number of the investors had paid over the sums which they had promised to adventure, but also furnished from his own purse a deficit of more than £800, representing the difference between the cost of the expedition and the capital subscribed. At this time he took over the duties of treasurer to the Company, and commissioners were appointed by the Government to supervise the conduct of its affairs. These commissioners, finding it convenient to deal with a single person, showed an increasing tendency to hold Lok personally responsible for everything, which might have seemed ominous to a man troubled with any forebodings of failure.

Business remained in abeyance until Frobisher's return in the autumn. His three ships had been separated on the homeward passage, but all arrived in safety, he himself reaching Milford Haven on September 23. He brought with him about 200 tons of ore, but, as it afterwards appeared, he had not gathered it on the same spot which produced the first sample. He had been unable to find any more at that place, and, after various experiments by the assayers who accompanied the expedition, the ships had been finally laden at a "mine" whose principal recommendation seems to have been that it was close to a safe anchorage. He had taken no further steps to discover the passage to the Pacific.

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The proceedings of the Company between the return of the second expedition and the departure of the third form the most incomprehensible part of the whole story. The ore was transported to London, but, strange to say, during the eight months which elapsed before Frobisher again sailed to the North-West no definite conclusion was formed as to its value. Numerous experts, both English and foreign, were called in to give opinions. Hardly one estimate coincided with another, but all agreed that a profit of some sort could be obtained. These pronouncements were based on the trial of small samples only, there being no facilities in London for wholesale working of the mineral. It is hard to believe that such a mixed collection of craftsmen were without exception rogues, especially as they seem to have been on terms of keen rivalry with one another. The suspicion therefore arises that some one was cunningly selecting or salting the samples to be tried, for it is certain that the bulk of the ore was not of a paying variety. Whoever that person may have been, it was certainly not Lok. His own losses are a sufficient guarantee of his integrity. Finally, after some months of experiment, it was decided to set up furnaces and "work-houses" at Dartford and to send to the silver mines of Germany for skilful managers. To meet this expense, Lok treasurer was directed to call upon all the adventurers for a sum equal to 20 per cent of VOL. CXCVI.—NO. MCLXXXV.

A similar levy had already been made to pay off the crews of the second voyage. Lok soon found that the treasurership was no bed of roses. The adventurers were reluctant to pay their shares, and many were persons of such standing that it was impossible to coerce them. But the treasurer was responsible for all, and his own purse and credit had to fill the breach. A calculating swindler, such as his enemies afterwards depicted him, would never have exposed himself to such risks; he would rather have found some convenient tool behind whom to shelter his designs. Common prudence demanded that the whole of the ore already obtained should be fully worked before any more capital was embarked in the enterprise. But speculation has little place in the kind; a golden haze obscured the judgment of men who in other matters were dispassionate in the extreme. Burghley and other responsible persons had, it is true, but nominal holdings in the adventure, and their financial interests could not have had great influence with them. But their Government was identified with the enterprise, and they could have had no desire to see it result in a disastrous failure. Revelations of folly in the management and the resultant derision of watchful Europe would be certain to sting them more keenly than the loss of their money. Nevertheless not a voice was raised in favour of the more judicious

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course. At the end of May 1578, Frobisher sailed once more at the head of an imposing fleet of fifteen ships, still in ignorance of the precise value of the mineral with which he was to lade them. The unnecessary size of this expedition caps all the previous folly of the Company, whose stock was now swollen to more than £20,000, while not a penny of dividend had yet been paid. Frobisher's instructions contain scarcely a word as to the discovery of Cathay. He was to lade his ships with ore from the mine already discovered, to prospect for richer deposits, and to leave Captain Edward Fenton with 100 men and three small craft as a permanent garrison. After attending to these matters he might send two barks to discover for fifty or a hundred leagues farther westwards, but even this was mainly with an eye to the finding of more gold. The designation of the Company in this document is significant. It is now "The Company of Adventurers for the North-West Affairs."

Frobisher's third voyage was less happy than his previous ones. The large fleet was difficult of control. More ice was met with than before. Continued thick weather prevented the taking of observations, and the expedition entered Hudson's Strait in mistake for Frobisher's Bay. Casualties occurred and dissensions arose. Amid these misfortunes the selection of the ore was perfunctory in the extreme, the general desire being to get a cargo as quickly as possible and be in readiness to

return. Adequate supervision by the Admiral was impossible, so that even one of his happy-go-lucky subordinates expressed concern that "much bad ore" had been gathered. The majority of the ships straggled home through terrible weather, arriving in England in September and October.

On the return of the fleet Lok was faced with a huge bill of expenses which he had no money to meet. It was essential to pay off the crews and the owners of the ships at once, for every day's delay increased the liability. The proceeds of the 1577 ore should have been available for the purpose, but in truth there was nothing to show from this source. The delay in this department of the business is inexplicable. Six months' work should have sufficed to determine the value of 200 tons of ore, but although no gold had yet been obtained, Lok still believed it to be there, as a subsequent incident proves. The only resource was to make a further call upon the adventurers for proportionate contributions, both for the paying-off of the fleet and for the continuance of the work at Dartford. The demand produced little response. Rumours were everywhere current that the ore was worthless; and in spite of repeated admonitions from the Queen and the Privy Council the investors closed their purses and declined to throw good money after bad.

The whole enterprise now showed evident signs of failure, and since Lok's name had been

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the most prominent in its organisation, all who were likely to suffer united in denouncing him. Frobisher's character did not stand the test of misfortune. So long as money in plenty had been forthcoming for his entertainments and expenses at Court all had been well; but now that no more was to be had he became violently embittered against his old associate, declaring that he had cheated the false, that he had cheated the venturers, and that he was a bankrupt knave. Brave commander as he was, Frobisher's unbridled tongue was apt to bring discredit upon him. Ten years later, in the Armada campaign, he loudly accused Drake of cowardice, not seeing that such a charge could only bring ridicule upon its author. Amid the general denunciation of Lok, Walsingham maintained a non-committal attitude. By the beginning of December he had resigned or been dismissed from his office of treasurer to the Company. Thomas Allen took his place, and was soon on equally bad terms with Frobisher. He complained of Walsingham of the latter's abuse, and threatened to resign "rather than be thus raided at for his pains."

The wretched business dragged on for some months longer. At Dartford nothing was done. It was by now becoming known that the greater part of the ore

had not come from the locality of the first sample. On this point Lok justly complained that Frobisher had deceived the adventurers, for if the fact had been frankly admitted in 1577 the third and most costly expedition need never have sailed. Lok's own accounts were audited and found to be in the main correct. The principal item objected to was a sum of £1200 claimed by him for entertainments, interest on temporary loans necessary by reason of shares not being promptly paid up, and travelling expenses to Court and to Dartford during three years. Lok had not booked these expenses as they occurred, and could only estimate them at the audit. It was therefore decided to allow him only £430 on this account. After the middle of 1579 there is little further information relating to the winding-up of the Company. The accounts seem to show that when all shares were fully paid up there was almost enough to meet the debts, but of course the investors lost every penny they had put into the concern. Lok's own shares amounted to £2250 in addition to his out-of-pocket expenses. This sum he declared was all he had in the world, "whereby now himself and wife and fifteen children¹ are left in state to beg their bread henceforth except God turn the stones at Dartford into bread again."

¹ Lok was twice married. His first wife, by whom he had eight children, died in 1571. His second wife was an Englishwoman, widow of Caesar Adelmare, an Italian, and mother of Sir Julius Caesar, the Judge.—(' Dict. of National Biography,' art. by Sir J. K. Laughton.)

In spite of all disasters he had not lost a certain faith in the ore, and early in 1581 he is found offering to buy the whole 1200 tons remaining at Dartford at £5 per ton, on condition of being granted the free use of the works there and a discharge from all liability for the Company's debts. The offer fell through because he could not show sufficient security. What finally became of the ore is unknown. The creditors of the Company were still at his heels. There had been no regular bankruptcy, and the majority of them had been paid in full, while a small remainder had received nothing. These latter determined to make Lok personally responsible. In 1580 his liberty had been in danger, the Council having found it necessary to issue orders that no person should hinder him from attending for examination. The Privy Councillors themselves were sympathetic. In May 1581 they wrote a sharp letter to the auditors reprimanding them for slackness in finishing Lok's business, by which "the poor man . . . is greatly prejudiced."¹ Nevertheless a month later he was a prisoner in the Fleet at the suit of William Borough for £200. It is probable that he could have paid that sum, but preferred to hold out, as he would then have been liable for the remaining £2796 of the Company's debts. From his prison he petitioned the Council for

a complete discharge, and enclosed papers explaining his whole case. It would seem that Lok was not long in prison before obtaining the desired discharge. He was useful to Burghley as an intermediary in certain diplomatic business,² and it appears that he was at liberty in 1582. A letter to him from Roger Bodenham, a Mediterranean captain then in his declining years, refers briefly to his troubles: "Some men's luck is to have great rewards for no service at all, and others' to have nothing at all for very great service. As for me, I look for nothing, yet few have done the like, of all the travellers that have gone out of England in our time."³ Richard Hakluyt, too, in his quiet way no bad judge of a man, wrote of him in 1582 as "a man, for his knowledge in divers languages and especially in cosmography, able to do his country good, and worthy, in my judgment, for the manifold good parts in him, of good reputation and better fortune."

But for Lok there was as yet no return to a public position. The disaster, due partly to unforeseen geographical factors, partly to Frobisher's want of candour, and in which Lok's error of judgment was no greater than that of all others concerned, was inseparably coupled with his name. For the next ten years his life was passed in obscurity, and only occasional glimpses of his pro-

¹ 'Acts of the Privy Council,' 1581-2, p. 45. Several references to the affair also occur in the volumes for 1577-80 and 1580-1.

² 'Foreign Calender,' 1581-2, No. 13. ³ *Ibid.*, 1583, and Addenda, No. 637.

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ceedings can be obtained. In 1583 he wrote some Latin verses entitled 'An conveniens sit matrimonium inter puellam et senem.'¹ The general conclusion is unfavourable to the proposition. This may possibly indicate the decease of his second wife, to whom no further reference is traceable. The extent to which his fortunes were actually crippled by the collapse of the Cathay Company is uncertain. On the one hand there is his statement that all he had was embarked in that venture. On the other is the fact that he was returned in 1587 as owner of certain properties in London and at Tottenham of an aggregate rental of £73 a-year. These, however, had been mortgaged in 1580, and the amount of his remaining interest in them is not clear.² In 1587, also, he was granted the lease for twenty-one years of crown lands in Devon at a rent of £24 yearly.³ On the whole, it may be concluded that he was by no means reduced to indigence. Two letters survive from Lok to his stepson Sir Julius Caesar. They are dated from Dublin in December 1587 and February 1588 respectively; but beyond the facts that he was Ireland on some legal business, had been taken ill there, and was short of money, they contain little information.⁴

It was not until 1593 that Lok once more obtained public employment. In January of that year two rival English organisations, the Turkey Company and the Venice Company, effected an amalgamation, and took out fresh letters patent which granted them, under the name of the Levant Company, a complete monopoly of English trade with the Mediterranean. They decided to send a consul to reside at Aleppo and exercise control over their trade throughout Syria, and in February 1593 Michael Lok was appointed to fill the post. By the terms of his agreement he was to receive a salary of £200 a-year for at least four years, and to have his passage paid out when most men are seeking to retire from active affairs,⁵ he set forth once more to endure the hardships of residence in an uncivilised land. Accompanied by his son Benjamin he embarked hastily on board the Company's ship *Ascension*, and after a most unpleasant voyage, in which he complained he was treated more like an apprentice than a consul, he arrived at the scene of his labours.⁶

The Levant Company was of the type known as a regulated company. That is to say, the merchants, while enjoying common privileges and obeying

¹ Add. MSS., 12,503, f. 75.
² E. Lodge, 'Life of Sir Julius Caesar,' p. 8.

³ Add. MSS., 12,497, ff. 326, 327.
⁴ Add. MSS., 12,497, ff. 320-1, 324, and 448;

⁵ The papers relating to Lok's Syrian consulship and his case against the Levant Company are contained in Add. MSS., 12,497, ff. 190-1; Lansdowne MSS., Add. MSS., 12,504, f. 293; Lansdowne MSS., 82, ff. 190-1; Lansdowne MSS., 241, f. 394b; and Acts of the Privy Council, 1596-7, pp. 53 and 427, and 1598-9, pp. 421-2.

⁶ Add. MSS., 12,497, f. 329.

⁷ He was either 61 or 64.

⁸ He was either 61 or 64.

rules framed in the common interest, traded each with his own capital and stock-in-trade, and for his own peculiar profit. The defect of such companies was that individuals were under constant temptation to infringe the rules by underselling and other means, and a very firm hand was necessary for the enforcement of discipline. Lok, on his arrival at Aleppo, found things in great disorder, and transmitted "a book of fifty-five articles" to headquarters for their reformation. This naturally aroused the rancour of the delinquents, and it was not long before an act of open rebellion occurred. The salary of the English ambassador at Constantinople was defrayed by the Levant Company, and it was part of Lok's duty to forward the required sum, taking it from the dues accruing to him as consul. In 1593 the sum of £1000 was due on this account. Not having sufficient money from the normal source, Lok ordered a general levy on the merchants at Aleppo. One only, George Dorrington, factor of Sir John Spenser, an alderman of London and Governor of the Company, refused to pay his share. Lok imposed a fine for his contumacy, and summarily collected both levy and fine by seizing and selling certain goods belonging to the offender. The same thing occurred a second time, and Dorrington wrote home to his master complaining of Lok's tyrannical conduct. Sir John Spenser used his influence with the Company, with the result that on February 19, 1595, the English ambassador form-

ally dismissed the consul from his office and appointed Dorrington in his place.

Lok had not yet received a penny of his salary, neither would the Company pay the costs of his homeward journey. As a set-off to this he retained the amount of the fines exacted from Dorrington, declaring that he would hand it over to the Queen and not to the Company. He and his son made their way to Venice, at which place Michael Lok determined to remain. His alleged reasons were sickness and lack of funds; but it is evident that he had resources of some kind in Venice, and that a prolonged sojourn there was not distasteful to him. He opened proceedings in the Venetian courts for the recovery of four years' salary and expenses, and also sought, "by an indirect course," to procure an embargo on the Levant Company's goods. According to his own account, he was on the point of obtaining judgment when he received peremptory orders from the English Government to discontinue the suit. He complied, protesting that it was by the Company's own fault that he had invoked the Venetian law, since they refused to pay his fares to London. The opening sentence of his letter to Burghley is worth quoting: "If I shall now laye open unto y^r lordshippe my harte, in such playne maner as I can, beinge never any scholeman, nor never synce my childhood had any scholemaster but the wyde, wylde worlde, I doo

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crave pardon." At the conclusion he quotes Scripture with effect against his enemies.

In another letter to the Minister he described the precarious state of the Levant trade. The Company, he said, had conducted their business so ill that the prices of English goods had fallen heavily, and their credit was gone. One of their ships had been taken by Spanish galleys near Corfu, and others were in peril. A secret negotiation was also in progress to exclude them from trade with the Venetian dominions. Lok had done what he could to secure the release of the prisoners taken by the Spaniards. Having thus proved his mettle, he proceeded to offer his services as English representative in Venice, urging his long experience of the world and his especial knowledge of Venetian affairs. Burghley failed to take the bait. Lok was doubtless a suitable man in many respects, but it was hardly in human nature that he should work whole-heartedly in the interests of a trade against whose promoters he had such unsatisfied grievances.

The years passed by, bringing no redress, and still the stubborn old man maintained his suit. The case was removed to the English Courts, but the plaintiff himself remained in Venice until the

Company should bring him home. Burghley died; but his son and successor, Sir Robert Cecil, both from Michael Lok and his son Zachary, employed in political business in London.¹ At length the authorities were induced to move and a partial judgment was obtained, although the amount fell far short of that claimed.² With this modicum of triumph Lok was obliged to be content. He travelled overland to England, and at Christmas 1602 reached his native land after an exile of close upon ten years.³

The unconquerable optimism of his nature is illustrated by an incident of his stay at Venice. In 1596 he met in that city an old Greek pilot returning to his native island after many years in the Spanish service in the Pacific. This man declared that some years previously he had discovered the North-West Passage from the Pacific side, and had been promised great rewards from the King of Spain. But in the end he had received nothing, and was now willing to sell his knowledge to England. Lok eagerly believed his tale, and wrote to Burghley, Raleigh, and Hakluyt, asking them to send £100 to transport him and the Greek to England. They replied sympathetically but sent no money, and the Greek

¹ 'Domestic Calendar,' 1598-1601, p. 130.

² On Dec. 31, 1598, the Council ordered the Levant Company to pay Lok £300. The counter-claim of Sir J. Spenser for 4000 ducats was dismissed.

³ Purchas, 'Pilgrims' (MacLehose ed.), xiv. p. 421.

went on to his home. Lok kept up a correspondence with him, and when he scored his partial success against the Levant Company in 1602 he travelled to Zante to find the Greek and take him to England. At Zante he was met by the news that the man was dead. His knowledge, whatever it may have been worth, perished with him, and the matter was at an end.¹ But it speaks much for the public spirit of old Lok that, with the way home open after ten years' absence, he should undertake a sea voyage in the opposite direction in the interests of a national project which had already cost him dear.

Of the veteran's last years in England little is known. He wrote to Cecil in 1603 on Mediterranean matters, more than hinting his readiness to undertake the Venetian Embassy he had proposed some years before.² But his animosity towards the Levant Company was again apparent in his suggestion that the Venetian authorities would grant large privileges to English merchants if only the latter were made to desist from their trade with Turkey. Five years later he again addressed the Minister on the subject of Spanish war preparations. In 1612 a translation of the eight decades of Peter Martyr's Latin treatise on the New World was published by "Michael Lok, Gent," and has

been attributed to the subject of this memoir. It was very possibly the work of a younger relative. The Loks were a numerous tribe, and allusions by Purchas to "Mr Michael Lok, Senior," imply the existence of another of the same name. The Latin dedication to Sir Julius Cæsar, old Lok's stepson, contains no mention of the relationship, and is couched in a style quite different from what one would expect from stepfather to stepson. In addition, the older man never elsewhere described himself as "gent," but always as a mercer of the city of London.

The last incident recorded of Michael Lok is in keeping with the rest of his contentious career. In 1614 and 1615 he was engaged in two lawsuits—one for the recovery of an interest in certain property in London, the other in connection with the forty-years-old business of the Cathay Company.³ The first he seems to have won. Of the second, in which one Clement Draper claimed from him £200 for furnishing Frobisher's ships, the result is not apparent. In this affair there is no doubt as to identity, for one of the documents describes him as the son of Sir William Lok. He was now at least eighty-three years of age, and the close of his long life must soon have followed. The date and place of his end are unknown.

¹ Purchas, xiv. 415-421.

² Calendar of Cecil MSS., xii. p. 622.

³ Record Office, 'Exchequer Decrees and Orders,' Jac. I., series ii., vol. 19, f. 210; vol. 20, ff. 160b, 247b; vol. 21, f. 331b.

THE PLEASURES OF EATING.

IN turning over recently the pages of a long-forgotten family magazine—strictly a family magazine, be it understood, devised, inscribed, and illustrated by young amateur hands, and not one of those that cater professionally for the domestic hearth—I alighted deliciously on these words occurring in a poem devoted to a denunciation of the abhorrent demon Drink—

“Then there would be no more drinking :
Money would be spent in eating.”

No doubt the alternative had appeared the only and reasonable one to the mind of the infant Father Mathew who penned it, and who, perchance, had been often goaded to fury, like Miss Miggs's nephew, by the sight of unattainable pastry, while willing to believe that the severe simplicity of the nursery *régime* owed largely to the extravagance of the dining-room wine bill; or it may have ingenuously voiced the mere human instinct for the pleasure most unquestionable and most persistently recurrent in human affairs—the pleasure of eating. In either case it was a constructive alternative, which is more than is offered by most reformers bent on some social overthrow.

Maturer brains than our poet's have deplored the Pleasures of Hope and the Pleasures of Memory: none,

so far as I know, has had the moral courage to analyse the Pleasure of Eating, which embraces them both. Yet it embodies a fact which, like all facts, is merely a fact because it is a mystery. We know what we like, but we don't know why we like it. It is a fact, say, that I like meringues; but I should not like them at all if the shell were soft instead of crisp, and that though the materials remained precisely the same. Then it is not the meringue I like, but its texture or constitution—and why? I don't know. Nor do I know why among the myriad changes to be rung on eggs, milk, butter, and flour, certain combinations are passable to me, certain grateful, others objectionable. Why, since we are organically uniform, are some viands pleasant to this man, obnoxious to the next—so obnoxious occasionally that to force himself to eat them were harmful? Then it is not so much that what is food to some is black poison to others, as that certain given materials are agreeable to me in this proportion, disagreeable in that. The common denominator is, of course, taste; and there we come to the heart of the mystery. What is taste?

But if we cannot define taste—and most of us differ as to its quality—at least we are all agreed—in our inner

selves—that eating constitutes in life that one great unflagging interest, to which all other interests more transitory are subordinate—to which, in fact, they each and all in a measure owe themselves. It is no good for the ascetic, the plain-feeder, to protest: if he is satisfied with lentils and barley-water, then he is satisfied, and all his other pleasures exist through that satisfaction. He could claim no more were he Vitellius or a cow. What he likes to eat he eats because he likes; and where are we normal folk different?

Gastronomy: the titillation of the palate! What a cheering subject it always is, if one only had the moral bravery to admit it. People talk food with a certain shamefacedness, a pretence of no more than an abstract or dietary interest in a subject they must not be thought to take too seriously. And all the time the important, the substantial business of life lies in eating (for the sake of the infant moralist I omit drinking), and every man, like every horse, knows it. What is a book, a play, music, yea, the very bliss of philandering, on an empty and hungering stomach? Does not the thought of lunch for ever shine to us, like a great light through a lesser, adown the sweet mornings of our trampings, our fairings, our pleasant labours and pleasanter love-makings? Be honest and admit it. Not *cherchez la femme* for the source of the world's vagaries, but *cherchez l'estomac*. Indigestion was never

yet responsible for a good deed, nor alimentary content for a bad. Eliminate biliousness from the accounts of Robespierre and King Philip II. of Spain, and what horrors mankind had been spared. It was while our own lusty Henry could still revel in a meal well earned and well digested, as witness the Abbot's beef, that his soul remained comparatively clean of blood-guilt. And so on, and so on. It was Burnaby, was it not, who related how a Tartar guard, richly gorged on mutton, raised a pæan throughout a whole night to the fat tail of a sheep. So let the fatness of the earth be our uncompromising theme, and we who rejoice in it the jovial commentators thereon.

Now, it is a source of infinite satisfaction to me that what is the autobiographer's ban is the romancer's opportunity (and under the term autobiographer I mean to include all that numerous class of writers whose real first purpose in criticising others is to reveal, and mostly glorify, themselves). One may recognise the all-important bearing of food upon physical, mental, and moral development; but one must not expatiate on the subject, in one's own person, for fear of being thought—briefly, a pig. I can recall, say, this or that dinner, which, of its digestive excellence, was the real propagator in me of sentiments which hashed mutton would have left dormant, and which were not only expressed, but brilliantly expressed, in a manner to procure me great

credit for them with those who **hearkened**, and—what is more **significant**—with myself. For **sentiments** once expounded become the property of the **ex-pounder**, and, if they are good **sentiments**, it is all to the **ex-pounder's** moral advantage to **have to** live up to them. Yet, **unless** he would forego that **credit** with others, he must by **no means** particularise, **course by course**, the details of his **inspiration**, lest the charge of **gluttony** come to cheapen all the **written effect** of his **sapience**.

But with the romancer it is quite different. *He* can put into the mouths of his characters, not only the choicest tit-bits of his own epicurean fancy, but the most admirable sentiments calculated to make those "go down" with the public—and all without exciting any suspicion as to his own fond interest in the matter in readers who would turn up their noses at the greedy historian or biographer who should venture thus to enlarge upon the gastronomic predilections of *his* characters.

Indeed every story-teller or novelist who knows his business knows this, that not only will a particularising of dishes—where it is necessary to mention food—be forgiven him, but that a shirking, on any grounds, of his duty in that respect would not be regarded by his public with favour. For there can be a sauce in words excessively toothsome to those who are without any sort of responsibility towards its compounder or the puppets it gratifies, and

to sit down to table in the company of these shadows is to enjoy with them all the pleasures of self-indulgence without its shame.

It is the duty, I say, then, of every right novelist to deal specifically with such feeding business as comes his way; and to examine the works of the masters is to be justified in that assertion. Supported by these, I do confidently asseverate that for a novelist to scamp his bill of fare, so to speak—for whatever reason of puritanism, asceticism, intellectuality, high-thinking, or other such superior gammon—is as bad as it is for a "treasure-story" writer to generalise briefly on the subject of his exhumed booty. And there I have always nursed a little grievance against Stevenson himself, inasmuch as he, in that otherwise perfect flower of romance, the 'Treasure Island,' did not permit his reader to be present at the first finding and overhauling of Captain Flint's strong boxes, but was content to dilute his excitement by way of a rather anti-climactic sketch of their contents. That, however, in parenthesis. It is food that is on the board, and the discussion thereof.

I remember once casually meeting an old friend, and being asked to dine with him that night—*en famille*. "Pot-luck," said he. "We shall make no difference for *you*." That was meant for compliment, a kindly and natural inclusion of me in the family circle. But for the occasion,

it occurs to me, I should have preferred being treated like a stranger. I don't recall what came out of the pot, but at least I may opine, without offence, that it fell short in interest of the glorious melange spooned up by the landlord of "The Jolly Sandboys" for the delectation of Messrs Short and Codlin. Just listen to it:—

"It's a stew of tripe," said the landlord, smacking his lips, "and cow-heel," smacking them again, "and bacon," smacking them once more, "and steak," smacking them for the fourth time, "and peas, cauliflowers, new potatoes, and sparrow-grass, all working up together in one delicious gravy."

Delicious gravy! I should think so. It makes one, reading it, feel almost as faint as Mr Codlin, before he stoppered himself with a dry biscuit. Look at the luscious subtlety of the choice. I would walk twenty miles in the rain any day for such a stew as that.

But Dickens knew his business, if any man did. No bloodless generalisations for him. When he set out to make one's mouth water he saw to it that the provocation should be complete. There is a dinner described in 'Bleak House' which, for all its unpretentious simplicity, is, to me, a triumph of gustatory selection. It is eaten in the Slap-Bang dining-house by gentlemen no less distinguished than Mr Guppy, Mr Jobling, and Mr Smallweed junior of the venerable eye, and consists of veal and ham and

French beans ("and don't you forget the stuffing, Polly") with three pint pots of half-and-half superadded, and presently to those a dish of summer cabbage, for the especial behoof of Mr Jobling the voracious. Thereafter succeed three marrow puddings—a comestible unknown to me personally, but rich in suggestion—followed by "three Cheshires," the lot being topped up by "three small rums." Complete, you see—thought out, not thrown off, by a man who made his creatures speak for his own excellent discrimination in the choice of viands. I wager Dickens had eaten that very meal himself.

But he is always happy in his culinary allusions: it is never enough with him to say that a man dined; the dinner itself must be described, must be brought to enter specifically into the spirit of the situation recorded. When mention of food is called for in a jovial connection, it is appetising food; when in a dreary, it is savourless. Witness, for instance, the Pickwickian shooting-party, and the contents of the hamper by the very side of which Mr Weller, nimbly avoiding "young leathers," shot out his master from the wheelbarrow. They are to be made, be it observed, mere vehicles for Sam's wit; but are they on that account arbitrarily and insensibly selected for the purpose? Certainly not. There they are and thence they are drawn, a lunch any cunning caterer for hungry sportsmen might provide, and

the humourist has to adapt his waggeries to the unforced issue. "Weal pie—a wery good thing, when you knows the lady as made it, . . . tongue, knuckle o' ham, cold beef in slices, beer in one stone jar, cold punch in t'other,"—there, in brief, and less the Admirable's comments, stands the list, and who shall say that it is not *the* list, in the circumstances of sport and exercise and the hot velvety turf "side of One-tree Hill"?

On the other hand, we have Scrooge's gruel, the Marchioness's dreary waste of cold potatoes, and, most unforgettable, the Pecksniffian welcome to young Martin Chuzzlewit, which consisted of "two bottles of currant wine—white and red; a dish of sandwiches (very long and very slim); another of apples; another of Captains' biscuits (which are always a moist and jovial sort of viand); a plate of oranges cut up small and gritty; with powdered sugar and a highly geological home-made cake." Again, for contrast, cite invalid Mr Swiveller's surprise basket, and, of course, the Cratchit Christmas dinner. Even when it is a question of a mere snack *en passant*, this complete artist is not going to scamp his business to the extent of leaving one cold as to its character, but he will, in the very process of completing a long book, serve one up "three kidney ones" (meaning three savoury patties), "each with a hole at the top, into which the civil man poured hot gravy out of a spouted can, as if he were feeding three lamps." Where-

by, by way of the tit-bit and the ludicrous simile, he, the cunning author, not only secures but excuses one's keenest gastronomic interest at a crucial pass. To me, I confess, "Little Dorrit" ends with those "kidney ones," and the subsequent wedding from the Marshalsea leaves me comparatively cold.

But to quote from Dickens in any respect of the novelist's art is to draw on the inexhaustible. Thackeray, again, is not the man to put one off with a beggarly account of empty covers; though in him we touch dietetics on the higher plane of the cultured gourmet. Who does not recall, first of all, in the Jos Sedley connection, the *pillau* especially prepared for the Collector of Bogley Wollah, and the turbot, the best in Billingsgate, and the two plates full of strawberries and cream, and the twenty-four little neglected rout-cakes in a dish, all so feelingly selected, and all expressing, one may feel sure, the novelist's personal predilections in the terms of that fat glutton? Then there is that triumph of gastronomic invention, the feast—served up by M. Mirobolant, but devised wholly by Mr Thackeray—for the entertainment of the little white Miss and her young comrades of the pension: *Potage à la Reine*, to wit, "confectioned with the most fragrant cream and almonds," and *filet de merlan à l'Agnès*, and *éperlan à la Sainte Thérèse*, and entrées of sweetbread and chicken, and a "little roast

of lamb, . . . in a meadow of spinaches, surrounded with *croustillons* representing sheep, and ornamented with daisies, &c." After which came the pudding (the only *plat* neglected in detail), and the opal-coloured plovers' eggs, with the "tender volatiles" billing in the midst, and the jelly of marasquin, "bland, insinuating," and the ice of *plombière* and cherries, and, for exhilarating top to all, the sparkling *Aï*. "Tell Monsieur Mirobolant that we thank him—we admire him—we love him!" Tell Mr Thackeray, rather—for the reason that he has so magnificently fulfilled this essential part of the true novelist's business.

Scott no less recognised his duty in this respect—of course he did. Passing by the rich suggestiveness of Caleb Balderstone's phantom joints and kickshaws, let us rejoice with good Sir Walter, *en guise de* Master Quentin of the holly sprig, over the glorious profusion of Maître Pierre's breakfast board. "There was a *pâté de Périgord*, over which a gastronome would have wished to live and die, like Homer's lotus-eaters . . . raising vast walls of magnificent crust—" (see, as he writes, the beatific smile on the lips of the wizard). "There was a delicate ragout, with just that *petit point de l'ail* which Gascons love, and Scotchmen do not hate" (observe the arch and zestful twinkle of the eye). "There was a delicate ham" (wild-boar), little round loaves of white bread called *boules*,

and about a quart—a quart, mind you!—of exquisite *Vin de Beaulne*. "So many good things might have created appetite under the ribs of death."

Yes, Scott knew his business; and so, to jump from one *sybaritica mensa* to the next that offers haphazard, did Cervantes. Let us recall, if you please—to name no less—the colossal proportions of Camacho's feast: the whole steer, spitted on a large elm, and dripping from its ample belly the concentrated juices of twelve small sucking pigs emolliently enshrined therein; the six enormous coppers, gorged with bubbling meats, into which whole sheep were plunged, to sink and 'be lost in them as in a delectable quagmire; the countless cased hares and trussed fowls, hanging from the branches of the trees like plums in a prolific season; the ramparts of bread, the walls of cheeses; the vats of oil in which to fry pancakes and the vessels of honey in which to dip them; the profusion of provocative spices, and the wine wherewith to satisfy the provocation—three-score skins of it, and a sprightly liquor. One's hand falters, one's digestion gasps and flutters even in the skimming of a revel so Gargantuan. Who can compete with these giants when they are moved to set out the table for us in their princeliest fashion? It is even a relief to turn from them to those smaller men who, while not possessing the boundless imagination of a

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Cervantes or a Rabelais, are yet alive enough to a sense of their responsibility in the conduct of the commissariat.

Thus, for instance, leery John Fry of the Doone Country, and his "hot mutton pasty," dished up in the tin with the gravy, the very smell of which was enough, in John Ridd's nostrils, "to make an empty man thank God for the room there was inside him."

Or, again, the royal mince-pie—"made of golden pippins finely shred, with the spice out of the sirloin, and spice and fruit accordingly"—with which that same bulky hero fed the starving lips of his inimitable love. It is little, to be sure, but it is the right stuff; for the wrong would have been to mention the mince-pie and withhold the nature of its components.

Well, I could quote and quote, but only, as it might deplorably prove, *ad nauseam*. Yet, were it not to overdo the moral, I could dwell with emotion on Piscator's rapture over the eel he had once eaten, and which he wished could have been as long as that other caught in the Peterborough river, a monster stretching a yard and three quarters from nose to tail and stout in proportion. Think of the jubilant prodigality of that wish—five feet and over of thumping eel in a man measuring himself, perhaps, no more. It reminds me of a small carp I once possessed, and which I used to feed on huge garden worms—but, enough. *This* eel, the lesser one, had been prepared,

after the honest angler's—that is to say, Walton's—own recipe, in the following manner,—but, no, I must restrain myself.

Yet, as I resign the topic, I cannot help lingering for one moment over that book of books, better than any novel in its sprightly psychology, the book of Johnson, and noting incidentally, among many lovely characteristic passages touching upon the big fellow's prodigious appetite and far from despicable partialities, his liking for hot veal-pie.

One last example only now remains to me, and that I give for the sole reason that it is germane to my subject, which in truth, as first conceived by me, turned upon the comparative merits of past and modern cookery, and not at all upon the novelist's concern in gastronomic. Only, somehow, I was led away by my personal feelings.

Here, then, is the menu for a family dinner, time, latter eighteenth century, as compiled authoritatively by Lord Beaconsfield (another, infinitely more lavish and suggestive, is cited in Russell's 'Collections and Reflections'):

"The ample tureen of potage royal had a boned duck swimming in its centre. At the other end of the table scowled in death the grim countenance of a huge roast pike, flanked on one side by a leg of mutton *à la daube*, and on the other by the tempting delicacies of Bombarde Veal. To these succeeded that masterpiece of the culinary art, a grand Battalia Pie, in which the bodies of chickens, pigeons, and rabbits were embalmed in spices, cocks' combs, and savoury balls, and well bedewed with one of those rich sauces of claret, anchovy, and sweet

herbs in which our grandfathers delighted, and which was technically termed a Lear. A Florentine tourte or tanay, an old English custard, a more refined blancmange, and a rib-and jelly of many colours offered a pleasant relief after these vaster inventions, and the repast closed with a dish of oyster loaves and a pompetone of larks."

It is in documents such as this that I find food—and certainly no stint of it—for the reflection, have we really advanced or degenerated in these days in the dietetic art? It is the habit, of course, to regard our ancestors as somewhat omnivorous barbarians, who in matters culinary preferred on the whole quantity to quality, and whose ruder palates were incapable of the nice discriminations of to-day. I am not disposed, I think, to subscribe to that belief, or to debit the Apiciuses of the past with an uncultured artlessness in their commendations. Indeed I have a strong suspicion that, as regarded the choice preparation of their viands, they fed altogether better than we do, in an era when every wife, aye, and every daughter, thought great honour of qualifying herself for the first of the domestic fine arts; and that when they gushed over a venison pasty, or an oyster loaf, or *crêtes de cocq en bonnets*, they gushed over something which, if we could be served with it *à l'ancienne mode*, would probably surprise us with its unexpected excellence. We judge them, in fact, by their jolly prodigality rather than by any knowledge of what that prodigality repre-

sented to them in the way of individual flavours. One cannot recapture the mellifluous accents of a Sims Reeves or a Signor Garcia on hearsay, nor can one retaste a Battalia pie with Lear sauce by reading about it. But at least, in the latter connection, we have the evidence of countless manuscript cookery-books, as preserved from time immemorial in quiet unassuming families, to testify to the superiority of many ancient recipes over their degenerate posterity. I have a little list of my own, gathered haphazard from memory, with which (if I may be believed) to justify my contention, that at least *some* excellent delicacies are not to be tasted now in the perfection they used. Here it is: pork-pie, pickled onions (I blush to record them; but wait a bit), lemon jelly, damson cheese, orange gin or brandy, and cowslip wine. You can buy all these things nowadays at the grocer's or the provision merchant's—these *things* forsooth! They turn them out, flabby anæmic pretenders, by the vat or ton—none of the personal equation in a shopful of them; not a hint of the infinite time and skill once thought necessary to be devoted to their production, and without the signs of which our ancestors would have ruled them worthless. They *are* in comparison. Oh, that pork-pie, a martello tower of savouriness, its rich crisp walls, like those of Maître Pierre's pâté, inviting to be stormed and crunched! I know what a

nice particularity of rubbing and beating went to their peculiar composition, so remote from that of their lean and lardy successors. And the p. o.'s—I cannot bring myself to wrong them even by titular comparison with the rank modern impostors soaking pallidly in their glass bottles. Those are plebeian food indeed, not to be mentioned in polite circles. But the others! boiled, with a multitude of cloves and peppercorns, in kingly verjuice, no less; consigned to great jars, there to ripen and soften in grateful darkness until the day, years thence, when they should be brought forth as—no, not that, but as a relish worthy of an epicure's palate; tender little spheres, mellowed, like a Rembrandt picture, by age to a rich and golden

umber. Then the jelly, oozing drop by drop from the point of an inverted pierrot's cap, set in a stand before the fire (an open range, of course) and presently justifying the leisurely process in a form as limpid bright as moulded sunbeams. So with the damson cheese, the orange brandy, and numberless others. Time, as they say in deeds, was of the essence of all these contracts, and it is just time nowadays that we are driven to do without. It is also, as I am reminded, of the essence of this, and so to an end. Only let me quote in conclusion one proverb, jovial and appropriate, amongst many, I must confess, to the contrary:—

“He that eats longest lives longest.”

BERNARD CAPES.

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

"THE TRUTH."

BY CAPTAIN H. CH. DE CRESPIGNY, 56TH RIFLES, F.F.

"GOOD morning, gentlemen ; I am delighted to see you."

We gazed in blank astonishment at the seething mass of pilgrims crowding round us, some standing, some stretched full length on a convenient doorstep, others climbing up the long narrow street, with looks of exultant expectancy on their faces ; others moving leisurely down, content and happiness radiating from them : these latter had reached their goal, after months of weary toil along a narrow mountain path, beset with dangers at every turn. What matter now if they die ? Have they not done the pilgrimage to Badrinath, one of the sources of the Ganges ?

Long years ago, some holy man, wandering in the hills, on his way to Thibet, perhaps, had rested there, and while sleeping had died.

From his grave a spring of health-giving water had miraculously gushed forth, and the simple shrine erected by a few shepherds was soon replaced by a pretentious gold-roofed temple, to visit which pilgrims came in their thousands from every part of India.

We overtook them on a shooting expedition to the borderland between India and Thibet, and one evening stood and watched them pass.

Men and women, old and young, rich and poor, along the narrow path the human stream surged, filled with a religious enthusiasm which overcame everything. Old white-bearded men we saw, and grey-haired women ; young mothers with babes at their breasts struggled on, completing, perhaps, only two miles a-day.

Many passed hobbling on crutches, others crawling on hands and knees. More rarely there came the fanatic, who lay full length on the road, reached forward as far as possible and drew a line in the dust with his finger ; then rising slowly, with great dignity "toed the line," lay down and repeated the performance.

At rare intervals there came young men, carrying on their backs long baskets, on top of which were perched wizened old creatures, too weak or too crippled to walk. Of these we saw but few, as the hire demanded by the carriers was exorbitant and far beyond the means of any but a limited number.

Still less frequently came some wealthy bunniah, carried along by four men in a travelling chair. Fat contentment stamped all over him, sure of a lodging and a well-cooked meal at the end of every day's

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journey, umbrella up to keep off the sun, lazily waving a paper fan to augment a breeze insufficient to evaporate the fat oozing from every pore,—none of the discomforts and privations of the road fall to his lot. He can afford to wait till a bridge or break in the road has been repaired. But a real danger, peculiar to this class of traveller, awaits him, though he knows it not.

We heard tales later of how the chair-bearers, after a few weeks of service with some wealthy pilgrim, become close friends of their master. Gradually, so confidential does the relation between hirer and hired become, that the former will trust the carriers with all his money, generally amounting to a very considerable sum. Then one day there is an accident. The narrow path winds along the hillsides, which fall perpendicularly for hundreds of feet into the raging torrent below. Suddenly, on an empty bit of road, the bearers stumble, and in their efforts to save themselves the chair and its occupant fall headlong, to be smashed to atoms on the rocks below. What harm is done? The perpetrators of the "accident" are richer by several hundreds of rupees, and the victim is being swept by the Holy River straight to heaven. His relatives, when they had bidden him farewell, had never really expected to see him again, and when he fails to return about the time due, they conclude that cholera or an avalanche has taken him.

But what does it matter? Has he not died on the road to Badrinath?

Frequently, terribly frequently, that dread disease cholera attacks the advanced guard. Is there any cause to wonder? Crowded at nights into rough shelters—mere huts—provided by the bunniahs who own the shops at the halting-places, and built out of profits made by charging the richer pilgrims double rates for their supplies; weakened by long, toiling marches in a summer sun; clothed in rags miserably insufficient to protect them from the cold winds which nightly blow down the valley straight from the snow; the majority half-starved, some eating frugally of the small store of food they had brought with them, others entirely dependent for their daily meal on the charity of the wealthier ones; could it be wondered that cholera, having taken possession of the advanced guard, who were naturally the strongest, rapidly spread to the main body?

In former years they died by hundreds. Burial was a simple matter. Those pilgrims who had the necessary energy, merely rolled the bodies off the road down into the river below. This is the river from which they obtained their daily supply of drinking-water!

All that can be done for them has been done. Hospitals have been built; a doctor is always on duty in the valley; at regular intervals are galvanised iron tanks in which

is stored clean water from some hillside stream. But why use clean Government water when you can get contaminated germ-ridden filth from the Holy River?

Nothing deters them. Stories of broken bridges, torrents to be waded, landslips on the road, the news of the arrival of cholera, pass rapidly down the toiling multitudes. They still press on. What matter such trifles when death on the road to Badrinath is a sure passport to heaven?

We knew by experience how real one of these dangers was, for the following episode, though it did not actually occur on the pilgrim road itself, took place within a few miles of it.

One morning we woke to the tune of an incessant monotonous drip from the trees on to our tents. Dark heavy clouds drifting slowly up the valley gave promise of heavier rain to follow, and there was little comfort to be derived from an unbroken, dull, leaden sky. It was a cheerless prospect at which we gazed, with a difficult twelve-mile march before us.

Grouped around a few smoking logs were our coolies, sitting close together in their efforts to derive what warmth they could from each other and the smouldering fire. As soon as we emerged from our tents a deputation approached us with the request—

“Sahib, we must wait till the rain stops. Many stones fall from the hills on account of the rain. We must wait till

the sun shines or we shall all be killed.”

It seemed quite possible that the rain would continue for days, and thinking that the story of the falling stones was merely an excuse for making us stay where we were, we refused to listen, and told them that we intended to start, wet or fine, in an hour's time.

On hearing this they all disappeared into a neighbouring village, and when the time came to start not a man was to be seen.

This necessitated a visit to the village. One by one they were all routed out, and after a little forcible persuasion the somewhat melancholy convoy marched off. By this time it was pouring in torrents, and a heavy mist blotted out everything more than a few yards distant.

At first the path ran along the grassy slopes of the hill-sides and presented no difficulties. The outlook was dreary beyond description. Occasionally the heavy oppressive mist would lift for a few seconds, and we could see, hundreds of feet below, a rushing mountain stream, whose roar mingled with the swish of the rain on the grass. At times, through a rift in the curtain of fog, we saw glimpses of high snow-hills rising dim and indistinct above the firwoods and barren uplands on the opposite side of the valley. But the less we saw of the surrounding scenery the better we were pleased, as any view merely added to the intense bleakness of everything.

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Along the path we wandered, getting wetter and wetter, overtaking our coolies during their frequent halts. Like ourselves, they were silent, depressed with the dreariness of everything, half afraid of what they guessed was awaiting them ahead.

Soon we left the grassy slopes and passed over bare ground, sparsely covered with bushes. The slippery ground necessitated extreme caution, and the coolies, stumbling frequently, toiled along with more and more difficulty, till they came to a final halt and declared—

"Sahib, just in front is the most dangerous part of the road, and until the rain ceases it is not safe to cross it."

The mist was now lifting, and we could see our path as it crossed a stretch of rocky slopes, broken up by nullahs and small torrents. The eye could follow the path as it twisted in and out of the ravines, sometimes descending, sometimes ascending, till it finally zigzagged up a steep spur and disappeared into the fog.

It was impossible to halt where we were, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could persuade the men to advance. Reluctantly hoisting their rain-sodden loads on their backs, they at last went on and we followed slowly. The path rapidly grew more and more difficult. It could never have been easy, but the slippery mud and torrents of water made it almost impossible to proceed.

Soon we came to what

seemed to be the centre of the patch of broken ground. Towering above us till they were lost in the drifting mist, were vast perpendicular cliffs of broken grey rock, threatening, impressive, all glistening in the rain, and festooned with cascades of water. The culmination of the difficulties which we had hitherto experienced seemed to be reached in a narrow ravine, cut out by a mountain torrent down the face of the hill. The path crept round this ravine,—it was really hardly a path, consisting as it did of a few projections of rock which afforded just sufficient foothold to enable a man to crawl along till he reached the centre, where was a small platform covered with rocks and shale brought down from above. Rising straight above was a sheer face of rock, scored by the stream: below, the cliff descended perpendicularly to the river, a fall of over a thousand feet.

In our foolish ignorance we stood on this platform and discussed the situation. We were rather surprised that no attempt had been made to improve the road. We looked up and admired the momentarily increasing torrent which poured over the edge of the steep wall above us, rushed through the stones at our feet and hurled itself into the river below. A false step would have resulted in a sudden and unpleasant end. A coolie entered the ravine and cautiously making his way round it, joined us, and we all went slowly on.

As we stepped out on to the path on the far side, we stopped and looked back. The man with us went ahead, remarking as he passed—

“Sahib, last year a man fell down there and was killed.”

We both laughed. Why, neither of us could say, but we laughed aloud.

Then, suddenly, while the smile was still on our lips, there was a loud report from the precipice above, and with a noise like the bursting of countless shells, great boulders of rock, loosened by the rain, broke away from the cliffs and came crashing down the narrow ravine we had left barely a minute since. Gathering impetus as they went, collecting more rocks as they bounded down the hill, the huge boulders crashed and roared down the narrow gorge in which we had stood, and then thundered down to the river. Despite the sullen state of everything, choking clouds of dust darkened the air, testifying to the force with which the avalanche of rocks swept down the hillsides.

At the moment, though for some seconds we did not realise it, we were sheltered by a spur of the hill which jutted out above the road where we were then standing. A few yards ahead the path disappeared into another narrow ravine, so that retreat or advance was quite out of the question.

It is difficult to describe our feelings. The suddenness of the cataclysm was overwhelming. We could only stand and stare helplessly at each other,

deafened by the thundering noise, fascinated by the crashing masses of rock which shook the ground as they bounded past us, expecting every moment to be swept down with them. A grand impressive spectacle when viewed from a place of safety; terrifying to us, expecting every minute to be hurled to a violent death.

Gradually, after what seemed an interminable time, the torrent of rocks ceased, and when all was quiet we crept out from the sheltering spur, and with, I fear, more haste than dignity, made our way along the path to a place of comparative safety. As we joined our coolies, huddled together on a small plateau of grass and rock, we were greeted with shouts of “Sahib, sahib, we told you so,” a remark which did not tend to sooth our agitated feelings. They refused to advance, nor after our late experience did we feel inclined to insist on their going on. They assured us that it would be quite safe to proceed when the rain stopped, and till it did so they flatly refused to move. So we had, perforce, to resign ourselves to a weary wait of several hours, crouched under a rock, cold, cramped, wet, and miserable, anxiously scanning the leaden sky for some sign of a break.

Occasionally we heard the loud booming roar of more stone avalanches, and several swept across the country we had passed earlier in the day, effectively suppressing any idea of retreat. Towards evening

the rain ceased and the coolies declared that they were willing to proceed. For many miles the path ran along steep rocky cliffs, and we hurried along with many anxious glances upwards.

However, the avalanches ceased with the rain, and without any further excitement we reached our camp on the Badrinath road.

Is it a matter of surprise that we were possessed with feelings of admiration for the striving masses of pilgrims, who, weakened by hunger and sickness, pressed on to their goal, faced by dangers, of which avalanches were by no means the most to be feared?

How are they so certain of their reward? We questioned some of the more outwardly well-to-do, whose appearance led us to hope for an intelligent reply, and the answer was almost invariably the same.

"Ah, Sahib, you cannot understand."

There was no contempt, no insult in the reply. Probably the speaker himself did not understand, or perhaps had but a dim idea, and did not feel capable of explaining it.

It is easy to laugh at the apparently simple-minded individual who thinks that a pilgrimage completed opens the door to Paradise. He knows something. One glance at the demeanour of the pilgrims ascending and descending the road leading to the temple showed it. The former, eyes riveted on the temple in front, looking neither to right nor left, faces stamped with an

expression of fixed determination, wearily shuffle along the roughly paved street. The latter, emerging from the temple, laughing and chattering contentedly amongst themselves, stride happily down the hill, caring naught for the dangers and hardships to be faced on the return journey. The comparison must strike the most casual observer.

We had turned aside from our road to visit the famous Badrinath temple, and as we stood on one of the lower steps, gazing at the thronging mass of pilgrims, the opening remark of this narrative, spoken in perfect English, fell on our ears.

As we stared, a figure separated from the crowd and stood smiling before us. His appearance added still further to our astonishment. Dark, well-built, long unkempt beard and hair, his only clothing a blanket wrapped round him, a thick staff in his hand, there was little to distinguish him from the hosts of pilgrims passing too and fro. Obviously he did not accept as a tenet of his faith that cleanliness is next to godliness. Neither his person nor his blanket could have felt the touch of water for many weeks.

He was laughing at our obvious astonishment, and while he laughed his face was lit up by the most entrancing smile I have ever seen, a smile which proved useful to him later.

"Gentlemen, you are surprised," he remarked. "But appearances are often deceptive."

"Who are you?" I asked with no little curiosity.

"It is impossible to talk here," was the reply. "If you are interested, let me visit you in the rest-house where you are staying, and I will tell you my story."

We fixed a time, and some two hours later, when we returned from a visit to the temple, where we had seen all we were allowed to see, we found him sitting on the verandah of the house where we were temporarily living. Chairs were produced for us, and the stranger, squatting on the floor, began,—"Well, gentlemen, I am ready to answer any questions you like to ask."

"First," I replied, "tell us who you are and what you are doing here."

"I was a merchant in Bombay, one of the leading business men of the city. I have met and talked with your Viceroys and Governors. I was married and had children. My affairs were prosperous, and outwardly I was a happy man. But I was not contented. I felt that something was wanting in my life, that it was unsatisfactory. You English are a wonderful people, but with your trains, motor-cars, and aeroplanes, you live too quickly to have time to think of the things that really matter. I was sure that there must be something better than was apparent in the daily routine of my life, and so I began to search for the 'Truth.' I studied carefully all religions and conversed with wise men.

Soon I found that I had not sufficient time to devote to my search and that the cares of business distracted my thoughts. So I sold everything, provided for my family, left them and all my friends, and for ten years I have been a wanderer, visiting all the holy places in the land. I have done all the pilgrimages, prayed at every shrine, and at last I have found the 'Truth.'"

"Is that it?" I asked, pointing across the valley to the gold-roofed temple and the procession of pilgrims thronging to and from it.

"That!" he answered, shaking his head. "No, that is not the 'Truth.' Some of them are on the highroad to it, but the majority think that having given their offering to the temple they have made their peace with God, and have found it. What does it matter? They are happy in their belief."

"Then tell us what the 'Truth' is, and where it is to be found."

"What is 'Truth'? Who can say? Where is it? It is there," he exclaimed, pointing towards the great snow-hills across the valley. "It was there I found the 'Truth.' In my search I wandered through trackless, scorching, waterless deserts; I crossed flat, moist, unhealthy plains; wearily I climbed steep mountain tracks and waded rushing torrents; times without number was I on the verge of death from hunger and thirst; but at last I reached a peaceful solitude midst the glaciers of the lofty peaks and

rested. Day and night I sought for inspiration. There was nothing to disturb me. Gradually the 'Truth' began to dawn on me, and after months of solitary thought I realised that I had found it. I am content at last. Nothing troubles me, neither hunger nor thirst, heat nor cold. Yes," he concluded, with a wave of the arm which included the whole range of mighty snow-peaks towering above us, "the 'Truth' is there."

"But can you not tell us what it is?" I asked. "At any rate, will you not say which religion helps us most to find it?"

"Religion!" he retorted. "What is religion?" and he launched forth into a long discourse on all the religions he had studied.

Both speaker and circumstances were out of the ordinary, and though, at first, we were inclined to scoff, we were soon impressed by his earnestness, proved by his sacrifice of all the material comforts of life. Probably we should have laughed at him had we been sitting on the steps of the mess in cantonments, but affected as we were, though perhaps unconsciously, by our surroundings, we were all the more easily convinced by his obvious sincerity. Then, too, for over an hour we had watched the ceaseless stream of pilgrims crowding into the temple, and must have caught some of the spirit of their enthusiasm.

With a few trite remarks

on Christian Science, he concluded his peroration, spoken so rapidly that it was impossible to interrupt the flow of words with any of the questions we wanted to ask.

Then, pointing again towards the snow, he ended with the remark—

"The 'Truth,' gentlemen, is there."

"But having found it yourself, surely you ought to let others know what it is?" I retorted.

"That is impossible," he answered. "To those who merely ask from curiosity it cannot be told. Those who really desire to know it must give up all, as I have done, and seek till they find it."

"But where do you live? Where do you find food?" I asked with some curiosity. The cold, barren, rocky slopes of the hills seemed to afford no shelter, and to discover any form of food on them seemed quite miraculous.

"I want no house to live in. Neither heat nor cold affects me. God gives me food. Sometimes I beg. Sometimes it is given me without my asking. I need very little—just enough to keep this body alive."

To the reader this may sound rather impossible, but from the scenes we had viewed around us, we had every reason to believe that the man was speaking the truth. Only two hundred yards from the door of the rest-house a "Sadhu" had taken up his abode. Rather an incorrect expression, perhaps, as he lived on

the snow, without even a rock to shelter him. All night he slept there, unprotected from the biting gales which sweep down the valley, all day exposed to the scorching sun which burnt the skin of our faces into blisters. We saw him late at night, lying full length on the snow, without even a blanket to cover him. Early in the morning he was there, performing his ablutions with icy water from a pond of melted snow near by.

We had spoken to him as he sat there, gazing into space, but he had not deigned even to turn his eyes in our direction. A priest of the temple told us that this "Sadhu" had first come to Badrinath ten years ago, and was always one of the first pilgrims to arrive. For several years he had sheltered himself behind a screen of branches, and had kept himself warm with a fire. First the shelter had gone, and then, in later years, the fire. He refused all alms, and accepted nothing but a very small daily ration of food, prepared by some of the pilgrims who, by so doing, hoped to have laid the last paving-stone on their road to heaven. For six months of the year he stayed there, the first to arrive and the last to leave—a wonderful example of the power of concentrated thought, perverted concentration though it was. Useless to himself, useless to others, he merely existed.

Perhaps he, too, thought he had found the "Truth," though his conception of it did not

seem to coincide with that of our Bombay merchant, who appeared to take a certain amount of pleasure in mixing with his fellow-beings.

With this example before our eyes, it was not difficult to believe the pilgrim's statement that he was impervious to heat and cold, and that food was of very small importance.

A small incident now followed, quite in keeping with the rather strange incomprehensible surroundings in which we found ourselves.

Slowly walking across the snow appeared an old crippled beggar-woman, to whom, the previous day, we had given a few annas. We had done so with many qualms, fearing that if she herself did not visit us again, at any rate numbers of her friends would do so.

I pointed to her as she came hobbling along, and remarked—

"Here comes that old woman again. We shall never get rid of her."

"Don't worry," said our friend. "I will not let her come near you."

"Without using force, how will you prevent her?" I queried.

"Never mind," he said, smiling. "You will see."

I watched him, expecting possibly a wave of the arm or shake of the head. But there was no signal. He merely looked in her direction, she stopped a few yards away, turned round, and slowly made her way down the hill again.

It might have been chance, but we could not tell. When you have arrived at the stage where you can so control your body that it is impervious to physical discomforts, surely it is no long step forward to the control of another's mind? At any rate, the old woman was turned back without any visible sign from the pilgrim, and I did not incline to the belief that it was chance.

For some time we sat there asking questions, getting answers sometimes vague, sometimes amusing, till we, who had no intention of limiting our food supply to a quantity "just sufficient to keep our bodies alive," felt that it was time for lunch.

We got up; and while I was thanking him for the very entertaining hour he had given us, he interrupted, saying—

"I must tell you, Sahib, before you go, of what happened to me last week as I was coming up the valley."

"What was it?" I asked.

"I met the engineer Sahib in one of the rest-houses, and he was very kind to me."

"Oh! What did he do for you?" I asked, with some interest. I had rather wondered if we could help this strange person in any way, but it seemed insulting to offer him food or money after all he had said.

"*Sahib, he gave me half a bottle of the most delicious whisky I have ever tasted!*" was the astounding reply.

To hear a man who had given up all the luxuries of the world, forsaken his fam-

ily, endured every discomfort, tramped about the country for years in search of the "Truth,"—to hear such a man ask for half a bottle of whisky reduced us to a state of open-mouthed, staring, helpless astonishment.

Furious with him for his duplicity, disgusted with myself for having been so easily duped, I only restrained myself with the greatest difficulty from kicking him out of the verandah. But guessing my intention, he smiled and remarked—

"Do not be angry, Sahib."

That wonderful smile completely disarmed me, and I merely answered—

"We have no whisky with us."

"Very well," he replied, "give me a glass of water."

This we did, and I then asked him—

"Why on earth did you sit there and tell us such a fabrication of lies? What did you expect to gain by it?"

"But, Sahib, I was not telling lies. Every word I have spoken is quite true."

"Then why," I replied, "do you ask for whisky, having said that all the luxuries and comforts of this life have long since ceased to attract you? To me, whisky and the 'Truth' sound rather incompatible."

He sheltered himself behind the smile and the ambiguous remark—

"Ah, Sahib, you cannot understand."

I could not, nor did I any longer take sufficient interest in the old humbug to make

any attempt to do so; but remembering the very amusing hour we had passed in his company, I forgot my anger and asked—

“Can we give you anything to eat?”

“Thank you, gentlemen,” was the reply—“any crumbs which fall from your table will suffice.”

We sent him a large dish of curry and rice, which was immediately returned, with the request—

“I shall be much obliged if you will have it heated, as cold food is so bad for the stomach.”

We could only laugh at his audacity, and did as he asked.

Shortly afterwards he took himself off, having eaten food enough to satisfy two ordinary people. We were not sorry to see him go, as we were rather wondering how to get rid of him. It might appear that it would have been a simple matter to have turned him out had he refused to go, but in spite of the fact that he had so thoroughly taken us in, we could not help liking him.

His knowledge of the various religions of the world may only have been very superficial, his descriptions of the places he had seen and the pilgrimages he had done may have been gathered from books, but it was all very interesting to two men who for some weeks had been wandering in the wilds, and had had only each other to talk to. Thus were we rather kindly disposed to the pseudo-discoverer of the “Truth,” and were glad that his voluntary departure ob-

viated the necessity of being rude to him.

That night as we were sitting down to dinner, we heard a violent commotion in the hospital, situated some three hundred yards below the rest-house. Loud shouts for help and the sound of blows issued from the interior of the building. We ran out, picking up stout sticks as we went, and raced down to the scene of the confusion. As we approached, a figure was pushed violently through the doorway, and fell in a huddled heap, face down, on the snow outside.

Several men, one of whom was carrying a lantern, came out of the house and stood round the fallen object.

“What has happened?” we asked the man with the lamp, who proved to be the hospital babu.

Bareheaded, clothes torn, trembling with excitement, he told us his story, but so rapidly did he speak that it was only with the greatest difficulty that we managed to understand it.

“Sahib,” he said breathlessly, “this scoundrel came to me just now and asked me to let him sleep in an empty room in the hospital. Out of the kindness of my heart I gave him permission, though I knew it to be contrary to the regulations. He then demanded a bed and fire, which I refused. The cursed one immediately turned on me, and if my friends had not been near he would have killed me.”

“But have you killed him?” I asked.

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"Pax Britannica."

"No, he is only stunned," he replied, bending down and turning over the unconscious man. The light of the lantern fell full on his face, and to our great surprise we recognised our pilgrim friend.

As we stood looking down on him, he recovered slowly, and walked away, furious with rage, arms raised aloft, cursing the inmates of the house who had thrown him out into the cold night. In various tongues he invoked the deities of the numerous faiths on which he had given us such a learned discussion a few hours previously, and his voluble abuse was carried to us on the night wind long after he had become merely a dark shadow on the snow, and had finally disappeared round a spur of the hill.

Not very becoming conduct for one who had found the "Truth"!

We ourselves, the next morning, discovered the "Truth." Meeting a priest of the temple we told him of our experience with the pilgrim, and asked—"Do you know anything of the man?"

"Oh yes," was the answer. "He is quite well known here. Three years ago he was the editor of a Bombay newspaper. Having a leaning towards politics he naturally aired his

views in his paper. They were, however, too advanced, and Government warned him more than once that unless he moderated his statements he would get into trouble. He refused to listen to their advice, and one day his press was confiscated and he found himself inside a Bombay prison. On his release he returned to his former friends, but they, profiting by his experience, refused to have anything to do with him. Finding himself unable to earn his living in any other way, he has been driven to begging. He comes here every year, and is always the cause of trouble."

So this was the man who had found the "Truth"! Despite the fact that we had been fooled, despite the fact that we knew that there must be many such rogues on the road, still, as we made our way down the valley and saw the happy smiling faces of the tramping multitudes of enthusiasts whose pilgrimage was over, we were forced to the conclusion that they had found what they considered to be the "Truth."

Who can say that they are not happier than those who, in these days of multitudinous faiths and beliefs, are unable even to draw any mental picture of the "Truth," much less start out on the road to search for it?

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The African moon was shining over the little clearing in the midst of the dense bush and on the figure of a native policeman approaching one of the cluster of mud huts which

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and on the figure of a native policeman approaching one of the cluster of mud huts which

represented at that time H.B.M.'s post of Agunta.

Its sole white inhabitant, lying asleep on his camp-bed in the bare, red mud-walled room, with its palm-leaf roof and the moon peeping through where the roof had been eaten away by white ants or lifted by tornadoes, suddenly awakened as the man's figure was silhouetted in the opening in the wall, proudly referred to by the inhabitants of Agunta as a door.

There is a difference between the manly measure of Robert of London and the noiseless step of his bush brother, so it must have been some inherited wakefulness (a legacy probably from some virile cave- or tree-living forebear, that possibly accounted for the continuance of the family) which roused him and made him grasp his revolver, demanding who was there.

A satisfactory reply being given, the revolver was put down, much to the relief of both parties, and entering and saluting, the policeman handed him a note addressed "O. C. Troops, Agunta," which the now wideawake local Napoleon proceeded to read. Political Officers do not send in notes at 2 A.M. for nothing, so the Subaltern guessed there was something up.

The note was short and read :

"DEAR DUNN,—Say nothing about this note, and let bearer go unseen with your reply. Am camping at Ogavi. Come out and see me in the afternoon,

and you can bike back after dinner. Bush path quite good. Give out that you are just going to feed with me.

"QUINLAY."

The same day, after the afternoon parade had been dismissed, Dunn, a tall red-faced subaltern with close-cropped hair and a tooth-brush moustache, dressed in a very much patched khaki shirt, shorts, and tattered puttees and boots, with a battered Cawnpore topi on his head (for fashions are local in Cafrica), rode out to Ogavi and found Quinlay's camp.

After dinner Quinlay, who was a man still on the right side of forty, with fair hair and pointed beard, and whose bearing showed self-reliance begotten by adventures in many parts of the world before he joined the "Political," said—

"Look here, Dunn, for some time there has been something going on in the district which I could not fathom. Little things were happening amongst the tribes north of here, and I could not for the life of me spot where they had originated. I knew they would not dare do these things unless some chief or secret society was leading the way. Well, I've struck the blighter at last, and I think we had better have at him at once and put an end to it all.

"This is the story so far as I can get it from various witnesses, but they are all in such a devil of a funk it's hard to get a clear yarn. Up to date

our highly-respected friend Omyun——"

"I'm afraid I've not the pleasure of his acquaintance," broke in the soldier, "I'm not often in your court."

"Well, he's the chief of the Rators, who gave so much trouble some years ago, but since they took the knook he has been the shining light of the countryside, a sort of blue-eyed boy with a black face. Anyway, he has been making us the laughing-stock of the district, because the whole time that he has been posing as the white man's friend he has been reviving human sacrifice. It is rather disheartening, as I thought after I hanged those people at Owara two years ago that I had stopped it. Omyun has had the sense, or cunning, to keep to his own people for offerings, as they were all too frightened of him and his war-boys to give him away; but his last effort was an Eni, who was passing through with his people. When they sprang out and seized the Eni his people bolted and hid themselves and saw him beheaded. When night came they made their way across country and reported the matter to Arkwright, as the Enis belong to his district, and he has sent it on to me. I've got the names of the people I want, and if we can collar the lot without a scrap we'll do well."

"What brutes these people are. Really, at times they seem to be possessed of devils, and are perfect fiends. If the

Rators are anything like the Ogborros, I suppose that poor devil of an Eni really got off lightly, only losing his life."

"Yes, I think he did. They must have been a bit rattled when they found they had caught a man of another tribe, and as they daren't let him go, they just silenced him and threw him into the juju bush."

"What people are we going to hear?"

"The father and the young brother of the Eni. I've heard them once, but want to get a few more details. Sergeant Alason!"

"Sah."

"Bring in those Enis."

A pause ensued, broken by expostulations and scouffings outside in the darkness.

"Sergeant Alason, what's the matter? Why don't you bring them in?"

"They fear, sah, they no agree to go in them lamp; they say some man go look 'em and tell Omyun."

"Nonsense, tell them the white man is here and the soldiers will stop Omyun's palaver."

However, their belief in Omyun's power was too much for them, and it was not until the police sergeant and a constable formed a screen with their stalwart figures that the two Enis dared to come in, and then they crept into the room bent double and hid themselves in a corner behind their living screen. After much encouragement the tale was told about the tragedy, and they were let go

into the meroiful darkness outside; and into the care of a couple of policemen — otherwise, it was more than likely that, believing as they did that Omyun was too powerful to be punished, they would break the news to him that the white man was meditating a descent on his towns; in which case there were the makings of another of Britain's little wars, unrecognised and unreported, but exceedingly unpleasant for all that.

"Now you see how things stand," said Quinlay, "we must go cautiously, as it won't do to let Omyun have any warning. He has got about 4000 'boys,' and if warned, would give us a nasty time in that thick bush. How many men can you raise as escort?"

"About seventy, and old Hiram the Rattler. If she behaves herself she's worth a section any day."

"Well, don't you get too excited, young man. Remember this is not a desperate battle we're going out to, but that you are merely my escort to impress the simple inhabitant with my grandeur. We've got to go jolly cautiously, because if anything happens, two things are certain—the first is that we get it in the neck from

Omyun & Co., though no doubt we'll give him a run for his money; if we get any casualties which can't be accounted for on a peaceful trip like this, I get it there still for being incapable of running my district. Some of those blue-eyed boys in the Secretariat, who don't know what the bush is like, dearly like to dig into these sort of matters."

Dunn looked at his watch. "By Jove, it's getting late and the path is beastly wig-waggy. What's the plan of battle?"

"I am coming into the station to-morrow about midday, and will bring in some of these people here, ostensibly to do some road work about the place, and will then turn them on to carrying the loads. If you will warn your people about dusk to be ready about 2 A.M. we ought to get into Igboru at dawn before they are up. For Heaven's sake don't let any one have any idea which way we are going, as the news will be out there in two twos."

"Right-o! — See you at lunch to-morrow—So long."

Calling for his bicycle the subaltern and his orderly cycled off home in the moonlight.

II.

Time 2 A.M. Pitch dark and raining as it only rains near the equator. Outside the mud hut shared by Quinlay and Dunn are cloaked figures bustling about with loads, boxes of ammunition, &c., whilst passing hurricane-lamps are reflected on rifle barrels and on the old prehistoric

machine-gun affectionately called Hiram the Rattler, after its illustrious maker. However, all this seeming confusion sorts itself, as it is not the first time No. 3 Company of the Cafrican Rifles has gone to bush at short notice. Dunn passes along the ranks with a lamp, giving a final look round. The light flashes on shining filed teeth, faces covered with tribal marks, and on tall lean men with frizzy hair.

Although they may not be in the front rank of the world's fighters, they are born looters, despising nothing from a cowrie to a casava root; and Heaven help the enemy when they do meet, as every man in the ranks has learnt the great lesson—the quicker the victory the sooner will he be able to slip off unnoticed amongst the huts and do a little quiet looting.

"All ready, Quinlay?"

"Yes."

"All ready, Colour-sergeant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come along then and we'll make a move. Put Corporal Ijadola point with Momadu Kano, Alao Ibadan, and Salami Ijsha. What's the road like, Quinlay?"

"Pretty damnable; worse luck, I've been driving a road in that direction and it isn't stumped yet."

"Colour-sergeant, remember no talking, and warn every one to keep closed up."

The column moved out of the clearing in single file, and for the next couple of hours wound its way in and out

amongst the tree-stumps, barking its shins and tearing its clothes with the numerous thorny creepers and bushes which spring up at once wherever man has laid his hand on the mighty bush and allowed sunlight to penetrate. Just before dawn the rain cleared and a brief halt was made, whilst the Europeans drank boiling cocoa from a Thermos and the men ate their roast yam. Dawn had just broken when the column was about a couple of miles from Igboru, so the pace was increased. About a mile farther on, Omyun's son was seen approaching on his way to another town. This was a stroke of luck for Quinlay. The son gave the native salutation and told where he was going, and was allowed to pass the "point," but when he had passed Quinlay and Dunn, the latter gave a signal with his hand, and before the heir-apparent knew what was happening he was on the ground underneath a couple of men, whilst others quickly and neatly trussed him up with "tie-tie," and the column moved on hardly delayed by the affair. On reaching a bend in the bush path which hid the town from view, the party halted, and Dunn proceeded to marshal his men for the next act. To his dismay he found the Colour-sergeant and twenty odd men were missing, a gap having occurred in the line through some delay, and the laggards were not in sight. However, there was no time to waste,

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every second was precious, otherwise the alarm would be given and the journey made in vain. Breaking into the double the small force ran down the track into the market-place, extending as they reached the open ground. Dunn made straight for the mud council house in the middle and signalled the halt. The machine-gun carriers raced up from the rear of the column, the gunners snatched it from their heads, and in under thirty seconds the gun was assembled and the N.C.O. sitting behind ready with the sights aligned on the chief's quarter about 300 yards away down a broad avenue. Not a sound had been made, and all anxiously looked round for signs of life. Nobody appeared, and Quinlay said—

"We've got 'em, they're all in the compound, see the smoke."

Omyun's quarter consisted of a few huts surrounded by a high mud wall with one narrow doorway. Leaving six of the most powerful men with Quinlay, Dunn extended the remainder in a complete circle round the quarter. Directly they were in position the two white men, followed by their bodyguard, went up to the door, and were just going to break it in when the door opened and out walked Omyun, a short, thick-set, bullet-headed man, very powerfully built. Directly he set eyes on Quinlay and the soldiers whom he thought were miles away, his face turned a mouldy grey colour and he stopped short in the doorway. When he saw how small the party was

he made as if to go back into his house, but at that moment the Colour-sergeant and the missing twenty men were seen doubling down the avenue as fast as they could. Omyun recognised the game was up, and that he had been caught napping in his own stronghold, and allowed himself to be handcuffed and led away. A search was made among the neighbouring huts, with the result that Quinlay added another fifteen to the bag. By this time the town was wide awake, and very frightened to find the white man's soldiers in possession and most of their leading spirits in handcuffs. They could be seen gathering in groups down the various avenues which led to the different quarters of the town, but being leaderless were uncertain how to act.

Quinlay promptly freed two or three of his captives who were not very important, and sent them into the town to tell the people that unless they all assembled in the market-place with hoes and machets by noon trouble would descend on them, as the white man's king was very angry with the Rators for daring to sacrifice human beings against his wishes. As Quinlay said—

"They are all rattled now and don't quite know what has happened. If we leave them alone they will think we are frightened to do more, and then some young blood will loose off his Dane gun and then there'll be trouble. We'll get them all in here and give them something to do. We'll

divide them into three parties, and each of us will take one and set them to work clearing the bush round the market-place. When they've done that for a bit and are getting tired, will you, Dunn, sketch the tracks to the different quarters and we'll put them all on to driving forty-foot drives straight to the huts."

By midday some sixteen hundred men were chopping down trees and clearing the undergrowth, working for their lives, the sweat glistening in the sunlight on their naked black backs. When the news spread that Omyun was a prisoner, more and more men appeared to make their peace and were set to work under the soldiers.

Meanwhile Quinlay's police were hunting for the remainder of the ringleaders, and by the next morning his list was complete, except for two of Omyun's most trusted lieutenants who had managed to hide themselves in the bush. A few days later their bodies were found hanging from trees. They had committed suicide.

The juju grove was searched, and damning evidence was found in the shape of what had been human beings, chiefly women. Omyun and his associates received the just reward of their deeds, being hanged some months after, having been the unconscious means of introducing the PAX BRITANNICA to the Rators.

MIADUKO.

THE SOCIALIST'S BIBLE.

THE doctor's house was exceedingly comfortable. We had just finished an excellent dinner, and were seated in the smoking-room watching the June sun sink to rest amid clouds of glory. The trim well-ordered English landscape seemed to belong to another world very different from the bare stony hills of the Afghan border where I had spent the best part of the last ten years. Deep down in the heart of most Englishmen, especially those who live much abroad, lurks the conviction, seldom voiced and perhaps but half acknowledged, that their country is especially favoured of Providence, and that nothing ever goes seriously amiss with it. The belief, as I have said, does not often find utterance; for it is too crudely puerile to bear scrutiny in the cold light of reason. But an old friendship—and it is near twenty years ago since I began to learn the art of oarsmanship under the doctor's tuition—an old friendship opens many doors of speech that are ordinarily kept shut, and I spoke of the thought that was in me.

Even in undergraduate days the doctor had been distinguished for opinions of the most advanced liberalism. These he had somehow contrived to combine with a quiet strength of method which engendered the belief that whatever might be his views about liberty and equality, his inter-

pretation of fraternity carried with it an assumption of the position of eldest brother for himself. In after years he seemed to have advanced both in theory and in practice. His political creed was now in many respects frankly socialistic, and his methods had developed into a suave auto-oracy which cured his patients in their own despite. Naturally, therefore, now he took the contrary part to me. England, it seemed, had never been in a worse way: not something, but wellnigh everything in her was rotten, and the most sweeping reforms were necessary. The doctor waxed eloquent in the exposition of his theme, whilst I listened. But he had done little more than touch upon the fringe of his subject when a call came for him, and his presence was urgently required elsewhere. Before starting he went to his bookshelf, and taking out a small volume handed it to me. "There," he said, "you will find it all there. That is the book. It is the socialist's bible." I glanced at the title and saw it was 'Progress and Poverty,' by Henry George.

Well, it so happened that for some time afterwards either leisure or inclination failed me for the task to which the doctor had incited me. But the omission has now been repaired. It is possible that some even among the readers of 'Maga' may still be in the

unenlightened state in which the doctor found me. In that case I may be able to save them a certain amount of trouble. The book is an old one. But it is still worth reading. For to the ideas contained in it a certain amount of recent legislation is undoubtedly to be attributed, and from it a good deal of current political opinion traces its inspiration. Mr Henry George, and no one else, is the real author of the Land Campaign, and accountable for the prevalent belief that landlords are amongst the most noxious of British vermin.

'Progress and Poverty' is certainly a very remarkable book. Whether it should be called a work of genius or not depends, naturally enough, on your definition of genius. If you assent that a possible definition is the faculty of attracting and keeping attention, you will find it hard to deny Mr Henry George's claims. For the strange prediction made in the closing pages of the book has had an equally strange fulfilment. "The truth I have tried to make clear will not find easy acceptance," wrote Mr George. "But it will find friends—those who will toil for it, suffer for it; if need be, die for it. This is the power of the truth." This, by the way, is a fair specimen of Mr George's logic. For, I suppose, if there is one point on which all interpreters of all history are agreed, it is that men have often given their lives for the sake of false beliefs which they have erroneously accepted. Indeed, since errors are many, and Truth, at most, but one,

the false must, in the nature of things, be able to count many more martyrs than the true.

Perfect consistency can be claimed for no book that ever was written, unless the large and growing class which are consistently dull from cover to cover can be regarded as an exception. Mr George's book is very far from being dull. The author's literary power, the wide range of his reading, the ingenuity of his arguments, his fertility and the vigour of his style—marred only by an incurably split infinitive—to say nothing of the agility with which he swings himself and the astonished reader from premise to conclusion, compel unfeigned admiration. But if he has avoided dullness, Mr George has given consistency an even wider berth.

It is perhaps characteristic of the book that an account of its genesis and of the reasons for which it was written is to be found in the conclusion and not in the preface. Mr George was an American, a citizen of the State of California, and a witness of the early stages of its progress. He was appalled and tormented by the squalid misery that he saw in the great cities of his country, and the first signs of their advent which he perceived appearing in the new capital of San Francisco. He was unable to reconcile what he saw with the idea of a beneficent Creator, and his religious faith perished. Mr George somewhere speaks of John Stuart Mill as a man of "warm heart and noble mind." The language applies to himself, and "with no theory to sup-

port, no conclusions to prove," he set out "to solve the great problem by the methods of political economy." The great problem was "the association of poverty with progress," "the tendency of what we call material progress in no wise to improve, (but rather) to still further depress the condition of the lowest class in the essentials of healthy, happy, human life." "The new forces," he says—and by this he means the new forces of production which our age has seen so wonderfully developed—"elevating in their nature though they be, do not act upon the social fabric from underneath, as was for a long time hoped and believed, but strike it at a point midway between top and bottom. It is as though an immense wedge were being forced, not underneath society, but through society. Those who are above the point of separation are elevated, but those who are below are crushed down."

Having thus stated his problem in the plainest terms, Mr George appears to have had misgivings lest unsympathetic critics might solve it by simply denying that the facts were as represented by him. These qualms, however, he relegates to the decent obscurity of a footnote, in which he says that the fact "that the poorest may now in certain ways enjoy what the richest a century ago could not have commanded, does not show improvement of condition so long as the ability to obtain the necessities of life is not increased." We have already applied to Mr George

the encomium which he was good enough to bestow upon John Stuart Mill. Perhaps we cannot do better than extend to this footnote the criticism passed by Mr George on a passage in Mill's writings, in which he says confusion is exemplified "in a more striking manner than I would like to characterise." In fact, all through his book Mr George displays something very like contempt for the great names of political economy. He admits that amongst those whose attention was engrossed by the subject "were some of the most subtle and powerful intellects." But their theories are "spurned by the statesman, scouted by the masses, and relegated in the opinion of many educated and thinking men to the rank of a pseudo-science in which nothing is fixed or can be fixed." This melancholy result he attributes "not to any disability of the science when properly pursued, but to some false step in its premises, or overlooked factor in its estimates." In other words, it can only be due to the disability of those great intellects—and with their conclusions therefore, while doing lip-service to their names, Mr George feels himself entitled to quarrel.

Consistency is not Mr George's strong point; but we must allow that, when at the opening of his inquiry he restates his problem "in its most compact form," he means the words in the same sense as he did in the passage which we have quoted from the introduction. "Why," he asks, "in

spite of the increase in productive power, do wages tend to a minimum which will give but a bare living wage?" The term "minimum" he explains to mean "the lowest amount on which laborers will consent to live and reproduce." There can be no doubt about it. The expression is quantitative, and means the least on which human life can be sustained.

Without troubling further about the truth of the implied assertion, or reflecting on the extraordinary degree of elasticity which the development of improvements in successive ages has given to the phrase "a bare living," Mr George assumes that "the current political economy" not only admits the reality of his difficulty, but attempts to solve it. Its answer is, according to Mr George, first, that the rate of wages is determined by the ratio between the number of labourers and the amount of capital devoted to their employment; and second, that the number of human beings tends constantly to increase faster than the means of human subsistence. But these theories Mr George then proceeds to attack with his customary vigour. The wages-fund theory indeed was already dead before he fell to mauling it, but few, I think, will be found to accept the doctrine which he proposes in its place.

The whole argument is really something of a digression, but it illustrates Mr George's method so well, and Mr George is so very much at his best in it, that it will perhaps be worth our while to follow it pretty

closely. The labourer, says Mr George, first does his work, and it is not until he has done it that he gets payment for doing it. Consequently it is he, not the employer, who gives in advance. Meanwhile, if he has been productively employed, the value of the work done by him at least equals and probably exceeds the amount which he receives. The work, especially in these modern days of capitalistic enterprise, or "roundabout production" as it has been called, may not have an immediate exchange value. But the value is none the less there, created by the work expended; and it is directly from the product of labour, not from previously accumulated capital, that the reward of the labourer is derived. It should perhaps have been stated that in this part of his book Mr George devotes a chapter to the meaning of the terms employed. In the course of this, after picking holes in all the definitions of his predecessors, he makes his own contributions to the literature on the subject. Capital he defines as "wealth in course of exchange," and extends this to include wealth devoted to the production of objects intended for exchange or by which exchange is facilitated. This definition, it may be remarked, amongst other possible objections, is open to the very same charge which Mr George has brought against the definitions of Mill and others. It includes or excludes the same things at different times. For example, it includes the boat, nets, and other gear of a fisherman when

he is catching fish for market; and it excludes the same things when he is catching fish for himself and his family to eat. But this is by the way. To revert, wages, the reward of the labourer, are not paid, nor even advanced, according to Mr George's view, from capital, but directly from the product of the labour itself. He does not shrink from making this assertion of cases which, one would think, only need to be considered to prove its falsity. "When a Sutro or St Gothard tunnel or a Suez canal is out, there is no advance of capital. The tunnel or canal, as it is out, becomes capital as much as the money spent in cutting it—as is shown by the fact that the value of the capital stock of the company is not lessened, as capital in this form is gradually changed into capital in the form of tunnel or canal.—'Yet,' it may be said, 'in such cases as we have been considering capital is required.' Certainly; I do not doubt that. But it is not required in order to make advances to labor. It is required for quite another purpose.—If the workmen were paid in tunnel (which, if convenient, might easily be done by paying them in stock of the company), no capital would be required. It is only when the undertakers wish to accumulate capital in the shape of a tunnel that they will need capital.—It is never as an employer of labor that any producer needs capital; when he does need capital, it is because he is not only an employer of labor, but a merchant and a speculator in, or an

accumulator of, the products of labor." When he says that wages are not even advanced out of capital, Mr George is of course denying by implication that the maintenance of labourers is drawn from capital. But he is not content to slur over the question whence their maintenance is drawn when they are engaged upon work of which the products cannot be immediately brought to exchange. He devotes a whole chapter to this subject, and satisfies himself that "It is not necessary to the production of things that cannot be immediately utilised, that there should have been a previous production of the wealth required for the maintenance of the laborers while the production is going on. It is only necessary that there should be somewhere within the circle of exchange a contemporaneous production of sufficient subsistence for the laborers, and a willingness to exchange this subsistence for the thing on which the labor is being bestowed."

But this is only to pass on the difficulty. How is that contemporaneous production supported? If Mr George's view be right, one can only wonder to what strange coincidence it is due that far-reaching schemes, such as tunnels and canals, have only been attempted when capital is forthcoming, and that joint-stock companies, before setting about the business for which they are promoted, care to cumber themselves with capital and pay for so useless a provision. Of course it is obvious

that unless there be a superfluity somewhere, which can only come from previous accumulation, and a willingness to exchange, all efforts must be devoted to the satisfaction of immediate wants, and "roundabout production" is impossible.

The fallacy lies in a confusion between employed and existent capital. It is true, within certain limits, of which we shall speak presently, that a labourer productively employed adds to the sum total of wealth more than he consumes in the process, and that no definite proportion of existing capital can thus be earmarked as a wage fund, on the ratio between the amount of which and the number of labourers wages depend. It is not true that labour is always paid directly from its own products, and therefore as independent of capital as Mr George would have us believe. For one thing, wages are in part determined by the productiveness of labour, and without capital labour cannot be employed in the most productive manner. For another, wages are advanced from capital, and there must therefore be a relation between the amount of capital so employed and the number of labourers to be maintained from it, though this is not the only factor in the equation.

Mr George then marshals his attack on the Malthusian theory that population tends to outrun subsistence. Here again there is something in what he says, but he pushes his case to the most ridiculous

extremes. He begins by questioning whether as a matter of fact the present population of the globe is considerably greater than it was in former times. Later on in the book he forgets this, and accepts without demur the ordinary belief that the world is more densely populated to-day than it ever was before. But that does not affect his present argument. He is on firmer ground when he points out that the natural tendency of the human race to increase was greatly exaggerated by Malthus and some of his followers. "The web of generations," he says, "is like lattice-work or the diagonal threads in cloth. Commencing at any point at the top, the eye follows lines which at the bottom widely diverge; but beginning at any point at the bottom, the lines diverge in the same way to the top. How many children a man may have is problematical. But that he had two parents is certain, and that these again had two parents each is also certain. Follow this geometrical progression through a few generations, and see if it does not lead to quite as 'striking consequences' as Mr Malthus' peopling of the solar system."

Mr George may possibly be in the right when he says that "the globe may be surveyed and history may be reviewed in vain for any instance of a considerable country in which poverty and want can be fairly attributed to the pressure of an increasing population." At any rate he shows that other causes were

at work in Ireland, India, and China, the three stock instances advanced by those who hold that population has sometimes outrun subsistence. But his ideas about India at least are extremely distorted. He seems to imagine that famines were unknown in that country before the advent of the British, to whose rapacity he attributes them. He has a burning sympathy for the woes of "the poor Indian," and he depends for his facts upon Florence Nightingale and Mr H. M. Hyndman!

But to prove that it is doubtful whether a thing has ever happened is not the same as proving that it never can happen. When he attempts this, Mr George becomes wildly fantastic. He admits that as population increases some people will be driven to get their living from the less productive lands. But he denies that the aggregate production will diminish in proportion to the aggregate labour. This, he thinks, will be prevented, first by improvements in the arts, and second, even without any such improvements, by the advantages arising from division of labour. In a footnote, indeed, Mr George admits that this may not be true of small islands, "such as Pitcairn's Island," an admission which in effect gives away his whole case. Mr George is not happy in his footnotes. One cannot help thinking that he would have been better advised either to publish the book without the notes or the notes without the book.

Mr George's contention as to the unlimited advantages to be expected from the division of labour is a denial of "the law of diminishing returns." Yet on the validity of that law the whole of his later argument depends. Here it suits him to deny it, because it is incompatible with the proposition which he is endeavouring to establish. But of course he cannot admit this. To do him justice, I doubt whether he even perceived it. The reasons which he assigns are quite different, and find expression in some very oracular language. "Production," says Mr George, "and consumption are only relative terms. Speaking absolutely, man neither produces nor consumes. The whole human race, were they to labor to infinity, could not make this rolling sphere one atom heavier or one atom lighter, could not add to or diminish by one iota the sum of the forces whose everlasting circling produces all motion and sustains all life. As the water that we take from the ocean must again return to the ocean, so the food we take from the reservoirs of nature is, from the moment we take it, on its way back to those reservoirs. — That the earth could maintain a thousand billions of people as easily as a thousand millions is a necessary deduction from the manifest truths that, at least so far as our agency is concerned, matter is eternal, and force must for ever continue to act. Life does not use up the forces that maintain life. We come

into the material universe bringing nothing; we take nothing away when we depart. Nothing is lessened, nothing is weakened. And from this it follows that the limit to the population of the globe can only be the limit of space."

Fine rhetoric, no doubt, but windy stuff, and by no means so sustaining to a hungry man as a common loaf of wheaten bread. The question, as Professor Rae has pointed out, is not one of the durability of the productive powers of the earth, but of their limited or unlimited productive capacity. Up to a certain point they may yield the same return at the same cost year after year in *sæcula sæculorum*, but will they yield more? Obviously not. There must come a time when "the new mouths will require as much food as the old ones, and the new hands will not produce as much." The progress of invention, the opening up of new countries across the sea, the steamship and the railway, may have made this limit very remote for us. But none the less it is there, conditioned by "the niggardliness of nature," when pushed too far, not by the rapacity of man. It is not difficult to see why the ardent mind of Mr George recoiled from this limitation, and, sooner than face an unpleasant fact, chose to enmesh itself in a web of fantastic theory. He dreaded the very word evolution, and, on moral grounds, abhorred the idea of Nature "careless of the single life." He was no more ready than the rest of us to regard himself as an unim-

portant unit in a chaos of apparently blind forces, and welcomed any ladder of escape that he could find.

So much for Mr George's theory of production; his theory of distribution is refreshingly simple. Subject to what we have already seen of his views as to the comparative unimportance of capital, Mr George accepts the customary classification of the three factors in production—land, labour, and capital. He examines the share assigned to each in the product, and in so doing falls foul of all earlier writers for creating confusion by describing the reward of capital as "profits" and not as "interest," which confusion he then proceeds to rectify. Profits, he says, consist of three items—namely, interest, or the true return to capital, compensation for risk, and wages for superintendence. Wages he had already defined as the reward of exertion, and, superintendence being an exertion, he is only logical in classing this item as a kind of wages. The question is not a barren matter of terminology, as we shall shortly see. Compensation for risk he eliminates altogether, "as it has no place, when all the transactions of a community are taken together." Interest, then, is the share of capital; wages the return to labour of all kinds, and rent the return to land. With his theory of interest we need not concern ourselves, though it has a very Arcadian beauty, and is, I believe, quite original. Capital is altogether of minor importance. The two main

factors are labour and land. Labour receives wages as its reward, and wages "tend always to a minimum which will give but a bare living," because "rent swallows up the whole gain, and pauperism accompanies progress."

Here comes in the question of classification above noted. According to Mr George's view, the bulk of the earnings of successful business men, bankers, cotton-spinners, shipbuilders, and the like, falls under the head of wages, and is subject, therefore, to the unhappy tendency above mentioned. Such a conclusion in the age of the commercial Cræsus and the industrial millionaire might seem calculated to make even Mr George stagger. But the only sign of disquiet which he shows is to remind his reader of something that he never said. "Perhaps it may be well to remind the reader," he says, "that when I say that wages fall as rent rises, I do not mean that the quantity of wealth obtained by laborers as wages is necessarily less. The proportion may diminish while the quantity remains the same or even increases." So then the problem that kept Mr George awake at night turns out, on closer acquaintance, to be simply this — not that labourers are really growing poorer, but that they are not growing rich so fast as some other people. And even this is not wholly true. For labourers, by Mr George's definition, include all those classes who have amassed the most enormous fortunes in the shortest space of time.

Having thus reduced his spectre to the dimensions of such a very ineffective bogey, one might have expected Mr George to consider it as laid, and leave the remedy for others to seek, if they thought necessary to do so.

The road which leads to this strange conclusion is no less bizarre than its goal. In his speculations on the theory of production we have seen Mr George denying the law of diminishing returns in agriculture. This law he now accepts as unquestioned, and upon it he bases much of his subsequent argument. Let us endeavour to explain. The application of a certain amount of capital and labour to a given piece of land will produce a certain result. It is possible that a second equal application to the same land will double its produce. But it is extremely unlikely that a third application will have a proportionate effect, and it is obvious that a point will sooner or later be reached when further applications will not yield a profitable return, or indeed any return at all. I say this is obvious, because if the theory of diminishing returns were not true, none but the very best land would be cultivated, and that which was in use would be cultivated with a degree of intensiveness such as has never yet been realised. But as a matter of fact we know that inferior lands are cultivated, and, despite the advantages of division of labour, that they do return a less yield than more favoured lands. Hence emerges the

law of rent, as formulated by Ricardo and accepted by Mr George. "The rent of land is determined by the excess of its produce over that which the same application can secure from the least productive land in use." According to Ricardo the least productive land in use will be that whose cultivation suffices to give the labourer the current rate of wages and the farmer the current rate of profits. How those current rates are fixed is a separate question, but clearly it cannot anyhow be by rent, which is itself a surplus, and does not appear until the other demands have been satisfied. Mr George in this connection indulges in his usual tirade against all earlier writers who, he says, either through stupidity or a dishonest fear of the consequences of clear thinking, have wrapped the subject in obscurity, and failed to apprehend what he calls the corollaries of the law just stated. These corollaries really amount to no more than that if you know what share rent takes out of the total produce, you will also know how much is left for the other factors. It is possible that the earlier economists failed to state these corollaries, because they were of opinion that rent being a surplus you could not know what share it took until you knew the share of the other factors. They were aware that it is possible to dip a cup into a quart measure and fill it therefrom, but not having the same regard for "the everlasting circling" which Mr George invokes in his theory of pro-

duction, they were naturally loth to say that the amount of the residue determines the size of the cup!

Here again it is not difficult to see how Mr George's ideas came to be distorted. Urban development, with the growth of rents and the rise in land values which accompany it, was a prominent feature of economic life in the United States during his lifetime. Speculation in land was rampant. The evils thence resulting were undeniable. As Mr George says—with perfect truth—"To see human beings in the most abject, the most helpless, hopeless condition, you must go, not to the unfenced prairies and the log-cabins of new clearings in the backwoods, where man single-handed is commencing the struggle with nature, and land is yet worth nothing, but to the great cities, where the ownership of a little patch of ground is a fortune." It was perhaps natural for him in these circumstances to see in the institution of private property in land the source of all our woe. If economic theory did not countenance this view, economic theory must be altered until it did.

Private property in land being the root of all evil, the logical course would seem to be its abolition, root and branch. But from overt nationalisation Mr George seems to turn regretfully away. It is not indeed that he has any scruples about it. On the contrary, he goes so far as to declare that if immediate dis-possession of all existing owners

without compensation be not just, he is content to surrender his whole case. That such a course is just he endeavours to establish by several trains of reasoning, all remarkable. The argument falls into two stages: first, that private property in land is unjust; second, that this injustice can be ended at once without further injustice. Private property in land is unjust, because the only valid title to anything is that of the maker, and no one can be said to have made land. Mr George seems to forget his own eloquent outburst about the real meaning of production and consumption and the limitations of human powers. Strictly speaking, as Mr George pointed out, nobody can be said to make anything. All that can be done by human effort is to adapt existing material to human needs, and this can be done to land as well as to anything else. In point of fact it has been done to all cultivable land, at a very great cost of money and labour, and the title therefrom derived is as valid in the case of land as in the case of any other commodity. Land of course does differ from other commodities in important ways; and it is possible that some restriction of the rights of private ownership in land may hereafter come to be both necessary and justifiable. But the right way to begin is certainly not that advocated by Mr George.

For the second stage of the argument in favour of immediate dispossession without compensation is even weaker than the first. Even Mr

George can only support it by an analogy. He does so by showing that the law gives no protection to the innocent purchaser of land under a faulty title. If this is law, he says, it must also be justice. If it be just in the case of the individual, it must be just on a larger application.

But to this length, as was said above, Mr George is not disposed to go. The real reason which makes him shrink is that, unlike Mr A. R. Wallace and his followers, he sees national ownership to be impossible without State management, and of this he has a wholesome dread. The course which he recommends, therefore, is that the State should step in and confiscate to itself all rent—including the return to improvements after they have been in existence long enough for the title to the improvement to "blend with the title to the land." But the treatment of improvements presents no difficulty. "For, as a matter of fact, the value of land can always be readily distinguished from the value of improvements.—No difficulty whatever can attend the separation." As a matter of policy it may be advantageous not to confiscate rent in full, but to leave just enough to the landlord to induce him to continue management. But whether this be done or not, is of small consequence. In either case, Mr George thinks sufficient revenue would be forthcoming from this source to make possible or rather necessary the abolition of all

other taxes. This is the famous single tax, of which we hear so much. I remember that my friend the doctor was very strong on this part of the scheme. But some degree of scepticism is perhaps pardonable. It is doubtful whether as a matter of fact the revenue from this source, even if it could be realised, would suffice to meet all demands upon the national exchequer. Further, the plan is by no means new. In India the Government—at any rate so far as agricultural land is concerned—is the sole and universal landlord, and takes something approaching 50 per cent of the rent of all agricultural lands. But I do not know that the most ardent supporter of the Indian land revenue system—even though in India it has the advantage of immemorial custom—would claim that it has tended appreciably to hasten the coming of the millennium.

And it is the millennium and nothing else that Mr George promises us if we will but follow his advice. "The simple yet sovereign remedy which I propose," says Mr George, "will raise wages, increase the earnings of capital, extirpate pauperism, abolish poverty, give remunerative employment to whoever wishes it, afford free scope to human powers, lessen crime, elevate morals," and, in short, bring down "the city of God on earth, with its walls of jasper and its gates of pearl."

What cause, then, are we to

assign for the influence which Mr George's book has exerted and still continues to exert? A full answer to this question would be extremely long. We can but name a few of the more obvious reasons. There is the power of the book, the vigour of its style, and the unquestionable sincerity of the writer. The progress of democratic ideas and the extension of State activities have also contributed. More important is the diffusion of a pessimistic spirit, a feeling that all is not well with our civilisation. Men recall the words of John Stuart Mill: "It is questionable whether all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being." And they forget the message of hope which concludes that passage. Something is also due to the "natural man's" instinctive dislike of such hard doctrines as evolution, as applied to the human race, and the Malthusian theory. Above all is the amazing confidence with which the book is filled. It is the old story. Proclaim your faith, cry up your nostrum; and if you only do so with sufficient noise and resolution, you shall not lack for those who will swallow the one or the other with equal enthusiasm, and you shall prove yet once again how for certain purposes—though perhaps not the highest—"sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal" is worth all the charity in the world.

EVELYN HOWELL, I.C.S.

THE BRONCO.

It is said "Everybody is as lazy as he dares to be." The horseman of the plains is credited with being lazy enough to walk a mile to catch a horse to ride a quarter. Yet when you live in a frontier land of generous mileage, where "half the convex world intrudes between" you and your nearest neighbour, or where you have "the world for your pillow," and don't indulge in the luxury of neighbours at all, it becomes second nature with you to rely on the more active and numerous legs of the lower animal for all your locomotion, so perhaps the unrational horse-hunting act aforesaid is pardonable. And being thus thrown in the constant society of the native saddler, one gets to know him thoroughly. And to know him is to esteem him. I would fain have said that to know him is to *love* him, but *I* cannot say conscientiously that it is. In my callow years I loved the horse elsewhere—in the abstract and in the individual. In those days it was my wont to lump-sugar him, fond-language him, caress him. In some instances he appeared to yield to my lavished affection and to respond to it by coming at my call and manifesting signs of interest in me; but gradually it was borne in on my comprehension that this interest waned with the expiry of the saccharine matter. And as I sought to rest my affections on one after another of

his species, only to find the same sordidness of motive somewhere underlying the manifestations of all, my equine-love air castle crumbled away tier by tier for want of the mortar of reciprocation, and I found myself left on the ground-level basis of friendly business relationship. And in my dealings with him I have found that that answers very nicely.

Go back into the dim past and look up the history of the horse, and you will find that he was not noted for docility. Neither the old Assyrian nor the Egyptian made use of him for treading out their corn or pulling their ploughs or wag-gons, always preferring the quieter-mannered ox for these labours. When they hitched him up at all it was to their "jumping chariots" of war. His chief use in those times was for cavalry mounts. As he is depicted in the old sculptures his favourite pose would seem to have been the rampant, and his gait an elevated prance. When spoken of in the Scriptures, it is only with reference to his terror-striking qualities; for he is represented as unsafe, thunder-clothed, and a pawner of the valleys: and so little was his fitness for everyday purposes recognised that the kings of Israel were even forbidden to multiply him. Altogether of old he was, we find, a bit of a rowdy. So the western horse, whatever be his sins of skittishness, came by

them honestly. He is called "bronco"; and by the densely ignorant in horsey lore the term has come to be believed to stand for the name of a special breed. To let the light into those dark minds, it may be said that the word, which has been borrowed from the Spanish lexicon, and which simply means *rude*, *rough*, or *wild*, is used by the Mexicans in speaking of all sorts of things, and is but an attribute of the Western animal under consideration. There is no gainsaying his wildness, but often, like his Centauric other half, the cowboy, whose "evil manners live in brass" and whose "virtues are written in water," he has been maligned and misrepresented, and his better qualities not shown up. Once you get to know his rollicky peculiarities, and to learn to guard against his surprises, you will find deep down in him a great substratum of good that commands your admiration and your respect. The average chronicler of the bronco is apt to be some one whose knowledge of him is superficial—a mere casual acquaintance, as like as not, whose introduction to the animal may have proved compromising to his dignity and manège, and accompanied by first impressions of a nature that biassed his reminiscent pen. In such case the evil that the animal does, like that of Julius Cæsar, lives after him, and the good is oft interred with his bones.

The range-bred cayuse,
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bronco, or cow-horse is a strain of the mustang, or old Spanish horse, which was allowed to run wild. Now, a very short freedom from restraint raises the spirits and the heels of any and every horse amazingly. Let the veriest old spavined plug taste the society, but for a few days, of a bunch of unbroken rangers, and he will make a shape to distend his nostril, wake the echoes with his snort, and burn the breeze with the best of them; and when you catch him up, for the first minute or so, while yet "the field of the dead rushes red on his sight," and ere the effervescence subsides, the call of the wild is still so marked in his demeanour that you almost feel like looking him over for his Pegasus pinfeathers. After once seeing some such exhibition it is easy to understand how generations of running loose produces a creature that strenuously and uproariously resents control. The detractor and traducer of the cow-horse will tell you that severity, and severity alone, is essential in his breaking-in and tutoring; for they judge this to be so from the rough-and-tumble practices in vogue on most ranches. The bronco-buster sticks to old traditions, and has not patience to depart therefrom and adopt anything more morally suasive or less drastic. That his methods bring the beast to a point where he begins to be serviceable in a remarkably short space is a fact; but he is wholly indiscriminating, and these same methods fre-

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quently leave on the characters of some broken-in animals an imprint of the cloven hoof deeper than nature had put there. In order to let the horse acquire requisite stamina and vim, often he is not handled till four or five years old, by which time he is tolerably headstrong, high-strung, and hard-muscled. His breaking bursts in upon his young life with the suddenness of a whirlwind: and crowded into his comprehensive first lesson of a few hours he meets with experiences and trials, extensive and severe as a chapter for the life of Ulysses. From the moment he is "roped"—the cowman never uses the term *lasso*—until the bridle is removed from his foaming mouth, and the big saddle pulled from his lathery back, brain-turning and somerset-turning events follow each other in quick succession. And the more he resents, the rougher are the usages; for "he has got to take his medicine" according to the buster's prescribing, which has nothing of the homœopathic about it. If he by chance fails to show the beneficial effects of the administration by a due animation, the rider by various of his ingenious and infallible arts tones up his system to the required standard. Often the very pose of the man in the saddle—lopped over to the near side in a negligent, loose-jointed, tumbling-off manner, with only the left foot in the stirrup—of itself invites trouble. By so sitting a man avoids the

worst of the concussions, as he is not directly on top of the equine spine; and the horse, feeling the awkward hang of his burden, makes the greater effort to get rid of it. In the wild-land of my ken it was too much taken for granted that a good horse, when he was in prime health, should always "pitch" or buck-jump some,—in the cool of the morning anyhow. Thus the "pitcher" was a tacitly conventional institution: and he was of the kind that went many times to the well before being broken. And so it was that the cowboy, even with broke horses, resorted to the subtleties of shoulder-spurring, neck-thumbing, and quirt-lash sorties on promiscuous and out-of-the-way corners of the creatures' persons, flavouring these acts the while with an electric douche of yell and mixed vocabulary. Many horses would thus form wicked morning habits that were hard to change; and we had highly-trained mounts—versed in all the intricacies of "cutting," roping, and night-herding—creatures intelligent to the last degree—sticking to the bucking ways of colts till they were almost old enough to vote. You need not try to reason with the cowboy regarding his methods. "Goldarn his old fat rollicky heart, I guess if I can stand the cirous in the 'slick' so can he," is about what you will get out of him. "In the slick" refers to the absence of bucking - rolls, stirrup-tyings, or other safety

device. It is his boast that in the saddle straight he "can hang his steel in anything that wears hoofs and stay with it though it only hits the earth in high spots." Contrivances to assist one in equitation are helpful, but, perhaps with the exception of the bucking-strap, they are a doubtful advantage, as, in the event of being thrown, they cause a more awkward fall.

To realise the high training of which the cow-horse is capable, you have but to watch him separating the rounded herd into the component brands. The selection of cow or steer in the thick of the press may be done by the rider, but once the horse catches on to which beast is wanted, the rider has but to keep his seat as the sleuthing, dashing, zig-zagging, and doubling goes on in the operation of shifting the refractory bovine from one bunch to another. Cattlemen have been heard to allege that some horses know their own brand and are able to tell it on a cow. "Let that horse of yours alone," you may hear a plainsman shout to a novice, "he'll do all right himself; you can't tell him anything that he don't know about a diamond bar cow." Then, in roping and throwing work two-thirds of the feat can often be credited to the horse. For he it is who dashes up alongside the big wild steer and at headlong speed keeps himself at just the angle where the circling lariat may be let go

with the most accuracy. He it is who knows to a nicety the moment to brace himself to sustain the terrific shock when the saddle-fast rope brings the steer to earth, "hooks over appetite": and he it is who knows how to keep the rope taut to prevent the brute getting on its legs again while the dismounted rider ties its feet. And he understands how to do all this without getting fouled in the rope. To any one unaware of the agility and clear-headedness of the Western horse, this single-handed steer-throwing act looks like a wonderful feat, and an undertaking that might be classed as a heavy risk by Lloyds. Yet with a number one horse it is not nearly so hard as it seems, nor so dangerous,—accidents, except to the steer, being few. It is amusing, by the way, how often the artist in his pictures of this dramatic cow-boy act draws it incorrectly. In lieu of the thirty-five feet of rope, the end of which should be tied to the horn of the double-girthed saddle, the coils being held low in the left hand along with the reins and only the open noose in the right, the roper is represented, while yet far astern of his quarry, waving aloft seventy-five feet of unwieldy line, much after the fashion of the steamboat deck-hand heaving the hawser attachment to the wharf. Even were it possible in this manner to ensnare anything that runs on foot, the chance of holding it would

be one in a hundred if the animal were bigger than a dog. It has always been a disappointment to me that the lower animals were not blessed with the faculty of laughter. I should have so liked to show an old roping-horse one of these masterpieces.

Commonly speaking the first experience of the novice with a really hard buck-jumper is brief, painful to behold, and disastrous. The green man—such are the playful ways of the wilderness—is supposed, like the horse, to be more rapidly fitted for range duty by a good stiff dose to begin with. So an “outlaw” or spoiled horse is frequently selected for him as part of the early seasoning process. Riding being a *sine qua non*, learn to ride he must. These rude stockmen, in so far as it appeared to the newcomer, held to a belief akin to the motto of the stern old explorers of the Hanseatic League, “to navigate is necessary, to live is not.” Let a man’s “forgettory” for past incidents in his career be ever so good, the spoiled horse chapter is one he remembers. The animal in question is generally speaking an individual that was “bad meat” from the start, and who has maybe succeeded in throwing a man or two, and in consequence doubly exerts himself on all future occasions likewise to “shed his pack.” Horses with this unholy ambition are once in a while known to hit the ground so hard in their stiff-

legged landings that the blood will start from the top of their hoofs: and sometimes riders get so jarred up that their noses bleed. I have known a man stay with his mount till hemorrhage of the lungs was induced: and on another occasion I saw a determined chap of the “claw-leather” kind have two of his fingers broken as his death grip was finally jerked loose. Unlike the ordinary run of horses that do their bucking antics simply out of instinct and the ebullition of their animal life, and that give you a square deal to see what you are made of—without necessarily calling for nasal or pulmonary sanguifluous samples—and who know when to quit, your spoiled beast lays for you, at intervals, with a cunning depravity that is not normal to horse nature. One idea is supposed to be all a quadruped’s brain is capable of entertaining at one time, but *his* deep brain would almost seem to be equal to several, for he appears to do some scheming ahead. No great thinking power is needed for legitimately trying to shake you from the saddle; but laying for you with sudden backward and “fence-row” oavortings in the middle of straightforward movements, or reversing ends in the air, involve mental arranging. Freak action is hated by even the professional buster, and is visited with due measures of retaliation. Personally I found the society of this class of high-blood rather too elevating. But, as one

generally takes into company pretty much what one gets out of it, if a person *will* uplift himself to the first level of the back of the horse, can he wonder if that intelligent "friend of man" is ready to assist him with a further upward boost. It is at any rate a step in the right direction, even if it goes too far.

My own first obtrusion upon a horse of this order chanced at an epoch of my graduation when I had formed a half-way belief in my seat-retaining abilities, in the manual or clutch-and-grip style of equestrianism. A very few minutes on the hurricane-deck of that catapult incarnate, with the raging ground tossing and surging away beneath me, somewhat changed my opinion as to my qualifications. By dint of monkey-like clinging I remained somewhere on and around that saddle while the horse toyed with me in a dilettante way—*N.B.* this toying I learned about afterwards. Fortunately he got down to business pretty soon. Had he omitted to do so I should, I fear, have been too pulpy to write this narrative. When the end came and I once more rejoined this planet, on gathering up my scattered sensations I was thankful to find I had only met with the dislocation of a knee-joint. And the strange thing is, that I can swear it was the occipital portion of my cranium that hit the ground first. But such was the force that propelled me skyward that

almost anything short of total disintegration might easily enough have taken place. It has ever been a well-spring of balm to me that two of the conspirators who induced me to believe that it was incumbent upon me to try conclusions with that unregenerate were themselves shortly thereafter thrown by him and also temporarily used up. A horse of this type, when they don't take the trouble to conquer him, has as good a time as he wants, having long spells of ease between his state days, to which festivals consequently he comes in the primeest condition. Sometimes it proves he has been a bit of a bluffer, living on an unnecessarily evil reputation, and a few weeks' systematic society of the right sort of man may make a Christian of him. At times, too, it is discovered that he makes a useful draught animal. An excess of spirit and an over-average smartness, with perhaps an over-hasty handling in the first place, may have been at the root of his malfeasance. On a neighbouring range, not a great way from where I received my initiation, a fresh Englishman who very much dreaded his tartar-horse ordeals once told me of a plan he had hit upon to obviate the attendant danger. Having provided himself with a potent opiate, he had, he said, during the saddling process of a notoriously riotous specimen, which had been set apart for his delectation, liberally and surreptitiously dosed its nostrils

and mouth with the stuff. The idea, he assured me, worked like a charm. He reported a smooth passage throughout, and that it was the sole occasion on which he ever derived any real comfort and benefit from taking the air on a pitching *caballo*: and when he got the length of larruping and apostrophising the old thing for its sluggish gait, the crowd looked as if they wanted their money back. The unabridged anecdote, when he confidentially gave it to me, had, he said, hitherto only gone the rounds of himself, as he purposed using the recipe on further occasions. My friend, you see, was fully aware that the inducing of the novice to sample animals of this class was, like the fruit-tasting inducement of Eden, premonitory of the fall of man. It is safe to say that five out of six of the "caller" would-be cowboys who tackle a spoiled horse for the first time are thrown. The three strongest things known to natural history are said to be the blow of a lion's paw, the stroke of a whale's tail, and the kick of a giraffe. Should the scientific gentlemen who furnished us with this interesting table of dynamics ever thirst for the discovery of a fourth, they might, just in a tentative way, hoist one of their number, together with his note-book and pencil, into the saddle of a seven-year-old *mucho bravo*, *mucho bronco* western outlaw. If he were a person of average robustness, and convalesced all right, he would be able to

supply them with valuable *experto crede* facts when he again got in their midst.

If you inquire of the expert the safest way to ride the hard buckler, he will straightway tell you that the old rule is to stay with him and see that you don't get thrown. But if there is any actual secret in the thing, or any mitigation of its painfulness to be obtained, one must learn the cowboy's supple, undulating, telescopic action, which consists in letting his torso work pretty much after the fashion of that classic instrument the concertina. Without proficiency in this trick you need never hope to emulate the Western or the Mexican, who retains his seat till the close of the entertainment, and manages to get time to interest the animal with prick of *espuela* and smart of *latigo* and to enjoy his *cigarrito* forby.

Among horses, as among humans, there are different kinds of fools. Of the class that are born to foolishness are the awkward, nervous creatures that a trained eye can tell from the start will never amount to anything for cattle work. The o'er highly-strung "fiddle-face," the timber-mouthed "churn-head," the prancer that carries his front-piece at an angle that procures him the name "moon-fixer," the "limber-neck" that first doubles his head round in ready response to the rein in lieu of springing his complete person as the cowboy requires,

and all of the list of fretters and techily disposed, after the saddling fresh is off, are all more or less failures as cow-horses proper. The most despised and shunned of all, however, are those that carry their heads too low, won't look where they are going, and are unsure of foot. "Tangle-foot," "Peg-legs," and "Hole-hunter" are members of the brute creation that it is well to have few dealings with. Should you ever go a-following the fleet-footed cow of the West, always notice the nomenclature when they are selecting your mount. Let them put off on you "Cyclone," "Star-kicker," "Hyæna," if need be, but be not wheedled, cajoled, or coerced into accepting anything significant of falling down. By paying heed to this, any cherished hope you may entertain of reaching a ripe old age will more likely be realisable. Once when going up trail, in my string of horses there were two fumlbers answering to the names of "Ground-hog" and "Tumble-bug" respectively; and ere I mustered up sufficient resolution to refuse to ride them any longer, and though, thanks to a merciful Providence I was not injured, I went to grass well-nigh with the regularity of Nebuchadnezzar during his graminivorous days.

Among the fool horses that have achieved foolishness is the renowned loco-eater. And he is the *ne plus ultra* of the lot, for his trouble is a real brain disarrangement that would

place him on a par, were he a human, with the inmate of the asylum. The loco-plant, which so strangely affects him, is an innocent-looking, silvery, pale-green weed that grows in isolated bunches on certain ranges only. There are two varieties of it, the woolly and the stemless, both much alike and both dangerous to stock. Most animals will not touch it; but a hungry one will sometimes get to doing so, especially when it shows up bright among the close-cropped, dry grass in early spring. Having done so once or twice it acquires a taste for the herb, and will afterwards hunt for it with all the eagerness of a drug-fiend on the prowl for a chemist's shop. So far, chemistry has failed to find an antidote for the poison, though it has been analysed time after time. Indeed, so far as I am aware, the nature of it is not rightly known. I have heard stockmen tell of persons being given decoctions of the leaves and of their being strangely and dangerously affected. In my experience, however, an animal had to be addicted to the weed for some time for any effect to be noticeable. A recommended cure, consisting of sulphite of iron, gentian, muriate of ammonia and potassium, which was given me I tried on several horses without apparent result. Keeping the affected animal clear out of reach of the plant for a long enough time sometimes helps it. Cattle eat of the stuff at times and go off in condition.

With reference to the symptoms of the complaint these are different in different animals. With only a touch of it a horse may still be quite useful, merely showing certain eccentricities which one gets to know as people do the weaknesses of the human *non comp.* The loco-biter will seldom lead by bridle, halter, or neck-rope, but stands stock-still or goes to backing when you pull on him. Some are afraid of water, others of various objects or of going through a corral gate, and many have a trick of falling backwards when the saddle is being girthed. Despite these oddities, in some parts they are ridden regularly, and are kept off the loco as far as possible; but in other districts they are only considered as makeshifts, and are allowed to run idle, when they eat enough of the poison to reduce them to skin and bone, and eventually to kill them. Sometimes a tolerably badly locoed horse is a dangerous proposition, as he is up to anything from going to sleep to homicide, and you never know what he may be up to next. A long, wiry, crazy buckskin horse I once owned had loco-chewing habits which had oddly deranged his faculties. We called him "Pop-eye," from the startling prominence of his organs of sight and their strange side position in his narrow skull. One eye was a yellowish brown and the other a whitey blue, and he had a trick of screwing his head round first to one side and then to the other, when

you were on his back, and giving you the benefit of these weird orbs alternately. It was in a country where there was but little loco, and, until he was observed one morning with a tell-tale sprig in the corner of his mouth, nobody had taken him for anything but a natural born lunatic. Probably he was a blend of both kinds.

Fairly gentle to handle, he would even allow himself to be caught without a rope, a rare trait in these parts,—and he would enter a pen of his own accord, another rare feature,—but as like as not, he might straightway leap out again over the back-rail fence, a hop of about six feet, for he delighted to jump, and was light-footed as a deer. Certain days he was on his good behaviour throughout, for "he had his glimmerins." On others he indulged in a form of exercise which was peculiarly his own. Tucking his head away beneath his thorax in the genuine bucker's fashion, he would do a series of exceedingly long, high jumps, lighting each time as softly as a cat, and going through the performance so leisurely and with such flexible ease withal, that it was positively enjoyable to sit him when one had the hang of the movement. Then, having got his rider into the spirit of the dreamy, rhythmic cadence of the thing, up would come his head, and he would rear his elongated person straight aloft on his hind feet, and remain in that pose for some seconds, screw-

ing his head about in his own inimitable style, and emitting the squealing sound known by the cowboy as "bawling." Now, as everybody knows, when a horse rears up, the heads of the rider and the ridden come very close together: and as Pop-eye got his fearsome revolving gig-lamps stuck right in his rider's face, the effect of the whole thing was like a nightmare. To the average stranger the novelty of the freak action in conjunction with the loco-foco eyes was unnerving, demoralising, paralyzing. Few wanted much of the treatment, and either slipped out of the saddle all-anyhow, or else pulled the whole squealing, cyclopean apparition backward. But true to his willowy suppleness, in subsiding backward Pop-eye doubled his hind legs under him and landed on his haunches, allowing the man time to get out of the way before he fell prone. Neither man nor horse were ever much the worse: for cowboys are active and don't suffer long with nerves, and the horse was used to the performance. Once down Pop-eye closed his eyes as though in slumber, and hardly any amount of whipping would persuade him to get upon his feet again under ten minutes. This was his custom until one day a couple of bull-dogs belonging to a visitor, seeing us endeavouring to resurrect him, flew in with their assistance, and, at the expense of half of one ear and some tooth scars, they

raised him so effectually that he was permanently cured of that symptom of his malady. Hooked in harness to a wagon Pop-eye was an impossible. With rocking-horse gait, tango steps, side jumps, dashes, &c., he proved altogether too much of a loco-motive, and we failed to break him. All round he was, I think, the most remarkable horse I ever came across, and gave us many happy hours of entertainment. He was eventually carried southeast and disposed of in a coloured community, and the last I saw of him was the cynosure of a crowd of darkies who were making the echoes ring with their guffaws. Peace to his ashes,—if he has got to that stage yet.

Worrying with the average loco horse with the expectation of getting real service out of him is to the cow-puncher the most wrath-kindling of tasks. The German Emperor has recently been issuing a circular to the cavalrymen of the fatherland forbidding the use of vehement language to their horses, contending that it is so alarming to their sensibilities as to be regarded as cruelty, and is to be punished as such. Another eminent authority has told us that one harsh word will disturb the equine equanimity to the extent of raising the pulse ten beats to the minute. The puncher of the West is not yet posted about the theoretical brutalities. On the one-harsh-word-to-the-ten-beat ratio he ought at times to be about able to raise the dead.

And one of these times is when he gets into an argument with a "loco,"—an episode that provokes more radio-activity in his language than all his other troubles combined. By a more systematised effort to eradicate the weed on the ranges much of these fireworks would be avoided, and many valuable animals that come under its potent spells would be saved to usefulness. Such would seem to be the likeliest plan to meet the bother, for the "loco," like some other inebriates, won't quit till he has to.

In the land of the setting sun the rope is a feature, a power, and an essential. Without ropes and a knowledge of their multifarious uses and potentialities both man and horse are of small account: like the sailor, they must know the ropes. The horses have one and all, from the best and most intelligent to the worst and sorriest, got to learn them and respect them. When bunched in the corral or out in the open, they may dip their heads and dodge to avoid the sinuous, insidious loop, but once it settles over the neck of the selected one he must at once give up and permit himself to be dragged forth or approached. It is interesting to see the readiness with which a fairly wild horse will recognise the influence of the magic strand and yield to it, and how he will peacefully graze when tethered by it without straining to break it or without getting entangled in it.

Besides having been, at least once or twice in his life, throttled down to subdue his first turbulence, one of his early lessons was to be tied at rope's length to a chunk of sufficient weight to prevent him dragging far, but yet not steadfast enough to break his neck against in his scared rushes. Many and severe were the battles he then had with that relentless hemp, and he never forgets them. The less intelligent animals, ere they catch on, get badly bruised and skinned up or pull their neck muscles out of place, and sometimes get a form of tetanus or lockjaw. A horse suffering with these last two injuries, both of which he may have at the same time, presents a pitiful spectacle, and to look at him one might think he was beyond recovery; yet I have never known a case in which no bones were fractured fail to recover with simply some weeks' rest. Learning to travel in "hobbles" or hobbles without pitching himself down or unduly lacerating his legs is likewise an essential acquirement. To prevent them straying too widely of a night many of the horses of the round-up or trail-herd "cavvy" have to wear these shackles.

In grazing they do not bother, but in driving the animals up to camp so that they may be expeditiously removed, the speedier movements hurt the unskilled. Some horses handle themselves without difficulty, while others never fully master the art. I

have seen hobbler go fifteen miles in the night without detriment to their ankles, and have known experts that could run almost as fast with as without the bracelets. When a rovingly inclined beast gets too adroit he may be "side-lined" from a fore to a hind foot. An untrained horse's doings with stake-rope and hobble are a pretty safe gauge of his brain power and general future capabilities.

Under all the circumstances of his heredity, upbringing, and daily life, it is no wonder that our western bronco retains much of his primitive ram-bunctiousness. His dam, and like enough his sire, are unbroken prairie roamers: or, if a special strain of blood—such as "Steeldust"—has been introduced through the latter, for the sake of extra speed or size, it does not, in my experience, necessarily change his disposition, in the first generation anyhow. His late breaking-in, the lengthy vacation through the winter months, and also the tolerably extended spells he enjoys between his saddlings, keep the "vinegarone" in his composition. That these things have their influence in doing so is shown by the marked difference in the demeanour of the range-bred Indian reservation cayuse, which is handled much earlier and more constantly, and which is always much gentler in manners, often having no vice at all. While, for instance, many cow-horses object to you attempting to

get on to their unsaddled back, the easy-going Indian animal will permit a whole, ugly, blanketed family to perch along his long-suffering spine, and drag the tepee poles behind him in addition. The degenerate nomad of the war-path loves not a high-lifed horse, and won't handle a frisky one if he can help it; and he will at times even get an obliging cow-puncher to take the edge off one he is timid about. With his old leanings toward decoration he breeds for piebalds, paints, skewbalds, calicoes, and such-like odd hues, and he handles them early enough to insure that they are placid as milk cows and sleepy as house cats. As far as your eye can reach, you can distinguish the mounted red-man from the white by the incessant kicking of his legs against the ribs of his easy-going beast. Where I knew the stockman's horse he was all round the better animal, in both vim and intelligence.

The rapidity with which the latter was moulded under the rough barbarian hand of the puncher, from the raw into the efficient, was truly wonderful. His keen senses of hearing, sight, and smell, and his strong instinct of direction, were constantly of great help to his rider, and he was constantly consulted and his opinion taken on heaps of points that would have been as Greek to the horse of civilisation. In his homing instincts, by day or night, he was true as a carrier-pigeon, and he was away ahead

of that bird in the respect that he was able to adjust his mental compass to each varying night-camp, nor ever get befogged or mixed up by obstacles in his course. Just until you fully realised his superior powers and all he was doing for you, you were often surprised, in novel and trying situations, to find what a wonderfully keen, intrepid, and resourceful person you were. When, out on the tedious scout in search of a missing equine, you discerned that one of these all but invisible specks on the horizon was a grazing horse and not a roaming cow, it was purely and simply a coincidence that the creature you chanced to be riding at the identical moment of your discovery raised his head and cocked one ear a fraction forward. Or, when crossing the dry *arroyo* bed, you pulled up with a jerk sudden enough about to yank you from the saddle, right on the edge of that innocent-looking patch of sand, it was of course because *your* profound wisdom told you it was *arena movediza*, and that another step would have bogged you to the girths in its tremulous treacheries. Or, when you sped through the dark on the flank or in front of those frenzied, flying steers, and stayed with them to a standstill, it was wonderful how by simply sitting low in your seat and hardly even knowing what was happening, you negotiated the difficulties of the ground and safely engineered the feat.

And on that other night when the stars were blotted out and the moon was down, and your private mental chart suggested your campward course nor'-sou'-by-east-a-half-west, it was the height of sagaciousness in you to indicate to your pilot, by turning the reins loose, how to steer over that rolling waste so as to fetch you up all snug in the night harbour. By learning the characteristics of your mount, and drawing upon his faculties when they are superior to mankind's, and by leaning upon him as your partner, and sometimes even your better half, you will much smooth your existence in these rough regions of the earth. You are bound to admire him for many things. Do so all you will: but don't go to doting on him more sentimentally. The same Fidas Achates that nobly bore you up through the swollen stream, and saved your limbs in the night gallop, does not understand so much as an appreciative pat of his neck when you pull your bridle off him, and may treat your saddle the next time it is being placed on his recuperated back as though he had never felt its presence before; and when you bestride him then may employ his first five minutes in trying to convince you that you have no business there either. But, as the Mexican Vaquero had it, a *manana diabolico*, a *tarde angelico*, the fiend of the morning was an angel in the afternoon. And that was pretty much the case with quite a lot

of these paradoxical animals. And perhaps their heavenward jumping aspirations in the early part of the day were after all but the angelic part of them trying to expedite matters. I always liked the cow-horse, though the attitude he assumed toward me was rather similar to that of the cheese toward the dyspeptic—he didn't seem to like *me*.

As the American West is spacious, it is maybe well to specify that I have been discoursing on the horse where I knew him best—mostly in the South-West. There he was long-lived and healthy. Accidents he came by and honourable saddle soars he carried, and he was sometimes run down—literally so—and needed a rest cure; but from distemper and the numerous ills that his race is oftentimes heir to he seemed immune. *Broken wind*—really a digestive trouble—so common with his higher living kin was about unknown to him. When it comes to making a living the cow-horse is a rustler: and in the lower latitudes of the States he is sometimes even wintered without hay. It is an axiom of the range that a horse will thrive where a cow will starve. If he is out when the Norther chill “blaws could wi’ angry sough,” he may be seen with his coat grown out to the semblance of fur, ever resourceful as usual, pawing away the snow to get at the herbage beneath, or stamping a water-

hole for himself on the edge of the ice.

Unless he is an incompetent he seldom changes owners; for the stockman is herein conservative, and loves not to scatter his brand. When he was traded it was likely to be to some distant part of the country, where a sold counter-brand was burned on him and also the new brand. A “picture book” or a “Map of Mexico” hide denoted, by its varied and interesting illustrations, that the animal inside of it had been weighed and found wanting. In his joint-stiffened later years the cow-horse might be carried out of the cow country altogether, along with a drove of his superannuated companions, and might taper off his existence in a settled-up locality with a collar against which to work off his morning energies—that is, if he would stand the indignity, a thing that was by no means certain. Or, it might be, on his own native heath, stumbling one day in his weakened winter condition in some out-of-the-way corner, he might go down, and fail in his repeated efforts to rise again.

Then when the time of the next spring work came round, old Pilgrim or old Sure-foot would be missing, and they would go on without him, while his weather-whitened bones lay strewn, with naught “from insult to protect,” o’er an acre of loneliness where the coyotes had hideously helped nature in her processes. A humanity-shaming tragedy

that "implores the passing tribute of a sigh," and sometimes wrung a something of the kind from even the heart-toughened, case-hardened cattle-man.

In these present moving times we hear of the elimination of horses; and then again we hear of their shortage to supply their demand,—till one hardly knows what to think. As long as cattle are reared on otherwise waste lands, however, the cow-horse will be there; for, albeit the beef-baron now sometimes reviews his round-up in his motor-car, the actual work will never be automobilic. And, until war is no more, the horse will

likely be used for his ancient-day, original, military purpose. As a campaigner the merits of the Western horse have been well proved,—as, for instance, in the Boer war, in which he was found equal to the native animal on his own veldt.

With the diminution of the cow-range, the cow, and the cowboy, "from conquest of the westward moving plough, driving its furrow through primeval waste," he must inevitably be crowded back and out. It is a profound pity. When they cease breeding him, or change him by eugenics into a less elementary type,—a hero will perish.

JOHN PIRIE.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

A POLITICAL CRISIS IN FRANCE—*DANS LE CLOAQUE*—THE WHIPPING-BOY OF DEMOCRACY—M. BARRÈS' DEMAND FOR IMPEACHMENT—A LESSON IN POLITICAL IMMORALITY—ENGLISH PARALLELS—"MUTINIES IN THE ARMY"—THE EGOISM OF DEMAGOGUES—JACQUES CASANOVA—ADVENTUREE AND MAN OF LETTERS.

"The greatest enemy of the democracy is the lie-maker, the flatterer, and the person who tries to persuade the voter that dishonesty is not always the worst policy, and that a bit of boodle for himself cannot hurt him or any one else."—F. YORK POWELL.

THREE months ago Gaston Calmette, the director of the 'Figaro,' was murdered in his office by Mme. Caillaux, the wife of the most powerful Minister in France. The 'Figaro' had conducted a long and acrimonious campaign against M. Caillaux. It had accused him, above all, of having interrupted the course of justice to serve one Rochette, a criminal now in flight, who had embezzled the money of a thousand dupes. It had declared that a document was in existence to prove that M. Monis, President of the Council, acting for his friend M. Caillaux, had ordered M. Fabre, the *Procureur-Général*, to procure a postponement of the case. No sooner was Gaston Calmette dead than M. Delahaye, a deputy, asked the Ministers what was this precious document of M. Fabre's. The Ministers assured the Chamber that the document did not exist, that there had been no tampering with M. Fabre, that, in brief, they were involved in a villainous network of calumnies. Then there fell suddenly upon them one of the thunder-

bolts, not unfamiliar to popular assemblies, whose chief function appears to be the deception of the people. M. Barthou mounted the tribune, and taking the incriminating document from his pocket, read it to the astonished Chamber.

To those who have studied the rise and progress of democracies the episode is not strange. Yet, just because it is typical, it is worth all the attention we can give to it; and as M. Barrès has analysed this latest example of political cynicism with the irony, the scrupulousness, and the high sense of honour which we expect of him, the materials of a judgment are not lacking. M. Barrès' pamphlet, '*Dans le Cloaque*' (Paris: Émile - Paul Frères), is a serious attempt to display to the world the degradation of politics; and in the lesson which it teaches, in the warning which it proclaims, it loses not a particle of its weight in crossing the Channel.

The document which M. Barthou read from the tribune was monstrous enough to

astonish even a democracy. M. Monis, on a certain day in March 1911, summoned M. Fabre, the *Procureur-Général*, to his office. He told him frankly that it was inconvenient to the Minister of Finance that the trial of Rochette should be held upon the appointed day. He ordered him to obtain its postponement until after the long vacation. The hapless official protested energetically. He implored the Minister to permit the case to follow its normal course. The Minister was obdurate, and the poor official was left to the sad reflection that it was the friends of Rochette who had obtained this favour. Then, according to the document, M. Maurice Bernard, Rochette's advocate, appeared on the scene. He, too, had received a hint from his friend M. Caillaux, the Minister of Finance. His part was simple enough. He was to plead ill-health, and to demand on this ground the postponement of the trial. It was with the utmost reluctance that M. Fabre made up his mind. But what was he to do? "After a violent combat within myself," thus he tells the story, "after a veritable crisis, of which the only witness was my friend and substitute, Bloch-Laroque, I decided, constrained by the moral violence exerted upon me, to obey. I called upon M. Bidault de l'Isle, the President of the Correctional Chamber. I placed before him with emotion the state of hesitation in which I found myself. Finally, M. Bidault de l'Isle

consented to the postponement out of affection for me. The same evening I went to see the President of the Council. I told him what I had done. He seemed quite content. I was much less so. . . . Never have I submitted to so gross a humiliation."

The unhappy official had given in. He could not act otherwise. M. Monis and M. Caillaux were for a while relieved of their embarrassment, and Rochette had six more months in which to swindle the savings-banks of France. By a strange coincidence the document of M. Fabre was read in the Chamber just about the time when the House of Commons was doing its best to extract from unwilling Ministers the truth of the Ulster plot. The friends of honesty were more fortunate in Paris than in London. A document, which could not be argued out of existence, was put before them, and a Committee of Inquiry was appointed forthwith. M. Monis having indignantly denied in the Chamber that he had ever discussed the case of Rochette with his subordinate, was forced before the Committee to a half-confession. His answer was inspired with precisely the same ingenuity wherewith the battle-squadron at Lamlash was explained away. "Ah," said he, "M. Caillaux spoke to me of the great talent of Rochette's advocate, M. Maurice Bernard, who had told him that there were many other affairs like Rochette's, and that no prosecution had

been instituted of them. Innumerable societies were irregular, societies which conducted their operations even under the eyes of the Government." And to this argument M. Monis yielded. But, be it remembered, his intervention was not "judicial but administrative." Isn't it familiar, this distinction which has no difference, this division of a single Minister into several parts? Before such an excuse as this the Committee remained silent. M. Caillaux took another line. He saw no reason to be disturbed. The affair was simplicity itself. In adjourning the case of Rochette, he wished no more than to give pleasure to a gallant man and his friend, M. Maurice Bernard. Whatever else there was in the case had been invented by the *Procureur-Général*, and was hardly worth discussing.

After the Ministers it was M. Fabre who was summoned before the Committee, and again we are reminded of an episode in our own recent history. True it is that democracy always speaks the same words and uses the same gestures. No sooner had the unfortunate M. Fabre appeared than the friends of M. Caillaux began to intimidate him, just as those sad personages, Messrs Falconer and Booth, attempted to frighten the witnesses in the Marconi Case. They chaffed him. If he hesitated, they exclaimed, "You forgot to make a note that time." Then they asked, if he received an order which he deemed infamous, why did he

not disobey it? "Could I resist this unjust command?" he asked. "Yes, but it would have been my certain ruin. At the first chance my career would have been broken. Ah! you think I ought to have resigned? Nothing is easier than to give lessons in heroism." And nothing can be more absurd than for the friends of M. Caillaux to preach these doctrines of a higher morality. "I have served thirteen Ministers of Justice," went on M. Fabre. "I pray the thirteenth may not bring me ill-luck! Do you think it is easy to live, to last in the midst of politicians who are tearing one another to pieces? I held my own as well as I could among *ces frères ennemis*."

Such is one of the most sordid tragedies in popular government. The permanent official must take his chance of dishonour. As M. Barrès says, "We do not allow him to be sublime. He does his best to earn his bread, and then when things go wrong we demand that he should disembowel himself rather than obey the unjust orders that we give him." The very men who would hear no word spoken against MM. Monis and Caillaux, clamoured that M. Fabre alone was guilty because he did as he was told by these exalted Ministers. So we remember that in the Marconi inquiry also the only one who suffered was a permanent official. He, poor devil, is chosen not by the people, but by competitive examination. He knows not the

glamour of the hustings, and he must not grumble if he be made the whipping-boy of his betters.

Thus the inquiry dragged on from hour to hour, and with desperate eagerness the majority sought not the truth but a partisan advantage. M. Maurice Bertrand, the advocate of Rochette, introduced with a grave air of mystery a certain M. X., who waited upon him to suggest the postponement of the trial, and whose name the secret of his profession did not permit him to reveal. Probably it was no other than M. Rochette himself. And M. Caillaux, not to be outdone in intrigue, admitted the hiding of witnesses behind the curtains of his office. In brief, the inquiry achieved all that was expected of it. It exposed the utter futility of modern politics, and rigidly withheld the facts. The confrontations of the witnesses, as described by M. Barrès, were triumphs of cynicism. When M. Fabre insisted that M. Monis had rung him up on the telephone, that discreet Minister thought it enough to reply with a pitiful anecdote. "There are always practical jokers," said he, as if to prove his contempt for the whole business. "Why, the other day I was told, 'M. Caillaux is asking for you on the telephone.' I went, and there I found M. Caillaux, who answered: 'I did not ask for you. On the contrary, I was told that you were calling me.'" Obviously the telephone has not yet found its proper place

in the politics of this benighted isle.

M. Caillaux, if a bull be permitted us, met the charge by evasion. He delivered a dissertation upon the vices of financiers; he made a violent attack upon his political opponents, MM. Barthou and Briand. Incidentally he gave himself the airs, habitual to him, of a spoilt child. He issued orders to his faithful henchmen as though his conduct had never been in question; and finally, to prove his scorn of the proceedings, lit a cigarette in the committee-room, where smoking was sternly forbidden. But neither negation nor nonchalance changed the fact that there had been a case at law, and that the President of the Council, with the support of the Minister of Finance, had dared to discuss it with the magistrate. This intrusion, as M. Barrès says, was a scandal of itself. Justice can be done only on condition that nobody intervenes between the judge and the parties to the suit.

Then came the turn of MM. Briand and Barthou to assail M. Caillaux and his friends. The assault was furious and spared not. But it mattered not greatly what was said. The general interest, the public weal, were already forgotten in this contest of demagogues. As M. Barrès says, it was not a shock of systems, but a struggle of personalities. Why, he asks, should M. Caillaux and MM. Briand and Barthou fight when they

were born to collaborate? If we look at them from the point of view of France, they have no reason for existence. Why, for instance, should M. Caillaux, the aristocrat—*un personnage Louis XV.* M. Barrès calls him—be the leader of the Socialists? What they and their like struggle for is not ideals—they have none—but power and place. They are no patriots to serve their country, when they have themselves to serve. The politician is the same in all democracies. We know him only too well on our side the Channel. But for the moment we may boast a small superiority. We have still a Tory party which exerts considerable influence in the State, and which fights the Radicals, because it knows them to be the enemies of peace and tradition. We know not how long the Tory party may survive; we do know that, if in the further degradation of our public life Messrs George and Churchill are left in the ring with Mr R. Macdonald, the battle will be all the fiercer, because it will be a battle of ambitions, not of principles. As M. Barrès says, such demagogues as MM. Caillaux and Briand clamour for office as a field for their activities, not as a chance for ensuring the triumph of their own particular views. And thence comes the bitterness of their conflict. "They cannot," he says, "attack one another in their ideas: either they have none or they hold them in common. So they attack one another in their

persons. . . . They bombard each other with personal accusations because they cannot throw their principles at one another's head, and unable to seize each other solidly by the programme, they seize each other by the hair." It is a sad comment upon popular government, and it is of universal application.

Thus the inquiry was brought to an end. The easy excuses were uttered and accepted. M. Monis did not order M. Fabre to interrupt the course of justice, because he did not use the words, "I order." M. Maurice Bertrand had been very amiable in extricating M. Caillaux from a private difficulty. How could M. Caillaux do otherwise, when he saw his friend looking ill and tired, than do his best to postpone an important case, even though he risked thereby the savings of hundreds of blameless citizens? All was done for the best in the world of politics, where each man makes smooth the way of his neighbour, because he knows not how soon he himself may stand in need of timely aid. A thick coat of whitewash was applied to all the Ministers involved. Each member of the Committee proved with how fine a skill he could handle a brush, except M. Barrès. He alone, a politician of honour, who expects no favour of any man, refused to take part in the general comedy. He boldly demanded the impeachment of MM. Monis and Caillaux under article 179 of the Code, and he demanded it

in vain. He would not accept the conclusions of the others, because he regarded them as an attack upon the national conscience. "It is not enough," said he, "to say that justice is done with a fiery eloquence. We must do it. We must not let the weak and humble say: 'There is no punishment for the powerful.' We must not let it be said in a country which suffers profoundly from the disease of political divisions, that it is enough for a man to belong to a party for that party to cover all his shortcomings, however grave and open they may be. It is a lesson in political immorality which you are giving to the country. I will not associate myself with it!" If only these wise words were taken to heart in our midst, how much cleaner and saner a place would be our House of Commons.

The Ministers were not impeached. The Committee, determined to make the way easy for others as for itself, was resolved that no one should suffer. "Our régime," said M. Barrès, in a phrase of Anatole France, "is a régime of facility." Thus it was proclaimed aloud in the French Chamber, as it has been proclaimed aloud in the House of Commons, that there is no law against guilty Ministers. And, as we have said, it is not only France that lies under the ban. England is guilty of an equal sin. We can match without any difficulty the indiscretions of MM. Monis and Caillaux. When the truth was dragged from our unwilling Ministers that, fortified by a "tip" given them

by the brother of a man with whom the Government was at that moment making a contract, the same procedure was adopted in London as was adopted in Paris at the discovery of M. Fabre's famous document. A Committee was appointed to make things easy, and though in Lord Robert Cecil it found its Barrès, Mr L. George, we believe, is regarded by zealous partisans as a martyred saint, and Sir Rufus Isaacs is Lord Chief Justice of England and a peer of the realm.

It is plain, therefore, that the democracy, French and English, is determined not to embarrass its champions with a too lofty standard of honour. If the Marconi scandal revealed the greed of popular government, the Ulster plot uncovered its lack of truth and scruple. Had a private gentleman held himself as some of our Ministers held themselves in our more recent crisis, he would have been driven from the society of his fellows. It is not a pleasant thing to play the *agent provocateur*; it is not a pleasant thing to say not a word more than what may perchance be found out, and to declare that you are speaking the truth; it is not a pleasant thing to alter the text of a speech in a public report. These things are not done by civilised men. They are done by Ministers. And when we contemplate with sorrow the exploits of MM. Monis and Caillaux, let us remember that if we exchanged these Ministers for our own we should not lose one jot by the bargain.

With so many examples before us it is easy to mark the profound disservice which democracy does the world. In the first place, it has weakened the whole basis of truth. When once a man holds office by the votes of an accidental majority, he seems to place himself at once above the common obligations of humankind. He says that which is untrue, not merely with conviction but with a vaunting pride, as who should say: behold my sturdy independence of spirit. If you wish examples of the falsehood inherent in democracy, you may find them in the recent Parliamentary scandals, French and English. The debates concerning the raid upon Ulster are peculiarly rich in misstatements, and therein the Ministers did themselves less than justice, for they did not agree beforehand upon what they were going to say. A more recent instance of untruth shows to what a length a Minister will go in the search for popularity. On June 2nd, at Criicieth, Mr L. George declared that the British aristocracy and their friends were crowing jubilantly over mutinies in the army. Most pertinently the Prime Minister was asked "whether he would say if any mutinies in the British Army had been brought to his notice, and if so, when they took place?" Mr Asquith answered briefly that "there had been no mutiny in the British Army." Had Mr George not been a demagogue, he would have corrected his speech and apologised for misleading the electors. Being a demagogue

he could find nothing better to say than that "he stood by every word of it." The fact that there have been no mutinies weighs not a feather with him. He cares not a jot for Mr Asquith's assurance. He "stands by every word." And he does not see, poor man, that it is this very "standing by" what is untrue that makes him unfit for the task of governing the country.

In the second place, democracy is the sworn foe of patriotism. The chosen of the people no sooner enter the House of Commons than they forget altogether the claims of their country, unless indeed they have been bred in the school of a pious tradition. They believe easily that nothing matters except their own progress. A salary of £400 is very well in its way, but it is chiefly valuable as an earnest of better things. To hold office, though the skies fall, that is the ambition of every demagogue. He has no higher ideals than have MM. Monis and Caillaux. He is always ready to shout with the largest crowd. Only he must take part in the government; he must have his salary; he must share the dignity which still clings about a Minister in the eyes of the ignorant. That is his notion of service—advancement for himself. And if in the scramble his country is dishonoured, if one class is set against another, if the standard of honour is immeasurably lowered, he cannot help it. He is quite sure that he must live somehow, and since he has made a trade of politics, he cannot afford to

sacrifice himself for anything so foolish as the public weal.

So democracies get the governments that they deserve in a set of greedy amateurs, untrained and unbridled—men who cannot interpret the present by the past, because they know nothing of history; late learners, who gather from a text-book the few facts that are necessary for display. These men believe that, because they have a gift of popular rhetoric, because they can make on the hustings the sort of speech the groundlings want to hear, they can assume the responsibilities of a great empire. That they should fail in the art of government is assured. It is an art that has no link with the cunning of demagogues. But that does not matter to our politicians. It is their single hope to succeed with all haste, and then by a skilful piece of gerrymandering to make it certain that they will come in again. No more shameless manoeuvre has ever been devised than the Plural Voting Bill, that first-fruit of democracy, lately before the House. That Mr Asquith and his friends should have a conscientious objection to the expedient of Mr Cobden, who made faggot voters as he made yards of cotton, is a hypocritical assumption which will deceive nobody. If the Radicals had a genuine belief in parliamentary reform, they would do their best, by an honest Redistribution Bill, to see that one vote had approximately one value. They are not interested in moral trumpery such as that. They wish only to

load the dice for their own profit, and it is not strange that Lord Hugh Cecil describes their honour as "rather smudgy."

Finally, there is corruption in its many subtle forms. There are flutters on the Stock Exchange. A poor man after some years of office can make himself master of a comfortable income. And there are friends to be rewarded with easy offices. There are bureaucrats to be counted by the thousand, among whom the loaves and fishes may be profitably divided. In brief, it is not only by the abolition of plural voting that seats may be made safe. Nor is truth of any greater value outside the House than within it. Popular cries may be invented which have no sort of relation to the facts, and which, nevertheless, touch the passing fancy of the duped voter. The profitable example of Chinese Slavery is not likely to be forgotten, and Mr George, no doubt, hopes to make great play with his "mutinies" when he goes before the free and independent electors. Thus it is that democracy, degrading the public morality, endangers the State, as lately in France, where the project of three years' service in the army, essential to the national existence, wellnigh broke on the rocks of political intrigue. And we can only wonder how long will countries, once great and noble, endure to be ruined for the sake of a sentimental, unjust, and corrupt system.

If only Jacques Casanova could revisit this planet, he

would find satisfaction even for his own inordinate pride. In his lifetime an adventurer, whose shoulder knew the weight of the policeman's hand, and who was chased hot foot from every capital in Europe, he has become, a century after his death, a favourite of scholars and men of letters. His

Mémoires,¹ composed at the end of his life, in the seclusion of Dux, are revised and annotated with the meticulous care commonly reserved for classical texts. All the resources of human ingenuity have been employed to check his statements and to identify the men and women who shared his joys, or, after a bad season at the gaming-tables, went into an involuntary exile with him. A large library of books and pamphlets is devoted gravely to the exploits of this pleasant rascal, who during half the eighteenth century lived by his wits in Venice and Paris, in London and Madrid. Nor is there any sign of fatigue in the eager interest taken in his singular career. Not long since the publishers of Milan gave us a monumental edition of his *Escape from the Prison in Venice*. We are still expecting the exhaustive bibliography promised us by Mr Tage Bull, an eminent scholar of Copenhagen. Meanwhile we are glad to welcome the admirable monograph of M. Charles Samaran,¹ who has resumed in some four hundred pages the exploits, the disgraces, the disappointments of the most brilliant ruffler that ever flickered gaily

through the capitals of Europe. Those for whom Casanova's '*Mémoires*' are an old friend, will find in M. Samaran's pages many an ancient doubt cleared up. The unhappy ones to whom Casanova is a mere name will discover therein a clear consistent record to satisfy their curiosity,—a record which has caught something of the gaiety of the original, and which may be read with much more ease and enjoyment than the latest specimen of fiction from the circulating library.

And as we turn over the pages of M. Samaran's book, we cannot but wonder by what tentacles it is that Casanova has attached himself to the intelligence of the world. He holds us to-day, as he held his own generation, by the intense vividness of his life and character. He had the supreme faculty of putting himself before us as a man. So to say, we may look all round him. There is no trait in his complex character which is lost in the dimness of the background. If there are moments when his candour sleeps, it is soon wide awake again; and in this quality he yields only to the greatest. He cannot cross swords with Pepys and Montaigne, the two masters of autobiography; for as he lacked the plain reality of the one, so he fell below the understanding egoism of the other. Moreover, he had an unconscious vanity to which they were both strangers. Pepys, it is true, took a proper

¹ Jacques Casanova, Vénétien. Paris : Calmann-Lévy.

pride in all that he did and owned, but withal he professed a humble surprise at his own triumphs, and never lost in arrogance a sense of proportion. As for Montaigne, he regarded himself with the same detached care where-with a philosopher might look upon a baffling problem. Casanova, on the other hand, could not help being romantic. Though he wrote in old age, when it was too late to make reparation—though the habit of repentance was not strong upon him,—he did not tell the whole truth. There were some things which, if he could, he would hide from the eye of posterity. There were some moments of the past at which he was resolved to represent himself as better than he was.

Being endowed, then, with the genius of confession, and resolved upon the enterprise of autobiography, he had at his hand as fine a material upon which to exercise his art as ever delighted the curiosity of man. Truly he was no hero. His career cannot be held up as an example for others to follow. The one and only business of his life was pleasure, whose lure he followed with a constant heart and dauntless courage. In the pursuit he knew neither fatigue nor shame, and since he sets forth his adventures with an enchanting frankness, save only when he refuses to explain why he is driven from this capital or that, it is not surprising that his 'Mémoires' have retained their freshness unto this day.

The chief interests of his life

were love and the gaming-table. He could resist a pretty face as ill as he could resist the shuffling of the cards. And as in love he would surrender nothing to sentiment, so at the tables he would not lose a shilling for a mere scruple of honour. Of the fair ladies who won his heart, not one of them broke it, and by a strange irony it was only the beautiful Provençale, who before she took farewell of him wrote upon a window-pane in the Hotel des Balances at Geneva, "*Tu oublieras aussi Henriette*," that remained a constant memory to the end. Fickle in love, he adored the hazard of play with unbroken fidelity. Chance was a mistress who never failed him, because he took care to bend her to his will. If fortune were against him he knew well how to "correct" her, and he justified his cunning with characteristic ingenuity. Success he thought might always be "attained by some happy stroke of fortune, some sudden dexterity independent of luck," and Casanova was convinced that "a prudent player can make use of either or both of these means without incurring blame or being taxed with cheating." It is a dangerous doctrine, which, put into practice, involved the ingenious philosopher in many troubles.

Being a born gamester, like the famous Barry Lyndon, of whom he was the only begetter, Casanova preferred, if he could, to hold the bank himself, and it was only when his purse did not equal his ambition that he condescended to punt like a mere amateur. But on

whichever side of the table he played, he had the advantage of his adversary, we may be sure, in courage and endurance. If he were risking his last coin, nobody knew it, and his famous encounter at Salsbach with M. d'Entraques long ago became a legend. Casanova thought ill of his opponent, who, said he, tired of the game in an hour. D'Entraques, in a fury at the insult, suggested that the first of the two who left the table should forfeit fifty louis. Casanova took the bet, and after playing for forty-two hours, with no food but chocolate and a cup of broth, saw the hapless d'Entraques carried fainting to bed. Such was one of the triumphs of this knight of industry, who congratulated himself that not merely could he correct fortune but endure fatigue like a hero of old.

That gambling was vastly profitable to him was evident. Without a private fortune, and disdaining any sort of profession, Casanova seldom knew the restraint of an empty pocket. He went where he would, and kept the best of company. For, gambler though he was, he was a wit and a scholar as well, and nothing flattered his vanity so easily as the notice and converse of men of letters. The joyous days which he spent in Paris were rendered yet more joyous to him by the society of the learned. Crebillon he knew, who taught him French, and Voltaire, whose keener edge cut him like a knife, and Helvétius and Winckelmann. He hated fools,

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he said, so bitterly, that he felt degraded in their presence, and such learning as he had picked up on the highroad of life justified his intolerance. Besides, had he not written plays, and translated both Horace and Homer? Above all, he vaunted himself a philosopher. "I have lived a philosopher and I die a Christian," he said at the end, and it was a fitting close to his life that he should brag at so solemn a moment. The Prince de Ligne, who knew him in his old age, declared that it was only his comedies which were not comic, only his philosophical works in which there was no philosophy. He spoke the truth. For the comedy of his life outstripped the comedies of his composing as far as the hard philosophy, formulated at the gaming-table, surpassed the poor philosophical treatises to which he put his hand.

He was familiar with courts, and in the course of his long life visited all the crowned heads of Europe. He resented, as Voltaire did, the impertinence of Frederick the Great. With Joseph II. himself he was not afraid to bandy words. "I do not like people who buy titles," said the Emperor. "And what about those who sell them?" came the quick reply. It is some source of pride to us that he delighted in England. He refrains from the foolish jokes, from the insolent scorns, which have been for so many years the stock-in-trade of the returned traveller. Indeed, he would have stayed many years in our midst had it

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not been for a forged bill, put upon him, as he says, by another, which would assuredly have brought him to the gallows. Who, then, shall blame him for showing a clean pair of heels?

The last years of his life were spent at Dux in Bohemia. One day in Paris he met Count Waldstein, who said: "Tomorrow I leave for Bohemia; come with me." Casanova, most happily inspired, consented, and remained unto his death librarian at Dux. That his position was difficult cannot be denied. How should he, who had taken the freedom of the great world, live comfortably in Bohemia at another's expense? Yet, if we think what might have been the end of the great Casanova, when the spark of gaiety was dead within him, we can think only that this last stroke of fortune was the most benign that ever fell upon him. What would he have done—old, shabby, and resourceless—in the poor gambling-hells of big cities? At Dux, at any rate, he had books and leisure and company. That there were hardships, too, cannot be gainsaid. So long as Count Waldstein was at home all was well. In his absence Casanova was forgotten or ill-treated by a harsh steward. Nor was it easy to please him. He could not forget in his age the magnificent figure he had cut in his youth. He was exacting as only the great are exacting. If his soup were too hot or too cold

he was angry. He complained now that another had been given strawberries before him, or that a distinguished guest had gone without being presented to him. Worse than all, he fell to being a bore. The exquisite story of his escape from the prison at Venice had been told so often that the edges were worn, and some there were so hard-hearted as not to wish to hear it again. His haughty manners were unintelligible to the rising generation. The truth is that he was thirty years behind the fashion, and youth, ever hard-hearted, did not conceal its contempt. When his German was unintelligible they laughed at him. When he showed his French verses in manuscript they laughed at him. When he entered the room with a bow, which Marcel, the famous dancing-master, had taught him sixty years before, they laughed at him. Of course he was right, and the laughers were wrong. But a consciousness of right is sometimes a poor consolation, and Casanova found small comfort for his wounded pride. So he wrote his philosophies and composed his verses; and he died at Dux, which had been his home for fifteen years, leaving behind a vast quantity of unprinted manuscript. At the last he was a butt, that is true, and surely he overcame the contempt of the foolish in remembering the gay, the fascinating, the dashing Casanova that once he was.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY IAN HAY.

III. SOME FORM-MASTERS.

I. THE NOVICE.

ARTHUR ROBINSON, B.A., late Exhibitioner of St Crispin's College, Cambridge, having obtained a First Class, Division Three, in the Classical Tripos, came down from the University at the end of his third year and decided to devote his life to the instruction of youth.

In order to gratify this ambition as speedily as possible, he applied to a scholastic agency for an appointment. He was immediately furnished with type-written notices of some thirty or forty. Almost one and all, they were for schools which he had never heard of; but the post in every case was one which the Agency could unreservedly recommend. At the foot of each notice was typed a strongly-worded appeal to him to write

to the Headmaster, explaining first and foremost that he had *heard of this vacancy through our Agency*. After that he was to state his *degrees (if any)*; *if a member of the Church of England*; *if willing to participate in School games*; *if musical*; and so on. He was advised, if he thought it desirable, to enclose a photograph of himself.

A further sheaf of such notices reached him every morning for about two months; but as none of them offered him more than a hundred-and-twenty pounds a-year, and most of them a good deal less, Arthur Robinson, who was a sensible young man, resisted the temptation, overpowering to most of us, of seizing the very first opportunity of earning a salary,

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however small, simply because he had never earned anything before, and allowed the notices to accumulate upon one end of his mantelpiece.

Finally he had recourse to his old College tutor, who advised him of a vacancy at Eaglescliffe, a great public school in the west of England, and by a timely private note to the Headmaster secured his appointment.

Next morning Arthur Robinson received from the directorate of the scholastic agency—the existence of which he had almost forgotten—a rapturous letter of congratulation, reminding him that the Agency had sent him notice of the vacancy upon a specified date, and delicately intimating that their commission of five per cent upon the first year's salary was payable on appointment. Arthur, who had long since given up the task of breasting the Agency's morning tide of desirable vacancies, mournfully investigated the heap upon the mantelpiece, and found that the facts were as stated. There lay the notice, sandwiched between a document relating to the advantages to be derived from joining the staff of a private school in North Wales, where material prosperity was guaranteed by a salary of eighty pounds per annum and social success by the prospect of meat-tea with the Principal and his family; and another, in which a clergyman (retired) required a thoughtful and energetic assistant (one hundred pounds a - year, non-

resident) to aid him in the management of a small but select seminary for backward and epileptic boys.

Arthur laid the matter before his tutor, who informed him that he must pay up, and be a little less casual in his habits in future. He therefore wrote a reluctant cheque for ten pounds; and having thus painfully imbibed the first lesson that a schoolmaster must learn—namely, the importance of attending to details—departed to take up his appointment at Eaglescliffe.

He arrived the day before term began, to find that lodgings had been apportioned to him at a house in the village, half a mile from the School. His first evening was spent in making the place habitable. That is to say, he removed a number of portraits of his landlady's relatives from the walls and mantelpiece, and stored them, together with a collection of Early Victorian heirlooms—wool-mats and prism-laden glass vases—in a cupboard under the window-seat. In their place he set up fresh gods: innumerable signed photographs of young men, some in frames, some in rows along convenient ledges, others bunched together in a sort of wire entanglement much in vogue among the undergraduates of that time. Some of these photographs were mounted upon light-blue mounts, and these were placed in the most conspicuous position. Upon the walls he hung a collection of framed groups of more young men, with bare

knees and severe expressions, in some of which Arthur Robinson himself figured.

After that, having written to his mother and a girl in South Kensington, he walked up the hill in the darkness to the Schoolhouse, where he was to be received in audience by the Head.

The great man was sitting at ease before his study fire, and exhibited unmistakable signs of recent slumber.

"I want you to take Remove B, Robinson," he said. "They are a mixed lot. About a quarter of them are infant prodigies—Foundation Scholars—who make this form their starting-point for higher things; and the remainder are centenarians, who regard Remove B as a sort of scholastic Chelsea Hospital, and are fully prepared to end their days there. Stir 'em up, and don't let them intimidate the small boys into a low standard of work. Their subjects this term will be *Cicero de Senectute* and the *Alcestis*, without choruses. Have you any theories about the teaching of boys?"

"None whatever," replied Arthur Robinson frankly.

"Good! There is only one way to teach boys. Keep them in order: don't let them play the fool or go to sleep; and they will be so bored that they will work like niggers merely to pass the time. That's education in a nutshell. Good-night!"

Next morning Arthur Robinson invested himself in an

extremely new B.A. gown, which seemed very long and voluminous after the tattered and attenuated garment which he had worn at Cambridge—usually twisted into a muffler round his neck—and walked up to School. (It was the last time he ever walked: thereafter, for many years, he left five minutes later, and ran.) Timidly he entered the Common Room. It was full of masters, some twenty or thirty of them, old, young, and middle-aged. As many as possible were grouped round the fire—not in the orderly, elegant fashion of grown-up persons; but packed together right inside the fender, with their backs against the mantelpiece. Nearly every one was talking, and hardly any one was listening to any one else. Two or three—portentously solemn elderly men—were conferring darkly together in a corner. Others were sitting upon the table or the arms of chairs, reading newspapers, mostly aloud. No one took the slightest notice of Arthur Robinson, who accordingly sidled into an unoccupied corner and embarked upon a self-conscious study of last term's time-table.

"I hear they have finished the new Squash Courts," announced a big man who was almost sitting upon the fire. "Take you on this afternoon, Jacker?"

"Have you got a court?" inquired the gentleman addressed.

"Not yet, but I will. Who is head of Games this term?"

"Etherington major, I think."

"Good Lord! He can hardly read or write, much less manage anything. I wonder why boys always make a point of electing congenital idiots to their responsible offices. Warwick, isn't old Etherington in your House?"

"He is," replied Warwick, looking up from a newspaper.

"Just tell him I want a Squash Court this afternoon, will you?"

"I am not a District Messenger Boy," replied Mr Warwick coldly. Then he turned upon a colleague who was attempting to read his newspaper over his shoulder.

"Andrews," he said, "if you wish to read this newspaper I shall be happy to hand it over to you. If not, I shall be grateful if you will refrain from masticating your surplus breakfast in my right ear."

Mr Andrews, scarlet with indignation, moved huffily away, and the conversation continued.

"I doubt if you will get a court, Dumaresq," said another voice—a mild one. "I asked for one after breakfast, and Etherington said they were all bagged."

"Well, I call that the limit!" bellowed that single-minded egotist, Mr Dumaresq.

"After all," drawled a supercilious man sprawling across a chair, "the courts were built for the boys, weren't they?"

"They may have been built for the boys," retorted Dumaresq with heat, "but they were more than half paid for by the masters. So put that in your pipe, friend Wellings, and——"

"Your trousers are beginning to smoke," interpolated Wellings calmly. "You had better come out of the fender for a bit and let me in."

So the babble went on. To Arthur Robinson, still nervously perusing the time-table, it all sounded like an echo of the talk which had prevailed in the Pupil Room at his own school barely five years ago.

Presently a fresh-faced elderly man crossed the room and tapped him on the shoulder.

"You must be Robinson," he said. "My name is Pollard, also of St Crispin's. Come and dine with me to-night, and tell me how the old College is getting on."

The ice broken, the grateful Arthur was introduced to some of his colleagues, including the Olympian Dumaresq, the sarcastic Wellings, and the peppery Warwick. Next moment a bell began to ring upon the other side of the quadrangle, as there was a general move for the door.

Outside, Arthur Robinson encountered the Head.

"Good morning, Mr Robinson!" (It was a little affectation of the Head's to address his colleagues as 'Mr' when in cap and gown: at other times his keynote was informal bonhomie.) "Have you your form-room key?"

"Yes, I have."

"In that case I will introduce you to your flock."

At the end of the Cloisters, outside the locked door of Remove B, lounged some thirty young gentlemen. At the sight

of the Head these ceased to lounge, and came to an attitude of uneasy attention.

The door being opened, all filed demurely in and took their seats, looking virtuously down their noses. The Head addressed the intensely respectable audience before him.

"This is Mr Robinson," he said gruffly. "Do what you can for him."

He nodded abruptly to Robinson, and left the room.

As the door closed, the angel faces of Remove B relaxed.

"A-a-a-a-ah!" said everybody, with a sigh of intense relief.

Let us follow the example of the Head, and leave Arthur Robinson, for the present, to struggle in deep and unfathomed waters.

II. THE EXPERTS.

Mr Dumaresq was reputed to be the hardest slave-driver in Eaglescliffe. His eyes were cold and china blue, and his voice was like the neighing of a war-horse. He disapproved of the system of looked form-rooms—it wasted at least forty seconds, he said, getting the boys in—so he made his head boy keep the key and open the door the moment the clock struck.

Consequently, when upon this particular morning Mr Dumaresq stormed into his room, every boy was sitting at his desk.

"Greek Prose scraps!" he roared, while still ten yards from the door.

Instantly each boy seized a sheet of school paper, and having torn it into four pieces selected one of the pieces and waited, pen in hand.

"*If you do this*," announced Mr Dumaresq truculently, as he swung into the doorway, "*you will be wise*."

Every boy began to scribble madly.

"*If you do not do this*," con-

tinued Mr Dumaresq, "*you will not be wise. If you were to do this, you would be wise. If you were not to do this, you would not be wise. If you had done this, you would have been wise. If you had not done this, you would not have been wise. Collect!*"

The head boy sprang to his feet, and feverishly dragging the scraps from under the hands of his panting colleagues, laid them on the master's desk. Like lightning Mr Dumaresq looked them over.

"Seven of you still ignorant of the construction of the simplest conditional sentence!" he bellowed. "Come in this afternoon!"

He tossed the papers back to the head boy. Seven of them bore blue crosses, indicating an error. There may have been more than one mistake in the paper, but one was always enough for Mr Dumaresq.

"Now sit close!" he commanded.

"Sitting close" meant leaving comparatively comfortable and secluded desks, and crowding

in a congested mass round the blackboard, in such wise that no eye could rove or mouth gape without instant detection.

"*Viva voce* Latin Elegiacs!" announced Mr Dumaresq, with enormous enthusiasm. He declaimed the opening couplet of an English lyric. "Now throw that into Latin form. Adamson, I'm speaking to Y O U! Yes, that made you jump! Don't sit mooning there, gaper! Think! Think!"

Come, lasses and lads, get leave of your dads—

Come on, man, come on!

—And away to the maypole hie!

Say something! Wake up! How are you going to get over 'maypole'? No maypoles in Rome. Tell him, somebody! 'Saturnalia'—not bad. (Crabtree, stand up on the bench, and look at me, not your boots.) Why won't 'Saturnalia' do? Will it scan? *Think!* Come along, come along!"

In this fashion he hounded his dazed pupils through couplet after couplet, until the task was finished. Then, dashing at the blackboard, he obliterated the result of an hour's labour with a sweep of the duster.

"Now go to your desks and write out a fair copy," he roared savagely.

So effective were Mr Dumaresq's methods of inculcation that eighteen out of his thirty boys succeeded in producing flawless fair copies. The residue were ferociously bidden to an "extra" after dinner. Mr Duma-

resq's "extras" were famous. He held at least one every day, not infrequently for the whole form. He possessed the one priceless attribute of the teacher: he never spared himself. Other masters would set impositions or give a boy the lesson to write out: Dumaresq, denying himself cricket or squash, would come into his form-room and wrestle with perspiring defaulters all during a hot afternoon until the task was well and truly done. Boys learned more from him in one term than from any other master in a year; but their days were but labour and sorrow. During the previous term a certain particularly backward member of his form had incurred some damage—to wit, a fractured collar-bone—during the course of a house-match. The pain was considerable, and when dragged from the scrummage he was in a half-fainting condition. He revived as he was being carried to the Sanatorium.

"What's up?" he inquired mistily.

"Broken neck, inflammation of the lungs, ringworm, and chronic leprosy, old son," announced one of his bearers promptly. "You are going to the San."

"Good egg!" replied the injured warrior. "I shall get off Dummy's extra after tea!"

Then, with a contented sigh, he returned to a state of coma.

By way of contrast, Mr Cayley.

As Mr Cayley approached his form-room, which lay round

a quiet corner, he was made aware of the presence of his pupils by sounds of turmoil; but being slightly deaf, took no particular note of the fact. Presently he found himself engulfed in a wave of boys, each of whom insisted upon shaking him by the hand. Some of them did so several times, but Mr Cayley, whom increasing years had rendered a trifle dim-sighted, did not observe this. Cheerful greetings fell pleasantly but confusedly upon his ears.

"How do you do, sir? Welcome back to another term of labour, sir! Very well, no thank you! Stop shoving, there! Don't you see you are molesting Mr Methuselah Cayley, M.A.? Permit me to open the door for you, sir! Now then, all together! Use your feet a bit more in the scrum!"

By this time the humorist of the party had possessed himself of the key of the door; but having previously stopped up the keyhole with paper, was experiencing some difficulty in inserting the key into the lock.

"Make haste, Woolley," said Mr Cayley gently.

"I fear the porter has inserted some obstruction into the interstices of the aperture, sir," explained Master Woolley, in a loud and respectful voice. "He bungs up the hole in the holidays—to keep the bugs from getting in," he added less audibly.

"What was that, Woolley?" asked Mr Cayley, thinking he had not heard aright.

Master Woolley entered with

relish upon one of the standard pastimes of the Upper Fourth.

"I said some good tugs would get us in, sir," he replied, raising his voice, and pulling paper out of the lock with a button-hook.

Mr Cayley, who knew that his ears were as untrustworthy as his eyes, but fondly imagined that his secret was his own, now entered his form-room upon the crest of a boisterous wave composed of his pupils; who, having deposited their preceptor upon his rostrum, settled down in their places with much rattling of desks and banging of books.

Mr Cayley next proceeded to call for silence, and when he thought he had succeeded, said—

"As our new Latin subject books have not yet been distributed, I shall set you a short passage of unprepared translation this morning."

"Would it not be advisable, sir," suggested the head boy—the Upper Fourth addressed their master with a stilted and pedantic preciosity of language which was an outrageous parody of his own courtly and old-fashioned manner—"to take down our names and ages, as is usually your custom at the outset of your infernal havers?"

"Of what, Adams?"

"Of your termly labours, sir," said Adams, raising his voice courteously.

Mr Cayley acquiesced in this proposal, and the form, putting their feet up on convenient ledges and producing refreshment from the secret recesses

of their persons, proceeded to crack nuts and jokes, while their instructor laboured with studious politeness to extract from them information as to their initials and length of days. It was not too easy a task, for every boy in the room was conversing, and not necessarily with his next-door neighbour. Once a Liddell and Scott lexicon (medium size) hurtled through space and fell with a crash upon the floor.

Mr Cayley looked up.

"Some one," he remarked with mild severity, "is throwing india-rubber."

Name-taking finished, he made another attempt to revert to the passage of unprepared translation. But a small boy, with appealing eyes and a wistful expression, rose from his seat and timidly deposited a large and unclean object upon Mr Cayley's desk.

"I excavated this during the holidays, sir," he explained; "and thinking it would interest you, I made a point of preserving it for your inspection."

Instant silence fell upon the form. Skilfully handled, this new diversion was good for quite half-an-hour's waste of time.

"This is hardly the moment, Benton," replied Mr Cayley, "for a disquisition on geology; but I appreciate your kindness in thinking of me. I will examine this specimen this afternoon, and classify it for you."

But Master Benton had no intention of permitting this.

"Does it belong to the glacial

period, sir?" he inquired shyly. "I thought these scratches might have been caused by ice-pressure."

There was a faint chuckle at the back of the room. It proceeded from the gentleman whose knife Benton had borrowed ten minutes before in order to furnish support for his glacial theory.

"It is impossible for me to say without my magnifying-glass," replied Mr Cayley, peering myopically at the stone. "But from a cursory inspection I should imagine this particular specimen to be of an igneous nature. Where did you get it?"

"In the neck!" volunteered a voice.

Master Benton, whose cervical vertebræ the stone had nearly severed in the course of a friendly interchange of missiles with a playmate while walking up to school, hastened to cover the interruption.

"Among the Champion Pills, sir," he announced gravely.

"The Grampian Hills," said Mr Cayley, greatly interested. He nodded his head. "That may be so. Geologically speaking, some of these hills were volcanoes yesterday."

"There was nothing about it in the *Daily Mail* this morning," objected a voice from the back benches.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr Cayley, looking up.

"It sounds like a fairy tale, sir," amended the speaker.

"And so it is!" exclaimed Mr Cayley, the geologist in him aroused at last. "The whole history of Nature is a

fairly tale. Cast your minds back for a thousand centuries . . ."

The form accepted this invitation to the extent of dismissing the passage of unprepared translation from their thoughts for ever, and settling down with a grateful sigh, began to search their pockets for fresh provender. The seraph-like Benton slipped back into his seat. His mission was accomplished. The rest of the hour was provided for.

Twice during the previous five years Mr Cayley's colleagues had offered to present him with a testimonial. Though deeply gratified, he could never understand why.

Mr Bull was a young master, and an international football-player. Being one of the few members of the Staff at Eaglescliffe who did not possess a first-class degree, he had been entrusted with the care of the most difficult form in the school—the small boys, usually known as The Nippers.

A small boy is as different from a middle-sized boy as chalk from cheese. He possesses none of the latter's curious dignity and self-consciousness. He has the instincts of the puppy, and appreciates being treated as such. That is to say, he is physically incapable of sitting still for more than fifteen minutes at a time; he is never happy except in the company of a drove of other small boys; and he is infinitely more amenable to the *fortiter* in *re* than to the *suaviter* in

modo where the enforcement of discipline is concerned. Above all, he would rather have his head smacked than be ignored.

Mr Bull greeted his chattering flock with a hearty roar of salutation, coupled with a brisk command to them to get into their places and be quick about it. He was answered by a shrill and squeaky chorus, and having thrown open the form-room door, herded the whole swarm within, assisting stragglers with a genial cuff or two; the which, coming from so great a hero, were duly cherished by their recipients as marks of special favour.

Having duly posted up the names and tender ages of his Nippers in his mark-book, Mr Bull announced—

"Now we must appoint the Cabinet Ministers for the term."

Instantly there came a piping chorus.

"Please sir, can I be Scavenger?"

"Please sir, can I be Obliterator?"

"Please sir, can I be Window-opener?"

"Please sir, can I be Ink-slinger?"

"Please sir, can I be Coal-heaver?"

"Shut up!" roared Mr Bull, and the babble was quelled instantly. "We will draw lots as usual."

Lots were duly cast, and the names of the fortunate announced. Mr Bull was not a great scholar: some of the "highbrow" members of the Staff professed to despise his humble attainments. But he understood the mind of extreme

youth. Tell a small boy to pick up waste paper, or fill an ink-pot, or clean a blackboard, and he will perform these acts of drudgery with natural reluctance and shirk them when he can. But appoint him Lord High Scavenger, or Lord High Inklinger, or Lord High Obliterator, with sole right to perform these important duties and power to eject usurpers, and he will value and guard his privileges with all the earnestness and tenacity of a permanent official.

Having arranged his executive staff to his satisfaction, Mr Bull announced—

“We’ll do a little English literature this morning, and start fair on ordinary work this afternoon. Sit absolutely still for ten minutes while I read to you. Listen all the time, for I shall question you when I have finished. After that you shall question me—one question each, and mind it is a sensible one. After that, a breather; then you will write out in your own words a summary of what I have read. *Atten-shun!*”

He read a hundred lines or so of *The Passing of Arthur*, while the Nippers, restraining itching hands and feet, sat motionless. Then followed question time, which was a lively affair; for questions mean marks, and Nippers will sell their souls for marks. Suddenly Mr Bull shut the book with a snap.

“Out you get!” he said. “The usual run—round the Founder’s Oak and straight back. And no yelling, mind!

Remember, there are others.” He took out his watch. “I give you one minute. Any boy taking longer will receive five thousand lines and a public flogging. Off!”

There was a sudden upheaval, a scuttle of feet, and then solitude.

The last Nipper returned panting, with his lungs full of oxygen and the fidgets shaken out of him, within fifty-seven seconds, and the work of the hour proceeded.

Each master had his own methods of maintaining discipline. Mr Wellings, for instance, ruled entirely by the lash of his tongue. A school-boy can put up with stripes, and he rather relishes abuse; but sarcasm withers him to the marrow. In this respect Mr Wellings’ reputation throughout the school—he was senior mathematical master, and almost half the boys passed through his hands—was that of a “chronic blister.”

Newcomers to his sets, who had hitherto regarded the baiting of subject-masters as a pleasant form of recuperation between two bouts of the Classics, sometimes overlooked this fact. If they had a reputation for lawlessness to keep up they sometimes endeavoured to make themselves obnoxious. They had short shrift.

“Let me see,” Wellings would drawl, “I am afraid I can’t recall your name for the moment. Have you a visiting-card about you?”

Here the initiated would

chuckle with anticipatory relish, and the offender, a little taken aback, would either glare defiantly or efface himself behind his book.

"I am addressing you, sir—you in the back bench, with the intelligent countenance and the black-edged finger-nails," Wellings would continue in silky tones. "I asked you a question just now. Have you a visiting-card about you?"

A thousand brilliant repartees would flash through the brain of the obstreperous one. But somehow, in Wellings' mild and apologetic presence, they all went either irrelevant or fatuous. He usually ended by growling, "No."

"Then what is your name—or possibly title? Forgive me for not knowing."

"Corbett." It is extraordinary how ridiculous one's surname always sounds when one is compelled to announce it in public.

"Thank you. Will you kindly stand up, Mr Corbett, in order that we may study you in greater detail?" (Mr Wellings had an uncanny knack of enlisting the rest of the form on his side when he dealt with an offender of this type.) "I must apologise for not having heard of you before. Indeed, it is surprising that one of your remarkable appearance should hitherto have escaped my notice in my walks abroad. The world knows nothing of its greatest men: how true that is! However, this is no time for moralising. What I wanted to bring to

your distinguished notice is this—that you must not behave like a yahoo in my mathematical set. During the past ten minutes you have kicked one of your neighbours and cuffed another; you have partaken of a good deal of unwholesome and (as it came out of your pocket) probably unclean refreshment; and you have indulged in several childish and obscene gestures. These dare-devil exploits took place while I was writing on the blackboard; but I think it only fair to mention to you that I have eyes in the back of my head—a fact upon which any member of this set could have enlightened you. But possibly they do not presume to address a person of your eminence. I have no idea, of course, with what class of society you are accustomed to mingle; but here—*here*—that sort of thing is simply not done, really! I am so sorry! But the hour will soon be over, and then you can go and have a nice game of shove-halfpenny, or whatever your favourite sport is, in the gutter. But at present I must ask you to curb your natural instincts. That is all, thank you very much. You may sit down now. Observe from time to time the demeanour of your companions, and endeavour to learn from them. They do not possess your natural advantages in the way of brains and beauty, but their manners are better. Let us now resume our studies."

Mr Wellings used to wonder plaintively in the Common

Room why his colleagues found it necessary to set so many impositions.

Lastly, Mr Klotz. Mr Klotz may be described as a Teutonic survival—a survival of the days when it was *de rigueur* to have the French language taught by a foreigner of some kind. Not necessarily by a Frenchman—that would have been pandering too slavishly to Continental idiosyncrasy—but at least by some one who could only speak broken English. Mr Klotz was a Prussian, so naturally possessed all the necessary qualifications.

His disciplinary methods were modelled upon those of the Prussian Army, of which he had been a distinguished ornament—a fact of which he was fond of reminding his pupils, and which had long been regarded by those guileless infants as one of the most valuable weapons in their armoury of time-wasting devices.

Mr Klotz, not being a resident master, had no special class-room or key; he merely visited each form-room in turn. He expected to find every boy in his seat ready for work upon his arrival; and as he was accustomed to enforce his decrees at the point of the bayonet—or its scholastic equivalent—sharp scouts and reliable sentries were invariably posted to herald his approach.

Behold him this particular morning marching into Remove A form-room, which was situated at the top of a block of buildings on the south side

of the quadrangle, with the superb assurance and grace of a German subaltern entering a beer-hall.

Having reached his desk Mr Klotz addressed his pupils.

“He who round the corner looked when op the stairs I game,” he announced, “etter lonch goms he!”

The form, some of them still breathless from their interrupted rag, merely looked down their noses with an air of seraphic piety.

“Who was de boy who did dat?” pursued Mr Klotz.

No reply.

“Efter lonch,” trumpeted Mr Klotz, “goms eferypoty!”

At once a boy rose in his place. His name was Tomlinson.

“It was me, sir,” he said.

“Efter lonch,” announced Mr Klotz, slightly disappointed at being robbed of a holocaust, “goms Tomleenson. I gif him irregular verps.”

Two other boys rose promptly to their feet. Their names were Pringle and Grant. They had not actually given the alarm, but they had passed it on.

“It was me too, sir,” said each.

“Efter lonch,” amended Mr Klotz, “goms Tomleenson, Brinkle, unt Grunt. Now I take your names unt aitches.”

This task accomplished, Mr Klotz was upon the point of taking up Chardenal’s *First French Course*, when a small boy with a winning manner (which he wisely reserved for his dealings with masters) said politely:

“Won’t you tell us about

the Battle of Sedan, sir, as this is the first day of term?"

The bait was graciously accepted, and for the next hour Mr Klotz ranged over the historic battlefield. It appeared that he had been personally responsible for the success of the Prussian arms, and had been warmly thanked for his services by the Emperor, Moltke, and Bismarck.

"You liddle Engleesh boys," he concluded, "you think your Army is great. In my gentry it would be noding—noding! Take it away! Vat battles has it fought, to compare——"

The answer came red-hot from thirty British throats:

"Waterloo!" (There was no "sir" this time.)

"Waterloo?" replied Mr Klotz condescendingly. "Yes. But vere would your Engleesh army haf been at Waterloo without Blucher?" He puffed out his chest. "Tell me dat, Brinkle!"

"Blucher, sir?" replied Master Pringle deferentially. "Who was he, sir?"

"You haf not heard of Blucher?" gasped Mr Klotz in genuine horror.

The form, who seldom encountered Mr Klotz without hearing of Blucher, shook their heads with polite regret. Suddenly a hand shot up. It was the hand of Master Tomlinson, who it will be remembered had already burned his boats for the afternoon.

"Do you mean Blucher, sir?" he inquired.

"Blucher? Himmel! Nein!" roared Mr Klotz. "I mean Blucher."

"I expect he was the same person, sir," said Tomlinson soothingly. "I remember him now. He was the Russian who——"

"Prussian!" yelled the patriotic Mr Klotz.

"I beg your pardon, sir—Prussian. I thought they were the same thing. He was the Prussian general whom Lord Wellington was relying on to back him up at Waterloo. But Blucher—Blucher lost his way—quite by accident, of course—and did not reach the field until the fight was over."

"He stopped to capture a brewery, sir, didn't he?" queried Master Pringle, coming to his intrepid colleague's assistance.

"It was bad luck his arriving late," added Tomlinson, firing his last cartridge; "but he managed to kill quite a lot of wounded."

Mr Klotz had only one retort for enterprises of this kind. He rose stertorously to his feet, crossed the room, and grasping Master Tomlinson by the ears, lifted him from his seat and set him to stand in the middle of the floor. Then he returned for Pringle.

"You stay dere," he announced to the pair, "ontil the hour is op. Efter lonch——"

But in his peregrinations over the battlefield of Sedan Mr Klotz had taken no note of the flight of time. Even as he spoke the clock struck.

"The hour is up now, sir!" yelled the delighted form.

And they dispersed with tumult, congratulating Pringle and Tomlinson upon their

pluck, and themselves upon a most profitable morning.

But it is a far cry to Sedan nowadays. The race of Klotzes

has perished, and their place is occupied by muscular young Britons, who have no reminiscences, and whose pronunciation is easier to understand.

IV. BOYS.

I. THE GOVERNMENT.

"There's your journey-money, Jackson. Good-bye, and a pleasant holiday!"

"Thank you, sir. The same to you!" replies Jackson dutifully.

They shake hands, and the House-master adds—

"By the way, I shall want you to join the prefects next term."

"Me, sir? Oh!"

"Endeavour to get accustomed to the idea during the holidays. It will make a big difference in your life here. I am not referring merely to sausages for tea. Try and think out all that it implies."

Then follows a brief homily. Jackson knows it by heart, for it never varies, and he has heard it quoted frequently, usually for purposes of derision.

"The prefect in a public school occupies the same position as the non-commissioned officer in the Army. He is promoted from the ranks; he enjoys privileges not available to his former associates; and he is made responsible to those above him not merely for his own good behaviour but for that of others. Just as it would be impossible to run

an army without non-commissioned officers, so it would be impossible, under modern conditions, to run a public school without prefects."

Jackson shifts his feet uneasily, after the immemorial fashion of schoolboys undergoing a "jaw."

"But I want to warn you of certain things," continues the wise old House-master.

Jackson looks up quickly. This part of the exhortation is new. At least, he has never heard it quoted.

"You will have certain privileges: don't abuse them. You will have certain responsibilities: don't shirk them. And above all, don't endeavour to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. You will be strongly tempted to do so. Your old associates will regard you with suspicion—even distrust; and that will sting. In your anxiety to show to them that your promotion has not impaired your capacity for friendship, you may be inclined to stretch the Law in their favour from time to time, or even ignore it altogether. On the other hand, you must beware of over-officiousness towards those who are not your friends. A

little authority is a dangerous thing. So walk warily at first. That's all. Good-night, old man."

They shook hands again, and Jackson returned soberly to his study, which he shared with his friend Blake. The two had entered the School the same day: they had fought their way up side by side from its lowest walks to a position of comparative eminence; and their friendship, though it contained no David and Jonathan elements — very few schoolboy friendships do — had survived the severe test of two years of study-companionship. Jackson was the better scholar, Blake the better athlete of the two. Now, one was taken and the other left.

Blake, cramming miscellaneous possessions into his grub-box in view of early departure on the morrow, looked up.

"Hallo!" he remarked. "You've been a long time getting your journey-money. Did the Old Man try to cut you down?"

"No. . . . He says I'm to be a prefect next term."

"Oh! Congrats!" said Blake awkwardly.

"Thanks. Has he made you one too?" asked Jackson.

"No."

"Oh. What rot!"

Presently Jackson's oldest friend, after an unhappy silence, rose and went out. He had gone to join the proletariat round the Hall fire. The worst of getting up in the world is that you have to leave so many old com-

rades behind you. And the worst of it is that the comrades frequently persist in believing that you are glad to do so.

Such is the cloak of Authority, as it feels to a thoughtful and sensitive boy who assumes it for the first time.

Of course there are others. Hulkins, for instance. In his eyes the prefectorial system was created for his express convenience and glorification. He opens his study door and bawls—

"Fa-a-a-ag!"

A dozen come running. The last to arrive is bidden to remove Hulkins' boots from his feet and bring slippers. The residue have barely returned to their noisy fireside when Hulkins' voice is uplifted again. This time he requires blotting-paper, and the last-comer in the panting crowd is sent into the next study to purloin some. Ten minutes later there is a third disturbance, and there is Hulkins howling like a lost soul for matches. And so with infinite uproar and waste of labour the great man's wants are supplied. It does the fags no harm, but it is very, very bad for Hulkins.

Frisby is another type. He is not afraid of assuming responsibility. He is a typical new broom. He dots the i's and crosses the t's of all the tiresome little regulations in the House. He sets impositions to small boys with great profusion, and sees to it that

they are shown up punctually. If it is his turn to take roll-call, he descends to the unsportsmanlike device of waiting upon the very threshold of the Hall until the clock strikes, and then coming in and shutting the door with a triumphant bang in the faces of those who had reckoned on the usual thirty seconds' grace. He ferrets out the misdemeanours of criminals of fourteen, and gibbets them. He is terribly efficient—but his vigilance and zeal stop suddenly short at the prospect of a collision with any malefactor more than five feet high.

Then there is Meakin. He receives his prefectship with a sigh of relief. For four years he has led a hunted and precarious existence in the lower walks of the House. His high-spirited playmates have made him a target for missiles, derided his style of running, broken his spectacles, raided his study, wrecked his collection of beetles, and derived unfailing joy from his fluent but impotent imprecations. Now, at last, he sees peace ahead. He will be left to himself, at any rate. They will not dare to rag a prefect unless the prefect endeavours to exert his authority unduly, and Meakin has no intention whatever of doing that. To Frisby, office is a sharp two-edged sword; to Meakin, it is merely a shield and buckler.

Then there is Flabb. He finds a prefect's lot a very tolerable one. He fully appreciates the flesh-pots in the

prefect's room, and he feels that it is pleasant to have fags to whiten his cricket-boots and make toast for his tea. He maintains friendly relations with the rest of the House, and treats small boys kindly. He performs his mechanical duties—roll-call, supervision of Prep, and the like—with as little friction as possible. But he does not go out of his way to quell riots or put down bullying; and when any unpleasantness arises between the prefects and the House, Flabb effaces himself as completely as possible.

Finally, there is Manby, the head of the House. He is high up in the Sixth, and a good all-round athlete. He weighs twelve stone ten, and fears nothing—except a slow ball which comes with the bowler's arm. To him government comes easily. The House hangs upon his lightest word, and his lieutenants go about their business with assurance and despatch. He is a born organiser and a natural disciplinarian. His prestige overawes the unofficial aristocracy of the House—always the most difficult section. And he stands no nonsense. A Manby of my acquaintance once came upon twenty-two young gentlemen in a corner of the cricket-field, who, having privily abandoned the orthodox game arranged for their benefit that afternoon, were indulging in a pleasant but demoralising pastime known as "tip-and-run." Manby, addressing them

as "slack little swine, a disgrace to the House," chastised them one by one, and next half-holiday made them play tip-and-run under a broiling sun and his personal supervision from two o'clock till six.

A House with a Manby at the head of it is safe. It can even survive a weak House-master. Greater Britain is run almost entirely by Manbys.

Taking it all round, the prefectorial machine works well. It is by no means perfect, but it is infinitely more efficient than any other machine. The chief bar to its smooth running is the inherent loyalty of boys to one another, and their dislike of anything which savours of tale-bearing. School-boys have no love for those who go out of their way to support the arm of the Law, and a prefect naturally shrinks from being branded as a master's jackal. Hence, that ideal—a perfect understanding between a House-master and his prefects—is seldom achieved. What usually happens is that when the House-master is autocratically inclined, he runs the House himself, while the prefects are mere lay figures; and when the House-master is weak or indolent, the prefects take the law into their own hands and run the House, often extremely efficiently, with as little reference to their titular head as possible. He is a great House-master who can co-operate closely with his prefects without causing friction between the prefects and

the House or the prefects and himself.

But sometimes an intolerable strain is thrown upon the machine—or rather, upon the most sensitive portions of it.

Look at this boy, standing uneasily at the door of his study, with his fingers upon the handle. Outside, in the passage, a riot is in progress. It is only an ordinary exuberant "rag": he himself has participated in many such. But the Law enjoins that this particular passage shall be kept perfectly quiet between the hours of eight and nine in the evening; and it is this boy's particular duty, as the only prefect resident in the passage, to put the Law into effect.

He stands in the darkness of his study, nerving himself. The crowd outside numbers ten or twelve, but he is not in the least afraid of that. This enterprise calls for a different kind of courage, and a good deal of it. Jackson is not a particularly prominent member of the House, except by reason of his office: others far more distinguished than himself are actually participating in the disturbance outside. It will be of no avail to emerge wrathfully and say, "Less row, there!" He said that three nights ago. Two nights ago he said it again, and threatened reprisals. Last night he named various offenders by name, and stated that if the offence was repeated he would report them to the House-master. To-night

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he has got to do it. The revellers outside know this: the present turmoil is practically a challenge. To crown all, he can hear above the din, in the very forefront of battle, the voice of Blake, once his own familiar friend.

With Blake Jackson had reasoned privily only that afternoon, warning him that the House would go to pot if its untitled aristocracy took to inciting others, less noble, to deeds of lawlessness. Blake had replied by recommending his late crony to return to his study and boil his head. And here he was, leading to-night's riot.

What will young Jackson do? Watch him well, for from his action now you will be able to forecast the whole of his future life.

He may remain mutely in his study, stop his ears, and allow the storm to blow itself out. He may appear before the roysterers and utter vain repetitions, thereby salving his conscience without saving his face. Or he may go out and fulfil his promise of last night. It sounds simple enough on paper. But consider what it means to a boy of seventeen,

possessing no sense of perspective, to tone down the magnitude of the disaster he is courting. Jackson hesitates. Then, suddenly—

"I'll be *damned* if I take it lying down!" he mutters.

He draws a deep breath, turns the handle, and steps out. Next moment he is standing in the centre of a silent and surly ring, jotting down names.

"You five," he announces to a party of comparatively youthful offenders, "can come to the prefects' room after prayers and be tanned. You three"—he indicates the incredulous Blake and two burly satellites—"will have to be reported. I'm sorry, but I gave you fair warning last night."

He turns on his heel and departs in good order to his study, branded—for life, he feels convinced—as an officious busybody, a presumptuous upstart, and worst of all, a betrayer of old friends. He has of his own free will cast himself into the nethermost hell of the schoolboy—unpopularity—all to keep his word.

And yet for acts of mere physical courage they give men the Victoria Cross.

II.—THE OPPOSITION.

To conduct the affairs of a nation requires both a Government and an Opposition. So it is with school politics. The only difference is that the scholastic Opposition is much franker about its true aims.

The average schoolboy, con-

templating the elaborate arrangements made by those in authority for protecting him from himself—rules, roll-calls, bounds, look-ups, magisterial discipline, and prefectorial supervision—decides that the ordering and management of

the school can be maintained without any active assistance from him, and plunges joyously into Opposition with all the *abandon* of a good sportsman who knows that the odds are heavily against him. He breaks the Law, or is broken by the Law, with equal cheerfulness.

The most powerful member of the Opposition is the big boy who has not been made a prefect, and is not likely to be made a prefect. He enjoys many privileges—some of them quite unauthorised—and has no responsibilities. He is one of the happiest people in the world. He has reached the age and status at which corporal punishment is supposed to be too degrading to be feasible: this immunity causes him to realise that he is a personage of some importance; and when he is addressed rudely by junior Form-masters, he frequently stands upon his dignity and speaks to his House-master about it. His position in the House depends firstly upon his athletic ability, and secondly, upon the calibre of the prefects. Given a timid set of prefects, and an unquestioned reputation in the football world, Master Bullock has an extremely pleasant time of it. He possesses no fags, but that does not worry him. I once knew a potentate of this breed who improvised a small gong out of the lid of a biscuit-tin, which he hung in his study. When he beat upon this with a tea-spoon, all within earshot were expected to (and did) come running for orders.

Such as refrained were chastised with a toasting-fork.

Then comes a great company of which the House reck nothing, and of whom House history has little to tell—the Cave-Dwellers, the Swots, the Smugs, the Saps. These keep within their own lurking-places, sedulously avoiding the noisy conclaves which crowd sociably round the Hall fire. For one thing, the conversation there bores them intensely, and for another, they would seldom be permitted to join in it even if they desired to do so. The *role* of Sir Oracle is strictly confined to the athletes of the House, though the Wag and the Oldest Inhabitant are usually permitted to offer observations or swell the chorus. But the Cave-Dwellers, never.

The curious part about it is that not by any means all the Cave-Dwellers are "Swots." It is popularly supposed that any boy who exhibits a preference for the privacy of his study devotes slavish attention therein to the evening's "prep," thus stealing a march upon his more sociable and less self-centred brethren. But this is far from being the case. Many of the Cave-Dwellers dwell in caves because they find it more pleasant to read novels, or write letters, or develop photographs, or even do nothing, than listen to stale House gossip round the fire, or indulge in everlasting small cricket in a corridor. They are often the salt of the House, but they have no conception of the fact. They entertain a low opinion of themselves:

they never expect to rise to any great position in the world: so they philosophically follow their own bent and leave the glory and the praise to the athletes and their *umbras*. It comes as quite a shock to many of them, when they leave school and emerge into a larger world, to find themselves not only liked but looked up to; while the heroes of their school days, despite their hairy arms and club ties, are now dismissed in a word as "hobbledehoyes."

Then comes the Super-Intellectual—the "Highbrow." He is a fish out of the water with a vengeance, but he does exist at school—somehow. He congregates in places of refuge with others of the faith; and they discuss *The Nation* and *The English Review*, and mysterious individuals who are only referred to by their initials, as G. B. S. and G. K. C. Sometimes he initiates these discussions because they really interest him, but more often, it is to be feared, because they make him feel superior and grown-up. Somewhere in the school grounds certain youthful schoolmates of his, inspired by precisely similar motives but with different methods of procedure, are sitting in the centre of a rhododendron-bush smoking cigarettes. In each case the idea is the same—namely, a hankering after meats which are not for babes. But the smoker puts on no side about his achievements, whereas the "highbrow" does. He loathes the vulgar herd and holds it aloof. He does not inform the vulgar herd of

this fact, but he confides it to the other highbrows, and they applaud his discrimination. Intellectual snobbery is a rare thing among boys, and therefore difficult to account for. Perhaps the pose is a form of reaction. It is comforting, for instance, after you have been compelled to dance the can-can in your pyjamas for the delectation of the Lower Dormitory, to foregather next morning with a few kindred spirits and discourse pityingly and scathingly upon the gross philistinism of the lower middle classes.

No, the lot of the æsthete at school is not altogether a happy one, but possibly his tribulations are not without a certain beneficent effect. When he goes up to Oxford or Cambridge he will speedily find that in the tolerant atmosphere of those intellectual centres the prig is not merely permitted to walk the earth but to flourish like the green bay-tree. Under the intoxicating effects of this discovery the recollection of the robust and primitive traditions of his old School—and the old School's method of instilling those traditions—may have a sobering and steadying effect upon him. No man ever developed his mind by neglecting his body; and if the memory of a coarse and degrading school tradition can persuade the Super-Intellectual to play hockey or go down to the river after lunch, instead of sitting indoors drinking liqueurs and discussing Maupassant with a coterie of the elect, then the can-can in the Lower Dormi-

tory has not been danced altogether in vain.

Then come the rank and file. There are many types. There is the precocious type, marked out for favourable notice by aptitude at games and attractive manners. Such an one stands in danger of being taken up by older boys than himself; which means that he will suffer the fate of all those who stray out of their proper station. At first he will be an object of envy and dislike; later, when his patrons have passed on elsewhere, he may find himself friendless.

At the opposite end of the scale comes the Butt. His life is a hard one, but not without its compensations; for although he is the target of all the practical humour in the House, his post carries with it a certain celebrity; and at any rate a Butt can never be unpopular. So he is safe at least from the worst disaster that can befall a schoolboy.

And there is the Buffoon. He is distinct from the Butt, because a Butt is usually a Butt *malgré lui*, owing to some peculiarity of appearance or temperament; whereas the Buffoon is one of those people who yearn for notice at any price, and will sell their souls "to make fellows laugh." You may behold him, the centre of a grinning group, tormenting some shy or awkward boy—very often the Butt himself; while in school he is the bugbear of weak masters. The larger his audience the more exuberant he becomes: he

reaches his zenith at a breaking-up supper or in the back benches on Speech Day. One is tempted to feel that when reduced to his own society he must suffer severely from depression.

Then there is the Man of the World. He is a recognised authority on fast life in London and Bohemian revels in Paris. He is a patron of the drama, and a perfect mine of unreliable information as to the private life of the originals of the dazzling portraits which line his study—and indeed half the studies in the House. The picture-postcard, as an educative and refining influence, has left an abiding mark upon the youth of the present time. We of an older and more rugged civilisation, who were young at a period when actresses' photographs cost two shillings each, were compelled in those days to restrict our gallery of divinities to one or two at the most. (Too often our collection was second-hand, knocked down for sixpence at some end-of-term auction, or reluctantly yielded in composition for a long-outstanding debt by a friend in the throes of a financial crisis.) But nowadays, with the entire Gaiety chorus at a penny apiece, the youthful connoisseur of female beauty has emancipated himself from the pictorial monogamy (or at the most, bigamy) of an earlier generation. He is a polygamist, a pantheist. He can erect an entire feminine Olympus upon his mantelpiece for the sum of half-a-crown. And yet, bless him, he is just as unsophisticated as we used to be—no more and

no less. The type does not change.

Lastly, comes the little boy—the Squeaker, the Tadpole, the Nipper, what you will. His chief characteristic is terrific but short-lived enthusiasm for everything he undertakes, be it work, play, a friendship, or a private vendetta.

He begins by taking education very seriously. He is immensely proud of his first set of books, and writes his name on nearly every page, accompanied by metrical warnings to intending purloiners. He equips himself with a perfect arsenal of fountain-pens, rubber stamps, blue pencils, and ink-erasers. He starts a private mark-book of his own, to check possible carelessness or dishonesty on the part of his Form-master. Then he gets to work, with his books disposed around him and his fountain-pen playing all over his manuscript. By the end of a fortnight he has lost all his books, and having broken his fountain-pen, is detected in a pathetic attempt to write his exercise upon a sheet of borrowed paper with a rusty nib held in his fingers or stuck into a splinter from off the floor.

It is the same with games. Set a company of small boys to play cricket, and their solemnity at the start is almost painful. Return in half an hour, and you will find that the stately contest has resolved itself into a reproduction of the parrot-house at the Zoo, the point at issue being a doubtful

decision of the umpire's. Under the somewhat confiding arrangement which obtains in Lower School cricket, the umpire for the moment is the gentleman whose turn it is to bat next: so litigation is frequent. Screams of "Get out!" "Stay in!" "Cads!" "Liars!" rend the air, until a big boy or a master strolls over and quells the riot.

The small boy's friendships, too, are of a violent but ephemeral nature. But his outstanding characteristic is a passion for organising secret societies of the most desperate and mysterious character, all of which come speedily to a violent or humiliating dissolution.

I was once privileged to be introduced into the inner workings of a society called "The Anarchists." It was not a very original title, but it served its time, for the days of the Society were few and evil. Its aims were sanguinary but nebulous; the rules consisted almost entirely of a list of the penalties to be inflicted upon those who transgressed them. For instance, under Rule XXIV. any one who broke Rule XVII. was compelled to sit down for five minutes upon a chair into the seat of which a pot of jam had been emptied. (Economists will be relieved to hear that the jam was afterwards eaten by the executioners, the criminal being very properly barred from participating.)

The Anarchists had a private code of signals with which to communicate with one another in the presence of outsiders—

in "Prep," for instance. The code was simplicity itself. A single tap with a pencil upon the table denoted the letter A; two taps, B; and so on. As may be imagined, Y and Z involved much mental strain; and as the transmitter of the message invariably lost count after fourteen or fifteen taps, and began all over again without any attempt either at explanation or apology, the gentleman who was acting as receiver usually found the task of decoding his signals a matter of extreme difficulty and some exasperation. Before the tangle could be straightened out a prefect inevitably swooped down and awarded both scientists fifty lines for creating a disturbance in Preparation.

However, The Anarchists, though they finished after the manner of their kind, did not slip into oblivion so noiselessly as some of their predecessors. In fact, nothing in their inky and jabbering life became them like their leaving of it.

One evening the entire brotherhood—there were about seven of them—were assembled in a study which would have held four comfortably, engaged in passing a vote of censure upon one Horace Bull, B.A., their Form-master. Little though he knew it, Bull had been a marked man for some weeks. The Czar of all the Russias himself could hardly have occupied a more prominent position in the black books of anarchy in general. To-day he had taken a step nearer his doom by clouting one Nixon minor, Vice-Presi-

dent of the Anarchists, on the side of the head.

It was during the geography hour. Mr Bull had asked Nixon to define a watershed. Nixon, who upon the previous evening had been too much occupied with his duties as Vice-President of The Anarchists to do much "Prep," had replied with a seraphic smile that a watershed was "a place to shelter from the rain." As an improvised effort the answer seemed to him an extremely good one; but Mr Bull had promptly left his seat, addressed Nixon as a "cheeky little hound," and committed the assault complained of.

"This sort of thing," observed Rumford tertius, the President, "can't go on. What shall we do?"

"We might saw one of the legs of his chair through," suggested one of the members.

"Who's going to do it?" inquired the President. "We'll only get slain."

Silence fell, as it usually does when the question of bell-ing the cat comes up for practical discussion.

"We could report him to the Head," said another voice. "We might get him the sack for assault—even quod! We could show him Nixon's head, as evidence. It would be a sound scheme to make it bleed a bit before we took him up."

The speaker fingered a heavy ruler lovingly, but Mr Nixon edged coldly out of reach.

"Certainly," agreed the President. "Bashan ought to be stopped knocking us about in form."

"I'd rather have one clout over the earhole," observed an Anarchist who so far had not spoken, "than be taken along to Bashan's study and given six of the best. That is what it would come to. Hallo, Stinker, what's that?"

The gentleman addressed—a morose, unclean, and spectacled youth of scientific proclivities—was the latest recruit to the gang. He had been admitted at the instance of Master Nixon, who had pointed out that it would be a good thing to enrol as a member some one who understood "Chemistry and Stinks generally." He could be used for the manufacture of bombs, and so on.

Stinker had produced from his pocket a corked test-tube, tightly packed with some dark substance.

"What's that?" inquired The Anarchists in chorus. (They nearly always talked in chorus.)

"It's a new kind of explosive," replied the inventor with great pride.

"I hope it's better than that new kind of stinkpot you invented for choir-practice," remarked a cynic from the corner of the study. "That was a rotten fraud, if you like! It smelt more like lily-of-the-valley than any decent stink."

"Dry up, Ashley minor!" rejoined the inventor indignantly. "This is a jolly good bomb. I made it to-day in the Lab., while The Badger was trying to put out a bonfire at the other end."

"Where does the patent

come in?" inquired the President judiciously.

"The patent is that it doesn't go off all at once."

"We know *that*!" observed the unbelieving Ashley.

"Do you chuck it or light it?" asked Nixon.

"You light it. At least, you shove it into the fire, and it goes off in about ten minutes. You see the idea? If Bashan doesn't see us put anything into the form-room fire, he will think it was something wrong with the coal."

The Anarchists, much interested, murmured approval.

"Good egg!" observed the President. "We'll put it into the fire to-morrow morning before he comes in, and after we have been at work ten minutes or so the thing will go off and blow the whole place to smithereens."

"Golly!" gobbled The Anarchists.

"What about us, Stinker?" inquired a cautious conspirator. "Shan't we get damaged?"

Stinker waved away the objection.

"We shall know it's coming," he said, "so we shall be able to dodge. But it will be a nasty jar for Bashan."

There was a silence, full of rapt contemplation of to-morrow morning. Then the discordant voice of Ashley minor broke in.

"I don't believe it will work. All your inventions are putrid, Stinker."

"I'll fight you!" squealed the outraged scientist, bounding to his feet.

"I expect it'll turn out to

be a fire-extinguisher, or something like that," pursued the truculent Ashley.

"Hold the bomb," said Stinker to the President, "while I——"

"Sit down," urged the other Anarchists, drawing in their toes. "There's no room here. Ashley minor, dry up!"

"It won't work," muttered Ashley doggedly.

Suddenly a brilliant idea came upon Stinker.

"Won't work, won't it?" he screamed. "All right, then! We'll shove it into this fire now, and you see if it doesn't work!"

Among properly constituted Anarchistic Societies it is not customary, when the efficacy of a bomb is in dispute, to employ the members as a *corpus vile*. But the young do not fetter themselves with red-tape of this kind. With one accord Stinker's suggestion was acclaimed, and the bomb was thrust into the glowing coals of Rumford's study fire. The brotherhood, herded together within a few feet of the grate—the apartment measured seven feet by six—breathed hard and waited expectantly.

Five minutes passed, then ten.

"It ought to be pretty

ripe now," said the inventor anxiously.

The President, who was sitting next the window, prudently muffled his features in the curtain. The others drew back as far as they could—about six inches—and waited.

Nothing happened.

"I am sure it will work all right," declared the inventor desperately. "Perhaps the temperature of this fire——"

He knelt down and began to blow upon the flickering coals. There was a long and triumphant sniff from Master Ashley.

"I said it was only a rotten stinkp——" he began.

BANG!

There is a special department of Providence which watches over the infant chemist. The explosion killed no one, though it blew the coals out of the grate and the pictures off the walls.

The person who suffered most was the inventor. He was led, howling but triumphant, to the Sanatorium.

"Luckily, sir," explained Rumford to Mr Bull a few days later, in answer to a kindly question as to the extent of the patient's injuries, "it was only his face."

(To be continued.)

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

INTO THE DARK.

To most of those who live in India the word "Frontier" has been given a special meaning, and is regarded as if it was entirely confined to the "North-west Frontier" of India.

It is only of late years that our attention has been drawn to our other Frontier, the North-east, where the border of our Indian Empire marches for some hundreds of miles with that of the Republic of China.

The two areas could not be more dissimilar. In the North-west the physical features are rugged, rocky hills; stony, waterless nullahs; mud villages surrounded by small green patches of cultivation, hardly wrung from the unyielding soil; intense cold in winter, terrible heat in summer; a land whose very inhospitality has bred a clean-featured, hardy race, whose lives are cheap and whose habitude is one long raid and foray for mere existence.

On the North-east the hills become mighty mountains, whose summits are capped with snow for many months of the year, whose slopes are abrupt and clothed with primeval forest. Torrential rains hold their sway for the majority of the year, a damp heat rules the summer and a pleasant temperature the winter. Rivers and streams roar down their beds a succession of foaming rapids; villages, whose huts

are built of bamboe-matting and thatch, nestle half hidden in the jungle, and the people are less given to a raider's life, since they can win a living from the land. Indeed their poverty is due more to their disinclination to work than to an unfruitful soil.

The scene of our tale is cast in one of the remotest valleys of this area—one, till lately, untrod by the white man, and indeed merely a name even to the peoples that live in its close proximity.

A bright winter's day was drawing to its close when a British Survey party reached the village of Jatta in the Ramping valley.

The Political Officer and the officer commanding his escort were the only two white men. Barnes, the former, a well-known figure in North Burma, one of those rough-and-ready politicals who have carved out our Empire in the East—about forty, hard-headed, long thinking, energetic, and painstaking, strong in his dealings with the natives of the country, whose language he was an adept in, and whose characters were an open book to him, he had made his name in such expeditions—going forth into the unknown, with restricted powers and great responsibility, but endowed with a determination to probe into the recesses of nature and bring these lands

under the Flag. Strahan, the commander of his escort, was a younger man, just an average specimen of that best of all services the Indian Cavalry—the officers of which might almost be termed the “handy men” of the Army, in that, wherever there is a job to be done there will be found one of them—ready even to forsake his beloved horse, to tramp over the most difficult country on the face of the earth, if only it leads to a “Chance.”—Somaliland, South Africa, Burma, India, China, all bear testimony to the ubiquity of the Indian cavalry officer. The advance party of the sturdy little Gurkhas had reached the selected village, the Gurkha officer had posted the pickets, shelters were being erected, and a steaming kettle showed that the “at-once-to-be-demanded” tea was being prepared, before Barnes and Strahan with the main party reached camp.

It had been a long and tiring march, most of it spent in clambering along the steep slopes running down to the river, — sometimes crawling along a rocky ledge, with a “drop into nothing beneath you,” at others surmounting a rise or fall in the track by climbing up or down a log-ladder, the latter term a euphemism for a tree-trunk put up on end, with roughly cut steps in it, which are characteristic of the “Royal Road” of these parts. As they neared camp, Thomas, the Madras cook, hurriedly began breaking eggs anticipating the shouts

of “Ekdum Chae Lao—Barah anda Omelette,” or “Bring tea at once—a twelve-egg omelette,” that burst from the tired men’s lips. The omelette soon disappeared, to be followed as quickly by one of the same size,—two pots of tea and some bread and jam were all devoured, in almost silence, before the pangs of hunger were assuaged.

Then both men having changed into dry clothes, a necessary precaution in that fever-stricken country, Strahan entered Barnes’ hut, note-book and pencil in hand, ready for the daily task of attempting to extract information.

The headmen of the village were announced, two fine-looking men, mongolian in type, with long pigtails, clothed in long loose cloaks reaching to the knee, pyjamas, black skull-caps with a red button, and most of all “dirt.”

There was a slight altercation caused by the sentry insisting on the two Lisus discarding their formidable two-handed swords before approaching the Political Officer, in front of whose tent fluttered the “Union Jack” as a mark of his official position.

“Now for my contribution to the ‘Daily Liar,’” commented Strahan, when the headmen approached carrying a bowl of rice and some eggs as presents.

“For heaven’s sake, old man, insist on a couple of fowls. I am just fed up of bully-beef, and so are you; besides, if you don’t insist on these fellows bringing fowls the custom of not doing so will spread.”

"Right you are," said Barnes, and turning to his interpreter he told him to ask the headmen why they had brought no fowls. The question was put, both men removed their pipes from their mouths, oiled their tongues with the usual expectoration, and with one accord began to make excuse.

"There are no fowls—our fowls are all dead—owing to unusual sickness they have all been sacrificed to the Spirits," and so on *ad lib.*

"How long, how long and how often," murmured Strahan, while Barnes merely repeated the question in a sterner tone, and ordered the missing delicacies to be brought at once—adding as an inducement a series of blood-curdling threats, which were doubtless made still more picturesque by the interpreter in transition.

Finding that evasion was of little use, one of the headmen disappeared and shortly returned with two thin and scraggy birds.

Barnes protested at once that "Such were not fit for 'Dwas' or Lords," and after a further series of protestations on their part and threats on the part of the interpreter, a villager, who was standing by, was signalled to, and produced a more eatable-looking bird from under his coat.

Barnes then accepted the gifts, in his official capacity, and, in return, presented the headman with their equivalent in rupees—thus the purchase of the necessaries of life was clothed with oriental imagery

and became an exchange of presents!

"And now to work," said Barnes, and turning to the headman he inquired of him his father's name, that of his clan, his own name, that of the village and the boundaries of the land that was worked by the villagers,—all of this information was duly inscribed on to an Official Form, headed with the Royal Arms, and signed by Barnes as representing the far-off Lieut.-Governor of Burma.

Before handing the headman his appointment Order, Barnes inquired if the raiding band of Chinese that had lately been in the village had given him any such Order. This question was met with the stoutest denials, only to be upset by Barnes' chief interpreter producing the order in question, which he had just discovered by searching in the headman's hut.

This dramatic proof of their absolute lack of truth did not upset the imperturbable Lisus, —who merely expectorated again — while Barnes and Strahan were too used to the daily situation even to smile.

However, Barnes confiscated the said document in the name of His Majesty, and with due dignity handed the new Order to the headman, cautioning him to produce it to all British officers when required to do so. He stated that he himself would return the following year and would expect to see it—and threatened him with dire punishment if he did not preserve it as his life.

The Lisu, again expectorating, put the letter in his wallet. He was obviously unimpressed, but as he had received similar instructions the previous night, when handed the first Order by the raider chieftain, doubtless he felt that it was all a game in which he was the victim of chance, so why worry? Barnes continued his interrogation by asking, "When did the Chinese leave this village?"

"Two days ago they left, and they slept that night at the next village."

So glib a reply was in itself suspicious. "Where are they now?"

"At Ningwachi, to-night."

"Where is Ningwachi?"

"Five days' march from here."

"Rather a long way to go in two days, isn't it?"

"Oh yes, but they were marching very light."

"Well, come along, show me by a plan where the villages that are on the road up the valley lie."

The Lisu at once picked up some sticks and stones and drew a rough plan on the ground, showing several villages and two rivers. The larger of the latter he said was the Ramping, the smaller the Ning Wang, while at the confluence of the two streams he said was Ningwachi, the next halting-place.

"This looks like business," said Strahan. "The Ning Wang and Ramping confluence has now been shown us by three men in their plans,

and it appears as if we should reach it to-morrow."

"But this beastly village of Ningwachi is on the right bank according to this man, and on the left according to the others. How the devil is one to find out anything?"

"Oh, you are too particular. You can't expect these fellows to tell the truth, even when they try to do so."

"Where are the Chinamen to-night?" Barnes continued.

"Sleeping at the next camp—Ningwachi," was the reply.

"Ye gods! that is three different answers in a quarter of an hour," said Strahan. "Really, Barnes, we ought to put thumbscrews on to all these chaps."

And thus the interrogation went on until dark—lie following lie—denial following denial—at once to be contradicted by an assertion diametrically opposite, until the heads of both Britishers were in a whirl.

At length, confident that he would get nothing definite out of them, Barnes closed the interview by ordering the headmen to produce ninety coolies next morning, and then they were allowed to go away.

With the fall of night the cold grew intense, and both men donned their coats, warm British, and Balasclava caps: Barnes wearing his, with his face through the opening, looked like a Knight Templar of old in chain-mail head-dress.

Strahan now went round the sentries to see that they were

well posted and alert, and to give the picket commanders the news that the Chinese were reported to be near at hand. On his return to the shelters dinner was served.

"Oh, Thomas mine," said Strahan, "what have we got to-night? Julienne—oysters—roast partridge—pêche de Melba—and Mousse de Jambon? Oh ye shades of the Carlton! how I long to be with you and all your delights! Come along, Barnes, old thing; to our muttons, or rather our chicken broth—chicken roast, mustard leaves, and apple rings—food that, after all these months of sameness, makes even my aching and hungry stomach revolt."

Dinner was quickly served, and the two men ate like hungry hunters while they discussed the pros and cons as to the position of the Chinese.

"It seems to me," said Strahan, "that we may easily be up against it. Here we are with thirty men and our two valiant selves. A party of these raiders, reported to be twenty strong, is possibly within a march of us; another party, fifty strong, is a few days' distant, and how many more there are we don't know. This relying on local coolies is a splendid saving to Government, but it is deuced like gambling with men's lives, as it forces us to move in small parties; while, to add to our difficulties, we are groping in the unknown. The Fog of War, indeed! Why, this is

the darkness that can be felt!"

"Anyhow," said Barnes, "we must shove on and see what happens."

"I quite agree there is nothing else to do; but what I say is, that I wish some of the Big-wigs were here to shove along first and clear up the situation for us. It is all very well for you. If we are successful, yours is the kudos; if we fail, mine the blame. Not that that need worry me, as, if we don't pull through, we shall leave our bones in this delightful valley."

"Well, well, we are the pawns in the Great Game, and, as such, we can't do more than protest against the way things are done. We have both done that, and they know what we think; and with the usual reliance on the man on the spot that the British are renowned for, they treat our opinions with contempt."

Tired out by the long march, after discussing a pipe and a glass of whisky worth its weight in gold, the two began to nod, and with a cheery Good-night they turned in.

Next morning reveille sounded at 5 A.M., breakfast was swallowed with what relish they could bring to the feast, and at 6 o'clock, the coolies having collected, the march began.

As Barnes had to visit a village off the main track, ten men went with him and Strahan as a guard, the re-

mainder, under the command of the Gurkha officer, were ordered to march steadily in the direction of Ningwachi. Shortly before noon, the two Englishmen having finished their detour, were rapidly catching up the coolies and their escort, when they met a stray villager.

He was at once detained and questioned—Barnes assisting the man's eloquence by showing him his revolver. The Liao eventually said that the Chinese had slept the previous night at Ningwachi, and had been getting ready to leave the village when he had left early that morning.

"This really does look like business," said Strahan; "there can be no object in this man lying. We had better push on and join the baggage."

Barnes agreed, and the little party began to travel as fast as they could. Shortly after this another man was met bearing a letter in Chinese characters. Neither Barnes, Strahan, nor their interpreters were able to decipher this, but the messenger said that the Chinese were actually still at Ningwachi.

They hurried on again to overtake the coolies, and shortly afterwards, as they reached the crest of a spur, they saw them on the farther slope of an intervening ravine. Strahan shouted to the escort to halt until he arrived. When they met the Gurkha officer they told him what news they had got. The men, who up till then had been listless with fatigue, realising that some-

thing was in the wind, began to look alive, and those near Strahan crowded round him as he gave his orders to the Gurkha officer. The latter was told to assume charge of the advance party and to move slowly forward in the direction of the village, taking all proper precautions and keeping touch with the main party.

The coolies were closed up—parties told off to the rear and flanks, and the march was resumed, every one alert at the chance of a scrap.

An hour went by as they toiled slowly over the difficult ground, the advance party searching as carefully as the steep slopes allowed.

Then a message came back from the Gurkha officer that a Chinaman had been met who wished to see the Civil Sahib Bahadur, and that he had halted the men until Strahan and the Civil officer came up.

Barnes and Strahan hurried forward, and shortly afterwards reached the spot where a Chinaman, in a rough blue uniform, was standing. He met them with folded hands and a deep bow.

On being questioned as to what he wanted, he said—

"My chief sends his compliments to the white officers, and hopes to meet them shortly."

"Where is your chieftain now?"

"In the next village, awaiting your Honour."

"I will see him when I arrive and have had some rest and food."

"That is as your Honour pleases."

"Who are you?"

"I am a clerk."

"Then let us proceed, as, being a big official, I have no communication to make to so small a man as yourself."

While this conversation was going on, the Subadar had placed himself behind the Chinaman, and Strahan had been much amused to see him signalling to the sepoy quietly to surround the messenger. The men did this nonchalantly and with as little fuss as possible, but the Chinaman doubtless noticed the movement, and it must have been a great strain on his nerves, not knowing what was going to happen to him; however, with true celestial phlegm, he never turned a hair or even looked behind him to see what was going on. The old Subadar was for making certain of one of the raiders anyhow, and for taking no chances about it; but, as he was a messenger, it was obviously impossible to seize him, and Strahan told him to hurry back to his chief and give him the message that Barnes had sent him.

The small force then pushed on as quickly as possible towards their destination, but taking every precaution in case of ambush. Owing to the delay necessary to allow these precautions being taken, the Chinaman soon outdistanced the leading party and was lost to sight.

On reaching the vicinity of the village, a coolie that was with them pointed out to Strahan the hut in which the

Chinese had slept; a squad was sent to seize a spur that commanded this hut, and then they approached, a little excited as to the meeting that they expected to have. What was their disappointment to find that the birds had flown!

On looking down the slope towards the river they could see the lying clerk hurrying away, and, on the farther slope, a couple more armed Chinamen walking along the path towards a village some two miles off, in which, on the crest-line of the spur on which it was built, some half-dozen figures with rifles could easily be distinguished.

Barnes' and Strahan's language was sweet to hear. However, as it was 4.30 P.M. and the baggage was not yet up, the only thing to be done was to decide to camp there and to discuss further plans. Pickets were at once put out and ordered to entrench themselves—the Union Jack was hoisted—shelters built and the fires lighted, so that by the time the coolies arrived everything was getting ship-shape.

The two Englishmen discussed the situation earnestly. It was obvious that this game of following my leader, a march behind the raiders, was useless; it was equally obvious that, as they travelled lighter, it was hopeless to attempt to overtake them,—while every march brought them nearer to their main body that was reported to be in rear.

Both agreed that the best solution was a night march and surprise. Against this

scheme there were several objections,—the country was wild and quite unknown to them—the descent to the river was very steep, and the rise from it on the opposite bank equally so—they would have to trust to a local guide—no reconnaissance at all was possible, as success depended on surprise; any attempt to reconnoitre would give away their intention—also, as could be seen, the only approach to where the Chinese were was along a narrow path, so that, if surprise failed, the losses in the assault would be considerable. However, it did not take Strahan long to decide that he must take the risk, and it was arranged that they should start at ten o'clock; till then no one was to be told what was intended, so as to minimise any chance of the scheme being divulged.

The only instructions that Strahan gave to his men were, that he would inspect all ranks at "Alarm Posts" at ten o'clock.

The two officers quite realised that the attempt to surprise the raiders was a very risky business, and they spent the evening arranging their papers and instructing each other what was to be done if either happened to be killed.

Dinner was a quieter meal than usual, and was ended with a toast to "Success."

At ten o'clock Strahan went quietly out to the men's shelters, and, speaking to each man individually, he instructed them to creep out and "fall in" on the path some fifty yards away

and below the crest of the spur.

The gallant little sepoy entered into the spirit of the enterprise, and not a sound was heard as they stole down to the rendezvous. The Gurkha officer and 24 men were told off as the attacking party, 5 men being left behind as a guard to the camp, needless to say much to their disgust.

At 10.30 Strahan walked into Barnes' shelter to tell him that he was ready; the latter, taking a couple of sepoy and his interpreters, entered the headman's hut and demanded the latter's son as a guide. There was a little difficulty in persuading the young man that he would come to no harm, but eventually he consented to go quietly and to point out the hut in which the Chinese were sleeping. He was promised a reward, and also assured that the fact that he had given assistance would be kept secret. He was insistent about the latter promise, as, he said, if it were known that he had helped the British, supposing that any damage was done to the other village, then, when the British left the valley, that village would wreak vengeance on him.

Now all was ready,—the guide was attached to the leading sepoy by a rope that passed round both their waists—then came another sepoy—then Strahan, followed by Barnes and his interpreters, then the remaining sepoy, brought up in the rear by the Gurkha officer.

The little party moved off

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silently, with hearts high with hope and beating loudly with excitement; talking and smoking were forbidden—the only sounds were the whispers of “Close up, Close up,” which were at intervals passed along, and curses muttered at the frequent falls that punctuated the advance.

“Into the Dark,” in very truth—a pitch-black night—an unknown track—an unreliable guide—and at the end possibly a watchful foe!

No wonder that the two Englishmen felt their responsibility, for a few hours now would spell success or disaster, —no man goes lightly to such an encounter.

As they moved down the rocky path a light appeared, seemingly only a hundred yards away, and moving directly towards them. “Were they discovered?” The sepoys dived rapidly into the jungle at the side of the path to hide, while the two Englishmen waited the approach of the torch-bearer.

A few moments elapsed and then Barnes gave a low laugh, as it was now evident that the light was on the farther bank of the river, at least half a mile away from them,—such tricks does the imagination play on highly-strung nerves.

On! On! Down! Down! they went—groping their way with their sticks—diving involuntarily headlong into the jungle—sliding painfully over the rocks—tripping—stumbling—falling.

About midnight they reached the river: a patrol had visited this early in the evening, and

had reported that the crossing was a difficult one, by means of a single log-bridge reaching from rock to rock.

Strahan crawled along it, wondering when he was going to fall into the water that roared a few feet below—the noise increased and exaggerated by the stillness of the night.

He suddenly whispered, “Here goes, Barnes; I can’t feel any foothold, so I am going to drop and trust to luck.” A push off, drop and splash, and then he muttered, “It is all right, the log is only about eighteen inches under water; warn the men, though, as the stream is running strong. Here you are, here is a hand—but this water is damned cold, and I am wet through to the waist.”

The party crossed slowly—a little excitement was caused by two men falling into the water, but luckily they fell off the bridge at a spot where the water was shallow, and were none the worse for their fall except for a ducking. This manoeuvre took a good deal of time, and it was one o’clock before the whole party was across.

A halt was ordered, and the object of the march was explained to the men, and Strahan gave his orders as to how he wished the manoeuvre carried out. Fearing that indiscriminate firing would be more dangerous to his own party than to the enemy, he impressed on the sepoys that no man was to load unless he got definite orders to do so

from Strahan himself. Four sections of five men each were told off, and each section detailed to go direct to a definite side of the hut, and five men were detailed as a personal guard to Barnes and Strahan.

Now the ascent began—the most difficult portion of the march. On the direct route lay two villages; it was necessary in some way to avoid passing through these, as unless they did so they would inevitably arouse the village dogs, and their barking would wake up the villagers, and all hope of a surprise would be lost. It all depended on the guide.

Up they went a few yards, then sharp to the left, along the side of the slope by means of a narrow field-track, then across a wooden foot-bridge over a stream, into which Strahan fell; then the guide dived upwards into the jungle, his instinct apparently keeping him in the right direction. Scratch—tear—shove—push—fall—stumble—up again and on—so. they proceeded, until they reached another path that was located by the guide feeling for it with his fingers! "Halt! Close up," was the order passed down. A low whistle from the Gurkha officer signified that they were all up, and then on they went again.

And so,—stumbling—cursing—slipping—but ever pressing forward, they went ahead.

"Carefully in front," came a hoarse whisper from Strahan; "here is a village; keep below

the bushes on the outskirts, and move as quietly as you can."

One by one they crept by—"Crack" went a twig,—every one stood still, anxiously awaiting the bark of an aroused dog; then came the murmur of voices, and there was a light in a hut near by; they all paused, wondering if they were heard. No! all was well so far.

On they went, tiptoeing with excitement—hearts beating—blood pulsing—a long five minutes, and then a breath of relief; all were clear and unnoticed.

Again the guide led them down a bypath, then up through the jungle, and so the march went on.

Crash! a clatter of stones and falling bodies in front.

"Has he got away?" said Strahan, thinking that the guide had escaped.

"All right, sahib," came a voice from below. "Phut—phut," as the man spat mud out of his mouth. "It is all right, sahib; I did not let go of the rope."

"Shah bash, Jawan" ("Well done, my lad").

On, on they went.

Slip, slide, crash behind.

"What is that? Barnes, where are you?"

"Here I am, down the khud; give us a hand, quick—I am slipping."

Strahan waved his stick in the direction of the sound, and luckily hit Barnes' hand almost at once, and he was hauled up.

Forward again.

And so they trudged along—two miles of toiling up hill, a very tiring task to men who had been going practically all the day, but spurred on by the excitement they all kept up.

"Hurry on, Strahan," said Barnes, "I can see the lights in the village; they are beginning to move about."

"Steady, old man, we must bring all the men up together; don't get excited." At length they began to approach the vicinity of the village. As they drew near the spot where the sentry had been seen at sunset watching the track, the main party was halted and whispered orders passed down, "Fix bayonets." Strahan, revolver in hand, accompanied by his orderly, crawled forward on hands and knees to stalk the sentry. Cold work on an empty stomach. In the pitch darkness every shadow becomes a figure, every whisper of the breeze a footstep, move one never so carefully, but the excited ear imagines that the world itself must hear the movement; and then the expectation of a sudden bang, blaze, and a bullet for "morning tea" is not an amusing anticipation!

The two men scouted the small granary, near which they expected the sentry to be standing, but they found no one there.

With a sigh of relief Strahan moved forward towards the hut in which he believed the Chinamen to be,—stealthily they approached, on all-fours. "Ahem"—a man cleared his throat,—Strahan peered into

the darkness but could see no one. It was evidently the sentry, who must be standing in the verandah of the hut towards the side of which they were crawling.

A low whistle and Barnes came up with the Lisu guide, who indicated that this was the hut in which the enemy were sleeping. Another whistle and the little Gurkhas doubled forward, each section going straight to its appointed position.

As they did so, a shout from the verandah from the sentry and a rattle of feet along the bamboo floor showed that our friends were "At Home."

True to his promise, Barnes at once released the guide, who disappeared into the darkness. Strahan doubled round to see that the men were in their places and that every outlet was blocked.

Barnes, with two sepoy, ran to the front of the hut and, after a short scuffle with their bayonets, the sepoy forced the Chinese sentry back and burst into the hut, followed by Barnes and his interpreters shouting to the raiders to surrender.

By this time Strahan had got to the front of the hut, and he followed them in. The scene was a strange one. Imagine a long, low hut, with a thatch roof, and divided into compartments by bamboo mat walls some six feet high. The raiders had extinguished the lamp as Barnes had entered, so that the only light was that of a flickering fire.

In the doorway were two Gurkha sepoy with fixed

bayonets, Barnes with his left hand on the raider chief's throat and with his right pressing a revolver to the latter's head, while Strahan stood by his side.

A few feet away, directly opposite the little party, was a knot of three Chinamen, also with fixed bayonets—beyond, in the darkened room, were several figures of more armed men.

Shouts filled the air. Barnes and his interpreters ordering the Chinese to surrender—the chieftain, who fully realised his danger between two fires, added his entreaties to their orders; outside, a series of grunts and hoarse shouts from the sepoys made it appear as if an army had risen from the night and surrounded the hut—while, above all, could be heard the yells of another interpreter, who was shouting to the villagers to remain quiet as no harm was intended to them.

It was as if Bedlam itself had been let loose.

"Sahib, abhi goli dala gea hai" ("Sir, they have this minute loaded"), murmured one of the Gurkhas in Strahan's ear.

"Steady men, don't load, remember your orders."

The strain was terrific. There they stood facing imminent death. The Chinese had their fingers on their triggers, anything might make one of them press it, and, at that short range, a bullet would necessarily have found its billet. The party at the doorway must have fallen to a man, and then the Gurkhas would have poured in and converted the place into a shambles, in revenge.

At such a crisis the moments seem hours—every nerve was on the rack—the strain was awful.

"Fire the hut," shouted Strahan, and, as he said so, he turned and lighted a match.

"Crash!" the threat was sufficient—down went the Chinese rifles and surrender was made. A few quick orders and the captured arms were taken outside, the prisoners were collected in one room with double sentries at each door, and then Barnes and Strahan, the tension over, with a lump in their throats, turned to each other and shook hands warmly over their success.

PYEN DUA.

ALADORE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER XXIX.—HOW YWAIN CAME INTO THE LOST LANDS OF THE SOUTH, AND OF THREE SIGNS WHEREBY THAT COUNTRY MIGHT BE KNOWN.

NOW Ywain had in his going but one only intent, and that was by reason of his lady's word that he should find her in the South. So he ceased from his running and his sheuting, and he looked upon the stars; and under the Herdsman he found the South and made to go thitherward. But he went not by the way of the high road: for he supposed that Vincent and his would raise hue and cry after him. So he left the road and climbed forthright upon the foothills that were hard by the city. And as he had supposed, so he saw it come about upon the road beneath him: for there issued suddenly out of the gateway both lanthorns and torches, like a scattering of sparks out of a chimney. And they which bore them ran hither and thither both up and down the road, bawling and babbling in the worst manner: for their voices were harsh to hear, and out of all tune of bells. And Ywain sat above and beheld them unaware: and all their fury was by reason only that one had forsaken their ordinance.

Then he left them to their hunting, and climbed further

above the foothills: and he went all night to the Southward by starlight only. And when the cold of dawn was passed then the sun shone warmly upon him: and a shepherd gave him milk and bread to break fast, and he lay long thereafter in a hollow of the hills. And about him was much blossom of wild flowers, and upon the blossom came a million of bees, some great and some small, and every one of them droning busily upon his bagpipes: and also below that place was a meadow of sheep with many lambs bleating. And Ywain had joy of those beasts and of their droning and their bleating: for whether he slept or wakened the sound of them was in his ears and in his blood.

Then at the dusk he set forth again, and so he went nine nights and days: for always he voyaged by night and slept by day, because of espial. But on the ninth night he came into the lands which Aithne named to him, for she named them the Lost Lands of the South; and when he was come therein he knew them by a sign, and the sign

whereby he knew them was the third of three.

For when he first came into those lands it was evening, and not long past moonrise: and notwithstanding that all day he had taken joy of the sun and of the noise of beasts and birds, yet now he had no less joy of the coolness and the silence. And he strode forward upon the shoulders of the hills, going swiftly and strongly: for the moon was now waxing fast, and the light of her lightened the green spaces of the grass.

Then as he went his eyes also were lightened, and he saw the world anew. For he perceived how that the beauty of it was of no fading excellence, but only by long time forgotten: and belike remembered again and again forgotten many times, according as men made clean their hearts or darkened them. And he saw that land as a land of Gods and not of men only: and though he saw not the Gods nor heard them, yet he perceived plainly both their radiance and their breathing.

Then in his joy he gave thanks to the Moon, as to the Queen of Heaven: for he knew no longer what he did. And immediately he saw before him an upland all hoar in moonlight: for upon the sides of it there was a semblance as of mist rising. Yet was that semblance no mist, for it moved swiftly without wind: and Ywain looked again and saw it as a company of maidens dancing together. And their attire was all of cloudy silk,

and their feet were bright as with ten thousand dew drops: and their hair was whirled about them like wisps of smoke. And it seemed to Ywain that they danced so lightly as no thing living, save music only: for that will dance lightly without sound in the imagination of the heart.

And Ywain knew not the dancers nor how they might be named: but I suppose that they were of the hill maidens, which were of old time called by the name of Oreada. And it is like enough that they which he saw were the same: for their beauty also was of the earth but nowise transitory. And Ywain beheld their dancing gladly and kept no count of time; for as he stood the Moon passed over him and went Southing, and he marked her not. But at the last they danced more quickly, and with the sight of them his blood began to work: and he endured it not long, but he went running towards the upland. And as he ran the maidens whirled them thrice into the air, and so sank down: and Ywain saw them no more, for the earth received them, and the hill lay bare before him.

Then he took his way Southward and looked again upon the moon: and the silver of her beam was faded, and the sable of her shadows, for she was well-nigh drowned in dawn. And when the day was risen he began to go more wearily: for in those lands the sun was nearer and bore hard upon the wayfarers. And

within a fair mile he saw a wood before him: and the wood was full of great ilex-trees, with laurels shining about the margin of it. And he devised to go therein, by reason of the shade and coolness.

But when he was come thither he clean forgot his weariness: and he perceived that the wood was no lonely place but full of magic. For when he looked he saw nothing stirring: but when he looked not then always he perceived a stirring or a flitting or a vanishing on the one side or on the other. And he walked no more freely, but warily, by reason of the eyes and ears that were about him: yet he saw neither eyes nor ears to give him reason.

Then at the last he came again to open ground, and he laid him down upon the edge of it within the shadow of the wood: and he took his rest and thought to be there alone. But within a while he returned into his restlessness: for he heard a sighing as of a little wind that came quickly and went past him and so along the hillside upwards. And in the passing of the wind he saw as it were three damsels running swiftly one after another. And as they ran his eyes were dazed with the beauty of them and his wits stood still and the whole world moved about him. And he got him to his feet and laid his hand upon his eyes: and when he had covered his eyes then he remembered how he had seen those damsels plainly.

For they were tall and slender of form and clear brown of colour: and they were arrayed all in green and gold like young boughs in sunlight. Also they ran smoothly as a full river will run towards a weir.

Then he lifted his eyes and looked again: and he saw them and saw them not. For the place was still and no thing moved upon it: but under the sun were three trees there before him. And the trees were by seeming three laurels windy-blown: for they leaned a little forward one after another, and their greenery went all one way, as it were streaming up the hillside. And Ywain supposed that in the dazzle of his eyes he had seen the trees and taken them for damsels: yet he looked long upon them as though perchance they were damsels indeed, and trees by semblance only. So he went forward pondering, and this time also he knew not that it was a sign which he had seen.

Then he began to leave the high hills, and he came into a little downland with downs that tumbled divers ways. And it was a bare land, but warm and rich: and in the valleys were coets with corn about them, and rivers going softly in deep meadows. And as he went he saw before him a beechen grove with seven trees therein: and the grove was lonely and clear of bockage, and it seemed to Ywain that he had sight of children playing between the trees. So he came nearer, going slow and

craftily: and he stood behind the endmost tree and looked through the grove, for it was but little. And that which he saw was passing strange to him: for the children were there before him, and the like of them he saw never in all his days. Naked they were and manlike to the middle,—in their flesh fat and in their countenance all merry babes: but below they were of another fashion, for their hams were wool-begrown and they were goat-kneed and goat-footed. Also their hair upon their heads was woolly and their ears were pointed and a-prick like little horns. And it was plain to see that they were kin to the beasts and of them well understood: for one child held a squirrel between his hands, and the squirrel feared not, but kept his tail a-high; and one sat piping to a company of small fowls, which also sat and piped to him. But there was yet another child fast by, which vexed the piper with a barley straw: and he ceased not for his brother's frowning, but tickled him evilly amidst his ear.

Then when Ywain saw those babes and their playing his thoughts left him and forgetfulness and joy came upon him very suddenly, and his heart was delivered of a great laughter. And that laughter went rolling forth from him as smoke goes rolling from a fire of green wood, and like smoke it was renewed continually, bursting thickly forth without end. And the children

heard it and ceased from their playing: yet it brought no fear upon them, neither upon the beasts that were their fellows. For the squirrel chattered and the small fowls piped more loudly, and the children also wantoned in laughter, and rolled upon the ground together: and when they came upon their feet again they spied Ywain and cried out joyously upon him, and they ran against him with their heads and blethered after the manner of kids. And when Ywain felt the butting of their heads and the busyness of their hands about him then there came before his eyes a haze of brightness, so that he saw the world as it were golden and gleaming, and it seemed to him that he had returned to the morning of his youth.

Then with his much laughter his strength went from him, and for content he sighed and so laid him down upon the ground: and the children sat them beside him and tumbled one with another. And as they sported and tumbled together it bechanced that one of them struck Ywain with his foot: and Ywain started a little, for the kick was notable. And he perceived right well the reason: for he saw again the child's foot, how it was small and hard like the hoof of a goat. And instantly his thought quickened that before had been sleeping: and he knew the land whereto he had come. For this was the third sign, and sign past doubting: howbeit the first two were also

signs and plain enough. But for of those he had but vision what he perceived not by of the eyes, but with these Oreads and by Dryads, that there came also kicking of the he learned easily by Fauns: flesh.

CHAPTER XXX.—HOW YWAIN HAD FELLOWSHIP WITH
THE FAUNS.

So Ywain lay there upon the earth, and his laughter ebbed from him: and he set him to gather his wits together as a huntsman gathers his hounds that have been chasing over wide. And in part he gathered them but not all: for it seemed that some part of him was beyond calling and would not return. But of that he left thinking, and was content: and his heart was emptied of all thoughts save three only. For he had great desire of eating and of fellowship and of dancing: and the sun filled him with strength and the air quivered before his eyes, and he leaped up upon his feet.

Then he looked down between the beechen boles and saw where other two fauns came swiftly up the hill, leaping towards him with great leaps: and they were no children but goatmen grown with little beards upon their faces. And he stood still to meet with them, for he knew not what their dealing might be: but they came joyously to him and favoured him with their hands and with their looks and with their voices. And when they had greeted him they began to lead him away into the valley: and Ywain went with them gladly and the

children followed after, lagging and sporting one with another.

And as they went Ywain beheld the grown fauns curiously: and he saw how one was by seeming older and one younger, as it might be two youths of eighteen year and twenty. Yet their faces were not two but one, for they were made after one and the same pattern: and they differed in no wise save in the hair of their beards. For of one the beard was soft and like the down within the rosehips, and of the other it was hard and like the beards of barley. But in their lips and in their eyes was nothing diverse, and Ywain saw them as a man may see one only face in two several mirrors: also their voices chanted together tuneably, like voices of young sheep in a flock.

And they shewed Ywain how they were called: for they pointed each at other and so named their names, and the older one was called Panikos and the younger one was called Paniskos. Then Ywain spoke their names and laughed and he shewed them his own name also: and he laughed again, for they used it strangely, bleating somewhat in their speech. Then in the like manner they shewed him other words,

and he learned of them easily : for they spoke of no far matters but only of such as were according with his appetite. And in especial they spoke of eating and of drinking and of music : and also, as he supposed, of hunting and of sleeping. And though Ywain knew not yet what they would

say concerning these things, yet he knew certainly that they spoke thereof. And he perceived their joy, and had fellowship with them : for he saw how they lived far off from carefulness and perplexity, and how their life was mingled continually with the beauty of the earth.

CHAPTER XXXI.—HOW YWAIN MET WITH A SHEPHERDESS AND
HEARD A MUSIC, AND HOW HE HAD SIGHT OF ALADORE
THE FIRST TIME.

Thus began Ywain to be consorted with fauns, and to live after their manner : and he slept with them that night in a little wildwood fast by a river. And before they slept they gave him to eat of such things as they had : and truly his supper was no feast. For the fauns live all by nuts and by grains, and have no bread : also they will taste flesh but they know not the use of fire. So on the morrow early they caught a good fish and tore it : and when they perceived that Ywain loved not raw meat, then they had pity on him. And they left the river and brought him to a shepherd's hut, and they made him understand that he should go nearer and knock upon the door. For they knew that where there were men, there belike would be men's meat, whether of bread or of flesh.

So Ywain came to the hut, and knocked upon the door : but he heard no voice within. And when he would have knocked again a second time he dared not : for he knew

that there stood one within and listened silently. Then he devised to speak instead of to knock : and he spoke the greeting of a pilgrim, humbly. And while he was yet speaking the door was opened, and there was there a young shepherdess standing upon the threshold. And when he saw her his heart began to beat furiously : and the beating of it upon his ribs was like the galloping of a horse upon a green road. For the shepherdess stoed looking at him out of youth and fearfulness : but the face was the face of his lady and of no woman else.

Then his voice changed, and he spoke again to her trembling : but she nodded with her head and answered not. And she put forth her hand to bring him in, and he perceived that it was brown and hard, and he looked again and saw how her face also was brown as with the burning of one summer upon another. Then he said within himself : My lady was never so : yet

if this be not her body it is her soul, and in all her shapes I am to serve and follow her.

Then the shepherdess gave him to eat: and that which she gave him was no rich man's portion. But without doubt she changed it in the giving: for the bread was fine bread between his teeth, and the flesh was as the flesh of swans and peacocks. And while he ate she looked upon him, and he also looked upon her: and he ate but little by reason of his looking and his delight. And when she perceived this she forsook him suddenly and went out: and immediately his hunger increased upon him and he dealt shortly with all that she had given him. Then she came again suddenly, and looked upon the bare board, and laughed: but in all this time she spoke not one word, so that Ywain marvelled and was some deal discomfited.

Then he called her by her name, Aithne: but thereto she shook her head and continued saying no word. And he said to her: What do you in this place, and by what name shall I call you? And again she answered not, but she took two shepherd's crooks that stood behind the door of the hut, and one of them she kept and one she gave into his hand, and so led him forth. And they came together to the sheepstead and untied the wattled cotes, and loosed the sheep: and together they went hillward in the cool of the morning.

Now as they went together Ywain looked about him, and

he saw the fauns that were his friends: and they stood beside the valley road in a place whereto Ywain should come presently. And he called to them joyfully, and they heard him calling: so that he hoped they would have stayed for him. But when he was now within a pitch of them, he saw how they were suddenly gone away: for they ran swiftly from him towards their wild-wood, and the reeds of the river hid them as they ran. Yet they went not with one mind or one fear: for one of them stayed in his running and returned. And Ywain had sight of him among the willows, peering with bright eyes: and he perceived that he was stealing fast upon them, and going from tree to tree. And when they were at the turning of the road, where they must leave the valley and go upon the hill, then the reeds rustled and crackled beside the road: and the faun broke forth suddenly upon them, and he was that one that was the younger of the two. And he looked no more upon Ywain but upon the shepherdess only: and he stooped down and took her hand and nosed in it lovingly as a deer will nose in the hand of her that feeds him. And Ywain spoke to him by his name: but thereat he started up and went leaping after his fellow, and rustling like a wind among the reeds.

Then the shepherdess led Ywain forth upon the hill, and behind them was the river and before them was the little beechen grove. And they came

to the grove and sat within the shade of it and looked over the valley: and the sheep went cropping the wild thyme and the milkwort, and clanking pleasantly with their bells. And the shepherdess looked downward upon Ywain, for he lay before her at her feet: and he turned and looked upward into her eyes. And as he looked the day went over him in a moment of time, between two beats of his heart: and he lacked speech of her no longer, for he dreamed under her silence as a man may dream under a starry night.

Then she arose and led him again downward: and the sheep went down before them to the river, and fell to drinking greedily. And as they drank the wind of evening came softly down the stream, and upon it came a sound of piping: and Ywain's heart ached to hear that piping, for it was of a sad and piercing sweetness. Then his feet began to move beneath him, and he left the sheep to their drinking and went toward the music. And he came to a glassy pool among the rocks: and upon the rocks was the young faun sitting, and playing on his pipes, and under his feet was the evening sky, shown clearly upon the water of the pool.

And Ywain came anear, for the music drew him strongly: and he stood and looked upon the pool, and he saw the sky therein. And he saw it not as sky but as a great region of the sea: for the clouds upon it were like lands of earth, and they lay

there after the fashion of bays and heads and islands. And there was a coast that lay fast by him, as it were beneath his very feet: and it ran to the right of him and to the left, and beyond it was the void space of the sea. And as he looked upon the coast he knew it well: for he stood by seeming upon the High Steep of Paladore and looked out over the Shepherdine Sands.

Then with the beauty of the place he fell to longing, and because of the music that he heard his heart was restless: and he desired greatly to be seeking for the land wherefrom that music came. And in a moment it was there before him, beyond the void space of the sea. And the form of it was as the form of Paladore, with the city and the steep all fashioned out of cloud: but it lay lonely and far out, like an island of the West. And a light was upon it more delectable than all the lights of sunset, so that it seemed to burn also in the eyes of him that saw it: and the light and the music increased together, and together they faded and ceased. And when they ceased Ywain turned him aside to weep, for he perceived that he was homeless.

But as he turned he saw his lady beside him standing, and she spoke and called him by his name as one that knew him afresh and was no more bedumbed. And he cast himself into her arms and kissed her: for he knew that he had had sight of no earthly city but of

Aladore. Then he looked again : and he saw but a ripple again upon the pool, if by on the water, for with his hoof fortune he might see that city the faun had dabbled it.

CHAPTER XXXII.—HOW YWAIN LIVED AS IT HAD BEEN IN THE GOLDEN AGE AND HOW HE WAS STILL UNSATISFIED.

Right so came the night and they got them homeward. And Aithne went to her hut, where she had her living among the shepherds, but Ywain returned and rested with the fauna. And he slept not, but lay a great time waking, and longing for the morrow morn : whereby he hastened it not, but delayed it rather. And this is the folly of men that they will look ever forward to that which they have not, and take no rest in that which they have. For Ywain had that day gathered to fill both his hands—namely, by seeing Aladore and by taking of his lady in arms : and in a long life there will come but few such days, so that it were wisdom to cherish them in memory. But Ywain remembered scantily that which was past and gathered, for his mind was all on the kisses that were to come : and folly it was past gainsaying, but of such folly is the life of man.

So he lay longing, and arose in hope, and continued many days after the same gait. And his desire fled still before him, and he followed and thought not on the way of his going : for to him one day was like another, and one night was like another, and he counted them no more than a child will count the beads upon a string. But Aithne counted them and laid

them by, and when she counted them she trembled. For she also would have him gone on pilgrimage, seeing that so only might she meet with her love in Aladore : but many times she said within herself : Not yet, poor lady me, for none knows what may fortune, and belike this is all that shall be mine.

Now the manner of their days was after the manner of the Golden Days. For their meeting was in the freshness of the morning, when all things are made new : and they ate and drank together with few words, and between them was a bowl of milk, and over it they laughed one at another with their eyes. For about the bowl was a thread of scarlet wool, and Ywain knew well for what reason it was there : yet would he ask many times for asking's sake. And Aithne said how it was there of great necessity : for she set it there to be a witchknot, to draw her love to her by shepherd's magic. Then many times he broke the thread and cast it on the ground, and always when he came again the knot was freshly knotted upon the bowl. So out of nothing they made much, after the old fashion.

Then with their sheep they took the road, and came thence upon the upland pastures.

And while the day was yet cool they two went wandering alone, and marvelling at all the diverse flowers upon the hilla. But when the sun was overhead and the air began to tremble upon the rocks, then beneath a little cliff they found a spring of water flowing out continually and sparkling like crystal above the pebbles. And thereby grew tall fir-trees, and white poplars, and cypresses and planes, and on the branches the cicadas were chirruping, all sunburnt, and the ring-doves were moaning one to another of love. And below them were many flowers of fragrance, such as fill the meadows in the heyday of the year before it wanes: and all the land smelt sweetly of summer, and the wild bees went booming about the water springs.

And thither came Ywain to his shepherding, and he forgot the world as though it had never been. For he remembered neither land nor gold, nor his old fame among men: but he sat with his love be-

neath a rock and held her in his arms, and they murmured one to another, and watched their sheep feeding among the thyme. And when it drew towards evening then they came downward from the hill, and listened to hear the young faun's music: for among the fauns there is not one that dare pipe at noon, but at evening they will pipe without fear. And when there was a sound of music then Ywain came always to the glassy pool, hoping that he might have sight of Aladore. And when the pool was still he saw it, for the piping of the faun was of a strong magic, beyond all understanding of him that made it, as happens many times to them that make music. But Ywain had of that magic more pain than joy: for the vision which he saw thereby was of no substantial city, but an image made in water. And to find that city in truth his heart was restless with desire, for he knew that except he came there he might have neither fulness of love, neither abiding.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—OF THE MADNESS OF THE FAUNS, AND HOW YWAIN FORSOOK THEM SUDDENLY, AND HIS LADY WITH HIM.

Moreover when midsummer was now come Ywain began to misdoubt him of the fauns: for from gentle they were become fierce, and when he saw their eyes he saw them changed, as a sky that is hot with thunder. Also they departed from him continually, both by night and by day, and he saw

how they went wandering alone and secretly: and when they went forth they went as it were ravening like beasts, and when they came again they came weary and shamed before him, as with the shame of men, for in their nature they were divided between two kinds.

Then upon a night it fortuned to Ywain that his sleep was broken, because of the moonlight that crept upon him. And at the last he awoke utterly, and in the moonlight he saw the young faun beside him sleeping, but the old one he saw not, for he was plainly slunk away. And Ywain took but little heed of him, as at this time, for his own head was weary and he had yet no comfort of the night. So he turned him and lay still again and thought to sleep.

But as he lay there came a sound from far off, like the cry of one that shrieks suddenly in fear. And with that sound Ywain also was affrighted, and his heart stood still, and he held his breath to listen. And there was silence for a space, and he said: It is an evil dream, for it is long since that cry was in my ears. And therewith the cry came again, louder than before, and Ywain perceived that the voice was the voice of a woman: and he started up and leaned upon his hand, and the sweat pricked him suddenly among the roots of his hair. And the young faun also started up out of sleep and stood before Ywain listening: and Ywain saw his eyes that glittered under the moon, and his mouth that grinned and trembled, as a dog's mouth grins before he bites.

Then the crying came again the third time, and continued more and more, and it was by seeming nearer, as of one

running and crying upon the hillside; and Ywain thought to know the place, and he leapt upon his feet to go thither. But when he would have gone he could not, for the young faun cast his arms about Ywain's knees and held him fast. And Ywain looked down upon him and was astonished, for aforetime he had seen him as a thing young and tameable, and of a nature softer than the nature of men. But now he saw the teeth of him and heard the growling: and therewith a red hatred came upon Ywain, and his heart swelled up to bursting, and he fell upon the faun and beat him with fists upon the head. But the faun loosed him not for all that, nor ceased not from his mirth, and they two rolled upon the ground and fought together, the one grinning always and the other sobbing, for Ywain wept fiercely with rage to be so hindered.

Then at the last he caught the faun and choked him, and so cast him grovelling: and he escaped out of the wild wood and began to climb upon the hill. And now that he was escaped he knew no longer whither he should go, for there was no more sound of shrieking, but a great silence of moonlight and solitude. And he went to and fro upon the hillside and found there no living thing: and at the last the sky began to lighten towards dawn, and his strength left him, so that he laid him down and slept he knew not where.

And when he awoke the sun was high, and he looked adown the hill and saw Aithne coming towards him, and she was leading forth her sheep, for it was time. And as she came he saw her loveliness while she was yet far from him, for her going was both proud and womanly, and she showed forth in it the fashion of her heart. And when he saw that he thought on pain and terror, and he had great pity upon all women, and he went quickly to meet her and said: What have we here to do, for we should be gone long since. But she looked at him and saw how he was already weary, even in the first hour of the day, and how he was troubled beyond measure, even in her presence that loved him: also she saw how he was soiled and somewhat be-bled upon the hands. And she touched his hand with her hand and asked him of his hurt, and for what cause he would be gone. And he told her no truth, for he would not tell her of his pity, but he spoke of himself only, and he said: I am afraid, for I go in peril of my life, by reason of the fauns. Then she said: Dear heart, be not afraid, for I know the fauns, that they will be cruel at their hours, and I have a spell to tame them, for they are but beasts. Yea, said he, they are my

brethren of the half blood. And now I beseech you that you lay down your crook and leave your sheep to feed as may befall them, and let us begone by what way you will. And she delayed and asked him Whither? And he said: I know not whither, but this I know, that I have fought with my kin, and I have dwelt among them long enough.

Then Aithne sighed, and she turned her about and looked upon the valley, and the sun lay broad upon it, and the morning shadows, and the river ran bright among the willows below and in the rocky pools above. And she sighed again, and then she said: It is nothing, beloved, for we have been long together, and we have that which hath been and that which shall be. But as men say, a joy that ends is never long enough, so now I sigh because I must bid this place farewell. And I knew always that we must some day be gone from it: and I waited only for your will. This is my will, said Ywain: and he cast her crook upon the ground, to be a token to them that should find it lying. Then he took her by the hand, and they looked again upon the valley: and they kissed for comfort and for memory, and turned them and went together across the hills.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—HOW YWAIN AND AITHNE WENT FLYING
BETWEEN SUN AND MOON.

Then they went hastily until it was past noon, and Ywain would not that they should

stint, till at last they wearied both, and lacked strength for lack of meat. And they espied

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a shepherd's hut all lonely among the hills, and it stood fast by a thicket, and they knew not whose it might be, for it was far off from the valley of their dwelling. So they came thither and found it empty, for the shepherds were abroad with their flock. Then they went within the hut and shut to the door and thought to rest them awhile. But Ywain sat him down beside the window and hid himself, that he might keep watch, for he doubted that they were not yet wholly escaped.

And when he had watched for the space of half an hour he saw how that there was something stirring in the border of the thicket: and presently came forth the young faun, going warily upon his hands and upon his shanks. And he cast about him on this side and on that, nosing the earth as a hound upon the trail: and he began to creep toward the hut, and Ywain moved not but laid hold upon his staff. But in the same moment he looked beyond the faun and saw two shepherds which came coasting the thicket, and he heard their dogs behind them barking and driving in the sheep. And the faun also heard them and was discomfited: for his wits had been all upon the trail and he was well-nigh trapped. And the shepherds saw him and cried out upon him and made to beat him with their crooks, but he ran with great leaps, and passed before them and was gone into the thicket.

Then Ywain went out to meet the shepherds, and to question them, for he perceived that they were come home from pasture before their time. And they said that they had great need to come, for that there was a gathering of fauns throughout all the country, and it was the time of their madness wherein they would be fell and beastly.

Then Ywain told his tale also, and they counselled him earnestly to go further, for they understood how that he was hated of the fauns, and belike against him was their gathering, and against none other. So Ywain brought his lady forth in spite of weariness, and the shepherds gave them such meat as they had, and sent them away.

Then Ywain began to be afear'd as he had never been afear'd in all his days, for he saw how his lady was fallen lame with the roughness of the hills: and this that was before him was no proper warfare, wherein a man may die reasonably, but a desperate and unclean fortune, to be overtaken by beasts in darkness. And on every wind he heard voices, and behind every tree he saw the shadow of his enemies, so that he went continually as through an ambush, forlorn of hope. But Aithne spoke always with good cheer, and made light of fauns, as one that had a spell to subdue all creatures at her will. And almost Ywain believed her, for she was stedfast beyond all bravery of feigning.

Then at the last the sun began to fall more swiftly to his setting, and a great perplexity came upon Ywain. For he supposed that in the darkness would be the end of all, but he knew not how nor in what point of time: and he had a longing to say somewhat to Aithne, yet for shame he could not say it, lest by chance after despair there should come deliverance. And therein his heart betrayed him not, for his fortune was better than his fear.

Thus they continued going forward, and speaking as in hope: and though they spoke deceivingly each to other, yet their spirits were in peace together. And as they went they looked upon the sky westward: and there was a little span between the sun and the sky border, and by that span they saw their life and measured it. And the sky was clear above and without cloud, but the sun was greatening below in a mist of rose: and against the mist was a black jot, as it were a black crow homing towards nightfall. And when it came nearer they saw how it was in bigness greater than a crow and in colour diverse: for the light went through it and yellowed it, and it flew more swiftly than a bird. Also it came with a sound of humming, like a great bee, and the nearer the louder, till the air was shaken with the humming of it, and the blood quickened in them that heard it. And Ywain and Aithne stood still to look upon it,

and they saw that it was by seeming a man which flew with wings: and he came over them where they stood and went about them in a circle like a buzzard, wheeling lightly and looking down upon them.

Then Ywain made a sign requiring succour of him: and he took Aithne into his arms and made to shelter her, and with his staff he swung great strokes about him, as it were against a host of enemies. And his sign was well understood of him that was flying, for he dropped swiftly down upon the earth, and he put off his wings and came running where Ywain was and Aithne. And they saw how that he was a man like unto themselves, but tall and strong and comely out of measure, and at a word he perceived their peril and the evil malice of the fauns. Then hastily he did on his wings, and he took a thong, and when he had bound Ywain and Aithne with the thong he made them fast beneath his pinions, and so mounted lightly upon the air.

And Ywain and Aithne looked down and marvelled and held their breath, for the whole earth fell from them suddenly. And for a moment they had sight of fauns, running together like ants beneath them: and then they saw the fauns also fall from them and become as dust. And the sun set, and the moon rose, and they went flying swiftly between the sun and the moon.

CHAPTER XXXV.—OF THE CITY OF DÆDALA, AND HOW AN OLD DAME THEREIN DESPAIRED OF IT.

So they went swiftly and spoke no word, being astonished unto dumbness: for their life was changed suddenly and they were in no place of the world. But he that bore them held his course, and he flew Eastward by the space of an hour. Then they were aware how he sloped downwards in his flight, and they looked and saw beneath them a great city on the border of the sea, and in no long time they came lightly down and took land before a gate that was there. Then they three entered afoot into the city, and they came quickly to a good house and were received therein.

Now the house was the house of an old and noble dame, by name Eirene, and she was the mother of Hypenor, which had borne Ywain and Aithne upon his wings. And them she greeted courteously, and received them to be her guests while it should please them: but to her son she spoke after another sort. For in one and the same breath she dealt him sweet words and bitter, giving thanks to all the gods for his home coming, and also bidding him begone where she might never be troubled with him more. And after this manner she continued all supper-time, and she would have Aithne to know how she was the most miserable of all women living.

For I was born, she said, in a city far off from this, in a land of other men and other

customs, and I came hither blindfold in my youth. And the veil wherewith I was blinded was the veil of marriage, as it fortunes to the most of us. For of this city I knew nothing, but I supposed it to be an ancient city and a pious, with gods and customs like our own: and I found it given over to a madness of inheritance, and by special wrath of heaven accursed and punished. For this is the city of Dædala, where is the tomb of Dædalus, whom they call the father of inventions: and though his bones be perished, yet they keep here his impiety, and do after it. And their madness is beyond belief, for there is nothing that they will do by way of nature if by any means they can devise to do it otherwise, as by mechanemes of iron or brass. And at my first coming they were assotted upon chariots of fire, and afterwards upon a hundred other devices, full of noise and dangerous exceedingly: and now they sin with the very sin of Dædalus. For when he had found out many inventions, he found out this also, to fly above the earth with wings: a thing plainly hateful to the gods, for if it had been their will, they would have made men like to birds in the beginning. But their will was not so, and they have sent upon this city the curse of Dædalus: for as the god took his son from him and cast him

dead upon the sea, so now it is with us, and heavier a hundredfold.

Then the old dame wept bitterly, that it was pity to see, and her son ran to her and knelt beside her and handled her lovingly. And when he had some deal comforted her, then he spoke merrily and said how it was shame to lay so much on gods and to make them unreasonable and so bring them into judgment. And it may be, he said, that it is we, and none other, that are the gods, for certainly we are greater than our fathers, and there shall yet be greater that shall come after us. But his mother rebuked him and said: I will not hear such words; for your fathers kept due observance and lived long, and you of this generation do reverence to none, but you fly outrageously in the face of heaven, and your youth is cast down upon the earth as upon a dust-heap. And to what profit? for you die like the flowers and leave no name behind you. And Hyperenor said: So be it, but our fruit shall follow us: for it may be that our sons shall fly and not fall. But Eirene wept again and said: You are great givers, for you tear your mothers' hearts to feed your children.

Then Aithne went to her to comfort her, for she was sorry in her heart for that old dame, and she saw how she had no other son but this one only, and him she looked daily to lose. And Ywain also had pity on her, for there is no man that can bear to look upon a woman weeping. But he was divided in mind, and in part he was pitiful, as need was, but in greater part he took side with Hyperenor and upheld him to have the right of it. For he saw how the young man was a great knight and strong and passing comely: and though his words were some deal big, yet his voice was slow and courteous, as the voice of one that would make good. Also in his doctrine Ywain upheld him: for in all wars there will be some that die, and they die gladly to subdue a kingdom, though for themselves they see it not nor enter into it. But most he loved him as one that would dare and do, and of his daring and his doing he would willingly hear more: for it seemed to him a great and marvellous thing that men should fly, that so they might come into all places of the earth, yea, and perchance into some that are beyond.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—OF A PROMISE THAT WAS MADE TO YWAIN,
AND HOW HE TOOK WINGS TO SEEK FOR ALADORE.

Then after supper the old dame went out, and Aithne with her, and Ywain was left

there with Hyperenor, and they two sat a long time talking together. And as they

talked they drank their wine, by cup and by cup: and they sat beside a window, and the window was open wide, looking upon the city and upon the lights thereof, and the night over them was blue and spangled with bright stars. And Ywain perceived how that Hyperenor was no longer strange to him, but near and kind as out of old friendship: and he spoke with him concerning many matters, and was accorded with him continually. Then at the last he spoke of Aladore, and he told him how that he must of necessity come there to be wedded with his lady, and how he had sight of that land as it were of a cloud in heaven, yet he could by no manner of means attain to find it.

And Hyperenor received his saying readily, and began to make him large promises: for he was such an one that in his book was no word for things impossible. And he said how he would give Ywain wings, and learn him quickly how he should use them, so that in one day he might well come to fly with all ease, if he had but good courage and continuance of fortune. And as for Aladore, he had no knowledge thereof, but to find it he took to be no hard matter. For if such place there be, he said, be sure that flying will bring us to it, save it be at the sea bottom: and in that case, he told Ywain how that he had yet another mehaneme to do his purpose, so that by

wing or by water Ywain should certainly come thither.

Then when Ywain heard those words he was fain to believe them, and he began to feel his wings uplifting him. And he doubted not of Hyperenor, but he thought to know more of his mind concerning Aladore: therefore he asked him toward what quarter of the earth they should begin their seeking. And Hyperenor answered Toward no quarter: for that the land was plainly no place of earth, but a floating isle, after the kind of the isles which float upon the sea, and belike it would be found in the region of the stars. And Ywain marvelled at his knowledge and took comfort of it: for he also believed that it was no earthly city which he sought, but what else it might be he knew not, until it was showed him reasonably.

So he heard Hyperenor and was content, and looked upward to the stars: and he beheld their aspect such as with his eyes he never yet beheld it. For he knew them of old both by stars and by constellations, but now first he saw their images in heaven: and behind every constellation was an image, like a great shadow decked with stars, and the shadows went about the high dome like servants of the gods, going silently in their appointed order. And Ywain knew no longer where he might be, for he saw no more the lights of the city nor heard the voice of Hyperenor that talked beside him;

also it seemed to him that time was fallen dead, so that the world was void and still, as a glass is void when all the sands are run down upon the heap. And he awoke as from long dreaming: but he perceived that Hyperenor knew not how he had been from him all that space. So within a while they betook them to their rest.

Then on the morrow they rose up early, and came to a meadow ground which lay before the gate of the city: and Hyperenor gave Ywain wings according to his promise, and shewed him all his own skill therewith. And Ywain received his teaching quickly, and brought it to good market, so that in no long time he went which way he would: and he wearied not nor failed of strength, but his wings upbore him lightly without labour, for they were so devised.

And when it was evening he thought to prove his adventure: for he was not willing to return into the house to Aithne until he should have somewhat to tell her. And when the sun was now going down into the sea Ywain did on his wings again and scanned all the regions of the sky: and there was no cloud near the sun, but over against his setting there was one only cloud, made golden by the light of evening. And under the cloud was the moon rising, and she came up out of the mountains of the East and went climbing towards the cloud. Then Ywain called to

Hyperenor and together they leapt into the air.

Then at the first they went wheeling about and about, to gain the height of the sky, and the dusk began to fall softly round them. And Ywain looked down in his wheeling, and there was the city of Dœdala very far beneath him, and it smallened and darkened continually, so that save for the moonlight upon the towers he had soon seen it no more. But for a time he saw it still lying cold and white by the border of the sea. Then he looked up and saw the stars, and above him Hyperenor flying beneath the starry roof: and Ywain followed him and they left their wheeling and flew straight toward the cloud above the moon. And the moon rose up to meet them, and the light of her came cold upon their faces, and they strained in their flight to hold their way above her, so that they flew faster and faster into the hollow of the night.

And as they went the coldness of the void entered into Ywain's blood, and he felt no more neither hope nor fellowship, and his love lay frozen within him as the root of a flower lies frozen in winter. But his thought was busier than aforetime, and his desire was to know all things which might be known. And he looked down again toward the earth, and saw it as a thing without life or meaning: for in bigness it was lesser than his hand, and it fell beneath him like a stone that is hurtled

from a cliff. And he said within himself: What is that to me, for it is but one amongst many: and he looked up again to Hyperenor that he might follow him further.

But when he looked he saw him not nor the cloud neither, and in a moment his thought was dazed within him, and went staggering like a man struck suddenly upon his eyes. For on every side the stars were changed about him, and they kept no more the order of their constellations, but they were as a crowd rushing upon him, countless and disorderly. Then he looked again upon the moon, and saw her as it were hard by him, and he was yet more in dread: for she was no

living land but a bare plain and cold, and upon the plain were hills like naked bones, and black pits like the pits of dead men's eyes. And in the same instant he saw against the moonlight Hyperenor, falling like a dead bird towards the earth. And in his fall he came by Ywain and went fluttering past him, and Ywain leaned over and peered after him, and the coldness left him, and the blood came again swiftly from his heart. And he stooped his head and went whirling down the gulf, and the winds rushed up to meet him and bore him whither they would; for his strength was as the strength of a leaf, that falls at end of summer.

(*To be continued.*)

A TUDOR ARMY.

I. OFFENSIVE.

NO period of English history has been more diversely interpreted by historians of opposing schools than has the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. These differences of view have arisen from widely varying estimates of the true character of the King, and from differing moral codes by which that character has been judged. Hence we find one great historian of the nineteenth century depicting Henry as a faultless knight, almost god-like in his attributes, while another of equal eminence can see in him nothing but a monster of iniquitous tyranny. Some more recent writers have been content to let the facts speak for themselves and to avoid the expression of extreme opinions. Yet within the last ten years an investigator of the King's matrimonial relations has come to the conclusion that he was nothing more than "a flabby coward," at the mercy of any who could work upon his fears.

The judgments of posterity being thus conflicting, it is pertinent to ask: What did his own people think of Henry VIII.? Their loyalty and confidence in him were severely tested during his later years, when he was pursuing a perilous foreign policy and when the confusion attending his religious reforms had not yet had time to subside. The real

public opinion of the country is not to be safely gauged from the utterances of embittered partisans, but may be to some extent deduced from the measures of the Government and the reception they met with. In particular, a consideration of the documents relating to the wars of 1544-5 will be found to throw much light upon the social condition of the country after half a century of Tudor rule.

At the opening of 1544 the whole of Christendom resounded with the clash of arms. Three distinct questions of the day were awaiting the decision of the sword: whether the Turk should continue his victorious advance into the heart of central Europe; whether Charles V. or Francis I. should obtain judgment in the many territorial disputes affecting nearly every side of their vast frontiers; and whether Henry VIII. should be successful in his policy of absorbing Scotland and making himself monarch of all the British Isles. The eastern question had only a distant relation to English affairs, but the other two problems had for the time being coalesced. In 1543 a treaty had been signed by Henry and the Emperor for a joint war upon France and Scotland. The old alliance between the latter powers was

so well understood to be a matter of course as scarcely to need formal reaffirmation. Thus the English King found himself pledged to invade France in person in the summer of 1544 at the head of 42,000 men, in conjunction with a similar force under Charles V. Before doing so, he determined to strike a sudden and crushing blow at Scotland, so that there might be no fear of invasion from the rear in his absence.

Accordingly, in the spring of the year measures were concerted for the invasion in force of south-eastern Scotland. The Duke of Suffolk, brother-in-law of the King, was replaced as Lieutenant of the North by the Earl of Hertford, and it was arranged that at the earliest possible moment the latter should ship his troops on board a fleet conducted by Viscount Lisle, the Lord Admiral of England, sail up the coast to the neighbourhood of Leith, and there disembark and march upon Edinburgh.

For military purposes the northern counties of England, as far south as to include Cheshire, Derby, and Nottingham, were regarded as distinct from the remainder of the country. Their duty was to provide for defence against Scotland, and they were not called upon in case of a campaign against France. Their commander-in-chief was the Lieutenant of the North, his three principal subordinates being the Wardens of the East, Middle, and West Marches.

During the fifth decade of the sixteenth century the Borders were in a state of perpetual warfare. The captains of the fortresses on either side organised raids into the enemy's country, dashing across at the head of a few score of mounted men, burning some village or fortified house which they had marked as their prey, and returning with their plunder in a few hours, usually before a force could be sent to intercept them. Larger excursions, by hundreds instead of scores of men, were known as Warden's raids, and were also by no means infrequent. In essence they were the same as the minor ones, although their quarry might be a fair-sized town, or a half-dozen of the strong towers which dotted the countryside. Occasionally the smouldering war blazed up into a serious invasion conducted by the Lieutenant, such as the one presently to be described. Raids, as distinguished from invasions, were carried out by the permanent Border garrisons assisted by the inhabitants of the marches, all of whom between the ages of sixteen and sixty were bound to muster when called upon, and were exempt from taxation in return. All went mounted, spearmen, archers, and hackbuteers, for destruction and not fighting was the object, and speed and secrecy were essential to success. Those expeditions which ended in disaster were usually intercepted and ambushed on their return journey when laden with plunder. On such occasions the

Border horse, unsurpassed for individual hardihood, frequently showed themselves susceptible to sudden and shameful panics.

In normal times the permanent Border garrisons on the English side numbered about 1000 men, increased to 3000 during serious war. For the former number the cost of upkeep was from £1500 to £2000 per month. These, with the scanty garrisons of the coast defences of the south and a staff of gunners at the Tower, were the only regular troops in the King's pay. For the raising of a field army the Tudor Government relied upon the common-law obligation of every man to assist with purse or person in the defence of his country; and the fact that Henry VIII. on several occasions exacted fulfilment of this duty with entire success goes far to dispose of the theory that he was a hated tyrant. None but a King in entire sympathy with his people would have dared to arm them in their thousands while he himself had a mere handful of hired troops wherewith to control them.

On taking up his Lieutenantcy, Hertford at once put in hand preparations for the enterprise against Scotland. During March and April the men of the North steadily poured in to the musters at Newcastle and the neighbouring ports.

The counties contributed as follows: Northumberland, 1000 horse; Durham, 60 horse and 2000 foot; Cumberland, 1000 horse, 300 foot; Westmoreland, 40 horse, 500 foot; Yorkshire, 400 horse, 7000 foot; Lancashire, 3000 foot; Nottingham, 400 foot; Cheshire, 600 foot; Derby, 300 foot. Totals, 2500 horse and 14,100 foot. Of these, 12,000 foot, together with 3000 mariners, were to form the main invasion by sea, while the horse and the remaining foot were to hold the Borders until news should come that the landing was accomplished, when the horse were to ride rapidly through to Edinburgh and join Hertford under its walls.¹

Detailed plans were carefully worked out beforehand, on the basis of the whole expedition occupying six weeks from mustering to disbandment.² It was estimated that 7500 tons of shipping would be needed, carrying 2 men per ton with a month's victuals. In addition, 3750 tons were allowed for extra victuals, amounting in all to two months' supply, and 500 tons for field artillery and teams. All this shipping was requisitioned in the East coast ports, some of the vessels being foreigners summarily embargoed for the purpose. They were paid for at the rate of 3d. per ton per week. The victuals consisted of

¹ Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII., vol. xix., Pt. I., No. 140.

² As events turned out, there was a delay of nearly a month after the troops were ready, owing to contrary winds preventing the shipping from concentrating. This was partially atoned for by the rapidity of operations when once a start had been made.

biscuit, beer, flesh (4 days a week), fish (3 days a week), and cheese. While at sea the men were paid at the rate of 5s. per month, with 8s. worth of victuals free; on land a private soldier received 15s. a month, but found his own food, living on the enemy whenever he could, and having the cost of such King's provisions as he consumed stopped from his wages at a price usually in excess of the market value. The total estimated cost of the invasion, including reserve victuals and the Border forces, amounted to £26,700.¹

It is not part of the purpose of this paper to describe in detail the doings of the armies in the field, but a brief summary of the events in Scotland may be permitted. On May 1, the fleet with the army on board left the Tyne ports, in which it had been long windbound, the sixty-eight ships getting out in two tides, and two days later arrived in the Firth of Forth. Hertford was an admirable organiser, and, on the following day, with the assistance of the no less capable Admiral, landed his 12,000 soldiers in three hours with their field guns. The landing was effected two miles west of Leith, and was unopposed. The advance on Leith was made in the traditional three "battles," vanguard, main battle, and

rearguard. The Scots were taken absolutely by surprise, Cardinal Beaton and the Governor Arran having apparently no inkling of what was intended. Leith was thus taken after scarcely any resistance, and was promptly given over to plunder. It is said that £10,000 worth of booty was acquired by the soldiers. Leaving 1500 men to hold the port, the main body pushed on to Edinburgh. The town was entered after a sharp fight at the Canongate, and was given to the flames after an attempt to bombard the Castle had been beaten off with loss. At this point the army was joined by the 4000 Border horse, who had ridden over under the Wardens of the East and Middle Marches. Finding Edinburgh Castle impregnable, Hertford marched back to Leith, shipped his heavy guns, burned the pier and every house in the town, and set out to march with fire and sword to Berwick, arriving there on May 18th. In the meantime the fleet swept the Forth clear of shipping, carrying off two Scottish warships named the *Lion* and the *Salamander*, and burning everything of minor value. Hertford was disbanding his forces at Berwick within twenty days of his first putting to sea. He had lost but forty men.²

The northern expedition,

¹ Letters and Papers, xix., Pt. I., No. 140.

² This expedition is fully described in a contemporary pamphlet entitled "The late Expedition in Scotland . . . under the conduit of the right honourable the Earl of Hertford, the year of our Lord God 1544." It is reprinted in Prof. A. F. Pollard's 'Tudor Tracts.

although in its way a triumph of organisation and swift generalship, was but a magnified Border raid, leading to no permanent result. In size and scope it was mere child's play as compared with the effort which Henry now called upon his people to make against France.

Throughout the month of April, while Hertford had been straining at the leash, waiting for the northerly winds to change and set him free to dash at the shores of the Firth, active preparations had been on foot in the midland and southern shires for the raising of a much larger force, with which to fulfil the King's obligations to the Emperor. First, lists were drawn up of the number of men to be levied in each county and the names of the gentry whose estates were to provide them. These returns were combined in a large manuscript book showing in detail "The soldiers to be furnished by the gentlemen of England from the King's Council downwards."¹ The contingents furnished by the Council, the bishops, and the temporal peers come first, followed by those from the counties of England and Wales. The nine northern counties which had raised the army sent against Scotland are not included; and the only forces drawn from Ireland were 2000 kernes, some of whom were sent to strengthen the Border garrison. The men thus raised reach a total of 3684 horse

and 31,955 foot, and do not of course represent the whole military strength of the country. The necessity for mustering every man of military age was not to arise until the following year. In addition to these native troops, Henry's agents were busy in Germany contracting with mercenary captains for bands of schwartzkitters and lanzknechts to join him at Calais and bring up his numbers to the 42,000 demanded by the treaty. The size of this army does not seem very great in comparison with modern hosts, but when it is remembered that the entire population of the country was probably under four millions, the magnitude of the undertaking is seen in a truer light.

The soldier of the sixteenth century was expected to bring his own horse, weapons, and defensive armour to the muster, although a reserve to replace worn-out equipment was usually provided by the authorities. A partial uniform was issued—described technically as a "coat," and costing 3s. 4d. or 4s.—which appears actually to have included hose as well as tunic. Coats, together with conduct money at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a mile, were served out to the men before they set forth for the general rendezvous. They then made the best of their way thither in small bands under their local leaders, travelling in what way they pleased, so long as they appeared in good condition

¹ Letters and Papers, xix., Pt. I., No. 273.

by the appointed date. The number of men in each detachment varied greatly, the average being about fifteen. As an example, the list of Kentish men serving with the vanguard may be cited :—

Thos. Wiott, 100 men ; John Culpeper, 18 ; Thos. Roydon, 6 ; Edw. Isaac, 10 ; John Sybill, 10 ; Sir Hen. Isley, 38 ; Ric. Pottar, 3 ; Sir Reignold Scott, 34 ; Sir John Fogge, 12 ; Walter Moyle, 5 ; Sir Thos. Moyle, 12 ; Mr Sydley, 20 ; Sir Thos. Willoughby, 10 ; Paul Sydner, 4 ; George Whetenall, 5 ; Wm. Boyes, 12.

If the majority of the gentlemen named went in person to the war, it is obvious that many must have served in the ranks, for only two officers were allowed for every hundred men.

While the lists of men were being prepared, other agents of the Government were busily surveying the resources of the country for the supply of the force. Assessments were fixed for each county for its quota of transport horses, carts, oxen, sheep, grain, malt, beans, and other necessities. Commissioners then appeared to acquaint the local authorities with their obligations and to pick out the best animals and *matériel* with the assistance of the justices of the peace. They were so to frame their requirements that agriculture should not unduly suffer, but at the same time it was understood that no man might refuse his goods for the King's service. Warning was given of the date at which delivery was to

be made at the county towns, and every article was to be paid for as soon as it was handed over to the commissioners.¹ This punctual payment is very characteristic of all the Government's transactions. Soldiers received their wages without undue delay, and were scrupulously given their conduct money to the last halfpenny when dismissed to their homes. Contractors were equally well treated, and Henry, if his financial straits compelled him to default, preferred to do so by repudiating a loan levied on the whole country, when all suffered in just proportion, rather than by breaking faith with individuals. In consequence we find an entire absence of reports of grumbling or backwardness. The Government was in entire touch with the people, and the army was an integral part of the people, served wholeheartedly by men of every degree.

A bird's-eye view of our island—such a view as the limners of the period loved to depict—would show in the early days of May 1544 such a picture of martial activity as was not to recur until the approach of the Armada. In the distant north there would appear the sails of Lisle's fleet clustering in the Firth of Forth, the smoke of Leith and Edinburgh rising to proclaim the doings of Hertford's army ; across the Marches swift bands of horsemen spurring to join in the work of desolation ; the

¹ Letters and Papers, xix., Pt. I., No. 272.

northern counties quiet and peaceful, their part in the year's task already done; throughout the midlands and the south innumerable bands of soldiers marching by every road, some to the East Anglian ports, some to London, some to Dover, and intermingled with them long lines of waggons and droves of cattle. In every haven between Yarmouth and Southampton the merchantmen are stayed, foreign as well as English, awaiting the order to embark the troops. In the dockyards of the Thames, of Rye, and of Portsmouth, shipwrights work unceasingly and labourers raise bulwarks and dig trenches. Romney Marsh is dotted with cattle and sheep destined to feed the invading hosts. And up and down the Channel and along all the coast of France range the privateers of the west country, already laying the foundations of their Elizabethan fame.

In the heart of all this pulsing activity sat the King and his Council, a body of servants such as any monarch might have been proud to command. A Privy Councillorship was then no empty honour. It was to be purchased only by evident capacity to serve the State in some important branch of its affairs; and the men who had attained it by the last decade of Henry's reign were of diverse types and origins. Foremost among the veterans were the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the former now a soured old man, who had suffered many things, and was yet to suffer more. A participant in every

campaign since Flodden, he was conversant to his finger-tips with the business of war. His temperament was the reverse of sanguine, and his caustic letters, often filled with unpleasant facts which he refused to blink, served as a needful brake upon incautious ambitions. Suffolk is the typical bluff Englishman of Henry's court. Hearty and outspoken, he possessed the faculty of making more friends than enemies, and played many parts with uniform success. His talent lay rather in filling with dignity a weighty office than in the practical business wherein Norfolk excelled. Chief of the younger generation were Stephen Gardiner, the cunning intriguer and watchful diplomatist, never entirely trusted by the King, yet contriving to make himself indispensable by his conduct of the Imperial Alliance; and Lisle, the Lord Admiral, ranking equally with Hertford, the soldier. Lisle as Admiral had shown his good qualities in the Scottish campaign. He was destined to retain his command throughout the war now in progress, a war from the naval point of view the most important in which England had yet engaged, and to repeat the Scottish exploit, again in conjunction with Hertford, in 1547. Hertford was an exponent of the new military ideas of the continent. He distrusted the irregular methods of the Border horsemen, and put his faith in gunners and hackbuteers. He would rather, he said, have a hundred of the latter to serve

against the Scots than five hundred spears. Hertford and Lisle were an excellent pair of subordinates to a king like Henry VIII., who knew how to control them. When the strong hand was removed they mistook their talents for genius, and came to bloody ends.¹ Such were the most notable in a body of men which included several others of ability. Although the registers of the Council's meetings and business are unfortunately lost for the period stretching from July 22, 1543, to May 10, 1545, sufficient evidence remains to show that it was the King's indispensable machine for ordering the war, and that all the executive functions of government were in its hands. It should be noted that the whole body took cognisance of both naval and military affairs, there being no special Ministers for the different departments.

By the end of May the troops were beginning to concentrate at their ports of embarkation. The whole army was organised in three great divisions, the vanguard and the rearguard, each of 13,000 men (including foreign mercenaries to join at Calais), and the "battle," 16,000 strong. The Duke of Norfolk was to conduct the vanguard, and Lord Russell, Lord Privy Seal, the rearguard.

The battle was to be under the leadership of Suffolk, lieutenant-general for the King, until such time as his Majesty should himself take over the command.

At the mustering-places both horse and foot were organised in companies of 100 men, each under a captain and petty captain. No mention is to be found of any other subordinate officers, although doubtless the redundant gentlemen for whom there were no commissions did good service in this capacity. They were allowed no pay beyond that of the private soldier. The rates of pay were as follows: Horse, captains 6s. per day, petty captains 3s., soldiers 9d.; foot, captains 4s., petty captains 2s., soldiers 6d. Gunners, a corps of whom were regularly retained at the Tower and other fortresses, were paid 8d. a day, master-gunners receiving 4s. As has been explained, the cost of rations was deducted from these payments.

The organisation of both horse and foot is fully set forth in 'A book of orders for the war both by sea and land written by Thomas Audley at the command of King Henry the Eighth,' of which the date of composition is 1546.² Being written after the war, it probably tends to represent the ideal rather than the actual practice. The horse, says

¹ Hertford is better known as the Duke of Somerset, executed in 1552; and Lisle as Duke of Northumberland, executed 1553.

² Harleian MSS., 309. The date is fixed by a reference to the death of Sir Ralph Ellerker, who was killed in a skirmish near Boulogne on April 25, 1546. The treatise must therefore have been written between that date and January 28, 1547, when Henry himself died. The military portion is repeated, with much additional matter, in another manuscript of Audley's (Additional, 23,971), which seems to be of later composition.

Audley, should be in the proportion of one heavy man-at-arms to three, four, or five light horsemen. The different grades in their order were first the barded or full lance, both man and horse being sheathed in armour; next the demi-lance, the man alone being armoured; then the mounted hackbuter or mounted archer; then the light-armed priker, carrying a boar-spear and useful for scouting and pursuit; and, finally, the page to attend the fighting men and carry their headpieces on the march. These different types were all mingled in the same unit in the above-named proportions. Some trace of regimental organisation is to be seen in the recommendation that to every 600 of mixed horsemen there should be issued a standard, a guidon, and a pennon, the standard only to go into action if the whole body accompanied it. In practice it seems to have been the custom to combine any number of companies into a temporary regiment under a "coronell," a rank which makes its first appearance in the English army in this war.

Similarly the foot were to be divided into shot (archers or hackbuteers), pikes, and halberds or bills. In a small force one-third were to be shot, in a larger one the proportion might be safely reduced to one-fourth or one-fifth. The pikemen were to be drawn up in a massive square or oblong, impermeable to any charge so long as it was not called upon to change

ground. In front of them there might be one rank or at most two of billmen, ready to drag the opposing horsemen from their saddles with their hooked weapons. When matters became too hot, the billmen might take refuge by crouching under the long projecting pikes behind. The archers and hackbuteers were to be disposed on either flank of the square. It was laid down that twenty per cent of the pikes and billmen should wear steel corselets and be placed in the front ranks; but archers and hackbuteers were not to be armoured, save for a morion or sallet upon their heads.

Audley has nothing to say concerning artillery, neither does he state his opinion as to the relative merits of bows and firearms. Rightly or wrongly, the Tudor policy had hitherto been to encourage archery by legislative enactments against the use of "handguns." Consequently there were very few native hackbuteers in this army. But Hertford and other innovators were strongly in favour of the newer weapon, and it is clear that from this time forward the bow tended to fall into some discredit. The longbow in English hands had important advantages in accuracy and rapidity of fire. The real reason for its disuse seems to have been that firearms had a greater moral effect, and that armour had been so improved as to render its wearers almost immune from arrow wounds. Nothing but a heavy bullet at close range

would penetrate the ponderous steel shell of the sixteenth-century lanzknecht.

Other papers contain details of the artillery considered necessary for an army of 42,000 men. Distributed among the three divisions were 5 bombards, 14 cannon (60-pdrs.), 19 demi-cannon (30-pdrs.), 1 cannon-perer, 25 culverins, 22 demi-culverins, 40 sakers, 29 falcons, 50 mortars, and 13 other guns. This proportion was very much greater than that used in Scotland, and was only provided because sieges of strong towns were in prospect. In the ordnance department were also carried reserve small-arms, bows, arrows, pikes, tools for mining, entrenching, and hedge-clearing, canvas, parchment and paper for cartridges, spare wheels and harness and many other stores. For the transport of these articles over the roads of the period an immense provision of horses had to be made. One cannon with its equipment required thirty-five horses.

The arrangements for the feeding of the army from England have already been noted. Supplies were also drawn from the Low Countries, where the English Company of Merchant Adventurers, whose headquarters were at Antwerp, acted as the King's agents. Henry sometimes imposed hard tasks upon his servants. Francis Hall, a man-at-arms of Calais, was sent into Flanders to levy single-handed 1500 teamsters and 3000 draught-horses, and to conduct

them to Calais, making his own arrangements for feeding by the way. Although he incurred some censure for dilatoriness, he managed to perform the greater part of his instructions. Beer, beef, and bread were regarded as essentials to an English army in the field. Large quantities of beer were brought from Flanders, and portable brew-houses and bakehouses, a new invention, accompanied the army in the field. Apparently the former were not a success. On July 5, Norfolk with the vanguard wrote to Suffolk at Calais to hasten the supply, as the soldiers had drunk nothing but water for ten days, "which is strange for Englishmen to do with so little grudging. We desire you also," he continues, "to send us a dozen or twenty tun of good English beer, for us old fellows to drink, who can ill away with Flemish cooyte."

The finance of a three months' campaign was estimated in advance. For the pay, equipment, and supply of the army of invasion, a sum of £200,000 was allocated; for the fleet to hold the Straits and the Western Channel, £10,000; for keeping the Borders, £12,000; for the garrison and works at Portsmouth, £3000; for the garrisons of Calais and Guisnes, £8000; for the Queen's household, £5000; for Prince Edward's, £2000; reserve, £10,000; total, £250,000. It is somewhat difficult to compare the value of money in Tudor times with that at the

present day. As far as the bare necessities of life are concerned, its purchasing power was about eight times as much in 1544 as it is now. But the cost of all manufactured goods and of transport and travelling was infinitely greater in proportion to that of food than is at present the case, and it is evident that notwithstanding the great wealth confiscated from the Church, Henry's resources were strained to breaking-point by this war. The war also, as often happens in such cases, was of much longer duration than was calculated beforehand.

The moneys available to defray the expenses were to be drawn from many sources, some being quite trivial in extent. From the last subsidy, or tax on lands and incomes, there remained a balance of £8000; the sale of crown lands produced £60,000; the Church, £10,000; English merchants, £10,000; foreigners resident in England, £10,000; sale of lead, mainly from the roofs of dismantled abbeys, £50,000; the King's debts and ordinary revenue, £10,000. For the greater part of the balance loans had to be raised on the Continent at ruinous rates of interest, rising from 12 to 14 and even 16 per cent as the contest continued. Forced loans levied in England yielded no great sums, and were practically indistinguishable from taxation, since Parliament usually legalised their repudiation. A much more questionable expedient was the extensive

debasement of the coinage, now resorted to for the first time.

By the middle of June the greater part of the van and rearguards had already crossed the Channel, embarking at Harwich, Ipswich, London, Dover, Rye, and Winchelsea. The horses were conveyed in "playtes," apparently flat-bottomed craft of special construction. Russell, the commander of the rearguard, describes how he saw the Pool of London full of shipping laden with troops and waiting to go down on the tide. Other soldiers were camping on the wharves and in the streets, awaiting their turn; and the roads leading to the south-eastern ports were thronged. The "battle" followed at the end of the month, and on the 15th of July the King himself arrived at Calais.

The original plan of campaign, by which King and Emperor were to make a joint advance on Paris, was soon abandoned. Each ally was too intent on capturing towns in his immediate sphere of influence, and the armies never joined hands. Norfolk and Russell, with their respective divisions, were ordered to reduce Montreuil, while Henry himself led the main body to the siege of Boulogne. The wisdom of his action has been much called in question. But personal considerations bulked larger than in modern times, and the King's honour would have been touched if he had returned to England without winning a pitched battle, or taking some conspicuous place

well known to his subjects. He calculated also that the loss of Boulogne, touching also the honour of Francis I., would give the latter sufficient employment in schemes for its recapture to prevent him from interfering in Scotland, the real objective of English policy.

The two sieges then were pressed with equal vigour. The incidents of both are full of interest, and are to be found at length in the State Papers of the time.¹ That of Montreuil failed to prosper, notwithstanding that the lords and gentlemen worked in person with the spade to set the soldiers a good example. Norfolk was a strict disciplinarian. Two of his soldiers, straying out of camp without leave, were captured by the French, and came in to obtain their ransoms. The Duke instantly hanged them both as a warning to others. At Boulogne there were daily bombardments, sorties, and skirmishes. The town was slowly but surely pounded into submission, and surrendered on September 14. Two days

later Charles V. made a separate peace with France, and his ally was left to carry on the war alone.

This desertion, which aroused extreme indignation in England, altered the whole aspect of the war. Henry was at once thrown upon the defensive, for Francis had great armies in the field on the German and Italian frontiers, and was now free to direct them all against his northern foe. Norfolk was immediately ordered to raise the siege of Montreuil and march his force to the defence of Boulogne, already threatened by the Dauphin's army before its walls had been repaired. Boulogne secured, the King hastily returned to England to organise resistance to the storm which he knew would shortly burst upon him. Even before his return, significant orders had been given that commissioners should take order in every shire for the mustering of every man of military age at an hour's notice.

JAMES A. WILLIAMSON.

¹ A journal of the entire campaign is in Cotton MSS., Calig. E. IV. f. 57, printed in Rymer's 'Foedera,' xv. p. 52.

(*To be continued.*)

MINERVA AND THE HOUSEBOAT.

It has always been one of the crosses of life that Minerva and I cannot take our holidays together. In civilised places we read the same books, play the same games, like the same people, have much the same ideas about ultimate things, but Minerva will not rough it. She has never possessed a pair of strong boots, she cannot drink out of thick cups, and the mere vicinity of an insect makes her uncomfortable.

We both like travel books, but for different reasons. The volumes I read with envy Minerva enjoys with a furtive humorous malice. She reclines on soft cushions and follows the self-inflicted miseries of fanatics on icebergs or deserts or mountain-chains. She is particularly well up in Arctic exploration. But she prefers to read of women-travellers being eaten alive deservedly — she is not deceived by the pretext of science — by mosquitoes, or, worse, their hands and faces blistered by the sun. She has a certain smile which draws me curiously to her shoulder sometimes when she is reading. It will be a picture of a blizzard in "Misery Camp," the tents battened down, and a human figure emerging from one of them, a living icicle; or a tropical scene, with a photograph of some uncouth sportswoman with short, fat, putted legs, who travels for pleasure

and loses her temper at every rub.

"I am sure she beats her coolies," Minerva says, turning over the pages daintily.

A holiday is incomplete without Minerva; yet the primitive and pagan in me must be indulged, and my Elysium is her Tartarus — a kind of illimitable snipe-jheel, with blue mountains on the horizon and a strange wild country beyond. Here Minerva pictures me wallowing in mud and blood. It is true I like mud, and I do not mind a little blood. A few drops spilt on one's out-shorts are sacrificial, the rite we pay to the little cave-man within us when we cast the social slough. And I like to feel my neck and knees bare to the wind and sun. I like to bathe in a lake or stream and dry in a warm breeze, lying in grass and flowers — one's pipe is sweeter for the absence of a shirt; and I like to feel a few warm feathers sticking to my sleeve or the scales of a fish. The smell of these things is sweet — it brings one nearer earth.

Yet I find that I am not such good company to myself as I was. I get home-sick sooner. Also Minerva loves travel, she says, if she does not have to rough it. She likes to be there, but not to go. She does not mind the simple life. So we hit on the houseboat as a kind of

limbo—a between-state, in which we both might be content. A simple device which we might have thought of before. Minerva was to meet me on the Woolar Lake in Kashmir on my way back from a trek in the snows. We had heard of a nicely furnished boat with its staff of servants ready. My last stage would take me straight into her drawing-room. That she might be delivered from all spiders, daddy-long-legs, mosquitoes, hard beds, coarse crockery—all roughnesses, by the way,—was my constant litany.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of the Woolar Lake from the pass above Tragbal. Drought and vertical cliffs had been my portion for the last five weeks, and water in the form of turbid glacier streams at an angle of forty-five degrees. I longed for level spaces. And here was a plain twenty-five miles broad, glittering in the sun like a coat of divers colours, varied by the different crops— young rice, ripe corn, the rich green of the maize, the yellowish-brown seed-flax, the red and ochre of the parched *karewas*, relieved by clustered villages embowered in walnut, poplar, and ohenar, a broad slow river winding through it, and at my feet a wide expanse of still water on which boats floated lazily. This is the best view in Kashmir, I thought, and wondered if *The Snark* were in the creek. I camped that night on an exposed spur in the forest between

two beacon fires, my pre-arranged signal with Minerva.

The Snark was in port all right—a clean dainty boat, with an interior worthy of Minerva. A stiff white tablecloth and fruit and drinks on the table, frilled muslin curtains, cushions, rugs, books, newspapers, and other good things which one can appreciate when they have ceased to be a matter of course—especially if one has earned them by the expenditure of all waste tissue. They offered the picture of a month's ideal loafing.

Nevertheless the beginnings of our cruise were not auspicious. First there were the mosquitoes. They were so persistent and venomous that we gave up the idea of exploring the lake, and made for less swampy surroundings. Minerva lunched in gloves and veil. Eventually we were driven into our mosquito-curtains, feeling as if we had been licked all over by a flame. I had not roughed it so much for months.

Then there was Mustâq. The second course at lunch betrayed him—a chicken mould of a peculiar shape, fortified by tomato slips with a sliced egg on the top, the palpable handiwork of the *bad-mash* who had been my *khan-samah* (cook) in camp. A lazy, malingering, thievish, plausible fellow, who had looted the villagers, turned up late in camp, kept me waiting for meals, and destroyed an otherwise respectable temper and digestion.

Through his pilferings I had been reduced to commissariat tea, bazaar coffee, "soissors" cigarettes, and other sundry abominations, until I had met a Samaritan on the road and messed with him the last two stages. I had dismissed the man on the spot, and here he was on the boat—a hideous resurrection.

"Good heavens," I said to Minerva, "you have got Mustâq!"

"Didn't you send him on?"

"I sacked him."

It appeared that Mustâq had arrived the evening before, all salaams, saying that the Sahib had sent him on to get everything ready. Minerva had had to leave the boat-cook behind at Srinagar, as his sobriety had left much to be desired. She thought Mustâq a dear old man, so polite and willing, "a little ugly perhaps." He had a face like a Jew transmogrified into a goat, something remotely Semitic and capricious. He was of mixed ancestry, a Pathan father and a Kashmiri woman of the Lolab valley, and he had inherited the virtues and good looks of neither.

"The infernal old humbug," I said. "I suppose we are saddled with him."

Still he had prepared a very tolerable lunch. Minerva was

all for giving him another chance. The easy régime of a houseboat might mean reformation, though I had failed to whip the offending Adam out of him.

We could not leave Bandipur that night. The manjhi was afraid to put out into the lake. These boats are high and have no draught; a squall upsets them. We took refuge in the mosquito-curtains. We read and dozed and talked to each other through gauze. The idea occurred to us of being fed through the net, but we made brave sallies to the dining-room. The next day, too, we had to keep under cover. We punted across the lake, two poles in punt and a paddle behind, the cook-boat and shikara following in our wake. When we reached firm earth on the Jhelum bank the towing-rope was brought out. Here the enemy were not in such force, and we emerged and walked by the side.

The next morning we breakfasted in peace, both agreed on the definition of happiness—the absence of mosquitoes. It gradually began to dawn on us that Minerva would not have to rough it at all, and that I had laid the ghost of the cave-man in me for at least a month. *The Snark* was going to be a success.

II.

Srinagar was our first port. For some reason the mosquito-limit is a fixed geographical

boundary at this time of the year. We left it behind at Sumbal, and were troubled no

more. At Srinagar we moored in the Jhelum two miles above the city, but spent most of our days on the Dal Lake or in the old Mogul gardens that slope down to it. The city itself reeks with the dirt of ages. The Mar Canal, which runs through the most picturesque quarter, is only approachable when it is flushed by the fresh snow-water in spring. But in the evening sometimes we would drop down the Jhelum between the seven bridges; in the open stream one is assailed only by intermittent whiffs. Like all dirty, picturesque old Eastern cities built on a river bank, it is best seen from a boat. One escapes the smells and the pressing crowds, and the pert, inquisitive children who follow on one's heels; and the household routine goes on as one glides slowly by. It is the women who give colour to the scene. They are always working or gossiping by the riverside, cleaning their brass pots, or washing their clothes, or weaving, or grinding corn. Their features are regular, their eyes bright and clear. The young girls are unusually fair; in Europe they would be taken for Jewesses. They wear a kind of jibbah with loose, upturned sleeves; the brilliant colours—magenta, green, terra-cotta, purple—glow in strong relief against the quiet tones of the old wood and brick. We passed a marriage party going down-stream to the village of the bride; or perhaps the husband was taking her to his home. A bright canopy was hung over the prow, and they

were all singing. "Happy" is the translation of the Eastern word the family would apply to the chorus, but to our ears their music is infinitely sad. The marriage chant sounded like a dirge.

A pretty girl looked out at us from a latticed balcony on the third storey. A young man by her side took her by the elbow and thrust her roughly back into the chamber. But there was no finality in the action, and she came out to peep at us again. For her sake we looked down. An old hag next door stared at us unreprieved,—a commonplace little allegory for the moralist which I will not pursue. The wicked occidental habit of peering about for pretty faces is wickeder in the East. The Oriental, as a rule, has better manners than we in this respect, but we passed a family barge in which a consequential young Mussulman was sitting before his two wives. As we approached he gave the nearest an unceremonious nudge, as much as to say, "Look quickly, here is something you will not see again." And the two bourkhas bent forward so that I could see the eyes peering through the veil at Minerva. But they did not turn round. At the next ghat an English girl had braved the smells and was sitting on the steps painting. She wore a brown dress with a low neck, and her complexion was very fair. Every figure that passed made her look more dainty and clean.

Earthquakes may demolish Srinagar, but the city will

always be picturesque. With the brick and stone and wood now used, even the new houses look old. Rasula, the manjhi, told me that there were a thousand mosques and ziarats in the city, and I can well believe it. All the buildings are balconied; most of them have three or four storeys. The windows and eaves are richly fretted; at the corners of the roof the cedar wood is carved and ornamented, generally in the shape of hanging campanulas. The wood is of a rich dark grain. The bricks are small and dark—they never have that ugly new yellowish-red tint which we think of as brick colour. But it is the roofs that give the city its peculiar charm. They are flat, or gently sloping, and covered with earth. Each roof is a garden. In spring they are bright with iris and crocus, and in the autumn they are coloured with the quiet tints of the dried leaves and grasses.

The waterways by the lake have another charm. We spent many a lazy morning in the channels by the Dal watching the craft coming back from the floating gardens with their market produce. The boats are of all sizes, from the heavy thatched grain-barges that house a family to the light shikara. They are paddled or punted; sometimes an old woman or a small girl in a purple or magenta shift will be the sole crew; or there may be the three ages of women in the same boat. They are carrying vegetables or fruit or fodder to the city—

cucumbers and melons and singara nuts, coxcombs for colouring food, marigolds, lotus pods, white lotus-stalks gathered under water near the root, and tied up in bunches like celery. We pass a boatload of enormous pumpkins, propelled slowly by a quiet old hag in the prow; shikaras laden with wood or hay or water-weed, rushes for matting, or reed for thatch. The water-weed is for cow-fodder; the reek of it is sweet in the sun. The sodden green willow wood is stowed for winter fuel. It has a peculiar pungent smell when drying, which is as sweet as the hay, because of some vague memory it stirs, so vague as to be little more than a sensation. We pass a barge of wise contented-looking sheep changing pasture; as it touches land the leaders step ashore in a matter-of-fact way, as if they were in charge and had demanded the ferry. The splash of crimson emerging from a shaded willow alley is a barge loaded with coxcomb, pure crimson-lake. There are gardens of it in the dry patches between the dykes, a rich warm glow of colour. And there are fields of marigolds which every orthodox Pandit brings daily to strew on the lingam, or in the niches by the altar. We pass a village with a temple to Siva, and another with a ziarat built of cedar and red brick, with a thatched roof covered with irises in seed, and shaded by chenars. It contains a hair of the prophet's beard.

There is a tinge of autumn in the air and in the trees.

The reed-beds are brown or sulphury, the sapphire of the kingfisher on the wall is brighter against the yellowing mulberry leaves; there is a rufous fringe under the bank, and in the water the surface weeds are tinted. We pass orchards of apples and yellow orinkled quinoes, and plantations of young willows, intersected by innumerable creeks, at the end of which there is always a glimpse of the hills, sometimes the yellow rock of Hari Parbat, with the old fort sprawling over it, or the thimble-like Takht-i-Suleiman, or the brown crags above the Dal, or to the south the Pir Pinjal rimmed with fresh snow.

These late September mornings follow one another in peaceful succession; a turquoise sky with barely a cloud, a fresh nipping air which makes one feel as if one has just bathed; and a sweet smell everywhere so long as one avoids man.

Rasula, our boatman, and his mate, belong to the aristocracy of the river. It adds to one's content to be propelled sympathetically by men one knows and likes. We gather much lore from them.

Farther down the stream we came upon three legendary stones, two in the channel, one half covered by willows in a ditch. Rasula told us that these were once bad men, who had been petrified for some wickedness. One is a matting-maker who spoke false words; another a Goojar who

put water in the milk; another a Dhubie who stole a silken robe, or, as others say, a Bunniah who dealt crookedly.

"As to-day," I said.

"Ha, sahib, as to-day," the manjhis echoed sorrowfully. "What a stone-heap the land would be if such justice were meted out to-day."

"Ha, sahib, a veritable stone-heap," intones Stroke.

"Assuredly a heap of stones," echoes Bow.

"Are not the people afraid?"

"But it was so long ago."

"Is not Khud¹ as powerful now?"

"Khud knows," intones Stroke.

"Khud is all-knowing, but his ways are dark," echoes Bow.

Minerva and I were agreed that the person most in danger of petrification in all Kashmir was Mustâq. I came in the next morning at the hour of accounts.

"All sahibs pay eight annas a-day for wood," he was saying.

"Mustâq," I began gravely, "there are three stones in the canal at Kraliyar, you are aware. These were once wicked men. Now, if . . ."

"Sahib," the old man said, in a voice that vibrated with injured feeling, "I have never defrauded any sahib or mem-sahib. God is witness of my doings. If I have taken one pice that is the mem-sahib's, may I be struck . . ."

¹ God.

The invocation was so solemn and awful I half expected to see the old man fall on the carpet. Minerva interposed hurriedly to save him.

"But the mem-sahib in the next boat only pays three annas."

"Ha, mem-sahib. But that mem-sahib has lunch served cold. Moreover, the Huzoor and the mem-sahib have hot baths in the morning and in the evening; but the mem-sahib in the next boat only bathes . . ."

"Never mind the mem-sahib on the next boat," I said. "Write down three."

The figure of Mustâq underwent a subtle change. His shoulders, back, and neck be-

came reproachfully limp and martyr-like as he resigned himself to the loss of five annas a-day, almost as much as half his pay.

"We, too, will have a cold lunch to-day," Minerva added consolingly. "We are taking tiffin out to the Nishat Bagh."

"As the lady sahib pleases."

The tone of his voice as he retreated implied as clearly as the spoken words, though quite consistently with respect, "I am a poor, honest, wronged man. But with such sahibs and mem-sahibs argument and justice are alike impossible."

We both felt uncomfortable.

"Are you sure three annas are enough?" Minerva said.

III.

The Nishat Bagh is approached by the open lake. It is probably the most beautiful old garden in the East,—seven wide green terraces of smooth-out lawn, with bold hills behind and the lake in front. As in all these old Mogul gardens, a spring-fed conduit runs down the centre, dropping from terrace to terrace by a series of cascades into reservoirs in which fountains are playing. The Nishat is more park-like than the others; it is more directly under the crags, and the lotuses grow almost up to the old lodge at the foot. The stone conduit is bordered by paths with flower-beds on each side, which are intersected by other paths as in old French gardens.

The flowers are generally the highest and crudest that grow, but the beds of aster, zinnia, salvia, canna, which would be ugly and garish on an English lawn, are appropriate here; the warm massed colour is subdued in the open spaces under the shade of the great trees; it glows softly, like a crimson spot on a moth's wing. The lawns on each side are symmetrically planted with magnificent ohenars, which date from Akbar's time. I wondered why this most artificial of gardens left no impression of artifice. The symmetry and formalism of it are on such a large scale, and in such a large natural setting, that it has become part of the landscape; the hill and

lake are brought in. Man has effaced himself in his work. A miniature garden here would have looked like a reclaimed patch, trivial and temporary, a vain meddling with nature and a perversion of her ends. As it is, the trim details at one's feet and the grandeur and distance blend as in the mellow canvas of an old master or as in the description of Eden in 'Paradise Lost.' The Nishat Bagh is an epic in gardens.

We spread our rugs and cushions under the largest and shadiest chenar, and prepared ourselves for an idle day. How distant was any sense of discomfort now! Minerva, cool and reposeful in the shade, looked like a princess who had sauntered into the Trianon for a siesta under the trees. There was no spider or mosquito or earwig near to molest her. We had taken Vigne's travels and 'Jocaste et le chat maigre,' which we exchanged and discussed lazily. The title of the French book had always fascinated me. I wondered if the cat was thin because Jocaste was poor or unkind. Or perhaps it was only thin when it entered the story and grew fat afterwards. I had pictured Jocaste working for it, a little grisette in a black dress with a V-shaped opening at the bosom, sitting in a bare unfurnished atelier with a canary in a cage, looking out into the Luxembourg Gardens. I was disappointed when I found that there were two tales, and that there were no mysterious relations between the cat and

the enigmatic lady, and worse, that there was no real cat to drag its lean and hungry length through the story at all.

As Minerva fell asleep I took Vigne from her lap. He had walked and talked in the Shalimar and Nishat gardens only eighty years ago, yet he seems almost as old-world as the Moguls with whose shadows he peopled "the gay shining walks" of "this once royal garden." I could see the Isle of Chenars where he and Dr Henderson and Baron Hugel met in 1838 and agreed to put up a tablet in memory of their visit. They drafted the inscription and obtained leave from Runjit Singh. The names of former travellers were to be inscribed: Bernier 1663, Forster 1786, Moorcroft, Trebeck, and Guthrie 1823, Jacquemont 1831, Wolff 1832. Vigne does not seem to have heard of Manucci. There were only eight, but the paper was not large enough. Either their own names or those of the previous travellers had to be written in small type. The dilemma was easily solved. "One of the party made us laugh by giving utterance to a sentiment which we could neither of us deny to be our own. Oh, damn 'the previous travellers'! Get in our names as large as you can." The tablet was raised, not without passive resistance, but even before Vigne left the valley he had doubts of its permanence. He suspected that Gulab Singh and Dhihan Singh would be jealous

of "the substantial presence of European names in a country they intended to make themselves masters of upon Runjit's decease." He feared—very justly as it proved—that the next of his countrymen who looked for it would find it gone. Should such be the case he hoped the traveller would replace it, "and if he have the *esprit de corps* of a traveller there is no occasion to give the reason." Delightful naïveté.

When Minerva had opened her eyes—"woken up" is too gross a term for that subtle transformation—and made the tea, we explored the garden before reluctantly taking ourselves off. It is an Eden, but an Eden with a serpent. At the upper end the stairway leading from one terrace to another passes through a passage open at the top to the sky. We had just come up and were standing near the coping, when Minerva, who was nearer than I, heard it arrive. She touched my arm, and I saw a huge four-foot snake swishing up the stairs on its belly scales. It rested on the top steps and surveyed the garden with undulations of its horrid thin head. A harmless brute, but incompatible with the presence of Minerva. I stoned it into a hollow tree. Going down, Minerva walked behind me.

"There are always two," she said.

We push out into the open lake through a sea of lotuses. A few of the pinky-white flowers remain; the cup-like seed-pods are already purpling.

We watch the terns, the grebes, the jacanas, the fish-eagles; the kingfisher dropping like a plumb-line from its crumpled lotus leaf, the dark-red dragon-flies, the happy fish burrowing lazily into the green underworld.

We are far out in the open water, when a sudden storm comes up the valley. A black vertical shaft of rain, with a furnace glare behind it, is deluging Baramulla: it vanishes in grey mist, and another falls nearer the lake. The light poplars bend and shiver in flurried agitation, each with its head strained towards the East as if it would escape. Rasula and the boatmen chatter in dismay and thresh the water with their paddles, too excited now for any rhythm. They leave their course and make for shore, the breeze following in little freshets as if gathering strength. Just as the nose of the boat rustles among the reeds a stillness falls on the lake. The storm has turned in its track and is ravaging Apharwat—which is now lost in darkness. But the sun has broken through the rim of cloud, and the snow-peaks to the end of the valley turn from grey to rose. We enter a channel which we should not have discovered if it had not been for the storm. The lake is bathed in colour—the lotus leaves are lifted gently by the breeze, the vivid green of the underleaf catching the slanting light; there is a golden glow on the water-weed, beyond and behind it the dark-green belt of the poplars and willows.

Soon the last sigh and rustle of the wind dies away, and in the stillness the fairy-haunted ruins of the Peri Mahal loom through the mysterious blue

haze, calling us up into the darkening hills away from the lights of the city.

"Isn't it a spook of a ruin!" Minerva says.

IV.

The next day we spent in the Shalimar Bagh. The garden does not fall in broad sweeps as does the Nishat, from the mountain to the lake. The hills recede from it, and it is approached by a channel between willows almost a mile long. The chenars are not so grand, the terraces not so high; but it is the more old-world garden of the two. It is beautiful in another way. The Nishat does not belong so much to a period, its human associations are slighter; it is part of the landscape. The Shalimar is a seventeenth-century garden of the Kings of Delhi. One feels the Moguls there. I think the impression left by the Taj Mahal contributes subtly to the effect. For this was the scene of the romance of Jehangir and Nur Mahal. The architecture, too, though not strictly Mogul, helps — the painted lattices richly fretted, the roofs of cedar and old wooden tiles, the black marble pillars with their strangely ornamented capitols that branch out to support the eaves, the Saracenic arches, the cypresses by the reservoirs with the hundred fountains, the cascades of old limestone niched for the lights which gleam at night behind the falling water. And within the

arcade the Persian frescoes on the wall, and the stag-heads holding sconces, give the place a look of habitation.

The garden is probably in better repair than when Vigne saw it in 1838. Ranjit Singh's governors were vandals; they cut down the trees, white-washed the black marble, and were generally very indifferent inheritors of the cultured Mogul. Vigne was received by Mian Singh in the Shalimar with great patronage. He found the Sikh sitting in state surrounded by his officers and wearing the gorgeous costume of his race, a single-threaded shawl turban and a Kashmirian heron's plume. It was a tedious entertainment. After a few meaningless and unintelligent questions he had to sit and watch the singing and dancing while the Governor slowly fuddled himself with the strong spirit of the country. Vigne sketched while Mian Singh slept off the effects of the debauch. He describes how heartily tired he was of the Nautch girls, and how relieved when the "Colonel Sahib" called for his matchlock and proposed to shoot at a mark, though he was too fat to stand on his legs and too tipsy to hold his gun straight. "The Governor was so unsteady by

the quantity of spirit he had taken that his matchlock could not compete with my double-barrel. . . .!"

But it is with Jehangir and Nur Mahal that the Shalimar is associated. It is the garden where the "Imperial Selim" held the feast celebrated in 'Lalla Rookh,' at which the lovers became reconciled. I was delighted to find that Minerva thought all this pother was about a gentleman of the name of Rook, the prefix "Lala" having much the same significance in the Punjab as "Babu" in Bengal. When we got back to Srinagar we looked Moore up in a preface to his poems and found that he was given an unconditional three thousand guineas for the poem, however and wherever he liked to produce it. Those were fat years for the poetaster. One can believe that this inane sugary stuff was lapped up by the middle classes as pure Hippocrene less than a century ago, but that it should have been commended by Jeffrey and taken seriously as poetry by the lions of the day seems an odd vagary of literary taste. Minerva suggested that we were setting up our own idols for posterity to play ninepins with. But where are they? We ourselves are chary of filling our niches. We have lost too many illusions. Hero-worship is as dead as bigotry. We have grown captious and old.

"When Day had hid his sultry flame
Behind the palms of Baramoule,
When maids began to lift their heads
Refresh'd from their embroider'd
beds."

Where are the palms? What insects haunt the embroidered beds? Let us hope the ladies of Baramoule had a different kind of fragrance in Jehangir's day.

If there is one part of 'Lalla Rookh' that we might have patience with now, it would be the prose interludes in which the chamberlain Fadladeen threatens the poet with the Chabuk. But Longman's knew their public. The three thousand pounds was a good speculation. Seven large editions were sold out in the first year. Also the work was acclaimed as accurate in detail and colour. Travellers said that the descriptions were so exact that Moore had studied Oriental literature to such effect that to read him was like treading familiar ground. There was no need to visit Eastern scenes on the back of a camel when one could read Tommy Moore in one's arm-chair. Even Vigne commended the accuracy of 'Lalla Rookh' and prophesied that a bust of the poet would be put up in the Isle of Chenars.

We visited the Isle of Chenars and found that one of the great trees had fallen, another was hollow like a cave, briars covered the *débris* of the old temple. Vigne's tablet had gone, even the clean-cut masonry coping, which stands out so clearly in his sketch, had mouldered away. No wonder the genius of the island rejected the bust of Moore.

We spent the last half of September in Srinagar, and most of it on the lake and in the gardens, which are all five

or six miles by water from the city. We lunched under the Chenars, and I would bathe afterwards from the shikara while Minerva read. We explored the Nagin Bagh, where the water is deeper and bluer than anywhere in the lake, under the feet of Hari Parbat; the Nasim, a spacious memorable grove worthy of the large mind of Akbar who planned it; the Chasma Shahi, watered by a bubbling spring on the hillside; the Peri Mahal, a ruined old monastery haunted by fairies, and the Nishat Bagh and Shalimar Bagh many times,—Imperial gardens in

which I loafed imperially and Minerva tested all the moods of repose. Minerva thought the Shalimar Bagh more beautiful than the Nishat, until we visited the Nishat again and watched the sun set over the Dal. Far across the valley there was a storm in the Pir Pinjal. A heavy purple rim of cloud threw the light aslant across the lake: the glow crept up the terraces and bathed the old stone in a flood of light. The great wall of rock behind the chenars took on a shade between terra-cotta and mauve. We could not leave the place till dark.

V.

The mosquitoes died with September. It was now safe to turn *The Snark's* nose to the Woolar, whence they had routed her. Mustâq was still of our crew, hanging on, as we pretended to think, by a precarious tenure, though I knew Minerva could never bring herself to dismiss a hireling. She had seen him filling the butter-dish with his fingers. The bearer, a down-country man, who thought a half-bred Kashmiri betrayable, overheard the reproof, and brought a story that he stirred the soup with an old shoe. This may have been a malicious fiction. A new lap in his service was marked by his bringing his "ohits" to Minerva's writing-table. He laid them before her with a deprecating finality, as one who would say he was sorry that

error could enter into the mind of the sahib or the mem-sahib, yet, however much the malice of circumstance might conspire to belie him, here was the written word in the face of which his cleanliness, honesty, and efficiency could never afterwards be impugned. The insinuating stoop of the old humbug, as Minerva read the certificates and handed them to me, was enough in itself to save him. Subalterns on short leave had exercised their wit at his expense. "Mustâq means well." "Mustâq has been with me for three months. He is leaving on account of ill health — MY ill health." "Mustâq styles himself a cook. He DID me very well. I do not use the word in its literal sense. I lost weight at first on a contract. I then tried the *hissab* (daily account), and

the Ananias in him had full play. The husband of Sapphira was a bad second. Afterwards I joined *bundobust* with another sahib, and he wept bitterly when the commissariat was not entrusted to him. His distress was due to the apparent lack of faith on my part, and he was not comforted when I pointed out to him that he would have less work for the same pay, and that he would not be out of pocket as before. This, I think, shows zeal and energy on his part, which will no doubt commend him to visitors to this Happy Valley as likely to prove an excellent servant. He is of the manjhi stock, and possesses all the useful traits which make his class prosperous." Weakly we decided to keep Mustâq on until we were back in Srinagar.

The Woolar cannot vie with the Dal in autumn, but in some ways Manasbal is more beautiful than either. If the word "romantic" still means anything, it describes the view across the lake from the north side. The garden on the west bank is now nothing more than an orchard and a village green. The tall poplars and the old ruined bastion jutting out into the blue water give it a southern Italian air. The wych elms, and the fruit trees, plum and cherry, splashed with blood and gold; the balconied houses, their roofs supported on piles of brick, leaving the granary open, with the great earthen vessels, like wine-jars, exposed to the four winds of heaven; the vines and pump-

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kins growing up to the door, the strings of red chillies hanging from the eaves, made us think of an old Greek pastoral. Only the herdsmen are vacant and sad. They do not sing at their work of Demeter and the threshing-floor, or of the shadowy plane-tree, or of the golden flower of the ivy, or of honey and the lips and hair of maidens.

What puts one most in sympathy with the villagers is that every graveyard is a bed of irises. In the evening, coming back from Manasbal, we met a funeral. It was one of those fresh soft evenings when one is conscious of the air as of a gift. One is a guest of Le Grand Seigneur, and wonders why one has not remembered it always. Flocks look warm and peaceful. Birds accept one naturally as they might a reed or a tree. The foal turns from his grass and trots confidently to his stall. One's relations with everything are quickened. There is a new significance in earth and cloud. We do not need "the little more" to stir us—the iris that has chosen to flower a second time, the kingfisher that will not budge as we pass by, the poplar that has put on a lemon robe before the season. Ordinary things affect us in a new way. We see two mongooses in a reed-bed, nose to nose, intent on something hidden, and we think of the dry warmth of their coats as if we felt it under the hand, and at the same time feel the coolth of the water about the cattle's

Q

legs as if we were wading out with them into the stream; and we want to sit in a hollow tree because it is hollow, or under a sound one because it is sound. We stood on the wooden bridge at Sumbal and watched *The Snark* pass under. It was not an ordinary houseboat, but a friendly monster with a snout and tail, its wooden tiles like scales, making it appear a kindly dragon full of gifts. Religion must be the state of mind in which we always feel these kindlier and more intimate relations with things, —no evening's mood bred of soft air and changing lights, but a faith deep as life in the eternal giving and receiving. We ought not to have been so depressed by a funeral, but the sight of the little procession coming over the bridge made us infinitely sad. The mourners were so few and their gait so perfunctory. Only one wept.

They bore a long wooden box with a double folding lid like a flour-bin, with short legs to rest on. It was a bier, not a coffin. The body would be left in the hole under the irises, and the box would be carried home. The corpse was light: it must have been a

woman or a child or a shrunken old man. The simplicity of the rite left a feeling of unmixed sadness, which the freshness of the air and the softness of the cloud increased. A bourgeois funeral is depressing and dismal; one is not so sad, because one is repelled by it. But the nakedness of this imparted one of those rare desolating glimpses into the proportion of things. We could not go back after seeing this piece of clay despatched to its hole in the iris bed and dismiss a servant. Mustâq was safe. It even lent a spurious and illogical dignity to the man.

But I doubt if Minerva would ever have passed sentence. I remember there had been one Ibrahim, whose good intentions so far exceeded his achievement that she could not say in cold blood, "You must go." She could not endure the thought of seeing the small of his back disappear down the drive for the last time. When he had ministered to us for three years we were transferred. It was a longed-for migration; but Minerva's first remark when she heard the marching-orders was, "We can leave Ibrahim behind."

VI.

From the Woolar we returned to Srinagar, and thence up to Islamabad in the eastern end of the valley, where the Jhelum ceases to be navigable only a few miles

from the springs from which it rises. Here we were two days from the Banihal Pass, which was to be my route into the Punjab through Jammu. Minerva had three more weeks

in the valley. *The Snark* made the voyage from Srinagar to Islamabad, fifty-four miles, in three and a half days. We moored the first night at Pampoor, a village famous for its bread and its saffron. Of the bread I have no happy memories. We laid in three and a half dozen cakes. I would have no time for bread-making on the road. Mustâq was to stay with Minerva. She had subdued him with a touch more effective than the uses of adversity. Pampoor bread, we thought, is good tackle; but though hard and crisp, it can become as stale as other bread, and it is associated in my mind with a purgatorial march which I think of now as the "after-Snark."

At Avantipur we nearly ran into the arms of the most adhesive bore in Asia. There is an old Kashmir temple here of 800 A.D. We were on the point of landing to see it when Minerva touched me on the arm, and we saw a stiff erect figure emerge resolutely from a shikara and disappear above the bank in the direction of the ruins. The temple retained him till dusk. We did not see it. Rasula was quite injured when we would not visit it. "All sahibs see the temple—it is a very good temple. All sahibs see it," he reiterated. But we were firm, and clung to *The Snark*, which seemed all the more snug and comfortable for the peril outside. We drew the curtains and lit the fire, and Minerva said, "It is so nice not having to be near him,

that it almost makes up for his being in the world."

At Islamabad we had our fill of sight-seeing. All the lions are gathered at this end of the valley. Martand, the temple of the sun, more than made up for the loss of Avantipur. The ruins should be seen in the early morning or at sunset in spring or in late autumn. They are of a bluish-grey stone with a tinge of pink or mauve in it, which is subtly responsive to changing light and shade. We entered the old temple just as the sun was setting. It stands on a *karewa*, a broad flat ridge between two valleys, on either side of which a river appears and disappears among villages in poplar clumps and groves of walnut and willow. We watched the sunset from inside, through the massive portico of the cella. In the foreground stands the lonely arch of what used to be the outer chapel, supporting its massive architrave. Through this we looked down on a highly irrigated plateau, where the fields of purple amaranth and the green and chocolate-coloured rice crops, mingled in an intricate design, stretch away to the yellow hills above Islamabad.

Vigne compares Martand with Persepolis and Palmyra. Though inferior in magnificence and extent, it deserves, he thought, to be ranked with these isolated ruins on account of its solitary and massive grandeur, and in situation it is far superior to either. "It is built," he writes, "on a

natural plateau at the foot of some of the noblest mountains in the world, and beneath its ken lies what is undoubtedly the finest and most *prononcée* valley in the world." We probably saw it for the last time unspoilt. Rails and barbed wire were lying on the grass, and there was a heap of ugly palings. Holes had already been dug in the earth to complete the sacrilege. Bawan, the sacred spring in the Lida valley below Martand, is spoilt by man. We did not linger there. A wooden finger-post pointing to the shrine from the road, with a touting inscription on it and the name of the priest in English, prepared us for the worst. Every lion in Kashmir has its obsequious attendant. Half a mile down the road, by the rock-cave of Bomtsu, is another notice-board in English, directing you to "ancient temple in cave of over 5000 years," and an "English-speaking priest" who sits at the seat of custom. We did not enter. It would be pleasant to drop upon such a shrine in a retired forest nook, and press one's small offering upon a deprecating man of God; but to be mulcted thus vulgarly, to become a kind of public lucky-bag in which any tout may dip, is enough to destroy one's generous impulse at the root. At Martand there is but one old man who will leave you, a little reproachfully, for eight annas. At Bawan we were pestered by touts. A priest followed us about with

a book in his hand, in which visitors had testified how civilly he fed the fish. Spiritual robbers with the triple brand of Siva on their foreheads pressed round us, much too close to Minerva, crying out for *bakshish*. The grain-sellers badgered us to buy their grain and *chapatties*. When we bought it and threw it to the holy carp, the surface of the spring became a wriggling mass of backs and fins and scales. From the fish I turned to the horde of mendicants, and threw two small pieces of silver in the air, and as they sprawled and scrambled and wrestled on one another's backs I said to Minerva, "*Machli-ka-mafik*,"—"Like the fish." At which some of them had the grace to smile and look ashamed.

These lion parasites will be found wherever there are lions, and there is no getting away from them, from Baalbec to Angkor or Birs Nimrud. It is the tout that has earned the Kashmiri his bad name. Of the upper classes I know nothing, and I have always had a liking for the villagers, whom I have found hardy, kindly, humorous, and sufficiently honest. I know of many who have proved their courage. But man's devolution is in proportion to his temptation. The tourist industry is not good for man or beast; it has demoralised many a happy independent race. The Kashmiri specimen is a type that must evolve when a people who have been looted always find themselves at

last by a turn of the wheel in a position to loot without the exercise of any manly quality.

The people of the valley have been rough-ridden for centuries. Still one cannot always live in a state of making allowances, and the "townee" of Srinagar or the Pandit of Bawan will probably exhaust any tolerance the traveller has left. I did not mean to say a word against the folk of the country. The cairn of abuse is high enough, I thought. I will not throw another stone. If I have heaved my half-brick with the others, I have aimed it only at the begging priest, the parasite, and tout.

The next day we jolted down grass lanes, between willows and English marsh-flowers, to Achibal, another

pleasaunce of Jehangir and Nur Mahal. It has the same conduits and chenars and fruit-trees and picturesque old "Baradari" of carved cedar wood and lattice work perched over a reservoir of clear water. The fountain gushes out of a rock in the hillside beneath larch and fir and deodar. The leaves were already falling, the pears and quinces touched with gold, the cherry a splash of crimson. In its yellow autumn robes this little garden seemed more lovely than the Shalimar or Nishat or any other garden in Kashmir, but as the beauty of the valley increased every day with the change in the leaf and the new girdle of snow on the mountains, we were never faithful in our attachment to any one.

VII.

One afternoon—it was the day I had to leave the boat—Minerva was lying on the sofa with 'Thais' in her hand watching the kettle boil for our last tea. We were talking of light things, when I saw a spider emerge on the cushion behind her, in leg-circumference as large as an afternoon tea-saucer. Minerva's perfect calm, her unconsciousness of what the Parcae were preparing, was beyond anything in Æschylus or Euripides. She looked up and saw the dramatic irony of it in my face.

"What is it?" she said with a little gasp, raising herself on one elbow.

The spider moved. I sprang at it and crushed it—lightly and not squashingly—with a roll of manuscript in my hand. Its fiery particle was snuffed out by an article. I ran aft with the *débris* and spilt it in the water. I know how Minerva's eyes followed me with incredulous wonder. She cannot accustom herself to the thought of a frontal attack on a spider; she would never be privy to such a revolting holocaust; but the unfair part of it is that I, her knight and protector, lose caste by them. If these rapid dramas could be enacted deliberately and in cold blood, she would rather

leave the enemy in possession and change her boat.

I jumped ashore and climbed the bank and called out a farewell to her, feeling that the breathlessness of the moment would make the getting off easier. My kit had gone on hours before. But she called me back.

"There are always two," she said darkly.

It was very late that night, after ten I think, when I reached my camp at Vernag. My bearer had limped in only just before me. He had not pitched my tent and I had to put up in a filthy hovel, a disused rest-house of sorts. I washed my face and hands in the sacred tank; the fish who swim towards a shadow thought I was feed. I dined disagreeably; the bearer had brought the Pampoor bread which I had once unwisely commended. And in bed there was no sleep.

The little enemy held manoeuvres in five divisions on my body all night. Two native gentlemen who slept in the next room, separated from mine by a thin partition, snored as if they would wake Beelzebub. I had time to think, and my thoughts turned to the smoothness of life on *The Snark*.

"Minerva knows how to travel"—an interval of self-defence. . . . "What Minerva does not know about travel is not worth knowing. . . ." Another struggle. I would have burnt all the manuscripts of Keats for a tin of Keating. . . . "And I imagined that I was initiating her. . . ." I lighted matches. "If I make a double march to-morrow I might pull up *The Snark* at Avantipur. . . ."

It was only pride the next morning that kept my face towards the pass.

SOME PERSIAN PLAYS.

To be honest we must confess that our title is something of a misnomer. The plays were originally composed by Mirza Fath Ali, a Turk of Azerbaijân, in his native dialect, and the Persian, for all its raciness of idiom, is only a translation, the work of Mirza Jafar of Karâgha Dâgh in the same province of Azerbaijân. Anything in the nature of a stage play, other than the "tazyas" or miracle-plays, beloved of all Shias, wherein year by year are set forth the exploits and harrowing deaths of the martyrs Hassan and Hussain, the grandsons of the Prophet, is so contrary to the whole spirit of Islâm, that it may be of some interest to see how these came to be written, what their author and the Persian translator have to say about them, and what the plays are like. But before doing so we must acknowledge our obligations, first to Messrs Haggard and Le Strange,¹ who have prepared an admirable edition and English translation of one play, "The Vizier of Lankurân," and second to M.M. Barbier de Meynard and Guyard,² to whose joint labours is due a similar edition of three more plays by the same hand,

to which, however, for the moral benefit of students, they purposely refrained from appending a translation.

Mirza Fath Ali was born at Derbend in the early part of the nineteenth century. His father was either a village headman or a village mulla. For the Mirza was accustomed to subscribe himself "Ak-hundzáda," a title reserved for persons so descended. Anyhow, he must have received a fairly good education; for, having taken service in the Russian Army of the Caucasus, he speedily distinguished himself and rose to the rank of "Capoudan." It was while he was in the Russian service that he made the acquaintance of Mirza Jafar, then in exile from his country, to whom his official position enabled him to be of some assistance, which the latter afterwards requited by translating his plays into Persian. Mirza Fath Ali was a great admirer of European ideas and customs, especially of the drama, to which he chiefly attributed the intellectual superiority of the West. In 1850 General Waransoff, the Russian Governor of the Caucasus, caused a theatre to be built at Tiflis for the representation of the masterpieces

¹ "The Vizier of Lankurân," text, translation, and vocabulary, by W. H. D. Haggard and G. Le Strange. Trübner & Co., London, 1882.

² *Trois Comédies traduites du dialecte Turc-Azeri en Persan par Mirza Djutar et publiées . . . avec un glossaire et des notes par C. Barbier de Meynard et S. Guyard.* Paris, L'Imprimerie Nationale, 1886.

of the French stage. This event so excited the honest captain that he forthwith set to work and composed six plays and an historical dialogue. To these he attached a long introduction, and forthwith gave them to the world. His book was speedily translated into Persian by Mirza Jafar, who added to the introduction some original reflections of his own. It does not appear that any of the plays have ever been acted either in Turkish or in Persian. But they have found a certain number of readers, especially in Persia. Indeed the translation has come near to overshadowing the original, partly no doubt by reason of its own merits, which are great, partly because of the superiority of Persian as a vehicle of expression over an obscure dialect of Turkish. Messrs Haggard and Le Strange record that they were unable to obtain a copy of the original in Teheran. But the two French scholars were more fortunate, and a few pages of the Turkish text may be found in their edition, placed there partly as a linguistic curiosity, partly to enable the learned to estimate the merits of the Persian translation.

Mirza Jafar's life-history is also not without interest. His youth coincided with a period of great religious unrest in Persia, which culminated in the "episode of the Bá'b." The boldness of Mirza Jafar's views brought him into contact with the forces of orthodoxy, and he seems to have suffered some degree of per-

secution at the hands of the "Mujtahids." He left his native place and came to Tiflis, apparently under the pretext of having undertaken the pilgrimage to Mecca. Whether he really ever meant to give this proof of surrender to orthodoxy or not is not clear. But at Tiflis he fell in with a company of mystics, whose philosophical conversation soon stripped him of the last remainder of his religious beliefs, and he abandoned all further thought of his pilgrimage. Fearing to return home, he settled down in Tiflis, where the influence of his friend and compatriot secured for him a small administrative post under the Russian Government. He died at Tiflis in 1883.

The first part of the introduction is Mirza Jafar's own contribution. It begins with a sort of dedication to the Shah, and goes on with a little story, of which the moral is that the reader should read the book with close attention in order to derive as much benefit from it as possible. The translator then deplores the absence of all dramatic compositions from Persian literature, points out that he is remedying this deficiency, shows how he came to do so, and expresses the hope that his name will thus go down to posterity. His writings, he says, at least cannot fail to be of great use to school teachers, as being eminently suited for "reading without tears," and are also confidently recommended to foreigners studying the Persian language, in place of the ex-

tracts from the Gospels which have hitherto been in general use as text-books. He then proceeds to defend himself for his free use of colloquial language, and begs of the reader the favour that his pieces, being dramatic works, may be read dramatically, with the proper expression and emphasis, "the utterances of old men, Armenians and Feringhis, for example, being given in the hesitating manner characteristic of such folk." For the rest each must follow his own taste.

This brings us to the point where the author's own introduction begins. It consists of general observations on the dramatic art and a citation of the advantages, moral and literary, to be derived from its cultivation. Incidentally, certain directions are given with regard to speaking and gesture on the stage; and the circumstances are described which led the writer to aspire to the proud position of being the first Moslem dramatist. Finally, the criticism of the public is good-humouredly invited.

But before we proceed to pass judgment, we must sample our worthy playwright's wares. We must not expect too much. Pallas Athene may have sprung into life full-grown and fully armed, but among mortals the works which she inspires take time, and literary exotics are usually plants of slow growth. Nevertheless MM. de Meynard and Guyard have found some merit in these "tentatives peut-être sans lendemain," and

assign to our author "malgré toutes ses maladresses d'agence-ment, ses inexpériences d'auteur novice," "de la finesse, de la gaieté, un certain talent d'observation, en un mot, l'instinct des choses du théâtre." Let us hope that the readers of 'Maga' will find themselves able to repeat this kindly criticism in case the old Mirza, wherever he may be, still takes an interest in the children of his brain and still feels a deference for the opinions of Feringhis.

The edition of the French scholars contains three plays, "L'Ours Gendarme," "Les Avocats," and "L'Alchimiste." The two last-named titles offer no difficulty, but for the first neither the French nor any English equivalent that I can suggest is very satisfactory. The Turkish title—no Persian translation has been attempted—is "Khirs Qúldúr Bâsán," or "The Robber-Frightening Bear," which gives some notion of the nature of the play. Its humour is frankly farcical, but not ineffective. It is presented in four acts, of which the first, containing two scenes, is disproportionately long. The curtain rises upon a village of the Shams-ud-dín tribe, which stands in the middle of a green valley. The foreground is canopied by a tall tree, an oak or chestnut. Bairám, the hero of the play, is discovered busily engaged in stowing away certain saddles and other gear. Parizád, his beloved, is seated on a stone near at hand under the shade of the tree. Parizád's own

father is dead, and she is the ward of her uncle, Meshedi Qurbán, who proposes to give her in marriage to his own son Tárwardi.

When Bairám has finished his work, he comes over to Parizád and they begin to talk. After a few sentences—

Parizád. What can I do? How can I help it? My father is dead. My mother and I are in my uncle's power. I have no brother and no one to help me. My uncle will not consent to give me to any other man. He does not want the property which my father left to pass away from him.

Bairám. Then it seems your uncle does not want *you*. It is the property he wants. And so he consents to give you to that brain-sick fool, who has never shot a sparrow in his life nor stolen so much as a lamb.

Parizád. What can I do? Mayhap it is written on my forehead that I must be a Tájik's¹ wife, and who can go beyond the writing on his forehead?

Bairám. But what do *you* want? Would it not be better for you to hang yourself than to become the wife of that Tájik?

Parizád. Certainly death is a hundred times better than to be Tárwardi's wife. Give me the chance, and I would not remain alive one single day to endure that misery.

Bairám. God forbid! The words came and I spoke them. After you were dead, why should I drag out my life in the world? I don't want you to die, and I don't want to see you Tárwardi's wife. That very day I would put a bullet into his ribs, and then let come what come may.

Parizád. Then find a bullet for me too and kill me also. After you are dead, why should I go on living in the world?"

The young people go on conversing in this exalted strain. Bairám suggests that

they should elope. Parizád refuses, because she cannot bear to darken her mother's days, and because her uncle's wealth and influence would make life together impossible for them. Bairám half-heartedly proposes that he should kill his rival. But to this Parizád will not consent, and Bairám dismisses the notion as impracticable. Then he thinks of a plan which offers better promise of success, and bids Parizád go and find Zuleikha, the wife of Namáz, and send her to him. Follows a pretty parting in which Bairám begs "just one little kiss," and, Parizád consenting, helps himself to a good many more, after the manner of lovers. Parizád departs, and Bairám indulges in a soliloquy in which he deploras Parizád's foolish scruples in the matter of homicide. Enter Zuleikha, to whom he explains the situation and enlists her sympathy. Zuleikha explains that she is in Parizád's confidence, that the girl loves Bairám and Bairám only, that of Tárwardi she thinks no more "than of a mosquito," and will never consent to be given in marriage to him. Bairám bitterly replies that a girl's consent is of small consequence. She may cry for a few days; then she will resign herself to the inevitable, while he will be left in grief and woe. Together they then concoct a scheme. Tárwardi, who is intimate with Namáz, Zuleikha's husband, is to be told

¹ "Tájik" means a man of settled or sedentary life.

that Parizád despises him as a coward because of his regrettable lack of enterprise in highway robbery and such-like exploits; and he is to be fired with the idea of taking the road in the hope that his bungling attempts at crime may bring him to grief. Bairám promises his Kurdish horse to Zuleikha's husband, and a cow with its calf to Zuleikha herself, in return for their assistance in the gulling of Tárwardi, and bestows on her a silk handkerchief filled with raisins on account.

The second scene takes place inside the house of Namáz and Zuleikha. Tárwardi comes in to dinner, and is duly made the victim of Bairám's plot. This is mainly the work of Zuleikha, who plays her fish very cleverly, and answers with pretended reluctance the questions which her hints incite Tárwardi to put. Namáz plays second fiddle very contentedly, and those who believe all that they are told about the subjection of women in the East might take some advantage from reading the scene. But it is too long to quote in full. Tárwardi is fooled to the top of his bent, and reminded how he is the grandson of "Amír Aslán the Bear-Slayer." Before his resolution has had time to cool, Zuleikha goes off to call a couple of neighbours who have had some experience in the game at which Tárwardi is now about to try his hand.

In her absence Namáz, by a little adroit flattery, extracts from Tárwardi a promise that he will give him the half of his share of the spoil. Zuleikha returns with two loutish youths named Wali and Urúj, who speak with a villainous accent. Namáz informs them that Tárwardi is going for a "gardish," and wants to take them with him. "Gardish," like most Persian words, has a score of meanings, but in this connection it can best be rendered by "expedition," or the French "promenade," in which sense it is an accepted euphemism for a raid. Wali and Urúj at first affect not to understand this, and, after the manner of Orientals, assume a bluff simplicity well becoming to very virtuous shepherds. Namáz, however, plays upon their cupidity and desire for fame, and rapidly overcomes their scruples, real or feigned. They agree to go, and depart to get ready. A delightful little scene follows between Tárwardi and Namáz. Tárwardi is unwilling to leave home without his father's blessing.

"Tárwardi. Oh, Namáz, there's one thing we quite forgot. My father is a Meshedi.¹ Do you think he will consent to let me go robbing on the highway?"

Namáz. Go and ask him.

Tárwardi. That seems strange advice. I am to go to my father and say, 'Give me leave to go and commit highway robbery.'

Namáz. Why should you say that? Say 'I am going into the country to

¹ *I.e.*, one who has made the pilgrimage to Meshed, the holy city of the Shias.

get grain.' He will give you leave fast enough. Then take the road, the main high-road. There is nothing like it.

Tárwardi. What do you mean—
'there is nothing like it'?

Namáz. I mean, what is so easy?

Tárwardi. You have queer notions of what is easy. God's truth! I am so afraid of my father it makes the job very difficult for me.

Namáz. A man who is afraid always makes excuses. You won't go. You know that yourself. (Enter *Zuleikha*.) *Zuleikha*, go and tell those lads not to trouble any further. *Tárwardi's* jibbing.

Tárwardi. Me? Jibbing? Not I.

Zuleikha. I have just seen *Parizád*. I whispered how matters stand in her ear. I can't tell you how delighted she was. She said, 'Thank God! Now they won't say any more that *Tárwardi's* afraid. After this I shan't be ashamed to call him my lover. Until this day all the girls have mocked at me. Every one I saw, I used to hang my head in shame.'

Namáz plays up to this lead, and the worthy couple proceed to fit *Tárwardi* out with *Namáz's* sword and gun and pistol, which, with the dagger that he already has, they think will be a sufficient armament. *Wali* and *Urúj* come in ready equipped and the three set forth together, amidst invocations of good luck from *Namáz* and loud boasting on the part of *Tárwardi*. *Namáz* discloses to his wife the agreement which *Tárwardi* has made with him about the division of the spoil. She upbraids his "crooked bargain" bitterly, on the ground that it will have a damping effect on *Tárwardi's* courage. "Oh, well," says *Namáz*, "one never knows. They may have

good luck. A coward can always find a greater coward than himself. After all, whatever happens, we are all right. A horse from one side and cash from the other!" He is left rubbing his hands as the curtain falls.

The next scene (Act II.) shows us another part of the valley with rocky hills in the background. *Bairám* appears, armed and alone. He indulges in an eloquent speech, with much adjuration of the Deity. He is interrupted by the sound of footsteps and slinks off, "Joseph fashion."¹ *Tárwardi* and his two companions come on, *Tárwardi* in a great state of nervous excitement. They think they hear the noise of horses' hoofs and exchange hurried whispers. *Tárwardi's* heart begins to fail him. He says—

"I can't spill the blood of poor helpless defenceless wretches. I cannot do such a wicked act. Pity and gentleness are good qualities in a man. I can't do it, and that is the truth. I will turn round and go home."

'Oho,' sneers *Wali*, 'you have thought of that a bit too late. By God, if you stir a foot, I will empty this gun into your belly. Fool! Madman! You brought us here by prayers and supplications, and now do you mean to go off and leave us?'"

A fierce discussion ensues, in the course of which *Tárwardi* delivers himself of the admirable sentiment, quoted from the maxims of a legendary hero named *Kúrúghli*, that "real courage consists of ten parts — nine parts running

¹ An allusion to a disreputable story in the Koran. Cf. also Genesis, ch. xxxix.

away and one part not being seen." But his followers, who mean business, have had enough of him, and all the maxims of Kúrúghli would not suffice to restore him to the place in their esteem which he has forfeited. Seeing something approach along the road, they contemptuously bid him stay where he is while they go forward to investigate. Tárwardi, left alone, begins to philosophise on the evil consequences of attempting to win the heart of a young woman, but for which, he says, "he never would have thought to see himself letting fire and sword loose upon the world!" While he is still meditating there wanders on to the stage a wayfaring German, the proprietor of a travelling circus, to whom the euphonious name of Fook has been given. Herr Fook congratulates himself on the good sense which led him to alight from his carriage and walk a little way and gather the beautiful flowers of which he will be able to make a nosegay for his sweetheart, Maria Adamovna. While he is still talking to himself he catches sight of Tárwardi and falls into a terrible panic. There are no stage directions at this point—in fact there seems to be a lacuna in the text—and it is a little hard to make out what happens. It seems that, after Wali and Urúj go off, Tárwardi conceals himself amongst the rocky hills in a place where he can see what they are doing. His attention is fixed upon them, and he does not notice the

entrance of Herr Fook. He is evidently puzzled by what he sees in the distance—

"‘I do not understand what they are doing,’ he says. ‘They have turned the carriage horses loose and the driver has run off into the forest. Bravo! Bravo! My lion! [*Patting his chest.*] What deeds we have done! [*He looks round and sees Fook.*] Oh! Ah! O Lord! I am bewitched! Look! What can it be?’"

A farcical scene ensues, after the Gadshill pattern. Presently—

"Tárwardi. But aren't you a robber?

Fook. No, I am a poor German. Who are you?

Tárwardi. Who am I? Dog, can't you see that I am a highwayman? Two hundred of my companions are hiding in yonder forest. How many are you?

Fook. I'm alone—just one man."

Tárwardi takes advantage of the situation. Herr Fook breaks into tears, and calls upon the name of his beloved. Tárwardi threatens that his two hundred comrades are upon the point of returning, and bids Fook flee "to any hell he pleases." No sooner is the German gone than Tárwardi begins his boasting again and wishing that Parizád could have seen him just now, "so that her liver might have been turned to water from fright." While he is still talking Wali and Urúj come on. They have captured and reharnessed one horse and are leading a carriage containing two very large chests.

"Tárwardi. Have they all run away?

Wali. Make your mind easy. They are all gone.

Tárwardi. Cowards! To think that there should be such men in the world! What have you got in the carriage? what is our spoil?"

Wali bids him open the chests and sort the contents while he and Urúj go and look for the other horses. Tárwardi urges them to make haste lest he should be surprised while at his task and should shed innocent blood. Wali replies contemptuously, and the two go off. Tárwardi sets to work on the chests, hugging himself with glee at their size and weight. He pictures them as filled with "táfta" (taffeta), and declares that Parizád shall wear chemises made of that material for the rest of her life. Namáz may whistle for his promised half-share. What has he done to deserve it? Still talking, he approaches one of the boxes and opens it. Out springs a monkey. He advances to catch it, "as a present for Parizád," but the monkey jumps up a tree. Tárwardi curses his luck for a while at chancing upon such strange merchandise, and then advances to open the other chest. No sooner has he opened it than out comes a bear, which attacks him savagely. He calls loudly for help, shouts, screams, and protests his repentance. The bear knocks him down, and is about to make an end of him when Bairám appears, levels his gun at the bear, and fires. But fear of hurting the prostrate man affects his aim. He does no more than wound the

animal, which, however, leaves Tárwardi, charges Bairám, and disappears into the jungle. Tárwardi, finding himself unhurt, jumps up and dashes away. Bairám comes forward, examines the carriage and the chests, looks for traces of blood from the bear, and is still standing with his discharged gun in his hand wondering what on earth can have happened (for he has not recognised Tárwardi), when a Russian Superintendent of Police with an interpreter and a troop of Cossacks marches on. Bairám is at once arrested in spite of his protestations of innocence. Our good friend, the Mirza, must have taken part in many such scenes, and in the dialogue which follows it is not difficult to see where his sympathies lie. There is a strange *esprit de corps* which links all police officers together with the most potent ties, and the ex-"Capoudan" is all on the side of law and order. I am sure that for many of 'Maga's' readers, who may happen to have served the Indian Government, the Russian Superintendent's opening speech will strike a very vibrant chord of memory.

"'Not guilty,' he says, 'how can you be not guilty? Is there no guilt in breaking open boxes, rifling carriages, and using firearms? Oh, it is no use showing fight. You cannot get the better of the Imperial forces. Although you have not much sense, you must admit that you owe the Russian Empire thanks for saving you from the Lesghians and the Kapchaks,¹ and you ought to be good

¹ Tribes of the Caucasus.

subjects, though you don't understand what is meant by law and order. But what is the good of talking to you like this? Where are your comrades?"

Bairám, of course, continues to protest his innocence, and the Police Superintendent naturally refuses to believe a word of what he says. But it is easy to see throughout the scene between them that each man's respect for the other rapidly increases, and here again some among us will recall that the touch is true to nature. Finally, being able to get nothing out of his prisoner, the Superintendent, followed by his Cossacks, rides off, grumbling over the laborious nature of his duties. As the curtain falls the monkey comes leaping and dancing down from his tree and makes off.

Four days elapse between the second and third acts. The third act takes us back to the Shams-ud-dín village. All the village notables are seated in a circle, amongst them Tárwardi, with his head bandaged, where the bear had clawed him, and Meshedi Qurbán, his father. Tárwardi is asked to explain what happened. He tells his audience how he and his two companions were going to get grain, when in "Peacock Valley" they met a laden equipage. Wali and Urúj (of course they had nothing to do with it!) said they would play a trick upon the people in the carriage. They fired their guns off in the air. The horses broke loose from the carriage and bolted. The

people fled. Wali and Urúj went after the horses, while he proceeded to examine the contents of the carriage. A monkey jumped out of one chest and a bear out of the other, which nearly killed him. Suddenly he heard a shot, and the bear made off. He sprang to his feet and fled. Since then he has seen nothing of the carriage or the horses, and he does not know what to make of it. The village elders discuss the case, and come to the conclusion that as the young men set out on a Wednesday, and Peacock Valley is known to be a place of evil reputation, they must have stumbled on a devils' meeting, and what happened was the work of "Jinna." While they are still talking, the Police Superintendent is sighted in the distance, and one shrewd fellow bids Tárwardi make himself scarce, lest his bandaged head should attract attention. The police officer and his interpreter come in, and, with a certain amount of comic business which those who have ever been in that harassed official's place will appreciate, the villagers are made to stand in a row and one among them is selected as spokesman. An amusing scene follows. The Diwán Begi (Police Superintendent) has received full details of the robbery from Herr Fook, who complains of the loss of a valuable ape from Brazil and of a bear from the "Yangi Dunya" (the New World, America), besides other animals. Information has also been re-

sideration, paid in cash, which Meshedi Qurbán undertakes to pay. Every one is satisfied, and the curtain falls on a little sermon, delivered by the Diwán Begi, on the duty of loving, honouring, and obeying the benign Russian Government.

"Les Avocats" is certainly a much less childish production than the play which we have been considering. Some people may find it less amusing, possibly for that very reason. But it does not lack for merit. It has a well-constructed plot, and the dialogue and character drawing are distinctly clever. It deals with quite a different class of society from the rude bumpkins depicted in the first play, and, like the "Vizier of Lankurán," it shows no reserve in bringing on to the stage the private life of the *harem*. It is perhaps to the boldness of this attempt, violating as it does the first canons of oriental etiquette, that we may ascribe the unmerited neglect which has been the portion of these plays in their own country.

To reproduce the whole list of Dramatis Personæ would be tedious and unnecessary. There are twenty-eight characters in all, but though all have something to say, the action is really confined to about half a dozen persons. The scene is laid in Rasht, the chief Persian port on the shores of the Caspian. The time is the present, that is when the play was written, between fifty and sixty years ago. Six months before the play opens Hájí Ghafúr, a wealthy merchant of Rasht, is

supposed to have died suddenly during an epidemic of cholera. Foreseeing the possibility of his death, Hájí Ghafúr had sent, on the outbreak of the disease, a strong-box containing sixty thousand tomans to the President of the Local Court for safe custody, with instructions that in the event of his death the money should be paid to his heir. So violent was the epidemic that Rasht was nearly deserted, almost the only people left being a company of soldiers, who were charged with the duty of guarding the empty houses and burying stray corpses. When he was taken ill, Hájí Ghafúr sent for some of these soldiers, and in the presence of four of them solemnly declared that his sister was his sole heir, and called upon them, after his death, to see to the due burial of his body. So he "passed to the mercy of God."

The first scene is laid in Hájí Ghafúr's house. His sister, an unmarried girl of about eighteen years of age, named Sakína, is discovered at the rise of the curtain. She sends for her maid, and tells her that in response to her request to the President of the Court for the money left with him by her brother, she has been informed that a claim to it has been entered by the wife of the late Hájí Ghafúr, and her request cannot be granted until the case has been decided. This involves some explanation. The woman calling herself Hájí Ghafúr's wife was in fact married to him, but only by

the form known as "muta'a."¹ There was no issue by this marriage, and the woman has no claim. Sakina further confides to her attendant that she wants the money in order to marry Azíz Beg, the man of her heart, whose suit her brother would never recognise—not from any personal objection, but only because Azíz Beg was descended "from the People of Oppression," and was himself "a Servant of the Gate."² She is on the point of sending the maid to summon Azíz Beg to discuss the situation when he himself comes in. It is at once apparent that he is in an exceedingly ill temper. Questioned by Sakina, he explains that he has heard a strange story which he would like her to contradict. Only yesterday Aga Hassan, a merchant of Rasht, caused some of the leading ladies of the place to call upon Sakina's aunt, an old lady named Zobeida, and ask on his behalf for Sakina's hand in marriage. The old lady at once consented and gave her promise. Sakina is naturally furious at hearing of her aunt's unwarranted presumption, and sends a message to desire the honour of Zobeida's presence. Upon her arrival Azíz Beg steps into an adjoining apartment and listens to the conversation. The two

ladies greet one another in the most affectionate manner, but Sakina is too angry to be polite for long, and she calls roundly upon her relative for an account of her actions.

Zobeida. For shame! For shame! What does it matter to you? You must have a husband, and whoever he is, you will have to go to him. It is not becoming for little girls to speak so before their elders and betters. Oh fie, I am ashamed of you!

Sakina. I will speak. I am my own mistress, and intend to remain so. Nobody can give me away against my will.

Zobeida. Of course they can't. But don't you want to marry?

Sakina. No, thank you. I do not want to marry.

Zobeida. There are many like you who say "No, thank you," and afterwards change their minds.

Sakina. Aunt, I swear I am not joking. It would be quite impossible for me and Aga Hassan to live together. Please get that notion right out of your head.

Zobeida. Out of the question, my dear niece. You will make all the most influential people in the province our enemies.

Sakina. To hell with their enmity. I can't bear the sight of Aga Hassan. If I see him, it stirs my bile.

Zobeida. Why?

Sakina. He is a dishonest villain.

Zobeida. Villain for others maybe, but very good for us. He is in the first rank of merchants; he is very rich; he knows how to make money. He is in with all the most important people in the province. Where will you get a better husband than that?

Sakina. If Aga Hassan were to cover me with jewels from head to

¹ A "muta'a" marriage is a temporary union for a specified period. There is some doubt whether Muhammed really sanctioned the custom or not, and the Sunnis do not practice it. Amongst the Shias it is a recognised institution, and the position of the woman is regarded as respectable. But a "muta'a" wife, left a widow during the period of the union, has not the same rights as an "aqd," i.e., one married by the "nikáh" ceremony "in plenum jus."

² This only means that he was an official, probably a tax collector, and that his father had followed the same profession.

foot I would not marry him. Go and tell him to give up this idea.

Zobeida. How can I do such a thing? I can't. You can't get out of what I said. The man sent all the greatest ladies in the place to me. I am not a child. It seemed a good plan. I saw a great opportunity for you, so I gave my promise. And now you want to dishonour me before all those people. [*Begins to cry.*] I too have a name and fame of my own. I too have a reputation. I too in my day have been so-o-mebo-o-dy.¹

Sakina. So to prevent any harm to your name and fame I am to have my whole life darkened. You take strange care of me, aunt! If the whole world has to go to rack and ruin I won't go to Aga Hassan, I won't go. I asked you to explain to him yourself and make him give up this notion. If you won't, I will send for him myself, and to his face I will put a thousand ill names and vile words upon him. I will treat him worse than a dog, and fling him into the street.

Zobeida [*tearing her cheeks with the nails of both hands*]. Oh! Oh! God! Oh! The times are topsy-turvy. These modern girls have not a particle of shame or modesty left in their faces. Sakina, I have never seen a girl so impudent as you. I was a girl once, and had elderly relatives. I never dared to lift my head in the presence of my elders and betters. It is due to the shamelessness of girls like you that our province is never free from plague and cholera.

Sakina resents this introduction of Providence into her private affairs, and after a little more talk the old lady goes off in floods of tears. Sakina then sends for Aga Hassan. He comes without delay, an oily rogue. Sakina will have none of his flatteries, and lets him know quite plainly that she sees through his game. It is only her money that he is after, and he is not going to get

it. His smooth speeches soon turn to threats, but Sakina is not frightened, and sends him off quite crestfallen. She then takes counsel with Azíz Beg as to the lawyer whom they shall employ. Azíz Beg, who throughout is quite dominated by his future helpmate, has no suggestions of any value to offer, except that he shall bring the matter to the ears of the prince who had a regard for his father, and has promised to assist himself if ever he should need it. Sakina agrees, but, insomuch as the prince cannot stop the impending litigation, urges that the selection of an advocate is a matter of more pressing importance. While they are still talking, a stranger is announced who desires to speak with the lady of the house. After a certain amount of conventional boggling over the propriety of admitting a strange man, an interview is arranged, Azíz Beg representing himself for the occasion as a near relative in whose presence Sakina may hear what the stranger has to say. She may not of course appear unveiled to him, and according to the strict rule ought not to address him directly. But this point is waived on the ground that Sakina is "so much more sensible than other girls." The stranger discloses himself as an old friend of the late Háji Ghafúr. He chanced just now to be at the house of Aga Mardán, the celebrated lawyer, who has been retained by the plaintiff in the case against

¹ Literally, "I too have an eyebrow; I too was a man!"

Sakína, when Aga Hassan came in, very angry, and demanded a private interview with Aga Mardán. He warns Sakína to be on the look-out for mischief. The girl in her simplicity thinking that, as she has a good case, she need have no fear, is inclined to make light of the matter. But the stranger warns her that Aga Mardán has the ear of the court, and any case in which he appears is already as good as won. The lovers ask his advice in the choice of counsel. The stranger after some demur suggests that they shall apply to Aga Salmán, who is the only man able to stand up for a moment against Aga Mardán. He then takes his departure amid profuse protestations of gratitude from Sakína and Azíz Beg. Aga Salmán is summoned, consents to undertake the case, though he is reluctant to accept a fee, and makes himself acquainted with the nature of the defence and with the names of the witnesses on whom it is intended to rely. After he has gone Azíz Beg takes his leave to go and inform the prince of what is happening. The curtain falls on the conclusion of the first act.

The second act passes in the house of Aga Mardán, counsel for the plaintiff. Aga Mardán is a sanctimonious scoundrel with piety for ever upon his lips, but his practice is of the shadiest. To him enters Aga Karím, who is no other than the mysterious stranger on whose advice Sakína had consented to employ Aga Salmán. He reports that their stratagem

has succeeded to admiration, and Aga Salmán is at this moment closeted with Sakína Khánum. As soon as the interview with her is over, Aga Salmán will come at once to communicate with Aga Mardán, nominally his adversary, but really his confederate.

"Aga Mardán. Very good. Very good indeed. Egad, there must be magic in your tongue. Good. Tell me now, is the wife of Háji Ghafúr pretty?"

Aga Karím. Why do you want to know?"

Aga Mardán. Why? If she takes a fancy to me I will marry her. Can I not have another wife?"

Aga Karím. How can I tell whether she will take a fancy to you or not? You are something past your prime, you know. She is quite a young woman.

Aga Mardán. Well, well, my friend, death awaits us all alike. I am not so much past my prime. I am just exactly fifty-one years old.

Aga Karím. I shouldn't have thought so. You must be seventy.

Aga Mardán. No, no. You know I was born the year after the great earthquake at Tabriz.

Aga Karím. But you have got a wife.

Aga Mardán. It is not because I have no wife that I mean to marry her. If, by the grace of God, I can get all that money for the poor little woman out of the clutches of Háji Ghafúr's sister, why shouldn't she go with the money? I can marry her and keep it. That will be best for you too. Do you see any advantage for yourself in any other course?"

Aga Karím. Truly, in that case, ugly or pretty does not matter. Were she as hideous as a she-goblin, you had better marry her if she will have you. But she is not ugly. However, I do not think she will have anything to say to you.

Aga Mardán. What do you mean? Why not?"

Aga Karím. You know as well as I do. You are not much to look at, you know."

Fired by the candour of this criticism Aga Mardán postures before a mirror, puts on a Cashmere coat and a superfine tunic, combs his beard, and explains that his teeth have fallen out through a flux and not through age. When he has finished, the door opens and Hájí Ghafúr's relíet, whose name is Zínab, with her brother, comes in. As soon as the visitors are seated, the lawyer explains, nominally to the brother, in accordance with etiquette, but really to Zínab, that she has really no claim at all, but if she will only do as he tells her, she will be able to win her case. His directions are very much to the point. First, he must have 500 tomans, on account, "for sundry expenditure." Second, Zínab must agree to give him 30,000 tomans, half the sum in suit, in the event of her winning her case. To this she naturally demurs. "Oh, mercy," she says, "why do you ask so much?" "It is not much at all," he replies; "you have absolutely no claim whatever to any share in the inheritance. Really it is I who am making you a present of 30,000 tomans!" Finally the brother accepts these preposterous terms, and Zínab gives a reluctant assent. Here the play is very true to life. The brother knows more or less what their position is. He is dishonest, greedy, and weak. Zínab has no thought of any such matters. She only knows that the law seems to bear very harshly upon her, and that while in Hájí Ghafúr's

lifetime she was mistress of his house and controlled his expenditure, and his sister had not authority "to the extent of a five-penny piece," now she must stand aside and see everything go to another woman. She is filled with an unreasoning feminine jealousy. It is more to prevent Sakína from getting the money than from covetousness that she has been led to make her claim. Still, having made the claim, she is not going to give up half the proceeds if she can help it.

The lawyer's third direction is more disinterested and amazingly dishonest. He tells her that she must appear in court with a baby seven months old, which he will provide, in fact has already provided, and swear that it is her child by the late Hájí Ghafúr. This naturally raises a storm of protest. But the lawyer points out that while she, as a "muta'a" wife, has no claim, the child of such a union would be the legal heir. It will be very easy for him to get himself appointed guardian to the child, and five or six months later he will give out that it is dead. The whole inheritance will then pass to Zínab; she can keep half and give half to him—"wallahu khair ur-ráziqín" (and God is the best of nurturers). The quotation from the Koran goes a long way towards clinching the matter, and Zínab's fears and scruples are soon silenced. The baby is produced and made over to Zínab, so that she may get used to the idea that she is a mother. The 500 tomans,

for which Aga Mardán had asked on account, are paid over, and Zínab with her brother is on the point of departing, when a retainer of the prince comes in, closely followed by the servant of the Qázi (the president of the court). Each of these worthies has a message to deliver to Aga Mardán. The prince wishes to see him that evening on important business, and the Qázi requests the pleasure of his company to dinner. Aga Mardán returns suitable replies, and his clients go off much impressed.

"Aga Karím. I don't understand how the prince's head messenger and the Qázi's servant came to appear.

Aga Mardán. I thought the woman would object to my instructions. So I arranged matters beforehand, and gave each of them a shilling to come in while she was here and deliver those messages, so that she might see the terms of respect and intimacy on which the prince and the Qázi hold me, and so take heart. But I fear she will not be equal to taking the oath in court and we shall be undone."

Aga Karím undertakes to manage Zínab. The two villains then discuss the terms on which their false witnesses are to be engaged, and decide that they will give to the Superintendent of the bazaar 500 tomans — fifty in cash and the balance later, and to each of the witnesses, for whom they are going to indent upon him, thirty tomans, half paid down and half after performance of contract. Aga Karím is just about to go off when the other calls after him, "Hie, you there, stop! I

have just thought of something. Don't forget it. Next time you see Háji Ghafúr's widow, tell her not to keep on calling me 'Father.' Confound you! You never think of anything! I do not care so much about being always addressed as 'Father' by ladies when they want to be polite. Why should they use that name?" Aga Karím reassures him, with veiled impertinence, and goes off, and the third confederate, Aga Salmán, comes in.

"Aga Salmán. Peace to you.

Aga Mardán. And to you peace. Tell me, what has passed?

Aga Salmán. They have appointed me their counsel. Now tell me, what do you intend?

Aga Mardán. I intend to get the witnesses ready and take them to court. How much did they promise you?

Aga Salmán. They promised me a fee of 500 tomans. They said, 'Our witnesses are ready, and our cause is just. There is nothing secret or underhand about it.' So I agreed.

Aga Mardán. You did well. Now do you see that a man does not get much out of supporting the right? I, on the other hand, got 30,000 tomans out of Háji Ghafúr's widow. Those 30,000 tomans will come to you and me and Aga Karím. Did you learn the names of their witnesses, and find out where they live?

Aga Salmán. Yes. They are four soldiers named Badal, Qahrmán, Ghafár, and Jabbár, and they live in the Warji Bazar.

Aga Mardán. I must send for them here and give them a hint to give evidence the opposite way. But you go to them first and tell them to speak the truth for the sake of justice. Soldiers are so poverty-stricken that they are like a gang of beggars. They will ask you, "Sir, what will you give us after our evidence?" Then you

say to them, 'My lads, it is not well to ask a reward in such a matter. Give your evidence to please God, and on the day of judgment it shall be well with you at the last.'

Aga Salmán. Very good."

Aga Salmán goes off to see the soldiers, and while Aga Mardán is indulging in a soliloquy in which the will of God and the advancement of his villainous schemes are strangely commingled, Aga Karím returns with the Bazar Superintendent. They bring with them a crew of blackguards, whose mode of livelihood and vile reputation put them completely in the Superintendent's power. These rogues are then elaborately instructed in the part which they will have to play. When they have learnt it Aga Mardán invokes the blessing of God upon them, proves to them that they are really doing a very virtuous act, and undertakes payment as arranged with Aga Karím. They are then dismissed and the soldiers come in. They are very politely treated, regaled with a sumptuous breakfast, their scruples are gradually worn down and their cupidity excited. They pretend to remember seeing the child when they were at Háji Ghafúr's deathbed.

"Honesty and truth," says Aga Mardán, "are never wasted! My children, will you give evidence in court exactly as you have given it to me just now and get your money?" One of the soldiers objects that they have promised Aga Salmán. Must they now go and tell him that they

cannot give evidence for him? "There is no need to speak to him at all," replies the lawyer. "Let him take you to court and produce you as his witnesses. Then you get up and give evidence as you have to me. If he asks you afterwards why you have done so, say you have spoken in accordance with what you know to be the truth!" This apparently completes the soldiers' conversion. They file off, and as the curtain falls Aga Mardán sets out to approach the assessors of the court, so that when the case comes on "they too may keep time with their ears and tails."

The third and last act takes place in court. The President and a group of assessors are discovered chatting before the business of the day begins. Aga Mardán, with a smiling face, is also in court, but not upon the dais where the others are seated. The assessors, evidently guiding their talk in accordance with a preconcerted plan, treat the President to some lavish flattery, and then adroitly introduce the subject of the case fixed for hearing that day. They one and all mention the existence of Háji Ghafúr's brat as a matter of common knowledge, and sandwich in allusions to Aga Mardán in the most complimentary terms. One of them even professes to see a likeness to Háji Ghafúr in the child's eyes and eyebrows! It is all so cleverly done that the wariest of men might be pardoned for remaining unsuspecting. The Qási, good

easy man, is readily gulled, and thanks his assessors for putting him in possession of information which will enable him to foil the alleged conspiracy on the part of Sakína and Azíz Beg, and promises to appoint Aga Mardán as the child's guardian if he will consent to act. Aga Mardán accepts the office as a pious duty, and promises to look after the child as if it were his own son. While the Qázi is gravely blessing him, the parties, except Sakína, who does not appear, are ushered into court, followed by their respective witnesses. The case begins. On the strength of the story which he has just heard the Qázi puts the burden of proof on the defendant. But such a trifle as this, of course, arouses no comment. The procedure is very primitive.

Qázi. Aga Salmán, they tell me that Háji Ghafúr left issue. Can you disprove the statement?

Aga Salmán. My lord, I have witnesses that on his deathbed Háji Ghafúr testified that he had no heir but his sister Sakína.

Qázi. Let the witnesses give their evidence.

Aga Salmán [to the soldiers]. Give your evidence.

First Soldier. My lord, I and my comrades, the day before Háji Ghafúr's death, came to see him, and asked, 'Have you any sons or daughters?' He made answer, 'I have no one in the world but my sister Sakína.'

Qázi [to the witness]. Say 'God is my witness that this is what I heard.'

First Soldier. God is my witness that this is what I heard.

[*Aga Mardán and Aga Salmán turn pale with astonishment.*]

Qázi [turning to the other soldiers].

What did you hear? Speak one at a time.

Second Soldier. God is my witness that this is what I heard.

Third Soldier. God is my witness that this is what I heard.

Aga Mardán [in great distress]. Did you not see a little babe in his wife's arms at that time?

First Soldier. No, we saw a small baby in a different place. Do you wish us to tell about it?

Aga Mardán. Silence. [*Turning to the Qázi.*] My lord, I have several witnesses who say they saw a child a month old in Háji Ghafúr's arms on the day mentioned by the soldiers. They asked him whose it was, and he replied that it was his own. This is the child. The witnesses are standing before Your Worship [*points to his witnesses*]. Each one of them is a man of education, respectability, and unfeigned piety.

An Assessor. Aga Mardán, that young man looks like a son of Háji Sharif. Is he?

Aga Mardán. Háji Sharif? Aye, God rest his soul. He was of an honest stock.

Assessor. Such a man must needs have an honest son. Háji Sharif was a very honest man.

Qázi [addressing the witnesses]. Tell whatever you know.

First Witness. Am I to tell whatever I know?

Qázi. Certainly, everything that is in your own knowledge.

First Witness. My lord, yesterday Aga Mardán summoned me with my companions to his house, and gave each of us fifteen tomans in cash to come before Your Worship to-day and say that at the time of the cholera we saw in Háji Ghafúr's arms his little son, a child a month old. I took the money to a gaming-house and staked it. As it had been given me for a wicked action it brought me no luck. I lost the whole fifteen tomans clean gone in one night. Beyond that, my lord, I have no knowledge. I never saw Háji Ghafúr nor do I know who he was.

[*Aga Mardán's mouth goes completely dry.*]

Qázi [to the other witnesses]. What do you say?

Witnesses [all together]. Yes, we say

the same as our comrade has already deposed."

The bewildered Qázi turns upon his assessors. The case against them seems clear enough to put any one to confusion. But Oriental impudence is not so easily disconcerted. One explains that the trust they reposed in Aga Mardán is a proof of their honesty and simplicity!

While they are still wrangling our friend the prince's head messenger comes in, presents His Highness's compliments, and asks whether the case has been proved in favour of Háji Ghafúr's sister or not. The Qázi replies that it has, and inquires what His Highness knows about the matter. The messenger replies that the conspiracy between the lawyers was reported to His Highness by no less a person than the Bazaar Superintendent (dissatisfied no doubt with his share of the spoil), and now that their scheme is frustrated and their guilt established, he is charged to take them into the royal presence, there to receive the punishment which is their due. It is due to the prince's intervention that the soldiers have spoken the

truth. The Qázi knows nothing of Aga Salmán's share in the plot, nor has anything been proved against him. But such considerations go for little in the East, and he makes no demur at handing over to chastisement the two ornaments of the bar, on the strength of the prince's superior information. The prisoners are led out. Azíz Beg goes off rejoicing to tell the good news to Sakína and bid her make haste with her trousseau. The Qázi rises and the court is adjourned, the assessors still squabbling together and still heaping flattery upon their chief.

It had been my intention to run through the other two plays as well. But enough is as good as a feast. "The Alchemist" is a very puerile composition, and an excellent English translation of "The Vizier of Lankurán" is already in existence, to which those who are so minded can apply, if they want more of the honest Mirza's wares. For myself I will merely take leave in the Persian formula, "Ziáda tasdí' na mídiham" ("I will not give further cause of headache").

EVELYN HOWELL, I.C.S.

OLD MAN OSSO: BEARSLAYER AND GENTLEMAN.

It was in the middle of a mesquite-clothed *vega*, that in its refreshing flatness lay like an oasis in a sun-steeped region of tortuous canyon and *barranca* near the Mexican frontier of the United States, that I made the acquaintance of Old Man Osso, child of nature and troglodyte. From somewhere out of the surrounding thickets he silhouetted into the foreground scenery, and sheered his heavy-set mustang up alongside of the pony I bestrode. He was a full-blown flower of the wilderness, in all its wild blushless beauty, and as he dangled upon, rather than sat in the saddle, with his petals drooped lepsidedly toward me, I had full opportunity to inspect him. His garb, like his pose, was *négligé*, not to say startling. In lieu of cloth-wove fabric, as known to civilisation and the tailor, he had hung upon his imposing two-hundred-pound six-foot structure a covering of stained and greasy buokskin, which flashed back the evening sun from many a well-worn spot: his rawhide nondescripts that did duty for boots were patently a product of home industry, as also was his somewhat antique mangy oonskin headgear: but the mountings of his belt and his earrings of silver ran into money: while from his battlements frowned a grisly armament of rifle barrel and knife handle.

Extending his hand, and

with a low bow of his head, rendered the more impressive by reason of a tuft of his tawny mane which had sought the sunshine through a convenient rent in the oonskin headgear, and protruded therefrom like a tussock of dry bunch-grass, he saluted me. It was a desert place—some forty miles from nowhere—but to say that the advent of this unconventional and uncanny-looking personage into my proximity alarmed me would be an overstatement of fact: yet, momentarily I was taken aback, and perhaps even slightly showed that I was so. Certainly he had the advantage of me, for as it was most unlikely that if I had ever met him before I could have forgotten him, I was convinced that I really did not know him. However, it was not Piccadilly; I resented him not, but met his advances with a nod. Taking in my horse and myself with a keen glance, he addressed me: "Buenos dias, pardner; how long mought ye have been afoot?" I looked at the wild person as calmly as possible and reflectively sighed. This verbal salutation, coming from an unkempt stranger as it did, struck me as tending to familiarity and to some extent detracting from my dignity. I further recalled to mind the various worthy, cultured, and fascinating partners with whom it had been my fortune to have been associated in the past,—in commercial enter-

prise, in the whist rubber, and in the mazes of the dreamy waltz,—and I felt that my admission now of the present aspirant's claim to be included in the list might be compromising to their memories. Then, as to the second and interrogative part of his remark, relative to my being afoot, it was, I considered, based on a premiss of untruth, and was besides a slur upon my excellent, though presently somewhat jaded, mount. So my acknowledgment of his greeting was merely "Howdy": his query I airily let slip unheeded into the mesquite landscape. Nothing disconcerted, he at once sprung on me a second conundrum. "Pardner, how are 'ye fixed for chawin'?" Here again I was disposed to believe the framing of the question was derogatory to my personality, in that it assumed a use of the narcotic leaf by me in what is frequently considered an objectionable way; I therefore briefly signified my regret that I did not carry the article in the form he indicated. He then proceeded to exouse his importunacy by explaining how he had run short of tobacco a day or two ago, and at the present juncture was "mighty nigh suffocatin' for some." Now the thought of a fellow-creature,—and a great, strong, healthy creature at that,—expiring through suffocation in that lone place for lack of a quid, was dreadful. Clearly something had to be done. In default of ambulance accommodation, and as a possible rough and ready first aid, I hastily produced a

cherooot and tendered it. The effect was electric. His brightened eye glittered his gratitude, as he clutched it without so much as inquiring the brand, and his thanks came in unconventional form, "Cigarro, cigarro, whoo-rr-oog! If ye don't much mind, pardner, I'll use her this away"—and nipping the weed in two halves with his incisors, with a deft movement he neatly and completely stewed them both away among his molars. Seemingly the restorative allayed the respiratory trouble at once; and with the stimulation of his maxillary glands his salivary flow and good-fellowship came together. "Mebbe so, pardner, ye'd like to mend up your jigger for a bit; if so be ye do, we'll hit for home." As it happened, I was more or less at liberty to do such a thing, and was besides right then a bit bothered about my geography among these awkward canyons, where I had spent the best of a day in a general mix-up: so I felt it behoved me to take advantage of this hospitable proposition, and I assented. This being settled, we struck across the flat, avalanched down the death-droppy side of a rocky chasm, and snaked a mile or two along its bed, my guide the while ever fatherly watching and strenuously assisting my mount and self in the more breakneck places. Reaching the Rio Grande, which at that part of its course ran deep and red through a narrow strip of valley walled in on either hand by bluff and cliff, he sized up our swimming powers, and

selecting a point where we could most safely negotiate it, we landed on the Mexican side. A farther short ride brought us home.

As may be surmised, the home of my host was no every-day "stone-built, slated and private" domicile, nor plank and shingle affair. Neither was there an eye there to mark his coming and grow brighter when he came. The watchdog's honest bark to bay him deep-mouthed welcome he did have, however, and from the open-sepulchre throats of a pack of maybe honest, but very wolfish-looking and very hungry, hounds, confined in a high stookade, the welcome came in a salvo worthy of the homeward weary wend of a belated emperor. Hobbling out our horses, we ascended the policies by a winding avenue of single-file magnificence, and found ourselves on a spacious shelf some three-score feet above the valley. Had one gone forth to find a fit setting for this primeval son of the canyon, no better could have been selected. Here, "remote from busy life's bewildered way," he had established his homestead and sat him down "the monarch of a shed." The architect and builder of the shed had been Nature herself: and saving for certain modifications where the present or some former human tenant had improved upon her cosmoplastic "prentice hand," the cavern—for such it was—stood in its original, paleolithic state and style. An Arabic proverb says that three things make the heart of man glad—water, vegetation, and beautiful faces. The amenities of this dwelling embraced the lot; for here was a spring—the regulation hermit's crystal-flowing article,—and here, mantling the wide entry walls, were bushes and creeping vines, and the open face of Nature in wondrous beauty lay like a picture in front. A wave of the owner's mighty hand bade me welcome, and announcing with another of his courtly bows that this was the home of Osso the hunter, he gave me the freedom of the citadel, while he busied himself with fire building and food preparation. Accordingly I made myself at home, and sauntered over the premises. In the space of a few minutes I found myself on the back trail to yesterday, and soon I slipped out of the twentieth century and dropped clear into the ages of the bygone. Since that evening and date I have travelled much "along the cool sequestered vales of life," and, in remotenesses far from carpets, finger-bowls, and four-posters, I have held diggings in regal dug-out; headquartered in gregal tabernacle; bowered in the leafy forest, and hung out on the mountain face: and I have wigwagged and waggoned, and pillowed my ribs on the crust of this oblate spheroid in many an airy, hypaethral haunt; but never have I found stranger quarters than this fastness, or a scene that looked more as though it had stepped out of a stone-age melodrama. From the general look of the fixtures and portable properties, the place ap-

peared to have been occupied for years; but modern conveniences there were none, and everything, from earthenware cooking vessels to rock-oiled cupboards, was tintured with the primitive. But the grand feature, scheme, motive, and soul of the place was *Bear*. In the useful and the ornamental this animal was everywhere in interesting and superabundant evidence. Hung and spread here and there, and covering the crude sleeping pallets, were dressed skins; stretched on poles and rock faces, a short distance from the cave mouth, were recently removed and still very raw hides; while teeth, claws, and polished skulls, all formerly belonging to Bruin, quaintly decorated the interior and outposts. Swung in a cool larder recess was a bear's fresh hindquarter; and on another part of the terrace were a couple of chained baby bears tumbling round in play; and strung in festoons were scraps of meat in the process of jerking. I even imagined that mine host himself, with his generously-haired countenance and a certain facial look to him, and also a loose-jointed, shuffling gait he had as he went about his work, had taken on a considerable resemblance to the family, as indeed he might well enough have done, thus living and moving and having his being with and in the creature. The atmosphere at large was undeniably and undesirably redolent of the species, in the quick and the dead, the raw and the cooked. Then, as a finishing touch of consistency, the con-

stellation of old slow-moving *Ursa Major* came out and twinkled down on our bear-land, back-world scene. There are epochs, and times of unwonted sensation in life, when vivid thoughts mould themselves and stand out in strong relief on one's mind; and I distinctly recollect that as I meandered round that evening on this prehistoric cliffledge that was to be my home for a season—renewing relations, as it were, with an earlier existence—how thankful I felt I had not arrived in my top-hat.

Some people are by nature Nimrods, whose souls delight in the chase and the slaying of anything and everything, from a roaring lion to a sucking dove. Others care not for this sort of thing at all, dislike the botheration of it, and rather abhor the Kill itself, and also the clawing ways of the irritated creatures. I belong to the latter bunch. "A Stoic of the woods, a man without a tear," who "calls from their woodland haunts the savage train with sounding horn and counts them on the plain," is an individual whose society I seldom crave or seek; and the man with the gun (unless I am in direct line of fire) does not interest me one little bit. I like the howffs of the hunter, if I can loaf in them without having to smite and destroy, save for the necessity of the pot. To be yet more candidly explanatory, my marksmanship is erratic and desultory—a failing, I may say in passing, that in backwoods parts I have frequently found annoying and trying, particularly on

occasions of a Ramadan-Fast appetite and a vacant frying-pan. This cave-man hunter, however, was out of the regular run. There was, too, a certain loveliness about him: the situation was novel, and the lure of his troglodyte life was strong: so, on his cliff-ledge and among his canyons, I lodged and pardnered with him for several moons.

By the few who knew him, my pardner went by the name Osso (a corruption of the Spanish for bear); and deferentially, as Old Man Osso. They might well enough have added by way of a surname *brown* or *cinnamon*, but they had not done so; and simply as Old Man Osso he was called and was pleased to call himself. His age was uncertain, possibly past middle; yet he was active as a young mule, and a very athlete for strength. Uncouth in his externals, rude in his surroundings and ideas, he was yet a smooth, restful personality, in whose company it was good to be. Albeit he was easygoing and with little of method or routine, when he set himself to anything in the nature of work he buckled to, like a Titan. In addition to his hunting pursuits he cultivated a small patch of vegetables, maize, "gyp corn," and tobacco, where he could toil terribly when he wanted, and in an incredibly short time get through a mighty pull of work, his task never so engrossing him, however, as to let it stand in the way of anything trivial that cropped up which might chance then and there to interest him more.

Osso had no history. At any rate he had none for me: for, except in the matter of occasional zoological reminiscences, he unlocked not the past. As I found him I took him, without references, and asked no questions relative to his antecedents; neither did he concern himself as to mine. Civilised man disquieteth himself in a vain shadow; Osso did not. He lived in the present, acquiescing in the actual hour, repining not on things past, nor fashing about nor foretasting the future. He took his viewpoint of life at as short a range as possible, even as he liked to take his bears, and, in the technical phraseology of the rifle, he "drew his bead on it" at that, without raising his sights. He had that great gift, the intense Nature love, the which when a man has it to the full, frequently gives him, rough though he be, high principles and sweet graces. Furrowed was his forehead, scarred and seamed his rugged features, all unpolished his speech; but at heart Osso was a child, simple, natural, sincere: and ever unselfish as a comrade, and wholly fearless in danger, he was a man, bearing upon him the seal of Nature's gentleman. Like Diogenes, he found in each day a feast. "Athena," said Epictetus, "is a good place,—but happiness is far better; to be free from passion, free from disturbance." It may perhaps be selfish to hold one's self thus free, troubling not at all about the conditions of other people, and looking solely after one's own self and surroundings; yet despite doc-

trines to the contrary, it often makes much for the content of the individual who chooses and is situated to so do. And one knew, without any "perhaps," that Osso was content. If he ever had a heart-ery for other things, he languaged it not. Civilisation in any shape held no charms for him, as was shown by his uneasy haste to get back to his wilds on the rare occasions when he carried his pelts to a distant trading post and converted them into a pack-horse load of necessaries—always on terms highly gratifying to the skin-buyer. Sooner or later, to even the most ardent Nature-worshipping recluses, if they be not veritable savages or unbalanced fanatics, the longing comes for at least the temporary society of the fellow-man; and then with a feeling that they miss something, they roam their woods, inwardly ejaculating, like the dwarf in the lay, "Lost, Lost, Lost." But Osso, being a great lover as well as killer of animals, fell back on them for company. He had a scattered menagerie of half-tame pets, in corners that had been appropriated to them, and were held sacred from his traps and the noisy inroads of his blood-thirsty hounds. In his intercourse with these friends he was at his best: and on his rounds of visitation, upon which I made it a point to accompany him, I believe I derived as much pleasure as the four-footed folk themselves. As among them "mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove," he was an improved version of *Æsop*. "The thummart wil'

cat, brook, and tod weel kenned his voice through a' the wood. He smelt their ilka hole and road baith out and in." So when Mrs Grey Squirrel was abroad or Mr Bull Snake not at home to his inquiring whistle, it was a disappointment to us all round. By a patient, watchful study of the habits, tastes, and etiquette of fur and feather he had got it down to a cult; and entering into their lives he could put himself so thoroughly on a par with an opossum, or so share the sorrows of a green-backed mud-turtle, that an undiscerning animal might easily enough have mistaken him for its father. When in the way of business a beast had to die at his hands, it was quite another matter. For in his philosophies he was, like many other elementary existers, an out-and-out fatalist,—albeit merciful, in so far as he could be, in the despatch of his prey. Of course his dogs were his main chums; for together they had been in many a fray, as their hides and his own outicle bore witness. To one, with a defect in its gait, he was especially attached. This dog, it appeared, had got snake-bitten and been cured by the old hunter's *Æsculapian* skill. Most snake-bitten dogs that recover at all have periodic spells of sickness from the effects of the poison, and are thereafter mortally afraid of reptiles: this one, however, was a complete cure, and would actually hunt and kill them without instigation.

While in his dealings with mankind Osso was courteous, beyond that it is doubtful if he

was capable of going. Anything he had in the way of sentimental affection went strictly to the lower species. So far as his own genus was concerned he was like the primitive Algonquin Indians in whose language the missionaries had to invent a word for *love*, these stern, tepid-hearted children of darkness having hitherto found no use for so tender an expression. It was true he liked his home, and I fancied at times he conjured up a sort of liking for his pardner too; and after long and wide ramblings he seemed to experience a certain sweetness from his return to us. Perhaps a devotional feeling towards some Caviduca or domestic tutelary spirit, somewhere hovering round those cliff quarters, was awakened in his strange mentality; since the joy of home-coming is said to be from within as well as without. At times he was conversational, but his themes were of the flora floral and of the fauna faunal. For him the fate of nations was as nothing beside his success or failure in the tracking of a honey-laden humble bee to its hollow-tree nest: and his eye was more fixed on the discovery of a wild-turkey roost than on any fall of kings, or the biggest social problem of the century. For of the outer world he wot not.

Between my partner and me there were neither business transactions nor financial arrangements. What little assistance I gave him involved no brain-work, nor did what advice he had to impart in-

volve any penmanship. His day-book, ledger, and library was the illuminated manuscript of Nature: and whether he could as much as trace his own signature remains unknown to me. When occasion arose in our backwoods' ploys for me to carry out any plans that could not be communicated beforehand by word of mouth, his instructions were "spelt" by the unlettered muse" of the broken twig or barked trunk, after the manner of the *ab origine filius terræ*, and with an understanding of suchlike codes we got along very well. Unlike many proficient in special sylvan callings, who take a pleasure and a pride in airing their acquired superior knowledge, and believe that in the matter of advice it is better to give than to receive, Osso seemed ever anxious to keep himself in the background, and rather to feel a reluctance in offering counsel at all, except in so far as was absolutely necessary. Then, too, when given, it was in a tentative and querying way, as though inviting your opinion instead of advancing his own. It would be, "How do you think it will do now if you and me did" such and such? or "I've bin kind o' wonderin' if you mought agree with my notion that" so and so. And as my thoughts and notions about the points in question would generally have been as valuable as so much breathed air, I was astute enough to hold my peace. As a rule Osso, till he opened up on a favourite

subject, was sparing of speech. Like some savages, he had those dignified spells of self-contained reticence and *sub silentio* movements that look as though they are imparted by constant association with the silent majesty of the wilderness. But be that so, or be it but constitutional brain torpor and poverty of vocabulary, this absence of the *furor loquendi* in the simple ones of the earth has one advantage when you have much close association with them. You are less apt to be bored. One point in Osso's stolidity, which one could not help admiring, was his non-indulgence in that venting of hasty thoughts in unexpurgated and unprintable form so commonly practised in moments of vexation and emotion by persons of the supposedly rougher and more illiterate order. My partner did no top-of-his-voice thinking whatever, and in the unlovely "cuss words" of commerce he was dumb. For the biggest occasions a monosyllabic utterance of his own coining sufficed. Like certain caged parrots one sometimes sees, who have pet expressions peculiar to themselves, and which do duty for disapproval, annoyance, insult, vituperation, or Christian resignation as required (such as one interesting bird I knew whose psittaceous all-purpose expletive took the form of "Wog"), Osso found satisfaction in a fervently or philosophically uttered "Whoo-rr-oog." As a mental tonic and panacea it seemed to be hard to beat.

Game in our immediate hunting-grounds was shy and not over plentiful, yet by ranging widely, deer, racoon, eatamount, beaver, and a few Mexican lions or cougars were to be found; and these, along with the bears, which last were of a small variety, kept Osso in occupation. The region was not so wild as to preclude enterprising range-cattle finding their way into it, so the hunter was looked upon as a benefactor by the scattering stockmen on the north side of the river; for that sweet day when "the oow and the bear shall feed, and their young ones shall lie down together," is not yet awhile. On some of his expeditions my partner preferred to be alone, and as certain of his spoor appointments called him far, and meant tedious night watchings and also shin-bruising, joint-twisting manoeuvres among "rocks confusedly hurled" and "fragments of an earlier world," it suited me to fill my position in the firm as the *sleeping* partner and to remain abed. Moreover, it was a practice of Osso, in his fatalistic way, to take risks with his larger game that were disagreeable to a neophyte huntsman like myself. Close-quarter engagements with antagonists such as bears, to which he sometimes resorted, were a branch of his profession in which I was not eager to attain proficiency. Even if they were in the light-weight class of the species, still they were bears. On general principles, likely arising from his distance

from supplies, Osso was saving of his ammunition, and had a way of going round of a morning to visit his traps and fix his baits without troubling to carry along his rifle, giving his varmint prisoners their nepenthe stroke by means of a knife or the back of a light short hatchet he always carried. Upon these trips he likewise dispensed with the dogs, as being in the way.

It chanced one morning, soon after my sojourn in the cave began, that in going the rounds we discovered in some marshy ground the fresh impression of a plantigrade foot. To my inexperienced bulging eyes this ursine autograph, unduly spread as it was in that soft spot, looked about the size of a dinner-plate, and I pictured in my heated imagination an animal like a mammoth grizzly; and as Osso as a matter of course had to follow on, and I in the capacity of partner could do nothing less, though minus a weapon, than accompany him, I was a wee bit excited. The tracks, which by dint of inscrutable skill the senior member of the firm managed to trail, fetched us up, after some hours of walking, in a cramped corner of a narrow ravine; and here they finally led—so Osso assured me—into a cleft that ran horizontally into the rock wall. After all our labour to reach this objective, it looked to me as though we had pretty well drawn a blank; for the den was a most uninviting-looking place, and too hard a proposition for the most enthusiastic hunter to think of

taking by storm. Under the seemingly dispiriting circumstances I half expected and fondly hoped that Osso would see things in this light, and that he would find solace in his philosophic note and retire. Herein I was off my reckoning. Pronouncing the occupant of the hole to be, in his opinion, “a wollop’in’ lump o’ a near grown bar,” he besought my ideas upon the advisability of our “smekin’ and rostin’ him up a bit, and standin’ by to see what sort o’ stuff he was made of when he cozed into the daylight.” My views anent this interesting programme, with its grimly suggestive vista of possibilities, being altogether too mixed for current speech, I did not commit myself by advancing them. Vaguely, in the back of my mind, I did have some idea that smoking and toasting might not prove soothing to the temper of a bear, but might, if he happened in the treatment to get even a little overdone, arouse in him a spirit of retaliation. To my way of thinking, moreover, the parboiling or barbecuing of a bear was an operation that needed much judgment and a very delicate touch, particularly if the operator expected to be present at the denouement. Osso, however, was running the business. Procuring dry sticks, green leaves, and brush, and we having kindled these in the den mouth, the fumigation process began. While awaiting developments, my partner, in a casual and quite matter-of-fact way, produced from some recess of his habiliments a short, double-

edged knife,—a really nasty, dangerous-looking affair, and very sharp,—and this he handed me. Now I dislike a lethal weapon of the edged-steel order exceedingly. Back a few centuries ago my ancestors may have flourished their skean-dhus, claymores, or piratical outlasses in following their avocations, but in the walks of life which I have pursued I have succeeded in dispensing with anything in that line. Mechanically, however, I laid hold of the thing, and for a brief moment I felt the wild blood of my heritage stir as the glory thrills coursed through me and I pictured the carnage that would ensue when I arose in my might and fell upon that emerging bear. (Some of the old people with the skean-dhus had doubtless done something of the sort.) A guttural, growly sound from the rock fissure which began to be discernible about then rapidly changed the spirit of my dream, and straightway I was my discreet self again. Having no knowledge of what “a wollop’in’ lump” of bear actually indicated, but reflecting that the dimensions of the growl and the footprint seemed to be pretty well in proportion, I concluded that my first suspicions were right, and it was in all probability a bear of the first magnitude, with a battle strength equal to coping with any emergency. I further reflected that for me to take part in the prospective engagement with this *monstrum horrendum*, with merely that very abbreviated weapon in my hand, might be rash. I accordingly

decided on a course of action. Hastily calling a general meeting of all my available sensations, instincts, and inclinations, and laying the situation before them and putting the question to the convention, the vote went *nem. com.* resolved, that as discretion under certain circumstances is, &c. &c.—we do look out, and if need be have business elsewhere about the time of the crisis. Meanwhile, outwardly trying to appear as dangerous as possible, after critically examining the knife edge and further whetting it on my shoe sole, I proceeded to cut down a long slim pole, and to take off my belt. These moves were diplomatic, precautionary, and strategic, as they afforded me opportunity to convert the knife into a spear by binding it on one end of the pole, and also to inspect the condition of my footwear, and to judge of its reliability for high velocities down the rugged bed of the ravine. It must be remembered by the intrepid reader that I was then but a tyro hunter: and indeed, outside of a zoo or similar well-guarded enclosure, or in company of a muzzle and a foreign-spoken gentleman, I had never met a member of the bear family before. This, however, is by the way: let us proceed with the adventure. The whuffings in the hole grew more intense. Netting, most providentially, that my berserker partner stood hatchet in hand at one side of the entrance, it occurred to me that I was stationed too much in front and liable to be cut off from

support. So with presence of mind I evacuated the position and fell back in good order on the main body. From there the situation did not appear quite so grave, though the ominous music in the interior of the oven was by this time fortissimo. Presently the enemy made his sortie. Now from a knowledge of bear warfare derived from story-book illustrations, I was aware that the animal's tactics are to advance on his foe erect upon his hind legs, aggressive, towering, and terrible, and with his arms open for his deadly enfolding act. I allowed that the artist people who get up these things, having, of course, been through the experience, knew just how they were. Moreover, although I had never before adventured with a bear, I felt assured that this one of ours, having had a reasonably prolonged toasting, was certain to be in primeest man-slaughtering form. But instead of all this, he came forth on all-fours, he was reassuringly small, and he actually forgot to elevate himself. And, albeit his fur was a bit singed, by some mistake he was scared and quite eager to make his escape. Can such things be?—you ask. Clear as a trumpet-note rings back the answer: They can. They be. Anyhow these were the symptoms of this bear. Our side behaved splendidly. Hip and thigh we fell upon him, and with our battle hatchet we clove him. Then when in his extremity he showed some fight, we clove him again.

The combat was brief, only a matter of moments in fact; but life is lived by moments after all, and during these few mighty moments I could feel that my spear and I were making history right along. The victory was decisive, fortune being with our forces throughout; even in the confusion and excitement of battle, in my lunges and prods I didn't jab our front ranks worth mentioning. When all was over, and we stood on the field of the dead, I found my blade was perceptibly enough tinged with sanguineous stain (*ursine*, I believed) to allow me conscientiously to rank myself as a participant in the triumph, and to save my credit as a member of a bear-hunting firm. During the post-mortem flaying operations Osso expressed himself as a good deal disappointed over the very commonplace limited area and cubic contents of the beast.

Personally I lost no sleep over that detail, and was only regretful I had not been aware of his trifling *avoir-dupois* during the trying eve of battle. Not being, as before explained, a votary of Diana, my account of this episode of the chase may lack the appropriate technicality of expression. I have done my best. The experienced bear-hunter reader, for whom, of course, it was written, will no doubt understand just how it was.

Marcus Aurelius tells us "a spider is proud when he has caught a fly, a man when he has caught a hare, . . . and

another when he has taken bears." Free as he was from ways of vanity, Osso had yet a something of this pride, and took a mild kind of glory in his exploits and the contemplation of his captures. Each big slay that he accomplished inspired him to another, and made him the bolder, even as the conquests of Alexander incited that world-hungry warrior to further enterprises: only Osso's valour was fed by no outside adulation, for there was nobody to feed it; and he altogether lacked the self-exaltation of the great Macedonian. What religion Osso had was of the heart rather than the head. An unseen Power and Controller of the Universe he believed in, but theological profundities and psychical problematics vexed not his thinkings: and he was exempt from those dreads and terrors of the supernatural so common among earth's lower orders. Neither did he share their superstitions in any respect. His calendar was marked by no red-lettered days of good luck or black-lettered days of *fata obstant*, nor was he given to readings of the night heavens by way of furthering his affairs.

When I came to dissolve with Osso I did so with reluctance: for, such is the thrusting power of habit, I was getting fairly to enjoy our lotus-land cavern existence. My partner, in his undemonstrative way, left unsaid whether or no our copartnery had been satisfactory. Nevertheless his mooted proposition

that we maintain the relationship on a lifetime basis spoke some. It served to hasten my departure, however. Cold analysis clearly showed me that to linger longer would not do; and that a deliberate assumption by me of the habits of *Pithecanthropus Alalus*, he of the Neanderthal skull, would be the occultation of my luminosity under a bushel, and distinctly and palpably a retrocession of my right of inheritance as an "heir of all the ages": which so to relinquish would be an unwarrantable retrogradation and decadency indicative of an obstruent tendency on the part of an entity in the grand scheme and design of mundane progress. I didn't tell the senior partner all this. Coming from the junior, the turning on of such a verbal sluice of idea might have proved embarrassing to him.

In his ignorant bliss I left the cave-dweller—two-fifths pitying his ignorance of things, three-fifths envying his freedom from things. For, if the restful sublimity of the desert yields delight; if the rude, simple "sincerity of savage life" and the forgetting of one's self in the beasts that walk and the birds that fly, are more to be desired than the refined complexities and the hollow distractions of the civilised; and if, as the poet sings,

"It's no in makin' muckle mair,
It's no in books—it's no in lear
To mak us truly blest,"—

Osso was blest.

JOHN PIRIE.

WOMEN IN NORTHERN NIGERIA.

"WOMEN are a very strong folk." This is a fair rendering of the position of the sex in Northern Nigeria, and was the considered utterance of a Pagan chief¹ of ripe experience, who had himself married 500 of them. The remark was induced by a discussion on the temples of his country, into which no women are allowed to enter on pain of death—a penalty that was enforced until a few years ago. The motive that prompts this prohibition is not due to the belief that her presence is sacrilegious, nor merely that the men wish to secure for themselves a clubhouse safe from interruption, but it is rather the promptings of chivalry: so they say, for a woman likes her husband to be stronger than herself. As there are husband-beaters in Bassa,² and Amazons in Yola,³ and women with a will of their own in every community, this desirable condition cannot be assured unless the men back their authority with the terrors of superstition, by which means the priests and elders have long known how to enforce their will.

There is a tribe⁴ which subscribes to this same doctrine with a more honest directness, but perhaps that is because men are in the preponderance. By their tribal law none but

the young and strong are recognised as husbands. When a man passes his prime—at about the age of forty to forty-five—he becomes subject to the attacks of any young blood, who, as the reward of victory, wins the wives of the vanquished elder.

Nor is it the pagans only who plot to establish male supremacy. It was recently suggested to the Mohammedan Emir of Zaria that machinery for pounding grain might be introduced with advantage to his kingdom. He demurred, however, pleading that it is a hard enough task for a man to dominate his women as it is, but if this their principal work were rendered unnecessary, the situation would become impossible. And it is easy to imagine that a muscular vigour which finds a healthy outlet night and morning in this employment might, on its cessation, seek some occupation less productive of domestic peace.

Despite their power, the women of Nigeria, according to our ideas, though not according to their own, labour under one humiliating disqualification: they are debarred from the great right of spinsterhood. Among the ten million inhabitants of Northern Nigeria there are but two exceptions: the priestess of the

¹ Sarkin Langtang, Yergum, Muri Province.

² Bassa-Komo.

³ Longuda.

⁴ Dingai, Yola Province.

shrine of the much-feared Juda,¹ a goddess with the attributes of a Judge Jeffreys; and a certain princess who is queen over all women and all slaves, but who is not allowed to marry.²

Among certain tribes the haste for marriage is such that some girls are betrothed even before their birth,³ while others are engaged when they are three days old to small suitors aged six years.⁴ In this case the duties of the menage begin at once, and the boy, with the help of his guardian, there and then brings wood and water for the benefit of his infant bride. When she first laughs he brings her a string of beads, and on that proud day when she can walk alone, he gives her a bridal gift of a strip of cloth and a calabash, for from that time forth the seven-year-old groom is responsible for her and must provide her with food, &c.; though she continues to live with her mother, and presently does some house-work under her mother's direction—the only form of authority allowed to either parent by the young *prétendu*. When she is about seven years old he builds her a hut of her own in her parents' compound, to which he has the right of entry; though, until she finally goes to her husband's house some three or four years later, she may throw him over, in which case she returns to him all his presents.

There is great diversity in the preliminaries of marriage, but in the main it seems to be a commercial arrangement, based on the principle that the parents should receive some return for the trouble and expense they have expended upon a girl in her early years. The more primitive tribes, however, practise marriage by exchange—i.e., a man gives his sister, his daughter, or his brother's daughter in exchange for the sister, daughter, or niece of some other man; but where this is done he may not secure for himself two or more wives until all the male members of his family are provided with one.⁵ The Munshi who patronise this system exercise great care to make the transaction as even as possible, and if it happens that one wife has more children than another, she hands over one or two to the less fortunate mother.

Another system is one with which we are familiarised by the story of Jacob, but the conditions in Nigeria are not so severe as those imposed by Laban, and in place of the seven years required by him, it generally suffices for the pagan suitor to work several days in each month on his prospective father-in-law's farm during the sowing and harvesting seasons. It is true that he brings friends to aid him, but he in his turn has to help them in the like case. He begins his suit when

¹ Batta, Yola Province.

² The Agya, Jukum, Muri Province.

³ Ganagana, Niger Province.

⁴ Mumbake, Yola Province.

⁵ Kona, Yola Province.

the bride is three or four years old, and his obligations continue for some nine years more, when the marriage is consummated.

The third and most common marriage custom is that of dower, which is sometimes taken in conjunction with labour, and sometimes stands alone, and is subject to endless variations. Some brides, on an auction system, fetch as much as £20;¹ for others a hundred rats, three goats, and a hoe is considered liberal provision;² others again, generally the daughters of chiefs³ who can afford to forgo the price, are given to men so poor that they can pay nothing at all. It is this latter system which prevails among the great Mohammedan races, and as their religion has modified many of the customs that they used to practise as pagans, it may be well to give a brief account of the ordinary life of Moslem women—Nupe in this example—before comparing others with it. The first-born, whether boy or girl, is hated by its parents; they will not look at it nor give it a name, but only call it "boy" or "girl." The mother would often refuse to feed it but that her husband's parents come and live with her for three months to see that she fulfils that duty. Sometimes they take the baby away with them and give it to some wet-nurse, and in no case is it left with its parents after it is weaned.

Nevertheless a large percentage die of neglect.

With this exception the general love of children is pronounced, and from the time they make acquaintance with the outdoor world, bound on their mother's backs with their little heads awaying from side to side, they always look happy and are infinitely spoilt. They are independent little people, and once they can walk, stump about together dressed sometimes in long flowing robes, or more often in nothing at all. They have toys, but these have not anything like the importance that they have with us, and the children more usually make mud-pies, or play at hide-and-seek and king-of-the-castle. On the day of the Mohammedan New Year there is a great fête, when they may raid the house of any uncle, aunt, grand-parent, or person who practises the same trade as their father, and loot anything they can find in it. The children of the house act as garrison, and great battles are waged between them and the marauders. If the house is undefended the elders may purchase immunity by paying twenty cowries to each child, after which they and their property are safe.

The Nupe are eminently a practical people. They recognise that devoted parents could never bear to deny their children anything, though they could quite easily exercise a

¹ Ganagana, Niger Province.

² Yandam, Yola Province.

³ Emir of Bida, Nupe.

little wholesome discipline in the case of other people's children. Therefore it has become a matter of course that when a child reaches the age of four, whether it be boy or girl, its father's brother, sister, or father carries it off, and has entire control over it until it is married. Should it attempt to return to its parents it is sent back again and whipped. The exception to this rule is when the parents are rich enough to send it away to a boarding-school, and then the child lives with the Mallam and his wives for some ten years without a break before returning to its people. Tiny girls are taught by the Mallam himself, but as they grow older their education is carried on by his wives. The schools are an institution which have been very largely patronised for over one hundred years, and a successful Mallam will have as many as fifty or sixty scholars at a time. Rich and poor go to them alike, for the fee is often only 20,000 cowries=8s., payable at the end of the ten-year term. Girls have the same training as boys. They study the Koran; they learn reading and writing, first in Arabic, then in their native tongue and Hausa; sewing; and in the later stages figures. At some schools they work for as much as ten hours every day, at intervals from 4 A.M. till 8 P.M. They have, however, whole holidays on Thursdays and Fridays. The Mallams exercise strict control, and are

in full agreement with the old maxim of "spare the rod and spoil the child," and in this too there is equality between the sexes. If the children try to run away they are put into leg-irons, and one sometimes sees carved upon a door the warning sign of an anklet and chain alongside of a writing-board.¹

This long period of education shows that the Moham-medan does not promote child marriages, and the Nupe girls do not usually marry till they are about twenty. The procedure is as follows. A man who wishes to marry into a certain family comes and calls on the father, and gives him, his wife, and his daughter some small present, which process he repeats till on the third occasion he formally announces the reason of his visit. The matter is laid before the girl, and she has the right of refusal, and if she exercises it, her people set about to find her some other husband. Occasionally a girl is very *difficile*, and says "No" to all her suitors, one after the other; and when that happens, her mother tells her the following tale. It relates how parents in similar circumstances, reduced to despair, washed their hands of their daughter and said, "Very well, go into the market and choose a husband for yourself." Nothing loth, the girl started off, and in a little while she espied a group of tall strangers, with one of

¹ Basse.

whom she fell violently in love. She came back and described them to her father, who went out and asked first one citizen and then another who the strangers were, but no one could answer him. The girl, however, persisted, and at last persuaded her father to send to them and bid them come to his house. The interview resulted in marriage between the girl and the unknown man. For some days they lived in the town, she and he and his friends; but they would not tell her whence they came nor whither they were bound. At the end of that time they said that they were going back to their own country, and told the girl she could not come with them. She determined not to be left thus, and lay awake, watching all night. She heard nothing, but when morning came, though her husband was there his comrades had gone. He told her that he must delay no longer, and fiercely forbade her to spy upon him. She feigned obedience, but nevertheless watched, and when he went out, stole after him and followed, but so far off that he did not know she was there. Thus they passed out of the town and into the bush, and though his form was soon lost in the windings of the path, she saw the mark of his footsteps on the sandy track, and struggled after, panting now and with aching limbs, for he moved with tireless stride. As dusk came she forced herself to run, for the path they fol-

lowed was no longer one that had been made by man, but by wild beasts, and she dared not face the darkness and the terror alone. She was descending a slope now, and by the brilliance of the green and the luxuriance of the vegetation could tell she was nearing water, when suddenly her eyes lit on her husband, and fearing intangible horrors more than his certain anger, she called his name loudly. He turned in response, but there was a glitter in his small eyes such as she had never seen before. He did not stop, and in another second disappeared behind a clump of tall rushes. She heard a splash, and saw the ripples spreading wide in the water, and ran forward precipitately that she too might throw herself into the stream and swim after him to the opposite shore; but as she stumbled down the steep bank and into the pool, a large crocodile rose slowly to the surface—the only living thing in all that waste. There the story ends, but the mother finds it an invaluable argument with her daughter should she be tempted to choose some unknown adventurer for husband—and there are few, either old or young, who are bold enough to deny that wild beasts can appear in human shape.

A more material danger is that the adventurer should prove to be a "boy" in the service of the white man, or a soldier, or a policeman; for they are regarded as outcasts from their people, having

abandoned their customs and traditions and become denationalised. As a matter of fact, their wives are recruited from among widows and divorcees, with very few exceptions, though a class amongst themselves is now rapidly springing into being. They are not of a high morality, and a boy will speak of his "old" wife when they have been married only eighteen months, which denotes with what speed they mutually seek a divorce and felicity in some new union. One enterprising lady undertook to marry three horse-boys collectively, but as the day approached jibbed at the prospect, and the three together sued her in court for breach of promise. The danger of marriage into this class is carefully guarded against by good parents, who moreover do their best to secure for their daughter the privilege of being a man's first wife. The engagement is formally recognised when the suitor gives 12s. 6d. in money and two calabashes of kola-nuts to the father, and 7s. 6d. in money and one calabash of kola-nuts to the mother, which each respectively distributes among the male and female members of their family. From this time on the pretendant must work on his father-in-law's farm or house, together with his friends, two or three times a year, and every big Salla he gives his bride 5s. worth of cloths and 2s. to have her hair dressed. This period may last for some years, as a boy is sometimes betrothed at

the age of ten or twelve and a girl at five or seven; but early engagements are, however, considered undesirable, and the yearly cost to the groom effectually tends to discourage them. A careful count is kept of all that he gives, so that it may be returned if the girl should ultimately refuse to consummate the marriage. Once they are engaged the boy and girl may not play together, though up to the time of marriage they may do so with any one else. In fact, a boy and girl may declare themselves "saranohi," or great friends, and are allowed to go to each other's houses until such time as one or other of them marries.

When the wedding-day approaches the groom gives his wife three cloths and a handkerchief, at a minimum value of 30s., and if she does not like these he has selected she returns them, and he must send others till she is satisfied. At the same time he gives her parents £2, 10s., which they spend on an outfit for their daughter—pots, pans, mats, &c. A rich man gives something under £4, and spends perhaps as much as £9 or £10 on cloths. If he is unable to raise all this money at once, an arrangement can be made in the Alkali's court by which he is bound over to make up the deficit within a given time, and, so long as he is able to give his wife 1250 cowries (value 6d.) for her first "chop" money, they may marry at once. When the wedding takes place

there is a great feasting. For three days and three nights the rejoicings are carried on in the bride's home, and on the fourth day the groom carries her to his house, where the festivities are continued for another four days and four nights without intermission. These ended, custom demands that both should remain in seclusion for a week, and the bride is not allowed to go abroad for three months, by which time she is supposed to have attained a realisation of her new position and the dignity pertaining thereto. After this she leads an ordinary life, spinning thread, weaving cloth, cooking tasty little honey cakes or other similar confections, which a girl takes out and sells in the market for a few cowries apiece; or she may exercise the profession of coiffeuse, a skilled trade of which a few only are mistress, for the intricacies of pads, fronts, and tails of false hair with the due admixture of ransid butter is indeed work for an artiste. It is so complicated that even the poorest woman does not venture to do her own hair, though she chooses the simplest style for which she need only pay six-pence, and leaves the glory of elaboration for her richer sisters, who can afford the shilling which is demanded. It is not, however, an extravagantly large item in the annual budget, for though the outlay is considerable in a

country where the possession of £20 constitutes wealth, it is not incurred oftener than once a moon.

The routine of the day necessitates early rising, four being the usual hour, excepting of course for the old¹ or sick, and after Salla (prayer) at daybreak, which the women observe in their houses, they all have breakfast together of a sort of porridge and milk.

They work till midday, when the same meal is repeated, and rest till 2 P.M., after which they work till sundown, when the Salla is performed again, followed by the important meal of the day, for which all good things are kept. There is never more than one dish, however, and soup, fish, beans, meal, rice, dates, meat, or whatever it may be, are all mixed up together. Meat is expensive, so is rarely eaten, but the very rich sometimes have this compound of good things instead of porridge for lunch, though no one cares to eat much in the heat of the day. Such dainty morsels as honey cakes, or fruit, are eaten at odd hours; and water, the staple drink, is taken as thirst dictates, but not at meals.

All the women eat together. They sit round the pot in a circle, in strict order of precedence, counting from the right hand of the first wife, who helps herself and passes the pot round the table to the

¹ The natives of Nigeria frequently attain the Biblical three-score years and ten, and there are even centenarians.

subsequent wives, daughters, and foster-daughters, in order of age, dependants and slaves: hands only being used. The first or big wife alone may sit upright, while the others are obliged to crouch in her presence. The evening repast at an end, the children of the establishment go out to dance to the tom-tom, and their guardians sometimes have much trouble in chasing them in to bed at 9 o'clock. The women, who are great storytellers, entertain each other till about eleven, when they too go to bed. They don't have much society, but they see a certain amount of those wives of their husband's great friends, whose influence he trusts, and they visit their mothers or foster-mothers every month; their sisters more rarely. They never accompany their husband on a visit, and should their friend's husband be in his house when they go in, it is etiquette for him to salute them and go out. Every one knows that a Mohammedan may have four wives: the first one is the "big" wife and has authority over the rest, advising them as to all internal arrangements, and granting or withholding permission for them to leave the compound, while she is responsible to no one but her husband. Pagan customs are, however, too various to describe under one heading. There are people amongst whom the first wife holds such absolute sway that she may even beat the junior wives, and is propitiated by presents from the parents of these ladies. It is more usual, however, for the head wife not to punish directly, but to report neglect of work to the husband. As a rule each wife has a house to herself, but amongst the Okpoto¹ the first wife alone enjoys this privilege, while the others are herded together in one hut, and she has moreover three lesser wives deputed to wait on her. Amongst other peoples there is equality between all the wives, and this is sometimes accompanied by a carefully laid down division of responsibilities, one wife having the care of the guinea-corn, another of the millet, and a third of the bean-bina.² The Munshi tribe encourage their women to trade, and they have evolved a system by which women are responsible for and own all food crops, while the men generally collect the sylvan products.

This example recalls us to the Nupe, for with them, as with many others, farming and trade form an important part of woman's work. In their case the cultivation of all products is carefully distributed between the sexes, and each works for his or her individual advantage, but first deducts what is necessary for the household consumption. The women collect the nuts from the shea-trees, prepare them for use, and reap the benefit of their sale. In the same way they

¹ Bassa Province.² Yergum, Muri.

have exclusive rights over all trees, with the two notable exceptions of the oil-palm and kola. Then again, women own all root-crops that do not require transplanting, such as oohro and (the now very valuable) ground-nuts, but not cassava, sweet-potatoes, onions, &c., for it is not considered feminine to transplant, and what is due to man's work is man's property. The women, however, reserve the profitable privilege of selling everything, and, though they keep all that they make on their own crops, they likewise keep a fourth of what they receive for their husband's roots. They don't tell him so, but it is generally understood; and if a man should by any chance have such an honest wife that she gives him the whole of what she has received, he is so delighted that he at once spends it on a magnificent present for her, so he is not really any better off than if she had taken toll. Grain, however, a man not only grows, but may sell for himself—subject to limitations. His wives sow it, and when he has reaped it they garner it into their stores,—that is the extent of their work, but it establishes a claim, and each wife takes charge of so many bundles, which may not be sold without her consent; and of course she expects a present—if only a very little one—for her trouble. It is obvious from this that the women require to go abroad to effect their sales, and as the Nupe are great traders, they sometimes carry their goods to

markets hundreds of miles away, when the husband usually acts as escort and the "big" wife stays at home to look after the house. It is a privilege and honour that she may do so, and proves to all the world that she has subordinates to do the work—so that, as a rule, she acquiesces willingly in the arrangement. But every now and again she is of an enterprising disposition and rejoices in the long tramps across country, in the river journeys, and perhaps a day in the crowded cars of the railway, and she is unwilling to forgo her outing and the incomparable pleasure of driving a hard bargain. Then her husband represents to her that the dignity of the household is lowered by her stooping to such toil, but if she persists, why, she gets her way. As will be supposed, the Nupe women become rich members of society, and are usually considerably wealthier than their husbands, whom they feed, and as a rule they take a pride in treating well. They have complete ownership over their savings, and though the husband inherits his wife's money if she has no children, she may at any time, even on her death-bed, call in a sufficiency of persons to bear witness that she leaves it to some one else. She does not, however, inherit from him, perhaps because his money would only serve to enrich another man, for, whatever her age or condition, no woman is allowed to remain single. Should she die without a husband there is no one to

bury her, and no house where her bones may be laid to rest, and that is regarded as a misery far transcending any worldly misfortune. Even were a charitable Mallam willing to perform the task of burial, public opinion would be against him, and in old days it was the "dogarai" (as the Emir's police were designated) who carried the body out to the bush: now the distasteful task is thrust upon the Government labourer. A widow must, however, out of respect for her late husband, remain five months in seclusion,—a five months that are particularly trying to her, for, besides her natural grief, she knows that if she were to fall sick it would be thought a suspicious circumstance that so much evil should rest in her neighbourhood, and that it would be hard to get another husband. This period of mourning is therefore one of terror for the poor widows, who each prays fervently that she may keep her health throughout it, so that she may marry promptly when the term is up. The five months ended she discards her white robes, takes off her sandals again in the usual way, and once more "plants her head," to use an expression for hair-dressing that was adopted by an English scholar of her nation. She is now free to marry whom she will, and is permitted forty days in which to choose her husband, at the end of which time she must be wed. She is not likely to

have such a good time again as she had with her first husband, for those who have been already married are not regarded as quite so peculiarly the wives of their new husbands; and though by law and supposition they are equal, a man will give his own wives more presents and privileges than he will to widows,—so long, of course, as he is quite safe from detection.

While the Mohammedan widow mourns her five months and has comparative liberty to choose whom she will subsequently marry, the ordinary pagan system requires immediate remarriage to a specified relation, so that she does not pass out of the family,—usually the husband's brother or son (not of course her own son). There are an infinite number of variations to this custom, and in some tribes a certain amount of licence is allowed the widow, as, for instance, where she is bound to marry either a brother or uncle of the deceased, but may choose which. She signifies her choice a month after the death of the deceased in this manner. Each of these, possibly very elderly, gentlemen brews a pot of beer and puts it in her house. Then they go out and she takes up her post at the threshold. One by one they come and ask leave to fetch their beer, and to each rejected candidate she hands out the pot, but the favoured suitor is allowed to pass inside.¹ There are exceptions to

¹ Kugamma, Yola.

the rule of prompt remarriage, some people thinking it seemly to mourn for two or three years,¹ while others are permitted to return to their own people and only marry again by their own wish.²

When it is the wife who dies, due mourning is observed for her also, and for the same period. The Nupe widower wears white robes, but not too white, for a little dirt relieves the brightness. For the first seven days he remains in his house without stirring out, and, as in the case of Job, is surrounded by friends and relations, who sit with him proffering their consolations from dawn till dusk, and it is forty days before he resumes ordinary life. The mourning is no sham one, and the custom of burial within the compound, which gives a sense of companionship with the departed, is of very real importance to the bereaved—in fact, the dead seem to share in the daily life of the living in a way that it is difficult for Europeans to

understand. Indeed, we aliens find many things hard to understand, though gradually we come to realise that a definite philosophy, and that often a very wise one, dictates each observance. As a new-comer to the country one's spirit overflows with sympathy for the woman who has no choice but to marry, and who, should her husband be a person of any consideration, must share him with two or three others. One only gradually gets to know that she for her part feels boundless pity for the English woman who has to fulfil all the arduous duties of a wife single-handed, and that she cannot believe that there exists a member of her sex so insane as to prefer to live without a husband. As a stranger, one thinks the women of Nigeria are downtrodden; but as a resident, one soon learns that the pagan chief was right in his dictum, "Women are a very strong folk."

OLIVE TEMPLE.

¹ Mumye, Muri.

² Kona, Yola.

CHANG: HIS BELL.

THIS is the story of Chang, his bell; and of John Fitchett, Lieutenant; and of Janet Grey, now Mrs Fitchett.

About 2000 years ago, Chang made the bell. He recorded this fact, ideographically, together with the date and dynasty, on the bell: and added a neat couplet, informing posterity that "Though one man may make me tremble and speak, forty shall not move me,"—or words to that effect. And this was approximately true, as will be seen.

From the year of the bell's birth to 1900 A.D. is a hiatus, pregnant (if a hiatus can be so) with potentialities for the writer of Fiction, to whom I shall generously make a present of them all. In 1900 the owner of Chang's bell was in a pretty stew. The Foreign Devils were undoubtedly setting towards Peking where the bell dwelt, and it was necessary to hide it. With immense labour it was got from the Temple of Heaven to a much humbler residence—to wit, a sort of outhouse known in the East (no one knows why) as a "Godown." This was used for storing felt, and in the felt Chang's bell was buried up to its neck, and so left. It was considered safe enough there; for what Foreign Devils would want felt for loot? In this conclusion, however, the owner of Chang's bell made grievous error.

We will leave the bell here

and go back ten years or so to the lowest form-room of one of our public schools, where we find Master John Fitchett and a friend cooking in a tin lid the ill-plucked carcase of a sparrow over the gas, and later, eating it with immense gusto. At that age John looked as callow and as embryonic and as unpromising as the stupidest boy in the lowest form of a great school can look. There was, however, about him even then a benign expression of imperturbable good-humour which he still wears, and which fools sometimes take for foolishness.

Five years later John had lost his callowness, and was called by every one "Old John," or "Old Fitchett," an adjective never yet put to a proper name that has not inspired others with respect or affection. He had taken five years to grow on his public, and when he left school he left a blank not easily filled, as his house-master and several others who had had to do with him soon realised.

A crammer with infinite difficulty pushed him into the Service: and when I think how often crammers have helped to officer our regiments with just such good stuff as John is, I bless and do not curse them.

Janet Grey and John had come to an "understanding" at the respective ages of twelve and fifteen. Five years later this arrangement still stood,

and as John was about to start for the East, and neither of them had a farthing, they decided it was time to place things on a definite footing, and so became engaged. They made up their minds to a nine-year wait, unless, as Miss Janet remarked, her Uncle George would die, or do something. John reproved her for ghouliness; and there was a slight coldness, not improved by Janet a little later alluding to John as "Godlike" to his face. And she made things no better by explaining that she meant one of the heathen kind, spelt with a small "G." This tiny rift was soon mended, and never reopened; in due course he sailed for India. Here he was not received with acclamations by his regiment. It took him two or three years to grow on his brother officers, and to make them realise that a man not particularly good at anything apparently, may yet be uncommonly good for a great many things. There was some talk at first about clearing him out into some other regiment (what should we do without these bins or receptacles for our out-castings?), but that soon died. He was described in his confidential reports as "painstaking and hard-working."

Certain regiments possess a box marked "Mobilisation." It is locked, and contains many dull and secret matters enabling a regiment to go, at the shortest notice, on active service, and one of the secrets is the name of the officer

who does not accompany the regiment into the field, but who is left behind to command the dépôt. Theoretically, the selection for this uncovetted office confers no discredit on the nominee, for it requires a good officer to run a dépôt well. But here theory scarcely jumps with practice.

In 1900 came rumours of trouble in China, then definite announcements; then more rumours as to the strength of the force going, and more definite announcements. Lastly, a very great many more rumours as to what regiments were going. Nearly every regiment had it on the best authority that it was one to go. John's corps said and believed as all the rest did, only a little more so. But the contents of the box remained secret, and there was no Fatima to open it.

John said little at any time; on occasions like the present he said nothing. But the fear of his name being chosen for the dépôt knocked at his heart with fingers of deadliest ice. He took this so heavily that he went off his sleep, and looked like making certain of being left behind by going sick. The orders for mobilisation came soon after, and hot on their heels and just in time to be left at the dépôt arrived Bunbury-Brown from England, whence, after abundant cabling, he had rushed out at his own expense in order to rejoin. John's nightmare rolled away amid this less fortunate brother officer's curses. These were the heavier, as had he

not been in such a hurry to throw up his leave, he would in due course have been ordered out and his journey done at his country's expense. As it was, not a penny!

The allied forces had reached and occupied Peking. Abroad was the spirit of grab. Good regiments made it regimental grab: a very few bad ones made an individual business of it. Their officers buried loot in their tents and sat on it, glaring suspiciously at brother officers doing the same thing. That was only just at first. Then began the regular official auctions, where those who had ready money bought those beautiful silks and embroideries so much in evidence at home after the war.

With all this we have nothing to do, and are only concerned in telling the process by which John and his bell came together. He had in some way become connected with Mounted Infantry, and his horses having lost condition, he went out one day in search of anything that would serve to stuff saddles. He came to a Godown, whose broken door showed that he was not the first searcher there. Looking in he saw just what he wanted—felts in any quantity, and, on closer inspection, felts of such closeness and thickness that they were almost as good as numnah.

John began to load felts on to the light cart that the fatigue party had brought with them. A few minutes' work

and he had all that he wanted; but he bethought him that his friends, the 40th Light Cavalry, might also be wanting to stuff their saddles. So he continued loading, and—came on a hard yellow thing. Further removal showed this to be a huge brass ring, and a little later the bell itself—Chang's bell—was gradually exposed to view.

"It looks a beastly heavy old brass thing," thought John, "but it will make a fine trophy for the Mess. I'll take it along." This was easily said, but the party of ten with him could not even move it. Thirty more men were sent for, and then with the utmost efforts they got the bell out of the Godown and on to a light country cart. Through this it immediately sank, and with a dull clang sat on the road. A more sensible man than John would have left it there. Instead, a much stronger cart was obtained and the bell eventually removed to the Mess. John's ideas came a little slow, but he seldom altered his mind.

A thrifty Mess secretary was busy with some hundreds of pounds' worth of Mess stores which he was laying in against the winter. He regarded the bell very coldly.

"I've brought a bell for the Mess, Jenkins," said John.

"I see it," said Jenkins.

"It will make rather a fine trophy, I think," said John.

"Fine and large, and rather too large at that," replied Jenkins.

"Well," said John, "where'll I off-load it, Jenkins?"

"Oh, anywhere out of the way. I'm busy,—suit yourself."

That night the Mess, with all its thrifty laid-in stores, was utterly burnt down. Not a thing remained—except the bell. That took a lot of salvaging. It fell on one of its rescuers and crushed him badly.

In due course the regiment got its homeward route. There was some slight attempt to leave the bell, but John, mildly persistent, overcame opposition, and it sailed for India with its possessors. Not without mischief, however. While being slung on board the transport it got out of control and crashed into a horse-box, killing a pony. Every one was pretty weary of it before it was finally installed in the verandah of the Indian Mess-house.

. It rose into a little, very temporary, favour during house warmings, because strangers stopped and admired its bulk, and never failed to say, "But how *did* you get it here?" Little they realised how white and elephantine a thing it really was.

Just as the regiment was settled in, and just as everything had been unpacked and laid down and hung up and spread out, the Mess was again completely burnt down. A thatched roof accelerated matters, and in that fire all that was of real or of sentimental value was utterly consumed, and there was much of both.

The bell being of no value of any kind whatever, was somehow the one thing saved. In return it crushed a sepoy's foot so completely that he had to be invalided out of the Service, without even the slender gratuity granted to a man receiving injury on a military duty.

It is not to be wondered at that when the first tears had been shed and grief gave place to resentment, a very hostile attitude came to be adopted towards the bell. Without being superstitious, still it seemed odd that the Mess should have been twice burnt down since its arrival. Every one was sick of it. Mr Chang's handiwork meanwhile lolled blatantly on its vast side, hard by the blackened ruins of the Mess-house. If it had possessed a tongue (Chang's larger line in bells seems to have been rung only from the outside), it looked as if the bell would have hammered tocsins of triumph at being the most hateful thing in the Mess, and the only one saved from the fire.

John was told to take the bell away; that the Mess completely and utterly disowned it, and could no longer stand the sight of it. Its presence in the bare, unhomely, plateless, furniture-less building then being used as a Mess-house was quite unthinkable.

It was while he was wandering one morning round his bell, and wondering what to do with it, that he noticed—it was lying on its side—right up in the apex of the

interior, something that no one without a good share of mother-wit would have looked at twice had he seen it at all. The bell from exposure, lack of cleaning, and scorching, had now assumed a dull, slightly gangrenous complexion. It was a flaw in this that attracted John's attention. Some one recently, probably during the previous night, had gouged out a neat little shaving, an inch in length, and showing bright clean metal underneath. That was all. But it led to a train of thought which John began to follow up that very night. He was not at Mess that night, nor the next, nor the next. He was watching the bell, and to sit through long nights on the strength of a surmise built on a little deduction requires determination.

On the third night, shortly after midnight, without preliminary sound of footsteps, a gentle, rasping sound became audible to the watcher. It came from the bell, and John let it go on for just half an hour by the watch, after which he switched on his electrical bull's-eye, and after a slight pause walked up to the bell. His first care was to examine the wood ashes which had been laid down round it. By these he saw that only one person had come and gone. The bell itself showed at first inspection nothing, but the light presently scintillated on some bright metal dust lying on a cloth, seemingly placed to catch it. Immediately above this, on the rim of the bell, the light

now showed two clean, very fine fret-saw cuts.

John's long vigil had not been in vain.

Things now looked important enough for a little assistance, and during the rest of the night John, his orderly, and a servant, armed, kept watch by turn; and the dogs, which had been hitherto carefully kept away, shared the vigil.

Next morning a fatigue-party took the bell to John's bungalow, but he said nothing to anybody (who happened to see them) about the saw-cuts.

The same day he sent a small registered parcel to the Mint. On receipt of a reply a week later, he walked to the local Bank and had a talk with the Manager, and showed him the answer received that day. The Manager went back with him and viewed the bell, and the same night appeared an ancient worker in metals. To him John confided the fact that he believed the bell to be possessed, and that he wanted a good wedge of it to send to the Government exorcist to make certain. The wedge was duly cut, sent away, and in another week John was informed that his bell contained 30 per cent of gold, 15 per cent of copper, and that the rest was an alloy which would count for something but not much. Further, that the Bank—the wedge had been sent to its headquarters—was prepared to give full weight value for the bell, less 5 per cent on delivery.

John lost no time. It was on the cards that the man who had first sampled the metal, and then came again for more, might perhaps have another try for so big a prize. So every reasonable precaution was taken. The ancient metal worker was again summoned, and told that the bell had in very fact been found to be possessed, and that no less a fate awaited it than burial far out at sea. That it was to be speedily cut into chunks suitable to purposes of transit, and that the work was to be done after dark. The old man undertook to do this in six days. The result of each night's work was removed to the Bank, taken over, weighed, and a receipt given. On the seventh day Chang's bell was no more; and on the eleventh John received a cheque for between £14,000 and £15,000. It was made out in rupees, and amounted to Rs. 217,500 of them. This sounds ever so much better than its equivalent in pounds.

This is not a love tale, or I might have said something more of Miss Janet Grey, and something less of the bell. It must be taken for granted, therefore, that she had always been very much in John's life, and that she now shared his thoughts pretty equally with the bell—and not unnaturally, for when the bell went into the melting-pot the last of the obstacles to a speedy marriage went with it. No one in the regiment knew of the engagement. For one so young as John such a thing was quite

beyond the limits of decency or common-sense. When, however, he handled the cheque, but not before, he wrote to Janet and told her that they need wait no longer. That letter was joyfully posted at 4 P.M. on mail day: the mail left at 5 P.M. Five minutes before that hour the sun still shone and all was well.

Then Conscience asked a simple question—Was John doing quite the straight thing? "Certainly," replied John. "I gave the bell to the Mess: the Mess gave it back to me." "Under a misapprehension," murmured Conscience.

A less honest heart might have parleyed longer. Not so John. In a moment he was on his bicycle pedalling for dear life. The letter-box at the Mess, when he got there, he found cleared. He dashed off to the Post Office, not far distant, and as he neared it saw the orderly diving for letters into his bag and beginning to drop them into the box. John's mad bellows caused the man to look up and pause. Next moment John had flung himself off his bicycle, seized the pile of letters still unposted, and amongst them found his own.

It was a quarterly Mess meeting. There was the usual circle of officers, some bored, some not; the usual reading of minutes, the usual rather bored inspection of accounts, and the usual growl that since no one drank anything these days the Mess balance credit was in a bad way and only slightly

ameliorated by the cigarette revenue. The usual discussions were started and suggestions made, speedily smothered by the usual side-issues and irrelevancies. And the Colonel was about to apply the guillotine with the usual formula of, "Well, I think we've talked enough for one day, haven't we?" When John said, "There is just one thing more—about that bell." Several of the audience yawned, one of them groaned slightly. The Colonel said icily that they had all understood that the last had been heard of the bell.

"In a way you have heard the last of it, sir," said John, "and in a way . . ."

"So far as I recollect," said the Colonel, appealing to the rest, "the Mess washed its hands of the bell and gave it back to you!"

"Yes," said every one.

"And I think, then," continued the Colonel, "that there can be nothing more to be said," and every one hastily rose.

"Yes, but there is something more to be said," said John. "The bell had gold in it."

"Ah! yes, yes," said the Colonel, veering towards the door. "They all do—like the Burmese Budhas and their rubies. A myth, my dear Fitchett, a pure myth, I do assure you. Send a bit to the assayer and see whether I'm right or not."

"I've done that, sir," said John, following him and flourishing the cheque, "and you are wrong to the tune of more than two lacs. Here's the

cheque for the money. I gave the bell to the Mess, and of course it always remained Mess property."

The cheque was accepted with the utmost bonhomie and good feeling. A Mess can swallow words that perhaps an individual can not: and in a moment it had forgiven all the bad things the bell had done, and forgotten all the abuse that had been heaped on it, and was altogether most magnanimous and nice about it,—besides being quite, quite grateful to John.

The Mess meeting was prolonged another hour or so, while John told with some prolixity the truth, but not the whole truth, about the bell. No one knowing anything about Janet Gray, and John not telling them about her or the post-office incident, of course they really missed the whole point and gist of the matter. But this no one realised. There was the cheque, and what more could any one want?

John being that sort of man, told the story in just that sort of way as to make each hearer think that personally, had it been he and not John who wandered round the bell that morning, the gouging would have been noticed, and the same line of action taken all through, just as had been done by John.

So the meeting broke up, and John went his way, not in very great spirits, but thankful that he had managed things so that he had come out of them without any credit or

applause or embarrassing gratitude. But he smiled wanly when he thought of the Colonel and his determination to get right up to his neck in it, in his refusal of the bell.

A committee sat, and had no difficulty in calling it the "Bell Fund" (mark you, not the "Fitchett Fund"), but it found a great deal of difficulty in protecting the fund from a possible raid on it by Government. Legal assistance was invoked, and the fund made into a trust, and of course no Government can lay hands on a trust. Also various *chevaux-de-frise* and hedges and ditches were thrown up around the fund in the most legal and incomprehensible language possible. Even in the event of a possible disbandment an æon or so hence (an unthinkable possibility to the regiment, but the law has to think in æons), the fund was rendered immune from any murrain or blight

that Government might cast on it. And if you want to know of the many useful, ornamental, and charitable objects to which the bell fund is parent, you must ask the regiment itself.

A few years ago, Miss Janet Grey and her god—of the small "G" (or heathen) variety—completed their nine-year wait and were duly married. Uncle George was most disappointing throughout. His wedding present consisted in hearty congratulations on their prudence in not hurrying things: and he said he would send them something soon, but never did. Whether Mrs Fitchett approves of John's conduct with regard to the bell, I leave you to judge: she is much too cryptic for me. What she always says is—

"It was just like that old dear to go and give that cheque to the Mess."

X.

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X.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE—THE CENTENARY OF 'WAVERLEY'—
AN ANONYMOUS MASTERPIECE—SCOTT'S COURAGE IN ADVERSITY
—THE INFLUENCE OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS IN FRANCE—AND
IN ENGLAND—THE OPINION OF HAZLITT AND COLERIDGE—
JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN—AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE—A POLITICAL
VISIONARY.

THE year 1814 will ever be memorable in the history of Europe. It saw the end of Napoleon's domination. Disaster overtook that unconquered conqueror, even where he held himself strongest. Blücher repulsed the French troops at Laon. Wellington crossed the Adour and won the battle of Toulouse. The Emperor himself was compelled to leave Fontainebleau for the island of Elba. There were disturbances in Italy and Spain. Norway, after a sharp campaign, was compelled to acknowledge the King of Sweden as her own. Pope Pius the Seventh returned at last to Rome and reassumed the proud title of Christ's Vicar on Earth. The British Fleet was beaten on Lake Champlain, and the Treaty of Ghent put an end to an unfortunate war. At last, with Louis XVIII's return to Paris, the world seemed entering upon an era of peace. The annals of the time are packed with events, and quick with the hope of better things. Yet there is one episode of 1814 whose importance escaped the vigilance of the world. In July, just a century ago, 'Waverley' was published, and if only a sense of proportion

had inspired the prophets, they would have foreseen that the appearance of this one simple romance was destined to exercise a greater influence on humankind than the fall of Napoleon.

Its author, with the humility of true greatness, did not take a grave view of its possibilities. Written some years before, it had lain hidden in an old desk at Abbotsford. There it might have remained for many a long day, had not Scott "happened to want some fishing-tackle for the use of a guest." It came into his mind to search the half-forgotten writing-desk, and "in looking for lines and flies the long-lost manuscript presented itself." The adventure is altogether characteristic of Sir Walter. An accident revealed the unfinished masterpiece, and a few weeks' toil brought it to completion. When it was done he thought little enough of it. He had far too many interests to submit to the tyranny of arrogance. He was incapable of overrating what he did or of forgetting that he was a man of the world as well as of letters. What he said of 'Waverley' was undoubtedly sincere. "I do not invite my fair readers,"

he wrote, "whose sex and impatience give them the greatest right to complain of old-fashioned politics, into a flying chariot drawn by hippogriffs, or moved by enchantment. Mine is a humble English post-chaise, drawn upon four wheels, and keeping his Majesty's highway. Such as dislike the vehicle may leave it at the next halt, and wait for the conveyance of Prince Hussein's tapestry, or Malek the Weaver's flying sentry-box." Though Sir Walter thought his post-chaise humble and English, it was enchanted none the less. It went round the globe as swiftly and easily as though Prince Hussein's tapestry carried it, and the man of genius who held its reins was speedily hailed as the Wizard of the North.

That he should at first have suppressed the name which should have stood upon the title-page was reasonable enough. "My original motive," said he, "for publishing the work anonymously was the consciousness that it was an experiment on the public taste which might very probably fail, and therefore there was no occasion to take on myself the personal risk of discomfiture." When an immediate triumph made this motive of no effect, Scott persisted in secrecy because it was his humour. He had no longer the desire "to float amidst the conversation of men." That which the world can give of glory was already his. "Of literary fame," he confesses, "whether merited

or undeserved, I had already as much as contented a mind more ambitious than mine; and in entering into this new contest for reputation, I might be said rather to endanger what I had than to have any considerable chance of acquiring more. I was affected, too, by none of those motives which at an earlier period of life would doubtless have operated upon me. My friendships were formed—my place in society fixed—my life had attained its middle course. My condition in society was higher, perhaps, than I deserved, certainly as high as I wished, and there was scarce any degree of literary success which could have greatly altered or improved my personal condition. I was not, therefore, touched by the spur of ambition." Is it possible to imagine a more clear and candid exposition of a simple theme than that?

Moreover, Scott knew well enough that the anonymity was little better than a convention. He might deceive "the general reader." He could not hope to escape notice among his friends. Nor indeed did he escape notice. The truth is that the *Waverley Novels* could have been written by Scott and by Scott alone. "The number of coincidences"—again it is Scott who speaks—"which necessarily existed between narratives recounted, modes of expression and opinions broached in these Tales, and such as were used by the Author in the intercourse of private life,

must have been far too great to permit any of my familiar acquaintances to doubt the identity betwixt their friend and the Author of 'Waverley'; and I believe they were all morally convinced of it." Convinced of it they assuredly were, and the conviction went far beyond the circle of familiar acquaintance. Byron, for instance, had no doubt as to the authorship of 'Waverley,' and even the Quarterly Reviewer, who could not claim the poet's literary intuition, had little difficulty in piercing Scott's secret.

Thereafter, with a profusion which has not a parallel in the history of literature, Scott gave his masterpieces to the world. In health and sickness, in wealth and adversity, he set his imagination to work. His toil, like his conception of romance, was heroic. There is no nobler episode in the whole range of biography than Scott's struggle to repay the debts incurred by another. As he was incapable of shirking the burden, so he was incapable of complaint. He knew his powers failing, yet he remained with all his ancient bravery at his desk. To outdo the pathos of his Journal would be impossible, impossible also to match its plain courage. Scott neither exaggerated nor overlooked the agony of his state. "I have been very ill," he wrote towards the end of 1831, "and if not quite unable to write, I have been unfit to do so. I have wrought, however, at two Waverley things, but not well,

and, what is worse, past mending. A total prostration of bodily strength is my chief complaint. I cannot walk half a mile. There is, besides, a mental confusion, with the extent of which I am not perhaps fully acquainted. I am perhaps setting. I am myself inclined to think so, and like a day that has been admired as a fine one, the light of it sets down amid mists and storms. I neither fear nor regret the approach of death, if it is coming. I would compound for a little pain instead of this heartless madness of mind, which renders me incapable of anything rational."

"I am perhaps setting." Here is all the misery of the soldier, who must lay aside his sword. Death Scott faced without a murmur. The heaviest burden of debt he would gladly bear were he "the Walter Scott" he once was. In seventeen years he had written the long series of romances known as the Waverley Novels, and a vast deal besides. He had breathed into an outworn world the romantic spirit. He was not the first of his line. The movement which he inaugurated, all unconsciously, was begun before his time. Gray had shown in his odes something of what to-day is called the Celtic inspiration. Percy in his 'Reliques' had reminded the world that there lay half-hidden from its gaze a great wealth of popular poetry. And none with finer energy than Scott had carried on the researches thus happily begun by the Bishop of Dromore.

Then again, Walpole in his 'Castle of Otranto' had done his best to make the flesh of mankind creep. In brief, all the conditions were favourable to the rebirth of romance, and it was to the genius of Scott that Europe owed her vigorous reaction against what seemed the servitude of a weary classicism.

That Scott should have made a conquest of his own country was but natural. His victory is remarkable, because it extended to the uttermost corners of Europe. His triumph, in truth, was far greater than Napoleon's, for he has lost no inch of conquered territory. It is this permanence which makes the publication of 'Waverley' the most noteworthy event of 1814. It changed the minds of men far more effectively than did the fall of Napoleon. When the novelist visited Paris in 1815 he entered the city as one whose genius had given him the rights of a free citizen. 'Waverley,' already translated, had become the foundation of a school. Hugo and Balzac were the acknowledged pupils of one who had never looked beyond himself for the results of his work. The culmination of the romantic school in 1830 was due in great measure to the shining example of Sir Walter. Without his influence Gautier would never have shone resplendent in a red waistcoat. Without him the long-haired, decorative poets, who called themselves *les jeunes-France*, would never have drunk to the objects of

their exotic loves from human skulls. In brief, the whole Romantic Movement of France was dominated by his grandeur. Not only did Hugo gladly acknowledge his inspiration, but without him we should not have known the immortal musketeers. In England, his fate was of equal glory, but with a difference. Imitators he had in hundreds, now long ago forgotten; he founded no school. It is not our habit to combine; we think very little of cliques and cénacles. But we have at times the gift of admiration, and Scott exercised this gift for us as none since Shakespeare had done. He appealed with equal power and insistence to all classes. The fastidious critic vied with the uninstructed reader in enthusiasm. No writer had ever won a universal popularity as did Scott. No writer had had the faculty of attaching his creations in the bonds of friendship to the simple folk which read about them. The books were eagerly bought and eagerly read wherever the English language was known. And the critics made as easy a surrender to Scott's imagination as the people. Hazlitt, Radical as he was, suppressed his anti-heroics in the presence of the master. He exulted in the Waverley Novels with a candour which did him infinite honour. He wrote of them with the gusto which he brought always to the contemplation of sound literature. For him Scott was the one modern who might compete upon equal terms with the ancients.

He praised him for precisely those qualities which you would have feared he would have deplored. He welcomed him as an aristocratic influence in an "ultra-Radical" age. He praised him for "emancipating the mind from petty, narrow, and bigoted prejudices." When the fool blamed Sir Walter's speed and profusion, Hazlitt insisted that the fecundity of his pen was no less admirable than his felicity. He recalls the noble procession of men and women which marches through the *Waverley Novels*, and thus concludes in the true vein: "What a list of names! What a host of associations! What a thing is human life! What a power is that of genius! What a world of thought and feeling is thus rescued from oblivion! How many hours of heartfelt satisfaction has our author given to the gay and thoughtless! How many sad hearts has he soothed in pain and solitude! It is no wonder that the public repay with lengthened applause and gratitude the pleasure they receive. He writes as fast as they can read, and he does not write himself down. He is always in the public eye, and we do not tire of him. His worst is better than any other person's best. . . . His works are almost like a new edition of human nature. This is indeed to be an author!" It has often been said that political prejudice dominated the literary criticism of the early nineteenth century. For once, at any rate, Hazlitt rose

superior to the habit of his time.

Nor was he content with rhapsody. He gave a just reason for the faith that was in him. He made the first, and perhaps the best, attempt to pierce the secret of Scott's success. "Sir Walter," he writes, "has found out (oh, rare discovery!) that facts are better than fiction; that there is no romance like the romance of real life; and that if we can but arrive at what men feel, do, and say in striking and singular situations, the result will be 'more lively, audible, and full of vent' than the fine-spun cobwebs of the brain. With reverence be it spoken, he is like the man who, having to imitate the squeaking of a pig upon the stage, brought the animal under his coat with him. Our author has conjured up the actual people he has to deal with, or as much as he could get of them, in 'their habits as they lived.' He has ransacked old chronicles, and poured the contents upon his page; he has squeezed out musty records; he has consulted wayfaring pilgrims, bedrid sibyls; he has invoked the spirits of the air; he has conversed with the living and the dead, and let them tell their story their own way; and by borrowing of others has enriched his own genius with everlasting variety, truth, and freedom. . . . He is only the amanuensis of truth and history. It is impossible to say how fine his writings in consequence are, unless we could

describe how fine nature is." There is insight as well as generosity in this passage, which may still stand as a right and just appreciation of the Waverley Novels.

To Coleridge Scott was not merely a writer; he was a constant solace. "When I am very ill indeed," he said, "I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can then read. I cannot at such times read the Bible; my mind reflects upon it, but I can't bear the open page." Lamb, alone among his friends, regarded the Waverley Novels with impatience, though he willingly submitted to the charm of their author. Always loyal to the traditions of a Cockney, he had no natural love of romantic scenery. As little did he like new books and fresh plots. Were he in search of amusement, then Fielding was at his elbow, and in 'Tom Jones' he knew precisely where he was. To understand the personages of Scott's magnificent drama was for him as difficult a feat as to make new friends. And he remained most happily in the ancient ways. For the rest all men joined in applauding the Great Unknown. Young and old, Whig and Tory, Radical and Aristocrat, were of one mind, and Sir Walter speedily became the most popular writer in Great Britain.

His success was justly won. He revived the past as none other had ever done. He clothed the bones of history with the flesh of reality. He made yesterday one with to-

day. Even in admitting no sacrifice to truth, he set the heroes of old resolutely upon their feet before us. James I. in 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' Louis XI. in 'Quentin Durward,' are portraits which no research could better. Scott has not travelled one inch beyond the facts. He has said nothing without the warrant of the chronicles. Yet his imagination has helped him to paint in such colours as are beyond the reach of the painstaking historian. Not that Scott neglected the proper sources of history. Until he began to write he followed the same path to which all the dry-as-dusts adhered. Only he knew how to transform the material thus patiently gathered. When he took his pen in hand he wrote not merely what his mind knew, but what he saw with the eye of his fancy. If you would unravel the process, compare the stuff out of which his James I., for instance, is composed, with the finished portrait. Or, having marked the life and vigour of the scenes in Alsatia, read the dull comedy of Shadwell, upon which they are founded. And when you have made the comparison, you are still remote from understanding. A profound knowledge of physics will not increase the joy which the vision of a rainbow gives to the soul of a curious child.

In calling history to life, in bringing back the ideals of chivalry to a tired world, Scott re-created, so to say, his native country. Scotland appeared once more the veritable home

of romance that it is. At a touch of the wizard's wand it became a place of pilgrimage and of common resort. The grandsons of those who saw in the country north of the Tweed the home of dirt and squalor, opened their eyes and ears to the legends of Prince Charlie, or discovered the truth about Montrose and Claverhouse in the pages of what they delighted to call "the Scotch novels." For good or evil the tourist was summoned to Scotland by the trumpet of Sir Walter's patriotism, and the tourist has persisted ever since in his resolve to seek the north and its associations. And with the teaching of Sir Walter we have completely revised our opinions of scenery. There was a time when mountain and moorland appeared barbarous to the cultivated eye, when the traveller loved no scenes so much as those which betrayed the shaping hand of man, when the trim parterre and neat fountain seemed to exceed in loveliness the hill-side and the cataract. To the change of taste others contributed. Gray and the authors of the wonder-stones played their part. But the adoration of mountains was more vividly suggested to the world by Scott than by the most eloquent of his predecessors, and while we give him credit for the larger, broader view, we cannot hold him responsible for the foolish excesses of those mountaineers who affect to believe that nothing but death and stagnation can dwell in the plains.

It is too early to measure the loss which the world has sustained by the death of Joseph Chamberlain. Even though for some years he has looked upon politics from a distance, he is yet involved in the net of ancient controversies. That history will set him upon the lofty pedestal reserved for those who serve their country faithfully, we have no doubt whatever. The time has not yet come to find his place among the statesmen of our time. We can do no more, at this hour, than fire a salute of honour over his grave.

His life was devoted faithfully to the public service. Never for a moment did he harbour any other ambition than to do what he could to advance the community in which he lived. In Birmingham he served the best apprenticeship that statesman could desire. He learned from the conduct of a city the proper means of governing a great country. As Mayor of Birmingham he mastered the lessons of administration, which were invaluable to him in the larger sphere of imperial politics. His untiring energy would not allow him to shirk or to overlook anything. He managed his caucus, when the time came, with the same thoroughness wherewith he controlled municipal affairs. He left nothing to chance, and knew that forethought and courage were always necessary to success. A professed democrat, he was convinced that it was a

leader's first duty to be autocratic. If he appealed to the democracy, as he was bound to do, he took care to dominate it when it had answered his appeal. He had no sympathy with those Radicals of a later breed, who pretend that the highest duty of the statesman is to obey the people without thought or question. Such a pretence was always absurd in the eyes of Joseph Chamberlain,—a masterful man and a born leader of men.

When he emerged from Birmingham and took his place on the larger stage of Westminster, it was natural that he should have espoused the Liberal cause. His early associations were Liberal; Liberal also were his connections in Birmingham. He had gladly acknowledged the leadership of John Bright, and had grown up in the stricter sect of Cobdenism. But no sooner did he hold office for the first time in 1880 than he gave proof of his independent spirit. The Board of Trade was allotted to him, and he refused to make it a sinecure. With equal energy he refused to look upon the Empire as a sort of makeshift, which was best handled when it gave no trouble to anybody. Even at the outset Bright recognised him for a jingo, and he was never of these cynical opportunists who thought that our wisest course in Egypt, which lay on the highroad to India, was to "butcher and bolt." Indeed, no sooner did he hold office than he began gradually to find himself. He was under fifty, and still sensi-

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tive to new impressions. Those who reproach him with changing his opinions after his severance from Gladstone understood Chamberlain as little as they understand politics. There is no peculiar virtue in consistency. To persist in what you have discovered to be an error is a crime of insincerity, which it is very difficult to condone. In politics especially is a change of view permissible and natural. The young politician is given a brief, so to say, by his parents or his friends, and finds it easy enough to fortify it with arguments. Gladstone himself was already middle-aged when first he assumed the leadership of the Liberal party, and it says very little for the good sense of the Radicals that they should have continually charged Chamberlain with apostacy. There is no apostacy in growth, and the loyalty which Chamberlain felt was to his country and his honour, not to the accidental leader of a few brief years.

Indeed the courage of open-mindedness, the faculty of learning, were always among his greatest qualities. No sooner had he left Birmingham than he saw the needs of the Empire in another perspective. He discovered presently that there was no room for parochialism in the government of a great country. Refusing to follow Gladstone in his sudden conversion to Parnellism, he made the cause of the Union his own, and did as much as any one in the fierce campaign of disruption to preserve the United Kingdom intact.

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In force of argument, in lucidity of exposition, the speeches delivered by Chamberlain were unequalled in the long controversy. He fought Gladstone with the passionate conviction of one who set imperial interests high above the intrigues and manœuvres of a party. "Since I have been in public affairs," said he, "I have called myself, I think not altogether without reason, a Radical. But that title has never prevented me from giving great consideration to Imperial interests. I have cared for the honour, and the influence, and the integrity of the Empire, and it is because I believe these things are now in danger that I have felt myself called upon to make the greatest sacrifice than any public man can make." If he was superb in attack, he called the argument always to a high plane. It was not for a paltry motive that he opposed with all his strength and eloquence the policy of Home Rule. "Gentlemen," he said in a memorable speech, "your ancestors have met great difficulties and dangers, and have confronted them successfully. They have arrested the tyranny of kings; they have borne without flinching the terrors of a persecuting Church; they have again and again rolled back the tide of foreign invasion from our shores; they have overcome the most powerful combination of their foes; and now will you, their descendants,—you, upon whose shoulders the burden of their empire has fallen,—will you be so poor-spirited as to

break up your ancient constitution, to destroy your venerable Parliament, and to surrender your well-earned supremacy to the vile and ignoble force of anarchy and disorder?"

Such was the spirit of Imperialism in which he helped to defeat Gladstone's attempt to dismember the United Kingdom. When the struggle was over, it was clear to all that the Union had been preserved largely by the energy and eloquence of Joseph Chamberlain. To sail in the same ship again with those who were once his colleagues would have been plainly impossible, even if Chamberlain had not drifted far away from his ancient moorings. It was but natural that he should put his genius for administration at the service of Lord Salisbury. Once more he rose to the full height of his opportunity. He brought to the Colonial Office an aptitude for business and a quick understanding, to which that neglected post had long been a stranger. It was in no narrow sense that he interpreted his duties. "We believe in the expansion of the Empire," he said, "in its legitimate development. We are not afraid to take upon ourselves the burden and the responsibility which attach to a great governing race." In the years which followed, Chamberlain had abundant occasion for proving the faith and the courage which were his. He was of those who rise with an emergency, who are not afraid to speak the truth

and to confront their enemies. If we look back to the years which preceded the South African War we can measure only too easily how far we have fallen behind in the race. We did not then accept with an amiable smile the insults of our foes. When the German Emperor sent his reckless telegram to President Kruger, congratulating him that he had repelled an invasion "without appealing for the help of friendly Powers," we showed by a naval review that we were ready for whatever might be inevitable. When Chamberlain assured Russia that "who sups with the devil must have a long spoon," he did not hasten to apologise, in the manner of our present demagogues. "What I have said I have said"—these were the only words of explanation that he vouchsafed.

Above all, he defended the Englishman abroad with a vigour which had gone out of fashion since the days of Palmerston. He did not subscribe to the creed, once popular at the Colonial Office, that the man on the spot is always wrong. He said what was to be said in favour of Cecil Rhodes, whose genius he gladly recognised, even in the dark days which followed the Raid. "I am perfectly convinced," said he, "that while the fault of Mr Rhodes is about as great a fault as a politician or statesman can commit, there has been nothing proved—and in my opinion there exists nothing—which affects Mr Rhodes' personal position as a man of

honour." Those who served the Empire when Chamberlain was at the Colonial Office, served it with a glad heart, because they knew that the worst construction would not be put upon their patriotism, that they were assured in advance of the sympathy which Downing Street had long withheld. It was fortunate, then, that when the war came, in Chamberlain's despite, that a strong man ruled at the Colonial Office. He talked and acted with a firmness which must have surprised those Boers who remembered Gladstone. "Speaking for the Government," he exclaimed, "I say that so far as in us lies there shall be no second Majuba. Never again, with our consent, while we have the power, shall the Boers be able to erect in the heart of South Africa a citadel from whence proceed disaffection and race animosities. Never again shall they be able to endanger the paramountcy of Great Britain. Never again shall they be able to treat an Englishman as if he belonged to an inferior race."

When the war was brought to an end Chamberlain set an example which it were well if his successors followed: he paid a visit to South Africa. He studied the problems of Empire on the spot, and with his mind still open to new impressions, saw what was necessary to bind more closely the dominions oversea to the mother country. "Yes," he said once, "I am a political visionary; I dream dreams of Empire; my waking thoughts are taken up

with it." His dreams were practical; it was upon the combining of facts that he exercised his vivid imagination. He took up the cause of Tariff Reform, because he thought it beneficial to the Empire, with the courage of a young man. That he might be free to preach what he believed to be the only true gospel, he resigned his position in the Government, and let his voice be heard in all the great cities of the kingdom. He saw that all was not well with British industry. "Agriculture has been practically destroyed," he said; "sugar is gone; silk is gone; iron is threatened; cotton will go." He would save our trade as well as forge a link between England and her dominions. He counted the cost and faced it with equanimity. "It will be impossible," he admitted, "to secure preferential treatment from the colonies without some duty on corn as well as other articles of food, because these are the chief articles of colonial produce. Whether this will raise the cost of living is a matter of opinion. But even if the price of food is raised, the rate of wages will certainly be raised in greater proportion." Thus he sets up the standard of revolt against the superstition of Cobden. He openly avowed that he did not believe in the bagman's millennium. Alas, he has left to others, as a noble heritage, the task of fighting the battle of prosperity and of the Empire!

The most energetic statesman of his time, Chamberlain did not hold the highest office in the State. He put his country above his own personal success, above the triumph of this or that party. He did what he thought right, regardless of the shallow thing called consistency, regardless of office, regardless of a partisan victory. He was, moreover, the most persuasive advocate of his time. He pleaded the cause which he espoused with a vigour and earnestness which were beyond caviel. A finished orator, he knew not only how to fit plain words to great occasions, but how to make the most effective use of voice and gesture. It has been said that he alone of his time has influenced a vote in the House of Commons by the mere use of his eloquence. He had no love of soft counsels or easy expedients. No path seemed too arduous for him, if only it led to the union and greatness of the Empire. He fought hard for what he believed right, and he fought without rancour. Accustomed to exchange shrewd blows with his adversaries, he cared not that he was the most bitterly assailed statesman of his time. Though he has died with his work no more than half done, he has bequeathed an example of courage, patriotism, and open-mindedness which assuredly has not been set in vain.

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MORAL QUALITIES IN WAR.

THE die is cast! Europe is appealing to the arbitrament of the sword. The coming days are big with the destinies alike of Britain and the Continent. It seems opportune, therefore, to let our thoughts dwell on certain things which study cannot teach and money cannot buy, but upon which victory nevertheless largely depends.

The importance of moral qualities for success in war can scarcely be overestimated. Napoleon, by comparison with material factors, put it at three to one. Since his day their relative value may be said to have increased. The times when serried masses—or even supple columns and shoulder-to-shoulder lines—moved right up to a hostile position are past and gone. Then, an advance through a comparatively shallow zone of fire with comrades close at hand was succeeded by a bayonet attack, or by a retrograde movement which soon

brought immunity from hostile weapons. Two-day battles were rare: many encounters celebrated in history lasted a few hours or less. The long periods of rest and freedom from danger which intervened between battles served to restore shattered nerves and weary frames. But of present-day warfare the distinguishing feature is its intensity. Long marches, irrespective of weather and season, will frequently mark the opening stages of a campaign; incessant vigilance is needed from the moment war is declared; constant is the risk of sudden destruction (which in these latest days may come even from the sky above); chilly bivouacs must often be the substitute for snug winter quarters of pre-Napoleonic days; battles last for days, and even weeks; and whilst they endure scarcely a spot for some miles from the enemy is safe from shot and shell; moreover, experiments prove that the very latest pro-

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jectiles in use cause wounds more terrible than any previous weapons have done. What a strain on nerves overtaxed already in many cases by our modern high-pressure existence! What a test for bodies accustomed to the comforts of latter-day civilisation!

Under such conditions marksmen may achieve no more than the most erratic shots; the smartest corps may quickly degenerate into a rabble; the easiest tasks will often appear impossible. An army can weather trials such as those just depicted only if it be, collectively considered, in that healthy state of mind which the term "*moral*" implies. Now, since each whole is but the sum of many parts, we must see to it that every individual fighter has this priceless asset nurtured within him.

And if the moral factor is amongst the important in war, it is also the most undiscoverable in time of peace. Scarcely a secret in a nation's *technique* or organisation remains hidden to-day from the prying eyes of foreign inquirers. There is a remarkable likeness amongst the armies of the great military Powers of our time, all of which approach to the standard of "*Nations in Arms*." On nearly all questions their instructional manuals and ours preach very similar doctrines. It is upon these regulations and text-books that the uninitiated base their prophecies and pass their judgments on a campaign, forgetful of the rôle which the human element

plays in war. Even those belonging to the fighting services frequently disregard this human factor in calculations made during times of peace, when theory and precedent rule the day, and stress and unforeseen emergencies are rarely encountered.

Up to now the development of moral qualities has received less attention in our forces than amongst those of other Powers. To take but one instance: we have undoubtedly been unduly neglectful where the development of martial enthusiasm is concerned.

Nowadays, as formerly, commemorations of great national events, or in honour of fallen warriors, are frequent on the Continent. They are marked by much pomp and eloquence. Alongside bemedalled veterans stand the scholars of the place. The younger generation—whose attendance is always ensured—thus imbibe impressions which are not lost when they themselves shoulder the rifle. These things are practically unknown amongst us. Except for the decoration of Nelsen's monument, what steps do we take to remind our people of historic struggles? Movements in Great Britain, like those of which the Boy Scout one is the best type, have from their origin been carefully dissociated from all idea of war and national defence. Were it otherwise, fierce denunciations of jingoism, militarism, &c., would soon have rung through the land.

The Russo-Japanese War—which brought into sudden

relief a marvellous system of national moral education—awakened all the world, ourselves included, to its importance. Since then we have somewhat timidly commenced to tread along a path strange, unaccustomed, and rendered difficult by the fact that—owing to our system of education—young Britons as a class do not at the outset form a receptive soil for this good seed. Ay, to the teachers themselves the theme is often unfamiliar!

To those who are charged with the development of moral qualities the study of past campaigns is of great assistance. Nor should it be limited to recent wars, as is generally the case with investigations concerning technical and tactical problems. Reference to medieval and even ancient conflicts furnishes many valuable examples to him who would to-day draw the attention of our soldiers and citizens to the magnificent exploits which men have achieved when fighting in pursuit of noble ideals, with the help of wise counsel and leading, and by the exercise of self-abnegation, endurance, and courage.

Let us take a few historical illustrations. Ten years ago the diplomatic representations were proceeding which led to the mighty struggle between Russia and Japan. How great were the resources in men and money of which the former Power disposed compared to

those which her rival possessed. Was not the difference in prestige greater still? At the beginning of hostilities the fleets in the theatre of war were practically equal. In the chief encounters on land Russia actually outnumbered her enemy. Nevertheless she was worsted in every action. Why? The Island Empire was smarting under the rebuffs of 1895 and 1898, when Port Arthur—conquered by Japanese arms—had to be relinquished, only to be subsequently seized by Russia, one of the trio which ousted Japan by means of diplomatic pressure. Again, Japan felt that the establishment of a great naval power there and in Korea would encircle her Empire with a rope, so to speak, which was bound to throttle it in the near future.

The world knows the outcome of that war. But does it understand the force and main-spring of the feeling which animated alike warrior, citizen, woman, and child in those days when the Rising Sun shone so brightly?

To those who would fathom these things the writer would commend a book, 'Human Bullets,'¹ written by a young officer who was wounded before Port Arthur, and which has been translated into several languages.

What do we read there? The regiment marches out: the author's former school-master rushes towards him as he passes, seizes his hand, and

¹ 'Human Bullets.' By Lient. Tadayoshi Sakurai. English translation published by Constable, 1907.

bids him acquit himself bravely. Old men bestow similar monitions on their young relatives and acquaintances in the ranks. A soldier declared unfit to take the field attempts suicide in his despair.

Residents in Japan at the time tell of several similar cases to his. But if the enthusiasm of the rank and file sometimes approached frenzy, their leaders and the nation generally, whilst striving with might and main in the same cause, performed with calmness and yet with zeal the most distasteful and inglorious duties. Their attitude reflected the poet's words—

“They also serve who only stand and wait.”

And what on the other side? We hear of men expressing their relief at being taken prisoners: of others who cheered when in their captivity they heard of the peace which sealed their country's discomfiture. This is no reflection on the gallant soldiers of the Tsar, to whose brave deeds in distant Manchuria numerous witnesses testify. Many of them scarcely understood what the cause was for which they had to leave their homes and risk their lives. What they did in 1812 they would doubtless do again, if the circumstances recurred which characterised that great drama.

If we turn to our own history at the period of the Great Mutiny, we see many doughty leaders springing to fame in a few weeks. What prodigies of endurance and

valour did tiny forces perform! Each man was alive to the seriousness of the crisis. Such men could not be daunted by fiery sun, waterless country, or foes many times their numbers. The absence of such feelings has, on the other hand, adversely influenced the outcome of fighting in the case of many struggles, including some when numbers and armament have been on a nation's side.

Last year Prussia celebrated the centenary of the rising which delivered her from Napoleon's overlordship. In a leading article, “The War of Liberation,” ‘The Times’ (April 28) says—

“The rising of the Prussian people at the call of their King is one of the great events of all history. Its memory remains, and ever will remain, . . . an everlasting source of the pride and strength that make a nation. It was in the truest and the most literal sense the rising of a whole people against oppression, . . . of a people who had drained to the dregs the cup of humiliation and suffering. It was no insurrection, it was the rally of a people in arms. . . .

“The utter collapse of the army . . . after Jena . . . is only less astonishing than the rapid revival.”

Jena, and its disgraceful aftermath, was dated 1806.

Seven years later, despite the loss of an army in Russia and the drain of the Peninsula, Napoleon's was still the most formidable military power in Europe.

The Prussian armies which faced him in the spring of 1813 were to a large extent of the militia type, with a strong admixture of guerillas participating in the operations.

The first great battles were French successes, albeit Pyrrhic victories; nor was the tide of victory unchecked later on. But nothing could quell the fighting spirit of this regenerated army. After Bautzen, the Katzbach! After Dresden, Leipzig! After the repulses early in 1814, the triumphant entry into Paris! Whence this wonderful transformation. In 'The Times' of September 9, 1913, we read the following:—

"The statue of General Count Bülow von Dennewitz was unveiled yesterday at the village of Dennewitz, in the Mark of Brandenburg. The statue commemorates the great struggle on September 6, 1813, between General von Bülow and 40,000 Prussians, and 60,000 French led by Ney and Oudinot.

"Prince Bülow (Ex-Chancellor) . . . delivered an impressive speech. . . . He gave a vivid description of the battle in which his own ancestor and the ancestors of many of his listeners had won fame. . . . Prince Bülow said that the cause of Prussia's success in 1813 was her subordination of the interests of the individual to those of the whole. . . ."

In 1630 Germany had been groaning for twelve years under the sufferings caused by the Thirty Years' War, which—like all religious struggles—was characterised by great ruthlessness and barbarity. Everywhere the Protestant cause had suffered defeat at the hands of the Emperor's war-tried generals, Tilly, Pappenheim, and Wallenstein. But in that year there landed on German soil a Swedish army, small but efficient, burning with a desire to assist sorely tried co-religionists, and led by Gustavus Adolphus,

their King, a skilful commander, and one who, despite certain failings, was animated by pure and lofty motives. His men—fired by his presence and imbued with his fervour—immediately turned the tide; and victory followed victory until he fell on the field of glory some eighteen months later. Before another two years had elapsed internecine quarrels and unworthy greed had sapped the strength of the erstwhile conquerors, who in their turn suffered a crushing defeat.

We have seen within the last two years what is almost a replica of the preceding. In October 1912 Bulgaria, united in purpose to deliver certain territories from Turkish rule, struck swiftly and successfully. Then followed an armistice, marked by contemptible haggling, and rapid deterioration in the army's fighting qualities. Finally, we see this army somewhat out of control, and the leaders of the State lending themselves to a policy of greed and treachery. An internecine struggle between former allies, begun in July 1913 by Bulgaria herself, deprived that nation of much that was won when a healthier moral condition pervaded camps and council-chamber.

We have already portrayed the conditions of modern war which call for the highest moral qualities. We have culled a few examples from history's abundant storehouse to illustrate the results which superior moral qualities have achieved at various times.

Our next step must be to examine the several qualities which helped to gain triumphs, to some of which we have so briefly alluded; and to devise means whereby those qualities may be developed in the course of everyday training.

The title of this paper may appear at first sight to limit the application of these means to serving officers and soldiers. The writer cannot think that any such limitation is intended. Many of us who are not soldiers come into contact with members of the Officers' Training Corps and with quasi-military organisations intended especially for the young. They have special opportunities! By utilising these they can so prepare the ground that the seed sown later will bear more perfect fruit.

The character of even the youngest subaltern or recruit has already been moulded to some extent when he joins the colours; moreover certain virtues esteemed in ordinary life are just as necessary in war as the purely "military" ones; and the former are as easily taught in home, school, or workshop as in barracks or in the field.

A study of the past shows that the following have always largely contributed towards the success of a people in war, even when handicapped by inferior numbers, weapons and resources, and by lack of war-like experience:—

A belief in the necessity and justice of the struggle, and unanimity amongst the leading personages of the nation.

A determination to shake or ward off a foreign yoke, to terminate injustice or misrule, to rescue from oppression friendly or kindred nations.

The memory of past wrongs or defeats.

Physical fitness of a nation's manhood, and a simple standard of living amongst all classes.

Absence of materialism amongst the nation at large.

Stern and impartial discipline within the fighting services.

A spirit of *camaraderie* amongst officers.

Esprit de corps.

A strict sense of duty.

Satisfactory relations between officers and men.

Readiness to accept responsibility amongst leaders of every grade.

The spirit of the offensive.

Appreciation of the soldier's death.

It may perhaps be said that the three first-named factors are unaffected by any form of military training, being dependent mainly upon political conditions and national feelings which cannot suddenly be created, although perhaps controlled to a certain degree by statecraft. This is to some extent true. But like children in a family, the electors of a nation are necessarily incapable of appreciating many considerations which guide those at the helm. Colonel Cordonnier, in his book, 'The

Japanese in Manchuria,'¹ says of war: "Everywhere public opinion clamours for results, and refuses money. It is the Government's business to impose the sacrifice." Yes! and the sacrifice demanded for war must include personal service too, which is often grudgingly given or withheld. This is where those who instruct our soldiers, present and future, can play a part.

If compliance with the Government's demands is to be full and willing, the nation's youth must be imbued with sentiments of duty rather than with instincts for extorting "rights." Some of our countrymen have of recent years been able to listen to the instruction given to children in the Elementary State Schools of Japan. There they constantly heard dissertations couched in the following vein:—

"Your parents tended you in your earliest youth; they feed, clothe, and house you. How great is the debt of dutifulness due to them: *But parents and children, all alike receive from the Emperor protection and just laws. They must therefore be ready at all times to serve him with might and main even unto death.*"

These exhortations would be followed by historical examples illustrating the wretched plight into which various countries have fallen as the result of neglecting to prepare for war, and of despising military qualities and activities. As a contrast to such the teachers then pointed to Japan, the Great

Rising Sun, recently admitted to a place amongst the world's Powers owing to the prowess in arms displayed by her sons. So much for the seed as sown in Japan: Liaoyang and Mukden were its first-fruits!

A somewhat different "setting" to the foregoing would be required for British listeners; but if like precepts were unceasingly impressed upon young people in our country they would create a powerful counterpoise to the disruptive and egotistical tendencies which are abroad amongst us.

Dull and soulless indeed must he be whose feelings are not stirred by the recital of great sacrifices followed by great victories: who hearing of them will not say to himself that he too will risk person and property should the hour of peril demand it. By such means a spirit will gradually be diffused throughout a nation which will ensure a glad response to the call for service, however arduous and full of danger that service may be: a spirit which counts a country's honour far above all material gain or individual advantage.

The standard of individual wealth amongst all civilised nations has increased greatly during the past quarter of a century. Despite heavier taxation, all classes, excepting only the "submerged" fraction, have more to spend on pleasure. What have been the results? One is an enhanced standard of luxury which

¹ 'The Japanese in Manchuria.' Vol. i. By Colonel E. L. V. Cordonnier, French Army. Translated by Captain C. F. Atkinson.

bodes ill for the fighting quality of the army. Luxurious living and soldierly efficiency are two wholly incompatible things. The armies which have achieved great things in war are those whose ranks have been mainly filled by hardy folk bred to an outdoor life, and for whom conflict with the enemy has merely been a different phase of the stern struggle for daily bread.

Look round the world to-day and hear the opinions of competent judges regarding its armies. Are the best paid accounted the most formidable, man for man? Do not let us pamper and corrupt the soldier by putting into his hands money that will in many cases be uselessly, if not actually ill spent.

In connection with this question may be considered the advisability of demanding great exertions from troops in the course of peace training.

The Japanese undertake many exercises—*e.g.*, marching and bivouacking in deep snow or burning sun, primarily with the object of inuring their troops to hardships. They make a special point of not cancelling or postponing field operations on account of bad weather. A perusal of reports on their autumn manoeuvres will show the tremendous demands made upon all ranks.

A well-known German general said in 1910 to a British officer who was attending manoeuvres: "We aim at subjecting our men in the course of each day's work to exertions corresponding to those which they would have to undergo

during a long and hard day's fighting."

The practice of French troops, on the Eastern frontier at any rate, speaks more eloquently in this respect than any words could do.

There are some amongst us who say, "Why practise discomfort?" Others adduce recruiting considerations in a voluntary army as an argument against undue demands in this respect. After some reflection the writer has come to range himself on the side of those who declare such demands to be essential for the maintenance of warlike efficiency. Since the days when St Paul bade Timothy "endure hardness as a good soldier," things have not altered in this respect. Exertion and efficiency march hand in hand. It is during such hard days and weary nights that soldiers can show the "spirit that is within them." Experiences of this kind are especially necessary for Second Line troops, who may otherwise be hurled all unprepared from an atmosphere of ceremonial and picnicking into the midst of war's grim realities. The short period of continuous training is no doubt a factor to be considered in their case; but it should be impressed on every combatant soldier, whether of the First or Second Line, that without a certain standard of physical "fitness" he is inefficient, no matter what accomplishments he may possess.

We have said already that the first step in a man's moral training must be the develop-

ment of patriotism and pride in the soldier's calling, evolved by stories of what the past has seen and the future may require. If this foundation-stone has been well and truly laid, educated and sensible men will easily understand the reason for the hard work and discomfort that must sometimes fall to their share whilst soldiering, and will resent it only when it is obviously due to neglect and mismanagement.

An impression — produced largely by works of fiction—is prevalent, not only amongst civilians but amongst the younger members of the army, that war may certainly spell acute danger: they know that its issue may be death or wounds on the one hand; but they dream of a safe return, coupled with glory and rewards, on the other.

What are the facts in the majority of cases? Constant and unremitting toil, deadly monotony, privations, and over-exertion, which bring in their turn a terrible lassitude, if not disease, or at any rate the seeds thereof. In most cases there will be no recognition. If all be rewarded wherein lies the reward?

Even where combatant branches are concerned there are usually fifty days of marching to one of fighting; or, more trying still than any march, long sojourns in sodden and germ-infected camps. Men may never see a shot fired and yet spend months under these conditions. Compared to such what are the hardest manœuvres or longest field-days!

Those who grumble and repine at the comparatively mild exertions of peace soldiering are scarcely likely to encourage comrades or subordinates by their demeanour when faced by conditions such as those just portrayed. This brings us to certain questions germane to the subject, which apply principally to officers.

Their case differs in various respects from that of the rank and file. Generally speaking they come from homes where a higher standard of comfort exists, and they therefore feel the changed conditions more. On the other hand, it is especially essential that they should at all times maintain their cheerfulness and energy. As the late Lord Wolseley has said in his 'Soldier's Pocket Book,' if grumbling be not checked amongst officers it will spread to a most serious extent amongst the lower ranks. Again, an officer has to exert his brains in war time under the most adverse physical conditions. All who have worked hard with both body and brain know that the latter tires first under stress and privations. Yet even a junior officer may at the conclusion of a long march have to select positions on outposts, site trenches, or decide on the nature of defences to be erected round a post. All this whilst sharing with his men—who have practically nothing to think about—the inevitable discomforts of life before the enemy.

The idle and luxurious tendencies to which allusion has

been made are but the expression of certain unworthy ideals and wrong views which to-day pervade so many civilised peoples, our own included.

It is something to combat the tendencies when displayed; better still would it be if we could expel the causes which give birth to them, although this may appear well-nigh hopeless in view of the dimensions which the cult of Mammon has assumed. The materialism which is so rampant amongst us to-day manifests itself in various ways. It inspires many of the diatribes against war and warriors; it nourishes many of the fallacies concerning the existing condition of the political world which have found adherence amongst a numerous class, especially in Great Britain.

Thus a well-known latter-day writer bases his arguments against war mainly on certain economic factors. He holds up to envy the condition of some minor Powers who enjoy a certain prosperity under the ægis of greater nations who bear heavier financial burdens.

Competent critics have traversed this author's statements even from the purely financial standpoint. It does not concern the subject of this essay, the writer of which looks at the matter from a different point of view. He has journeyed in many lands, and has been deeply impressed by the manifold advantages (some of them certainly not to be measured in currency values!) which accrue to travellers abroad who are citizens of

a great country, — great by reason of its past performances in war, and its present-day preparations for the same. Without the last-named, no country can be great; for it is the power to strike instantly and hard that compels attention and respect in the comity of nations.

We must wean our thoughts and ambitions from the mere pursuit of comfort and gain. "No one that warreth," says St Paul, "entangleth himself with the things of this life, that he may please him who has called him to be a soldier."

"When a man grows rich and marries a beautiful wife," runs a Japanese saying, "he is no longer any use as a soldier." Hyperbole this, of course, like many other such sayings, but the underlying idea is a true one. We, the men of Britain, whose duty is to fight, should worship where nobler cults than that of Mammon hold sway. Whence rays of golden light should shine forth, as it were, through the dull haze of a materialistic world.

Of all the moral qualities required for war, discipline is the most essential. There is scarcely a campaign in history which does not exemplify its supreme importance. The British Army has — with a few notable lapses — enjoyed a creditable record in this respect; and it is largely to this that some of its most brilliant performances during the past century must be ascribed. Most people when discussing

military matters pay lip-service to discipline, but will often advocate measures that strike at the very root of it.

After the South African War many things were proposed, and a few carried out, which aimed at developing the soldier's "intelligence," but which actually slackened discipline, of far greater importance for the rank and file than this same intelligence, the possession of which may even contribute to lower a man's fighting value. Ask officers of what country you please which they prefer—town boy or plough boy. There is no doubt which the great majority would choose. Some recent campaigns preach unmistakable lessons in this respect. Yet there is no doubt as to which has usually the sharper wits, the lad from the street or his fellow from the field.

It is possible to exaggerate in all matters, but in the writer's opinion our forefathers were well advised in their attention to spit and polish, their meticulous insistence on drill, and their punctilious observance of etiquette and ceremony, all things at which many—including some soldiers—scoff to-day. There have been repeated instances of troops under fire being steadied by drill exercises. Many officers—including the writer—rejoice at the revival of ceremonial drill which has been noticeable in our army just recently, feel-

ing sure that so far from being waste of time, a moderate amount of it is a valuable preparation for the battlefield.

Countless are the disasters caused in war by jealousies, intrigues, and feuds amongst leaders. Yet despite the plainly writ lessons of the past, each campaign furnishes fresh instances of these evils. In the 'Army Review' Mr Fortescue¹ has given us numerous examples of dissensions between British naval and military commanders, and their serious results. The best preventive against this deadly plague of dissension is a carefully considered, evenly regulated, well understood system of promotion and appointments in fighting services, one whereunder conspicuous talent is brought to the front, but even so only after a reasonably long apprenticeship; one which acknowledges good work wherever performed; considers individual idiosyncrasies, and not merely paper qualifications; keeps apart jarring personalities, and shuts the door in the face of the advertiser, the sycophant, the intriguer.

One who, like the writer, has spent many happy years in a regiment, is not likely to underrate *esprit de corps*; but if this has often induced soldiers to perform valiant deeds and render faithful ser-

¹ "Joint Expeditions," by the Hon. John Fortescue, 'Army Review,' January 1913. Page 1 *et seq.*

vice in war, a strong sense of duty supplies a still more powerful incentive to the same end. A well-known military writer has said: "If only all soldiers of their own accord would simply do their duty, . . . that army would be perfectly invincible."¹

But this very sense of duty often runs directly counter to the strongest human instincts and desires. Its cultivation implies, therefore, the subjugation of many natural tendencies. This can only be effected by a long and careful peace training, a fact which—far more than the intricacies of the military craft—explains the inferiority of militia-type forces to standing armies. Even in peace we often notice a tendency to shirk duties that are dull, offer no chance of recognition, or interfere with recreations and comfort. How much more sharply will this tendency manifest itself when hunger, thirst, drowsiness, and dejection whisper counsels of ease and negligence?

No true discipline can exist in an army where officers and their subordinates are out of sympathy with each other. Example is better than precept; and the more fully and cheerfully officers share their men's privations and exertions, the more whole-heartedly will the latter follow them.

The literature of the Russo-Japanese War is full of instruction from this point of view. We hear on incontro-

vertible authority of feasting and revelling among the Russian commissioned ranks on the very threshold of the battlefield, so to speak, whilst the soldiers were living on poor and insufficient rations. Equally numerous and circumstantial are the stories of officers turning their backs upon the theatre of war—when tired of it—often provided with untrue medical certificates. Can we be surprised at the listlessness displayed by the troops on some occasions, or even at the discreditable scenes of panic and disorder that marked the retreat from Mukden.

Military history proves that a lack of readiness to accept responsibility has been peculiarly productive of failure and disaster in war. And yet the ordinary peace routine in a regular force is not calculated to develop it. Great organisations, like modern standing armies, are necessarily regulated in peace by a host of rules and precedents. The very concentration which is so favourable in many respects to military training keeps subordinates in leading-strings during the years when character and habits are formed. Can we wonder that men who, in the evening of their lives and after such training, have suddenly been called upon to meet promptly and unaided great crises and novel situations, have frequently proved unequal to the ordeal.

¹ 'The Prussian Campaign of 1866. A Tactical Retrospect.' Page 24 of the English translation, by Colonel H. A. Ouvry, C.B., late 9th Lancers.

It is difficult to devise remedies for this state of affairs. Fortunately the development of our air service has enabled many of our younger military officers to turn from a life of restraint and routine to duties where nerve and self-reliance are continually tested, and where great responsibility and independence are inherent in the nature of the trade. Submarines and torpedo craft have long supplied our naval officers with similar opportunities.

The writer, who has attended foreign manoeuvres on several occasions, has been struck by the fact that in one army, noted for its rigid discipline, initiative in its most extreme form is not only tolerated by the higher authorities, but that these actually show a tendency to take under their wing officers whose zeal in this respect has outrun discretion.

We must also exercise consideration in calling attention publicly at peace exercises to faults committed by individuals, and give to those whose action has been impugned ample opportunities of defending themselves. This consideration is often wanting. Scapegoats are sought for. A tendency is observable at times to "trample on" those that are "down."

Further, expressions of opinion amongst younger officers might be permitted or even encouraged, provided that the requirements of discipline and etiquette be observed. By such means "stage fright," and

attempts to palm off responsibility for results, or to misrepresent occurrences, would be largely eliminated. Sensitive natures would not be deterred from action by fear of blame and ridicule; and the freer atmosphere all round would enhance the benefits gained from conferences after exercises—such valuable means of military instruction when well conducted.

When an army as a whole has assimilated the healthy "joy of responsibility" (to borrow an expressive German term¹), which was so rare amongst the Tsar's officers in Manchuria, a universal striving to come to grips with the enemy instantly becomes apparent.

"Decisive success in battle can only be gained by a vigorous offensive." Such are the opening words of our Military Field Service Regulations, Part I. (Chapter VII.)

All our Military Training Manuals contain admonitions of a similar nature. Yet to the ordinary officer this talk about offensive savours rather of the military professor's jargon; and to the majority the enunciation of such precepts and their practical application in the course of peace training seem to be divided by a wide gulf.

After all, it is not the words of the regulations so much as the predisposition prevailing amongst officers as a body which moulds the spirit of an

¹ Verantwortungsfreudigkeit.

army. The latter takes years to transform, whereas the compilation of manuals may occupy but a few months.

A soldier must have confidence in his weapon as well as in his ability to use it. Foreign officers labour hard to inculcate this. Demonstration practices show the other arms what modern artillery can do. Military lecturers and publicists take considerable liberties with statistics in their efforts to extol their own weapons and depreciate those of other nations. Something needs to be done with us to counteract the jeremiads concerning our armament—generally the result of wrong data or deductions—which figure so largely in our less well-informed press organs. We have, for instance, a field-gun which, if not the best in the world, is greatly superior to that possessed by some Powers. No foreign rifle admits of such quick manipulation as ours. In other words, ours leads the world in potential rapidity of fire. We need only compare our regulation demands as regards this rapidity of fire with other nations in order to see where we stand. It is the intensity of fire-bursts, in other words the rapidity of fire, which (given reasonably good aiming) shakes the adversary's *moral*. Several foreign rifles have certainly a flatter trajectory than ours. An important point, but susceptible of exaggeration! Battlefields are not billiard-tables; and the weary, agitated participants in a fire fight are not the same creatures as those who lie down

demurely at a firing-point on a range. Many things besides the trajectory affect accuracy of fire. Civilians are incessantly harping upon these mechanical questions: few of them grasp the power of those mighty moral factors which laugh to scorn small details of armament.

In a recently published French Parliamentary paper we read: "It is sometimes said that victory depends on armament. A great delusion!"

At Sadowa the victor had much the better rifle, but a worse gun. In 1870 the opposite was the case. In Manchuria the Japanese field-gun was greatly inferior to the Russian; between the rifles there was not much to choose. The spirit of the army conquered in all these cases.

Thus far we have considered the fighting man's life. It is but fitting that we should end up with some thoughts about his death. Of the soldier's and sailor's career it is more particularly true that "the grave is not its goal." Equally applicable to the lives of sailors and soldiers are the succeeding stanzas of the same poem—

"... We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time."

The attainment of wealth and power is in the vast majority of cases an impossibility for us. As a rule, whatever our rank, we finish our careers in comparative poverty and obscurity; whereas of the companions of our early years, many, neither physically nor

intellectually our superiors, will have risen to positions of affluence, and may be far better known in the contemporary world. But to the humblest soldiers are open possibilities of immortalising their names, which their more prosperous and—for the nonce—more celebrated civilian fellows can never hope for. In the pages of our soul-stirring annals, from the walls of stately cathedrals and monuments, they being dead may yet speak words of inspiration to their descendants. When great financiers and successful politicians have either sunk into oblivion, or merely furnish a theme for obloquy to the historian, the testimony of these simple warriors' deeds will shine like a beacon to guide the steps of generations yet unborn along the path of duty towards high and noble ideals.

Sir I. Hamilton, in 'A Staff Officer's Scrap-book,' speaks of the average man as hankering after two things, food and paradise. This is true of the average man, the selfish man (and even amongst the seekers after paradise selfishness is not wanting). But the best amongst mortals have always been intent before all things upon leaving behind them a name pure and unsullied. This desire must dwell within the breast of every soldier. Our greatest poet has told us that the evil which men do lives after them. But in the soldier's case the converse is also true. An added lustre is imparted to the names of successful commanders who have fallen in the hour of victory.

And as the sun at the close of a rainy tempestuous day sometimes breaks through the clouds in the western sky, to light up with its last rays a dripping storm-swept landscape, so many a misspent ignoble life has been atoned for by a soldier's death.

Whilst preparing ourselves and our fellow-fighters for this death, let us lose no occasion of honouring those who have died it. Allusion has been made in the opening pages of this essay to the tributes rendered abroad to those who have died for their country. The erection of memorials to those who died in South Africa: the movements to honour those who shed their blood in the Peninsula a century ago—all these are steps in the right direction. The need for them is all the greater since the commencement of attacks from pacifist quarters on these illustrious souls. "False heroes" they have been called by a plutocrat notorious for a succession of ungenerous and unmannerly outbursts, which have been fitly castigated in Sir I. Hamilton's preface to 'A Soldier's Song Book'; and more recently in the Continental press as the result of a tirade at the Hague, conspicuous for folly and bad taste. The speaker and his kind, who measure everything in cash values, could hardly be expected to comprehend the thoughts that appeal so eloquently to the spirit of the fighting man. But we must do what we can to counteract this debasing soulless propaganda, seed which will grow

apace in the soil of commercialism and materialism.

Japan can teach us useful lessons as regards honouring the dead in battle. Everywhere there deep veneration is shown for their memory. In many schools even there are pictures or photographs of former pupils who have fallen in battle. Uniforms and other mementoes of theirs are treasured. In military messes pictures of former members killed in action are hung round the walls, draped in covers, except on special occasions when the memory of these departed ones is ceremoniously honoured. In barrack-rooms hang pictures depicting deeds of gallantry; and a narrative accompanies each picture. Plays of a historic character, extolling brave deeds in war, are performed on holidays, and soldiers are admitted thereto free of charge.

In France, too, much is done to keep green the memory of those who have given their lives for their country. At the *Invalides* in Paris; at Sedan, Mars-la-Tour, and other battlefields; at the Military College of St Cyr we see blood-stained uniforms, articles of equipment, letters and photographs—some the property of highly placed officers, others of far lowlier comrades, all of whom died gladly when their country's cause demanded it.

To some these things may mean nothing. A few faded writings! A few rusty relics! A few blood-stained rags! Nothing? Are they not all

mute witnesses before an unthinking multitude recalling the solemnity and grandeur of the soldier's death, and the immensity of the sacrifice which he has made to guard his brethren's homes and future? Does any people as a whole belittle the soldier's death? Sinister omen this of future disaster! Nations that have done great things in war have not thought thus.

Here are two stories¹ showing how the Japanese soldiers of 1904-5 regarded death in war:—

(1) "The brothers Shiroshita were called to the colours. Their mother said she regarded it as a piece of great good fortune that she had two sons who could serve their country. They were not to worry about her lot, but were to die bravely when the time came. One brother fell at Haicheng. The other burnt the remains, collected the ashes, and kept them in a small sack hung round his neck. After the next fight, in which he fought in the front line, he said to the ashes: 'Brother! To-day I could not find death. To-morrow I shall be re-united with you.'"

(2) "At Nanshan the reservist Gosaburo Sazo was killed. Before he left Tokyo he went with his wife and parents to the graves of his ancestors, and showed the relatives a new burying-place marked with his name. He said that he would not come back from the war."

This is the spirit in which soldiers must go forth to fight. Not dreaming of the homecoming, the medal, the batta. These are distant and problematical. Nearer and more probable are the enemy and the tomb.

"Few, few shall part, where many meet."

¹ Von Lignitz, 'Der Russisch-Japanische Krieg,' vol. ii. p. 273.

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

A FRONTIER INCIDENT.

NOT the sort of Frontier Incident that fills columns of the front page of 'The Times,' and shakes up the Foreign Office and the War Office and the Admiralty, and deepens the normal despondency "On 'Change." It happened in a part of Africa where most of the European Powers have "interests"; and where, therefore, those European Powers, generally quite regardless of the views and pleasures of the natives, have parcelled out the land and its indigenous humans amongst themselves.

Most of this parcelling out is done in European Foreign Offices, and highly paid and honourable officials agree upon boundaries, drawing many lines upon maps. It remains then for some one to go to Africa and locate on the ground there those lines so easily drawn upon the map at Home. This takes a long time, a considerable amount of money, and not infrequently a life or two.

A Protectorate of ours and one belonging to another Power adjoin. Recently the exact boundary line had still to be fixed, but there was quite a clear understanding locally as to whereabouts it would be when fixed. I fear this is not very definite, but the boundary itself was not defined at all. A weak half company of native infantry and I repre-

sented Great Britain in an area of some thousands of square miles of pretty stiff bush and swamp and hill. The other people had a Colonel, and an army of a couple of hundred natives. My native soldiers used to say that the other fellow's native soldiers were a poor lot, and I've no doubt that his men told the Colonel the same about mine. The Colonel was senior to me in every way. For, besides being a Colonel, he was a High Commissioner and Chief Justice and Director of Public Works, and goodness knows what else in addition. A regular Pooh Bah of a fellow.

Finding a bit of a hill, with water handy, and enough of a village to house and feed a small detachment, I left a native corporal and six men there. The place was called Sansanni, and it seemed quite a good sort of place to turn into my Northern, and International, Frontier Post. So, having set up a straight stick and fastened a very small Union Flag thereto, and after giving Corporal Awudu Bukri enough instructions to equip an ambassador, I trekked off into the swamp again.

It was in the rainy season, which in those parts lasts ten months or so, and the going was awful. There were no roads, and the people seemed to have a different language

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about every ten miles. Also, they were very poor and stupid, and their houses were wretched. The villages were small collections of hovels, huddled on heaps that rose a little from the everlasting swamp, verminous, and stinking, and filthy. Moreover, a carrier fell down with his load and smashed my sparklet bottle, so that I had to drink my evening peg with flat warm water: water that sunrise had found dirty and dull and smelly in a pool, that during the day had been filtered and boiled, and that night found warm and flat and of an altogether indescribable flavour, a depressing, degrading, dreadful flavour.

And lastly, the chickens of that country were the rarest birds, surely of the same stook that Mr Arthur Gride favoured when furnishing forth his wedding feast. So old were they, and so skinny, and so given to pedestrianism, that the only parts of them with any meat on at all were the legs, and they were all muscle. Chicken is the only sort of fresh meat to be had down that way, and my cook Musa almost broke his heart, and the great kitchen knife, striving to turn those horrible birds into something eatable for the Bature.

Most days it rained about ten hours in the twenty-four. We used to slip and scramble along muddy splashy paths through the bush, trampling through puddles, and every now and then having to stop for a stream. Five feet deep we could manage without

much trouble. Soldiers piled arms, and the carriers put down their loads. Then odd men dribbled into the water, hunting about for the best line of crossing. Getting over took a couple of hours, often more and never less, according as a soldier slipped, or was hustled by the current into deep water, or a carrier dropped his load into the river. In such cases it was necessary to retrieve the rifle and the load, and, if possible, the late bearers of them.

If the water was too deep for walking through, there were various devices. You might get enough great gourds, and float your property and your people and yourself over on them. Or you could take the outer sheet that covered your tent and pack it with grass and so turn it into a raft and cross on that. Government, by the way, strictly forbade tents to be used in this way. Nobody that I ever met knew why, and perhaps that was the reason nobody ever paid any heed to the prohibition. In fact I first learned of the rafting possibilities of a tent through studying a circular from Headquarters that set forth the penalties that officers would incur if they misused tents in this way.

The last way of getting over was by making what used to be called a "monkey bridge." For this you had to hunt up and down the stream till you found a place where it was narrow, and where the banks were high, and where a stout

tree on the one side looked across at another stout tree on the other side. Then all your people went and out creepers in the bush. With these a crazy, creaky ghost of a suspension bridge was rigged, depending upon the two stout trees. The part of this bridge that you walked on was made of bamboos laid side by side to the number of three or four, and tied together. Crossing by one of these contraptions, in boots and spurs, grabbing at the swaying sides of it, with nasty brown swirling water hustling along underneath, was always an experience that I disliked. One's boots slip about so on those wet bamboos.

I spent the whole of a wet Sunday rigging one of these "monkey bridges," and getting my people passed over it. They cannot go more than three on the bridge at one time; creepers are not cables. By six in the evening, that is a few minutes before dark, my escort and servants and all my gear had been safely transported. My ponies had been swum across, and one of them stood, ready saddled, waiting to take me on a couple of miles into a village where I should find a place to dry in and get food in and sleep in. Save a native orderly and myself, everybody had crossed. The last three were actually on the bridge, and we were waiting till they made the passage before starting ourselves. Just then the whole thing came away, and hung festooned like a great fishing-net across the stream, hung so for a few moments,

and then dropped gently into the river. There was nothing for it. The people on the far side went on to warmth and food and dry quarters, and the orderly and I did the best we could in the wet bush till morning. No food nor drink nor bed nor clothes. Nothing but what we stood up in. He was a better-tempered man than I, that orderly. He had need to be.

I splashed about in that country for a good many weeks, and acquired a name that stuck to me for a long time—"dan kwado,"—which means a person who is not really a man at all, but a frog, and therefore does his work and travels and lives his life in swamps in the Rains. I do not know if the people round about thought I was doing it for fun. Anyway, I made a map, and got to know most of the local politics and "kings," and started administering the area. They were curious folk. Whenever I was able to engage any of the "kings" and leading citizens in talk, they always told me how glad they were that I had come to administer them. They brought me small offerings, generally chickens—but I've spoken about chickens a little higher up. They showed a readiness to enlist my aid, and that of the half company, in disputes they had running with other people. If "king" A. had a bickering on with "king" B., he was always ready to conduct me—and the half company—to his enemy's place, by night if desired, and no matter how far away it

might be. But if I sought to learn how far it was to the nearest river, nobody ever knew. Any more than any "king" could ever tell me how many towns and villages belonged to him, nor where they were.

In four months the troops were in rags, and it was still raining. To me there came one day a messenger from my friend Corporal Awudu Bukri, with great news. A white man, with a great army of soldiers, had turned up close to Sansanni, coming in from the North; he had sent a message to my people telling them to clear out of Sansanni, because the place belonged, he said, to him. Corporal Awudu Bukri had not seen the white man, but sent the message on to me, and reported that he was, himself and the six, now standing by waiting on events. Evidently my friend Pooh Bah and the two hundred. I sent off to the corporal at once, telling him on no account to give ground, and that I was coming up as fast as possible.

We did the distance in four days. I'm not going to say how far it was in miles, because, expressed in terms of miles it would look ridiculous to admit that we took four days to do it. I remember very well indeed our arrival at Sansanni. For one thing, it was a fine day. The sun was shining, and it didn't rain once all day. Corporal Awudu Bukri and the six and the flag were still there, all upstanding. The men were formed just to the right of the flagstaff, and presented arms as

we crawled in. It was a fine sight to see my ragged, footsore half company coming to attention, and going past that flag and its guard with heads up and arms swinging and no end of a thrusting swagger. And the beggars were just about done by then too.

Awudu Bukri's account of his dealings with Pooh Bah was more than interesting. A day after the message had been sent to me, the Colonel-High-Commissioner - Chief - Justice, &c., had marched into Sansanni at the head of his force. At least that appears to have been his intention. Actually he halted a few hundred yards off. For Awudu Bukri had lined his six men out on the top of the rise, facing the visitors. Then he had charged magazines, and waited, walking up and down in rear of the six, all as he had seen the section commanders doing on the parade-ground. The representative of the other great European State seems to have been impressed by all this, because he sent forward to say he wanted to parley. Then he and his two *aides* advanced and held converse with Awudu Bukri. Three white men and a black Hausa corporal discussing an International boundary, if you please! The conversation must have been good hearing. Awudu Bukri spoke no German, and the three spoke no Hausa; so the conference was carried on in Pidgin English.

The Colonel talked to the Corporal, and the two *aides* talked to the Corporal. They

explained to him at length that Sansanni fell well within their borders. "Dis place," they said, "he lib for inside we country." Awudu Bukri said no. Said that his master had put him there with six men to look after the flag, and that that flag would have to stop where it was till his master came back. In despair, Pooh Bah produced a map, with which to clinch their arguments. Now Awudu Bukri was a very worthy fellow indeed, and a first-rate intelligent black soldier, but he could not read his own language even, and a map conveyed about as much to his understanding as an ancient brick, covered with Chaldean hieroglyphics, would to a Cockney costermonger's. Also, he grew weary of all this talk. So, rather rudely perhaps, he

pushed the map away, remarking, "Bah! Me no savvy book!" and stalked back to his place behind the army of six in line.

The three Europeans were nonplussed. Awudu Bukri said he didn't care what they did, nor where they went, always provided that no attempt was made to interfere with the flag. And he squatted down, with his rifle across his knees. Pooh Bah and his following withdrew, and that was the end of the matter. Ultimately the International Frontier was fixed some miles to the North of Sansanni, which has grown now to be quite a considerable market town. Awudu Bukri was killed some months afterwards—poisoned arrow—in an attack on a robber village.

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MIRACLE MAKING UP TO DATE.

BY DOWHILL.

THE courting of a dirty, ignorant, and repulsive savage, repulsive not only in looks but in manners, is not exactly the job for which the British officer enlists. Unless, of course, the courtship be conducted along the sights of a loaded revolver or at the business end of a sharpened hog-spear. Yet, so wide flung is the mighty British Empire, trailing its skirts beside so many nationalities, so varied the tasks falling to the humble army officer, that duty sometimes calls upon him in her hour of

need to turn for the time being his sword into a ploughshare, to bribe, cajole, persuade, even to minister to infectious ailments in the place of dealing lead. And of the two the former, although safer to life and limb than a state of war, is infinitely more difficult and many times more distasteful.

Now it happened not three years gone that a little steel-tipped force, loosed from the capacious bosom of the Indian army, shattered the crude defences of a truculent savage foe which inhabited a country

composed of all the evils earth, sky, and the gods of ill can summon to their assistance. It launched no few of those wild men upon that long, long journey where all save the return is black uncertainty; it taught to those who stayed the elementary principle of respect to the strongest arm, and then, deeming the lesson it had marched to teach was full well known, took seat upon the principal artery while pushing out antennæ to feel, to taste, and to report. White men, and black of foreign tongue, had hitherto been wise; not one had scaled the tree-grown cliffs before. Hence the land lying on either side the invader was unknown, unseen, untrod. It was not a pretty country and it bred no pretty men. To its credit lay one point amongst a multitude: it bred no politicians, and deeds took the place of words.

But it is with one of the antennæ and the pushing forth thereof we are immediately concerned, a column despatched to reconnoitre such of the tree-grown mountains of a neighbouring kindred tribe as the prestige of the invader or, in other words, the total of the bill of damages to date would ensure. The jungles of this particular tribe, by name the Wanghi Bors, protruded northwards from the main artery for many on-end miles, across precipitous mountains intersected with deep-down rocky gorges. It was thought that in their higher levels they fringed perhaps some Chinese province, if nature had not planted other

ape-like tribes between. To this, among other questions, an answer was required.

While the inquisitive little force, with determination inexorable, had been forging its way up the main artery into the heart of the Pinnyong Bor country, those of the Wanghi Bors, who did not sit upon the fence of hesitation which breeds neutrality, took heed whilst assisting the Pinnyongs to oppose the invader not to break the eleventh commandment. The Wanghi men were accordingly placed by the Chief Political upon the credit side. And what more natural than that when the resistance of the Pinnyongs had been overcome the fiat should go forth to the post on the line of communications nearest the entrance to the Wanghi country to get into political touch with their Gams or headmen? The officer commanding that little piece of England was seen, as he read the message, to scratch his head. Why not? Better men have done the same before, and, presumably, as the custom belongs to nature and is common, derived inspiration from the action. How was he to get into communication with a people living across a mighty river, in dense dark jungles, of whom not one had yet been seen? Were he to despatch across some unarmed men it was odds on their being killed, shot mysteriously in the jungle by the noiseless arrow of an unseen foe. Were he to send a force across the river, the people would assuredly deem the act a hostile deed and

sound a call to arms. Or they might disappear, leaving their villages deserted and neither trace nor track behind. Either was undesirable. The disadvantages of both were weighty and apparent. Which was the lesser evil? But within the passing of three days, while wondering how best to carry out the charge now laid upon him, the God of destinies threw to him a chance. A regimental "wart," reconnoitring along the river bank with a score of men, reported that some Bors were watching them from the Wanghi side and seemed to be unarmed. Thus even "excrecences" are used of God at times in the great mysterious game of life. Quickly the order was flashed to him, "Capture them at all costs, but don't shoot unless absolutely necessary; am sending Berthon boat down to you at once."

The green glacier-fed waters of that mighty river, like to a moving sea of jade, travelled in their rocky groove eight hundred feet below the post, and were connected to it only by a steep and slippery jungle-track, so that the carriage of the boat down to the river's edge was no easy matter. But the man in mountains born and bred can carry most things while perambulating the side of a hill flywise, and the Naga carriers ate little time in their descent. The subaltern was a smart lad, so too were the Goorkhas with him. Setting the party ostentatiously to work felling bamboos, which a thoughtful nature had provided near the beach, as

if on the task of raft construction, and so as to keep the attention of the wild men occupied, he and three men slipped rearward into the jungles to meet the boat on its precarious journey downward from the camp perched on the shelf above. Then, striking another track that joined in from the west, they crawled up-stream, concealed by the ubiquitous jungles till the river bent northwards, and was no longer in sight of the prey on the farther bank. Here, lifting the separate portions of the boat from off the shining mahogany of the carriers' backs, they pieced them together carefully and in full silence.

It was an exciting venture. The river was very rapid in the centre, its swirling, eddying waters seeming to be in constant quarrel. Of the four men the British officer alone knew how to row—or swim: and a Berthon collapsible boat requires some handling, as those unaccustomed to its vagaries speedily discover. Allowing for the downward pull of the deaf and heartless current, he launched the boat in a placid backwater some fifty yards above where they hoped to take the opposite bank, and then, having embarked his cargo and warned them to sit quiet, pulled for the open stream. Caught by the insistent current the tiny craft at first seemed only to travel down-stream, making no lateral headway; but this was not indeed the case, and soon she shot from out the turbulent hurly-burly into a peaceful

composed of all the evils earth, sky, and the gods of ill can summon to their assistance. It launched no few of those wild men upon that long, long journey where all save the return is black uncertainty; it taught to those who stayed the elementary principle of respect to the strongest arm, and then, deeming the lesson it had marched to teach was full well known, took seat upon the principal artery while pushing out antennæ to feel, to taste, and to report. White men, and black of foreign tongue, had hitherto been wise; not one had scaled the tree-grown cliffs before. Hence the land lying on either side the invader was unknown, unseen, untrod. It was not a pretty country and it bred no pretty men. To its credit lay one point amongst a multitude: it bred no politicians, and deeds took the place of words.

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The green glacier-fed waters of that mighty river, like to a moving sea of jade, travelled in their rocky groove eight hundred feet below the post, and were connected to it only by a steep and slippery jungle-track, so that the carriage of the boat down to the river's edge was no easy matter. But the man in mountains born and bred can carry most things while perambulating the side of a hill flywise, and the Naga carriers ate little time in their descent. The subaltern was a smart lad, so too were the Goorkhas with him. Setting the party ostentatiously to work felling bamboos, which a thoughtful nature had provided near the beach, as

if on the task of raft construction, and so as to keep the attention of the wild men occupied, he and three men slipped rearward into the jungles to meet the boat on its precarious journey downward from the camp perched on the shelf above. Then, striking another track that joined in from the west, they crawled up-stream, concealed by the ubiquitous jungles till the river bent northwards, and was no longer in sight of the prey on the farther bank. Here, lifting the separate portions of the boat from off the shining mahogany of the carriers' backs, they pieced them together carefully and in full silence.

It was an exciting venture. The river was very rapid in the centre, its swirling, eddying waters seeming to be in constant quarrel. Of the four men the British officer alone knew how to row—or swim: and a Berthon collapsible boat requires some handling, as those unaccustomed to its vagaries speedily discover. Allowing for the downward pull of the deaf and heartless current, he launched the boat in a placid backwater some fifty yards above where they hoped to take the opposite bank, and then, having embarked his cargo and warned them to sit quiet, pulled for the open stream. Caught by the insistent current the tiny craft at first seemed only to travel down-stream, making no lateral headway; but this was not indeed the case, and soon she shot from out the turbulent hurly-burly into a peaceful

little bay where those aboard were quick to fling themselves ashore. Sending on one of the men, a regimental scout—without his boots—to spy the land, they quickly followed in his tracks down-stream, moving from rock to rock and bush to bush till within fifty yards of the unarmed Bors. These, believing the river to be impassable, as they knew no rafts were on the other bank, had abandoned their invariable custom of posting sentries, and were found to be still sitting on their hunkers, still watching with gaze intent the doings across the water. The exorcismence remained under cover behind a rock; the other three men slunk left-handed into and through the jungle fringing the narrow beach till behind their prey. The white man then showed himself, with the anticipated result that the wild men up and ran, only however into the hands of the Goorkhas lying in wait behind, who laid by the heels two, whom in a trice they had securely bound with the rope-like creeper with which those forests are interlaced and woven. To get them to the boat was easy; to keep them quiet when in it was difficult. But success is ever a light burden, and it was a proud party that three hours later clambered up into Potung stookade with its awkward task accomplished and its brace of prisoners a-tow.

To watch the demeanour and expression of these captive savages was an interesting physiological study. They

expected certainly to be killed, and probably to be eaten. Never before had their eyes alighted upon the hairy, bearded native of the Indian plains, much less upon a white man; and the wondrous discoveries made during the succeeding days in that orderly semi-civilised camp surpassed all comprehension and all imagination. Instead of being food for the great men's knives, were they not treated with kindness unexpected, being shown not a few of the comforts of civilisation? And stranger still, after three days the younger man was informed that he was at liberty to return to his home, was laden with presents of rum, opium, and a couple of scarlet hospital blankets as gifts to the Gams of his village, and was instructed to bring these same gentry with him into camp to prove their friendship to the all-powerful. Incidentally he learned that his elder companion would be retained a prisoner until the Gams came. Were he so foolish as not to return, or the Gams so foolish as to be unfriendly, well—the hostage would forthwith be labelled "enemy"!

But they were wise, these men of mystery, whether of fear or curiosity persuaded is not chronicled. Within the circle of three days they were duly sighted on the farther bank of the river, and the Berthon boat, once more navigated by the "exorcismence," battled across its waters to ferry them to the hither side. Six in all, the party were naked

save for sleeveless coats reaching to the waist and bamboo helmets ornamented with pigs' tushes. They were loaded in wondrous fashion with eggs and chickens for the Maharani's people: in all 144 eggs and 28 chickens. Never were more welcome gifts accepted, as for three long months neither fresh meat nor eggs had the force seen, and the sick were sore in need of them.

The protestations on the part of the strangers were ostentatious. They of course remembered, and were constant in the telling, that they had always had an affection in their hearts for the Maharani's men. Had they not for six months fed, sheltered, and ministered to the wants of one of the least of her servants, a hairless Nepalese lad, whom chance, as fond of practical jokes in the east as in the west, had placed within their grasp the preceding year? Had they not, to their infinite discomfiture, protected him against the evil intentions of neighbouring tribes? That in reality they had kept him alive and nourished him to be a slave was neither here nor there, a detail which with the present turn of events was unlikely to be revealed. So, in accordance with the policy proscribed, for the best part of a week the party was royally entertained. And during the operation each was taken from his brothers apart to be interrogated by the intelligence cum political officer, who wrestled to understand weird tracings drawn in the mud and to get

his questions understood. No child's play to interpret accurately the meanings of men when the distance from place to place is expressed not in measure of space but by the position of the sun on starting and arriving; when the answer given is generally that deemed most likely to please, with no regard to facts. Nevertheless several pieces of information were extracted, to be duly fashioned into a coherent narrative for the information of the chief political officer.

Just as the first prisoners had been, so these were, introduced to the wonders of semi-civilisation and a miracle or two in addition. For to ensure their future good behaviour, to prevent them hanging back and passively resisting, it was thought desirable to impress them with the power of the Maharani as exemplified in the persons of the white men. Thus it happened one steamy morning they were informed that as the soldiers were in need of fish to eat the Colonel Sahib would smite a stream hard by, commanding it at the same moment to deliver up its inhabitants. They were guided down to this neighbouring stream by the camp interpreters and bidden to observe the power of the white men, to think and to remember. Even as Moses struck the rock in Horeb and brought forth water to drink, so here the chief magician smote the edge of the slow-running waters, throwing into the heart of the selected pool some pebbles. Phiz—z—z. Eh! oh! what a

commotion! White and boiling was the centre of the stream. Bang!!! as the angry, spluttering waters vomited heavenwards a miniature spout of water, and fish, all shapes, all sizes, were hurtled into the air. From the bottom to the surface slowly rose a white pall as hundreds of dead, stunned, and semi-conscious trout floated belly upwards to the roof. Into the water from all sides naked Goorkhas, laughing and shouting with delight, flung themselves, seizing every fish they could get touch of and throwing them ashore. Of those taken homewards there were seven baskets full, the total bag numbering, to the astonishment of all, as many as five hundred, of which few were small.

During the proceedings the faces of the wild men were wonderful to watch, and the guttural utterances and ejaculations required little intelligence to interpret. When speech had been regained, the oldest, a weather-beaten curiosity, turned to the others and spoke excitedly, with arms a-move; then all as of one accord fell upon their faces before the great man to do him reverence. He, dignified and unsurprised, took full credit as if to the manner born, although, had they but known it, he was at the moment remarking to the non-commissioned officer of the sapper company that it was fortunate the "dynamite cartridge had been so well fused!"

Laden with fish, the party clambered slowly up to the stockade—slowly, as is ever the

way of the born mountaineer. There, in order that the impression made might be yet further stamped upon their minds, occasion was taken that evening to perform before a wondering audience the even greater miracle of setting water on fire! But methylated spirits were a small part of a very scanty field-hospital outfit, so that even were it wise to make one's magic cheap, this wondrous thing could not be oft repeated. When miracles are the order of the day it is passing strange the number of amateur magicians that are at hand. On that noted evening one—and by the surprise he caused he was perhaps deemed the greatest conjurer—took out an eye and put it back with the ease bred of constant practice; while yet two others removed at will their teeth!

That night the prestige of the white men stood exceeding high, and the occasion was accordingly deemed propitious to notify to the awe-struck savages that the Maharani's people would be pleased to return the visit, and should be forthwith offered the hospitality of the Wanghi country. Conversation thereafter ensued as to the best route to be taken, and the assistance that the various villages would supply in the matter of food and carriers, which alone would make the visit possible. The Wanghis expressed an eager desire to smooth away all difficulties, promising to call in the Gams of the farther villages, and to commence operations without delay. So, early on

the morrow they departed, and soon could be seen away down on the river's back, gliding across to the farther side, where they almost immediately disappeared behind the impenetrable veil of their native jungles.

After a few days one of them somewhat unexpectedly returned, making the passage of the river on a fragile raft of his own construction. He bore the emblem of peace, a sheet of newspaper on the end of a bamboo; crude sign of friendship truly, yet of no little value in that it ensured to him a whole skin and no perforation by spear or bullet. Once within the post it was noticed that his face was troubled, and speedily his tongue was busy. His tale was thus wise. Shortly after leaving the river on their homeward journey it happened that the Gams were ambuscaded by a neighbouring hostile village, and one of them, alas! had been flung into eternity with a rude suddenness which, though perhaps advantageous to the victim, was an awkward jar to the remainder. The warriors of their village were now afoot on retribution bent, and the friendly visit of the white men must accordingly for the moment be postponed. Friendship with them was already bringing trouble. Black and ominous were the clouds that obscured the future.

Whether the tale were true was doubtful; the body of the murdered man would perhaps supply the answer. But the tale in any case gave

excuse for the despatch of an armed force across the river; so, ordering the envoy to return and tell of how the white man's vengeance would speedily fall upon the thrice-accursed assassins, the Commander of the post at once detailed a double company of Goorkhas for service against them. Three days' rations were to be carried by all ranks, a hundred rounds and one blanket apiece; the force to start crossing the river that night, and the operations to commence as early on the morrow as the men were all across. No sooner had the little column reached the opposite bank next day and commenced its march westwards in the usual jungle formation, than some twenty warriors of the Wanghi tribe were encountered carrying back the dead body of the murdered Gam, which was trussed as neat as neat could be with an arrow passing sideways through his chest, and in the going pinioning both arms to his body. For two days the avenging angel guided that double company, and the work of war that had ceased when the Pinnyongs had had their bellies full was renewed. A village burned and looted, crops and grain destroyed, cattle slain or removed, more savages sent to render their long account, told of the work accomplished, and that 'twere wisest policy to choose friends well.

After this little episode the arrangements for visiting the country of the Wanghi tribe were recommenced, and in a

week a column of four British officers and fifty rifles, with survey men and pioneers, marched for the village of Wonging, the first stage on the outward journey. On reaching this village, as in all other cases when the column approached the habitations of men, near which it would sleep the night, it was met by the entire community, open-mouthed and mostly naked. At first they were inclined to be frightened and to run away if approached, but later curiosity dominated everybody and everything. Having selected a suitable site for a camp above and if possible at a little distance from the village, which consisted of bamboo houses built upon piles that raised them some five feet from the ground, a line of sentries would be thrown out to keep friend and foe away while the site for the camp was cleared, temporary shelters run up, and an abattis perimeter constructed. Then, when all arrangements for defence had been perfected, some attention would be paid to the inquisitive crowd of all ages, sizes, and of both sexes that was gazing into the camp and marvelling at the strange inmates. The interpreter would announce that the sahibs' medicine-man would see all the halt and the lame at a given place. There at once large numbers of these dirty savages would congregate, with every kind of disease and sore imaginable. Goitre was most prevalent, and some of the cases very bad. One after another came forward to have his goitre

rubbed with the doctor's red and blistering ointment. This did much to create friendly relations, which were further welded by visits of the British officers into the filthy houses of the leading men, where, sitting round the fire and surrounded with the naked and often diseased members of the family, they would taste the food offered and drink of the loving-cup passed round. How awful diseases were not contracted from the people it is difficult to say. This political work was a loathsome undertaking, and, though enormously successful in its results, was in no way acknowledged by the Government of India. That, sad to relate, often happens when soldiers are lent to a civil department unable to do its own job, and this does not tend to make the soldier like the job the more.

It may perhaps be thought it was unnecessary to court the savage to so great an extent. To this the answer is that the man on the spot knows best. On the goodwill of these people the penetration and survey of the country absolutely depended. They were as shy as birds, and had to be won over if anything was to be done. It is obviously easier for troops to dole out lead at 500 yards than rupees and political presents at close quarters, to say nothing of submitting to the unwelcome attentions and many discomforts inseparable from courting a suspicious, treacherous, and wholly ignorant savage. But

had their inquisitiveness, their customs, and desires not been pandered to, had touch with them not been obtained, had the white men refused their kindly invitations, these people would have failed to understand the reason—would have held aloof, if not turned hostile, and the objects of the reconnaissance would have been thwarted. The results of any hostility would have been the disappearance into the jungles of those from whom supplies, carriers, information, and other assistance alone could be obtained. Paths would have been blocked and tracks obliterated. Ambuscades would have been met on all sides. Troops and time, neither of which were sufficient for more extended military operations, would have been necessary before the country could have been traversed. Therefore, given only a few weeks in which to explore large tracts of difficult country, it was obviously essential to cultivate good relations at any price, and submit to the delays and unpleasantnesses which must always be their inevitable consequence.

The farther that the little column penetrated the country, the more inquisitive if possible became the people, and it was not always easy to understand their fears or interpret their prejudices. Why had the Maharani's men come? What did they want? To see the country? That couldn't be the only reason, when it rained all day and nothing was to be seen. It must be to take

it and to make the people slaves. Look at the damage inflicted on the Pinnyongs. The dense smoke in the air of village after village burnt had spread the tale afar, more rapidly, more dramatically, and more effectively than human tongue could tell. There must be some other reason, and a bad one at that, or assuredly so many men would not have been sent, and they would have come unarmed. Accordingly, beyond a certain point these strangers must not go. If they penetrated the entire country and entered that of the neighbouring tribe beyond, would not that tribe be angry and war with the Wanghis for giving the Sahibs entrance and hospitality?

On one occasion it was obvious some trouble was afoot. A village would provide no carriers to take the party onwards. For two whole days it made excuses. Finally the leading Gams confessed they wished to meet in conference and discuss with the Sahibs a matter of great importance. So a "durbar" was arranged on the morning of the third day, when, with much gesticulation and verbosity, the chief orator put the question, Did the Sahibs intend to make war upon the Wanghis? It was quite evident that they did. For what other reason could runners be daily sent back to Potung with letters? Why did their daily arrival in camp cause such interest? Daily communications with the General Officer Commanding

must mean that war plans were under discussion. Why did the white men mean to fight them? What was their fault?

To such simple people, who do not understand the joy of receiving letters when on the edge of the Empire, it was foolishly difficult to explain away the trouble. The officer in command of the reconnaissance commenced by showing them a photograph of his wife—wonder of wonders—and reading out to them her last letter, which was mostly about his children! And finally a *dâk* bag, which came in shortly afterwards, was opened in their presence, containing a dozen loaves of bread, some fishing tackle, some letters that were read to them, and a cardboard box of glass beads and Indian trinkets sent for the express purpose of making presents to their women-folk.

In another village the trouble was that the pigs expressly slain for food were not accepted and not eaten. On the arrival of the party four large swine had been done to death in the wholly inartistic and particularly barbaric method of the tribe, and were brought along on poles for the visitors' acceptance. But by the latter it happened to be known that this particular village had been a hot-bed of smallpox all the year, and that the pigs were diseased. Apart from which the domestic pig, being the only scavenger in the village—the only "*drains*"—was at the best of times a thing in every sense unclean—uneatable. So the gifts were declined with tact-

ful thanks, and the Gams informed that their hospitality could not be accepted. Now in this evil country to refuse food offered is the invariable sign of hostile thought and intention. It means war is intended. And here again the greatest tact and trouble were necessary to wheedle the wild man into disbelieving the customs and habits among which he was reared and that to him were a veritable fetish.

A practice invariably observed was to forbid to armed men entry within the defensible perimeter of the bivouac. Those who wished to enter must first deposit their swords, spears, and other ugly weapons without the gate. The enforcement of this rule was deemed an intended and wanton "*insult*," and it was a practice that they for long would not take to kindly, and could not understand. To them the insult was humiliating and deliberate, in that it likened the warriors to their women-folk. The day after the party had reached a new village and this rule had been as usual enforced, the Intelligence Officer, accompanied by his interpreter, made a tour of the village to sketch it, count the houses, take note of the defences, and generally do his job. He was suddenly surrounded by some dozen angry and fully armed warriors, who demanded the reason of the insult put upon them. They would have an answer. He was completely at their mercy, and their attitude and demeanour became truculent and threatening. The position

looked awkward, as they began to jostle, and the jelly-backed interpreter, ever readier to counsel than obey, recommended flight. The Sahib regretted that he had come unarmed and with no escort. But, if steel had been left behind, at least he possessed brains and breeding which enabled him to give them weight. So he pointed to his lack of armament to prove that in his country it was not the custom to carry weapons when visiting friends. As he had come into their village unarmed as a sign of friendship, so they were expected to unarm on going into his camp. So simple—and yet at every turn the path of peace was thorny.

While everything to these people was new, the looking-glass always could be depended upon to cause excitement and amusement. To give a man an electric shock it was only necessary to produce a mirror and place it in front of his face. He then became like the monkey at the zoo when first he sees his countenance, only much more so; and after making all sorts of contortions at his reflection he would play the game upon a pal. This always kept these people amused for hours. The double-barrelled shot-gun, revolver, and rifle were also wonders, and matches used to be shot against the warriors with their bows and arrows. Up to 150 yards the arrow held its own well, and the shooting was remarkable—in fact, so much so that the owner of the rifle always stipulated for a long range! The penetration of the .303 bullet

through wood was difficult for them to understand, and produced a great impression. It was comical to see a crowd of fighting men fingering the holes in a tree where bullets had made their exit, refusing to believe their eyes. This was to them a more amazing feat than bringing birds upon the wing to ground. It appealed to them more, with perhaps a shiver down the spine, as they reflected on the impotence of their stockades to protect them against a foe so armed. They, a hitherto unbeaten race, were learning in those days what many another has learned to his discomfiture—namely, their insignificance and powerlessness in the face of science and civilisation. But they were learning the lesson pleasantly. The pill, fortunately for them, was gilded. It had not been so in the case of the Pinnyong Bors, and many another tribe, into whose being the lesson had been thrust with bullet and with steel, greatly to their undoing.

The least important person of the party was perhaps the Intelligence Officer, but after a few days in the country his reputation became enormously enhanced, and it was in this wise. The night was dark and cloudy, and movement within the bivouac difficult without light of lantern or of fire to guide the step over the unlevel hillside. So to light the road he produced an electric torch which, having used for his own convenience to guide him to the officers' camp-fire, he proceeded to use for his amusement. The first

savage into whose eyes the light was flicked, ran—ran screaming villagewards of another miracle. But fear early gave place to wonder, for lo! had not the white man “captured the moon”? Later, when they had become familiarised with its use and persuaded of its safety, the Gams petitioned to be given a similar torch; but they never ceased to call it the moon, or to believe that in some way the God of the moon was responsible for its light and power.

The passage through the country was slow. The Survey Officer invariably found, after negotiating the ascent of one peak, that he was unable to see anything of, or else much less than sufficient of, the surrounding country. Trees had to be felled on all sides to enable him to get the necessary view. Then, when ready to fix his distant points, snow would fall, or the blankets of cotton-wool, ever close at hand, would for days conceal the higher peaks, making triangulation impossible and patience the only alternative. The people, always suspicious, again became restive, failing to understand the reason of this work and fearful of unknown trouble. This was natural in a race bred to look for ill, whose only religion was the propitiation of evil spirits. According to their childish creed, all good and evil were brought about by spirits. Consequently the rites and sacrifices required to propitiate the evil ones were often truly exacting and always curious. Strangers were invariably

credited with bringing them, and to prevent these undesirable guests entering the village, weird devices of all shapes and kinds, products of most fanciful imagination, were arched over the road of approach. Dogs were impaled alive over each gate, and their grinning masks, in company with other gruesome trophies, might well frighten any spirit whatever its intent.

Slaves were to be found in every village; they were unrecognisable as such by the stranger, and seemed happy and content. Their main distinction from other men and women appeared to be that they were guarded by no law save the will of their master. They could possess no property, and everything they made or stole was the possession of their owner. The custom had its advantages, as most of nature's customs have. If a man of the tribe refused to obey the laws of the community, refused to pull his weight in the boat, was a waster or a blackguard according to the ethics of his class, he was sold as a slave to a neighbouring tribe, so that the clan might be rid of what was but a drag upon its progress, a “*bouche inutile*.”

The Wanghi tribe had the misfortune to be centrally situated, amongst stronger clans with which it was not allied, and it could not reach the low and more fertile land without passing through the territory of one of these. Consequently these latter controlled to their advantage the exports and imports, with the

result that the Wanghis were often sadly put to it to obtain such necessities of life as home industries could not produce. True, they wanted little, but that little they wanted much. And what they wanted most was salt, which a strong neighbour between them and the Tibetan salt mines refused at that time to let them barter for. Wofully pathetic, indeed, it was to see their need of this commodity. Young men and maidens, old men and children, were wont, when the party first arrived at a village, to beg the white men for salt. The way they expressed their want—and it was apparently the sign universally recognised in those parts—was to protrude their tongues to the full extent and stroke them with the palm of the hand in a downward direction. Before the column had become accustomed to this practice, and the performance had become a natural sight, it was curious to see some two dozen naked savages of all ages and both sexes lined up on the path stroking their tongues. It would be a curious sight if the idea were westernised and it became customary to ask for the salt in this manner when at a dinner party! Being aware of the value of salt, columns when on the political prowl in these poverty-stricken jungles used invariably to carry bags of it with which to pay for work done, or to give away as presents. Two hands-full of the raw article were liberal payment to a carrier for a day's march.

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It was this craving for salt that caused a greater miracle to be performed than any with which the white men had till then been credited.

Owing to the dense jungles that overgrew the mountains, visual signalling communication with any of the posts along the main artery was impossible. Accordingly, runners were, as said before, frequently sent in, when communication was necessary, or for the purpose of replenishing supplies. Towards the end of the reconnaissance, when it was found that further food supplies could not be obtained from the country on payment, and the people became obstructive, when as much survey and intelligence work as possible under the circumstances had been accomplished, arrangements were made for the return march of the column. A calculation of supplies in hand showed that at two marches from Potung it would be necessary to have three more bags of salt with which to pay carriers who at that stage were to be dismissed to their homes. A message was therefore sent by runner to the officer commanding that post requesting him to supply the salt required and return it by the bearers, who, it was calculated, would meet the column on its return journey at the required place. And the occasion was, as usual, utilised to send in letters for the dāk to India. The column proceeded on its march down country, and nothing of particular interest occurred to

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make it memorable. The people were disgustingly friendly, and their attentions intimate and undesirable. The difficulty of securing carriers, that had been a nightmare on the inward journey, had disappeared, and instead of relying upon weakly boys and women for transport purposes, the men of the villages turned out in large numbers and willingly helped the party "out." Other runners were despatched with the dâk, and seemingly no cloud obscured the horizon.

However, on reaching the little village of Paru, two stages from Potung, where the runners should have met the party with the salt, it was ascertained that they had not yet arrived. This was passing strange, for they certainly would have been despatched from Potung in time to arrive as required. And it was moreover awkward, for reliance had been placed upon obtaining it as payment for the carriers. Fortunately a signalling post near Potung was visible from this bivouac, and the signallers had been warned to look out and establish communication. So the signalling Naïok of the column was told to try and get in touch with the Potung signalling post by helio, and when the welcome shimmering flashes answered from the black nothingness, a message was sent to the officer in command of that post asking him on what date the runners had been despatched and with what loads. Had it not been for this much-needed salt the party would probably have returned to Potung without inquiry.

Within half an hour the answer was flashed back that nothing was known of any such request. No runners had arrived in Potung from the reconnoitring party for eight days. Why had touch not been kept? Was all well? And then the trouble began. As the Intelligence Officer watched the face of the Commander redden he felt sorry for the sinners, sorry for the men who would have to pay the price. It was plain some devilry was afoot. And, plague upon these pigmen, what had happened to all the letters, products of valuable hours sent in for the dâk to India? There is nothing, absolutely nothing, more calculated to ruffle, to enrage the usually phlegmatic Britisher when on the Empire's edge than the loss of letters.

"Eh! Miri!—where's the Miri?—Orderly, send the interpreter here at once."

The voice of thunder made the bivouac reverberate, and the Miri interpreter was halfway on the road ere the Goorkha orderly got his message delivered.

"Send for Toepun, Kirkut, Asum, Ramdoo, and all other Gams of this evil tribe that can be found. I want a word with them, and that as soon as possible."

Within the space of minutes the Gams of the principal Wanghi villages, who had been brought along with the column, approached the Commander led by the interpreter. They were told to sit down on their hunkers in a row and listen to the words of authority.

Where were the runners sent from the up-country villages of Korking and Beku? How was it that they had never reached Potung? The Gams would now be held responsible, and from that moment were prisoners. Unless the truth were told and speedily, each would be flogged twice a day, and then burned, as an example to the lying tribe that bred them.

For a space of minutes the headmen took counsel together. Great were the exercises that their arms performed, and loud the medley of sound emitted from their mouths. Then, as if realising the game was up, they recounted to the Miri a tale which had so much the sound of truth that the Commander, after putting them to a close cross-examination, was unable to discredit it. Briefly it was this. Since the party had left Potung on exploration bent, the two interpreters in that post had been sent elsewhere, and in their place the Chief Political Officer had sent to Potung an interpreter named Solang. He, though a man of the plains and knowing Assamese, was in reality a man of Bedum, which village belonged to the Pinnyong tribe, on whom had fallen the heavy displeasure of the white men. When the first Wanghi runners had gone into Potung this man had secretly cursed them for befriending the exploration party, and had insulted them, saying that once the troops left the country the Pinnyongs would carry fire and sword into their country. Every mother's son of them who had carried

letters, supplies, or in any way assisted the party, would be crucified. In consequence thereof great difficulty had been experienced in getting runners to go into Potung latterly, and the hearts of those despatched had probably failed them at the gates of the Potung stockade.

"We'll soon verify this," said the Commander to the Intelligence Officer. "Helio to the O.C. Potung and ask him if he has a new interpreter, and what his name is."

No sooner said than done, and ere long the twinkle, twinkle from the belly of yonder dark mountain gave the answer.

"Yes. Name Solang—a Bedum man—sent on third instant by Political."

As the Commander read the reply his brow contracted and his teeth clenched. "All right, my friend Solang—I'll teach you to wreck my work of peace. Here (to the Intelligence Officer), helio back to Potung, ask them to put Solang in the quarter-guard, and say I'll deal with him the day after to-morrow."

Turning to the Gams, he said he believed their story. He had bidden the looking-glass to curse Solang, and they must all now accompany the party to the post to see what they would see and learn the ways of the white men with those who thwarted them.

Ere the red light of the rising sun had coloured the tops of the surrounding hills on the morrow of the second day, the little column had

commenced its final march, and when the sun was perpendicular in the heavens it left the black, black jungles for the shores of the mighty river, across whose turbulent waters it was once more slung. But this time the ride was on a raft cunningly constructed of bags of grass. Progress had been accomplished since the party had left Potung, and those wondrous "*sub-janta*" sapper men sent down from the front had in exceeding short space of time constructed a regular ferry. So it came about that in the afternoon the party, headed by the white men, and the Gams clad in red hospital blankets, clambered yet again up the zigzag track to the little post where a new and more permanent stockade had now been erected. But the minds of each worked differently. The Gams were fearful of meeting Solang, their enemy; the Commander was anxious to meet him and re-establish in their eyes the prestige of the white man.

But facts, ever stranger than fiction, were to surprise them in an undreamed-of manner! The first person of intelligence encountered near the stockade was a British officer, who had come out to meet them, and who lost no time in communicating to them the information that Solang could not be punished because—well, there was no such person now. Just after the message to make him

a prisoner had been received, he had been taken seriously ill, and had died within a few hours! It was the talk of the camp. The Commander of the reconnoitring party turned not a hair, as is ever the way with the truly great, but walked on in silence to the gate of the stockade, where, turning to the interpreter, he remarked, in tone of sombre hue—

"Tell them I brought them here to see the punishment inflicted on Solang through the medium of the flicker-flick for trying to thwart my will. Solang is dead. They can see his body. Now tell them they must produce all the letters that have been lost, or they shall follow him on his long, long journey."

The astonishment expressed by the wild men at these words was a thing to be remembered, and surpassed all previous wonders; for, although acquaintance with the Maharani's men had taught them to be surprised at little, this was the first occasion when, by a mere movement of a bit of glass, they had seen a sinner across an immeasurable space flung straight into eternity. Black magic this was indeed. If the white men could do this, where for any of them was safety to be found if they angered a people in league with both sun and moon?

And the cause of Solang's death—heart failure after an unusually large meal—was not made public.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY IAN HAY.

V. THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

ONE of the most pathetic spectacles in the world is that of grown-up persons legislating for the young. Listening to these, we are led to suspect that a certain section of the human race—the legislative section—must have been born into the world aged about forty, sublimely ignorant of the requirements, limitations, and point of view of infancy and adolescence.

In what attitude does the ordinary educational expert approach educational problems? This question induces another. What is an educational expert?

The answer is simple. Practically everybody.

All parents are educational experts: we have only to listen to a new boy's mother laying down to a Headmaster the lines upon which his school should be conducted, to realise that. So are all politicians: we discover this fact by following the debates in the House of Commons. So are the clergy; for they themselves have told us so. So, presumably, are the writers of manuals and text-books. So are the dear old gentlemen who come down to present prizes upon Speech Day. Practically the only section of humanity to whom the title is denied are the people who have to teach. It is universally admitted by

the experts—it is their sole point of agreement—that no schoolmaster is capable of forming a correct judgment of the educational needs of his charges. He is hidebound, "groovy"; he cannot break away from tradition. "What can you expect from a tripe-dresser," inquire the experts in chorus, "but a eulogy of the stereotyped method of dressing tripe?" So, ignoring the teacher, the experts lay their heads—one had almost said their loggerheads—together, and evolve terrific schemes of education.

Each section sets about its task in characteristic fashion. The politician, with his natural acumen, gets down to essentials at once.

"The electorate of this country," he says to himself, "do not care one farthing dip about Education as such. Now, how can we galvanise Education into a vote-catching machine?"

He reflects.

"Ah! I have it!" he cries presently. "*Religion!* That'll ginger them up!"

So presently an Education Bill is introduced into the House of Commons. Nine out of its ten clauses deal purely with educational matters, and are passed without a division; and the intellectual teeth of the

House fasten greedily upon Clause Number Ten, which deals with the half-hour per day which is to be set aside for religious instruction. The question arises: What attitude are the youth of the country to be taught to adopt towards their Maker? Are they to praise Him from a printed page, or merely listen to their teacher doing so out of his own head? Are they to learn the Catechism? Is the Lord's Prayer to be regarded as an Anglican or Nonconformist orison?

Everybody is most conciliatory at first.

"A short passage of Scripture," suggest the Anglicans; "a Collect, mayhap; and a few words of helpful instruction—eh? Something quite simple and non-contentious, like that?"

"We are afraid that that is sectarian religion," object the Nonconformists. "A simple chapter from the Bible, certainly—maybe a hymn. But no dogmatic teaching, if you please!"

"But that is no religion at all!" explain the Anglicans, with that quickness to appreciate another's point of view which has always distinguished the Church of England.

After a little further unpleasantness all round, a deadlock is reached. Then, with that magnificent instinct for compromise which characterises British statesmanship, another suggestion is put forward. Why not permit all the clergy of the various denominations

to enter the School and minister to the requirements of their various young disciples? "An admirable notion," says everybody. But difficulties arise. Are this heavenly host to be admitted one by one, or in a body? If the former, how long will it take to work through the entire rota, and when will the ordinary work of the day be expected to begin? If the latter, is the School to be divided, for devotional purposes, into spiritual water-tight compartments by an arrangement of movable screens, or what? So the battle goes on. By this time, as the astute politician has foreseen, every one has forgotten that this is an Education Bill, and both sides are hard at work manufacturing party capital out of John Bull's religious susceptibilities. Presently the venue is shifted to the country, where the electorate are asked upon a thousand platforms if the Church which inaugurated Education in our land, and built most of the schools, is to be ousted from her ancient sphere of beneficent activity; and upon a thousand more, whether the will of the People or the Peers is to prevail. (It simplifies politics very greatly to select a good reliable shibboleth and employ it on *all* occasions.) Finally the Bill is thrown out or talked out, and the first nine clauses perish with it.

That is the political and clerical way of dealing with Education. The parent's way we will set forth in another place.

The writer of manuals and text-books concerns himself chiefly with the right method of unfolding his subject to the eager eyes of the expectant pupil. "There is a right way and a wrong way," he is careful to explain; "and if you present your subject in the wrong way, the pupil will derive no *educational* benefit from it whatever." At present there is a great craze for what is known as "practical" teaching. For instance, in our youth we were informed, *ad nauseam*, that there is a certain fixed relation between the circumference of a circle and its diameter, the relation being expressed by a mysterious Greek symbol pronounced "pie." The modern expert scouts this system altogether. No imaginary pie for him! He is a practical man.

Take several ordinary tin canisters, he commands, a piece of string, and a ruler; and without any other aids ascertain the circumference and diameter of these canisters. Work out in each case the relation between the circumference and diameter. What conclusion do you draw from the result?

We can only draw one, and that is that no man who has never been a boy should be permitted to write books of instruction for the young. For what would the "result" be? Imagine a company of some thirty or forty healthy happy boys, each supplied gratuitously with several tin canisters and a ruler, set down for the space of an hour, and

practically challenged to enjoy themselves. Alexander's Rag-Time Band would be simply nowhere!

As for the last gang of experts—the dear old gentlemen who come down to give away prizes on Speech Day—they do not differ much as a class. They invariably begin by expressing a wish that they had enjoyed such educational facilities as these in their young days.

"You live in a palace, boys!" announces the old gentleman. "I envy you." (Murmurs of "Liar!" from the very back row.)

After that the speaker communicates to his audience a discovery which has been communicated to the same audience by different speakers year by year since the foundation of the School—to this effect, that Education (derivation given here, with a false quantity thrown in) is a "drawing-out," and not a "putting-in." Why this fact should so greatly excite Speech Day orators is not known, but they seldom fail to proclaim it with intense and parental enthusiasm. Then, after a few apposite remarks upon the subject of *mens sana in corpore sano*—a flight of originality received with murmurs of anguish by his youthful hearers—the old gentleman concludes with a word of comfort to "the less successful scholars." It is a physical impossibility, he points out, when there is only one prize, for all the boys in the class to win it; and adds that his experience of life has

been that not every boy who wins prizes at school becomes Prime Minister in after years. All of which is very helpful and illuminating, but does not solve the problem of Education to any great extent.

So much for the experts. Their name is Legion, for they are many, and they speak with various and dissonant voices. But they have one thing in common. All their schemes of education are founded upon the same amazing fallacy—namely, that a British schoolboy is a person who desires to be instructed. That is the rock upon which they all split. That is why it was suggested earlier in these pages that educational experts are all born grown-up.

Let us clear our minds upon this point once and for all. In nine cases out of ten a schoolmaster's task is not to bring light to the path of an eager, groping disciple, but to drag a reluctant and refractory young animal up the slopes of Parnassus by the scruff of his neck. The schoolboy's point of view is perfectly reasonable and intelligible. "I am lazy and scatter-brained," he says in effect. "I have not as yet developed the power of concentration, and I have no love of knowledge for its own sake. Still, I have no rooted objection to education as such, and I suppose I must learn something in order to earn a living. But I am much too busy, as a growing animal, to have any energy left for intellectual enterprise. It is the business of

my teacher to teach me. To put the matter coarsely, he is paid for it. I shall not offer him effusive assistance in his labours, but if he succeeds in keeping me up to the collar against my will, I shall respect him for it. If he does not, I shall take full advantage of the circumstance."

That is the immemorial attitude of the growing boy. When he stops growing, conscience and character begin to develop, and he works because he feels he ought to, or because he has got into the habit of doing so, and not merely because he must. But until he reaches that age it is foolish to frame theories of Education based upon the idea that a boy is a person anxious to be educated.

Let us see how such a theory works, say, in the School laboratory. A system which will extract successful results from a class of average schoolboys engaged in practical chemistry will stand any test we care to apply to it. Successful supervision of School science is the most ticklish business that a master can be called upon to undertake. We will follow our friend Brown minor to the laboratory, and witness him at his labours.

He takes his place at the working bench, and sets out his apparatus—test-tubes, beakers, and crucibles. He lights all the bunsen-burners within reach. Presently he is provided with a sample of some crystalline substance, and bidden to ascertain its chemical composition.

"How shall I begin, sir?" he asks respectfully.

"Apply the usual tests: I told you about them yesterday in the lecture-room. Take small portions of the substance: ascertain if they are soluble. Observe their effect on litmus. Test them with acid, and note whether a gas is evolved. And so on. That will keep you going for the present. I'll come round to you again presently."

And off goes the busy master to help another young scientist in distress.

Brown minor gets to work. He takes a portion of the crystalline substance and heats it red-hot, in the hope that it will explode; and treats another with concentrated sulphuric acid in order to stimulate it into some interesting performance. At the same time he maintains a running fire of *sotto voce* conversation and chaff with his neighbours—a laboratory offers opportunities for social intercourse undreamed of in a form-room—and occasionally leaves his own task in order to assist, or more often to impede, the labours of another. When he returns to his place he not infrequently finds that his last decoction (containing the balance of the crystalline substance) has boiled over, and is now lying in a simmering pool upon the bench, or that another scientist has called and appropriated the vessel in which the experiment was proceeding, emptying its contents down the sink. Not a whit disturbed, he fills up the

time with some work of independent research, such as the manufacture of a Roman candle or the preparation of a sample of nitro-glycerine. At the end of the hour he reports progress to his instructor, expressing polite regret at having failed as yet to solve the riddle of the crystalline substance; and returns whistling to his form-room, where he jeers at those of his companions who have spent the morning composing Latin Verses.

No, it is a mistake to imagine that the young of the human animal hungers and thirsts after knowledge.

Arthur Robinson, B.A., of whom previous mention has been made, soon discovered this fact; or rather, soon recognised it; for he was not much more than a boy himself. He was an observant and efficient young man, and presently he made further discoveries.

The first was that boys, for teaching purposes, can be divided into three classes—

(A.) Boys whose conduct is uniformly good, and whose industry is continuous. Say fifteen per cent.

For example, Master Mole. He was invariably punctual; his work was always well prepared; and he endured a good deal of what toilers in another walk of life term "peaceful picketing" for contravening one of the fundamental laws of schoolboy trades-unionism by continuing to work when the master was out of the room.

(B.) Boys whose conduct is uniformly good — except perhaps in the matter of surreptitious refreshment—but who will work only so long as they are watched. Say sixty per cent.

Such a one was Master Gibbs. By long practice he had acquired the art of looking supremely alert and attentive when in reality his thoughts were at the back of beyond. When engaged in writing-work his pen would move across the page with mechanical regularity, what time both eyes were fixed upon a page torn from a comic paper and secreted behind a dictionary. He gave no trouble whatever, but was a thorn in the flesh of any conscientious teacher.

(C.) Boys who are not only idle, but mischievous. Say twenty-five per cent.

There was Page, whose special line was the invention of comic translations. After the day upon which he translated *caeruleas puppes*, "Skye-terriers," Arthur Robinson spiked his guns by forbidding him, under the penalty of the rod, to speak again for the rest of the term unless directly addressed. It was a privation for both boy and master; but discipline has to be maintained.

Then there was Chugleigh, whose strong suit was losing books. He was a vigorous and muscular youth, more than a little suspected of being a bully; but he appeared to be utterly incapable of protecting his own property. Sometimes he grew quite pathetic about

it. He gave Mr Robinson to understand, almost with tears, that his books were at the mercy of any small boy who cared to snatch them from him. Certainly he never had any in form.

"I see you require State protection," said Arthur Robinson one morning, when Chugleigh put in an appearance without a single book of any kind, charged with a rambling legend about his locker and a thief in the night. He scribbled an order. "Take this to the librarian, and get a set of new books."

Master Chugleigh, much gratified—the new books would be paid for by an unsuspecting parent and could be sold second-hand at the end of the term—departed, presently to return with five new volumes under his arm.

"Write your name in them all," said Mr Robinson briskly.

Chugleigh obeyed, as slowly as possible.

"Now bring all the books here."

Chugleigh did so, a little puzzled.

"For the future," announced Mr Robinson, unmasking his batteries, "in order to give you a fair chance in this dishonest world, you shall have *two* sets of the books in use in this form. I will keep one set for you. The others you may keep or lose as you like; but whenever you turn up here without a book I shall be happy to hire you out the necessary duplicates, at a charge of threepence per book per hour. This morning you will require a Cæsar,

a grammar, and a Latin Prose book. That will be ninepence. Will you pay cash, or shall I knock it off your pocket-money at the end of the week?"

He looked up the remaining two books in his desk, and the demoralised Chugleigh resumed his seat amid loud laughter.

II.

Arthur Robinson made other notes.

The pursuit of knowledge, like the pursuit of other precious things in life, occasionally leads its votaries into tortuous ways. Cribbing, for instance.

All boys crib more or less. It is not suggested that the more sinful forms of this species of self-help are universal, or even common. But the milder variations are practised by all, with the possible exception of the virtuous fifteen per cent previously mentioned.

The average boy's attitude towards cribbing is precisely the same as his attitude towards other types of misdemeanour: that is to say, he regards it as one of those practices which is perfectly justifiable if his form-master is such a weakling as to permit it. It is all part of the eternal duel between the teacher and the taught.

"Do I scribble English words in the margin of my Xenophon?" the boy asks. "Certainly. Do I surreptitiously produce loose pages of Euclid from my pocket and copy them out, when I am really supposed to have learned them by heart? Of course. Why should I, through sheer excess of virtue, handicap myself in the race to escape the punishment of failure, simply

because the highly qualified expert who is paid to supervise my movements fails in his plain duty?"

So he cribs.

But his attitude towards the matter is quite consistent, for when he rises to a position of trust and authority in the School, he ceases to crib—at least flagrantly. The reason is that he is responsible now not so much to a master as to his own sense of right and wrong; and he has made the discovery which all of us make in the end—that the little finger of our conscience is often thicker than the hardest task-master's loins.

There are two forms of cribbing, and school opinion differentiates very sharply between them. There is cribbing to gain marks, and there is cribbing to save trouble or avoid punishment. The average boy, who is in the main an honest individual, holds aloof from the former practice because he feels that it is unsportsmanlike—rather like stealing, in fact; but he usually acquiesces without a struggle in the conveniences offered by the second. For instance, he refrains from furtively copying from his neighbour, for he regards that as the meanest kind of brain-sucking. (If the neighbour pushes his paper towards him

with a friendly smile, that of course is a different matter.) But he is greatly addicted to a more venial crime known as "paving." The paver prepares his translation in the orthodox manner, but whenever he has occasion to look up a word in a lexicon he scribbles its meaning in the margin of the text, or, more frequently, just over the word itself, to guard against loss of memory on the morrow.

Much less common is the actual use of cribs—the publications of the eminent firm of Bohn, and other firms of less reliability and repute. Most boys have sufficient honesty and common-sense to realise that getting up work with a translation is an unprofitable business, though at the same time they are often unable to resist the attractions of such labour-saving appliances. Their excuse is always the same, and it is not a bad one. "If the School Library," they say, "contains Jowett's Thucydides and Jebb's Sophocles for all the Sixth to consult, why should not we, in our humbler walk of scholarship, avail ourselves of the occasional assistance of Kiddem's Keys to the Classics?"

So much for the casual cribber. The professional—the kronio—exercises an ingenuity and devotes an amount of time and labour to the perfecting of his craft, which, if applied directly to his allotted task, would bring him out at the top of his form. In a little periodical entitled *The Light Green*, published in Cambridge

thirty years ago by a young Johnian named Hilton (who might have rivalled Calverley himself had he lived to thirty), we have a brilliant little portrait of the professional cribber, executed in the style of *The Heathen Chinese*. It is called *The Heathen Passee*.

*In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,
And an elegant map
Of the Dorian States;
And we found in his palms, which were hollow,
What is common in palms—that is, dates!*

But he is a rare bird, the confirmed cribber, with his algebraical formulæ written on his finger-nails, and history notes attached to unreliable elastic arrangements which shoot up his sleeve out of reach at critical moments. The ordinary boy does not crib unless he is pressed for time or in danger of summary execution. He usually limits his enterprise to co-operative preparation—that is to say, the splitting up an evening's work into sections, each section being prepared by one boy and translated to the other members of the syndicate afterwards—to the gleanings of discarded lines and superfluous tags from the rough copies of cleverer boys' Latin Verses, and to the acceptance of a whispered "prompt" from a good Samaritan when badly cornered by a question.

Lastly, we may note that cribbing is not confined to schoolboys. The full perfection of the art is only attained in the pass-examina-

tions of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Then all considerations of conscience or sportsmanship are flung aside, and the cribber cribs, not to gain distinction or outstrip his rivals, but to get over a troublesome fence by hook or crook and have done with it. There was once a Freshman at Cambridge whose name, we will say, began with M. This accident of nomenclature placed him during his Little Go examination in the seat next to a burly young man whom he recognised with a thrill of awe as the President of the C.U.B.C., whose devotion to aquatic sports had so far prevented him from clearing the academic fence just mentioned, and who now, at the beginning of his third year, was entering, in company with a collection of pink-faced youths fresh from school, upon his ninth attempt

to satisfy the examiners in Part One of the Previous Examination.

Our friend, having completed his first paper, quitted the Senate House and returned to his rooms to fortify himself with luncheon before the next. During the progress of that meal a strange gyp called upon him, and proffered a note mysteriously.

"From Mr M——, sir," he said, mentioning the name of the Freshman's exalted neighbour in the examination room.

The Freshman opened the note with trembling fingers. Was it possible that he had been singled out as a likely oar already?

The note was brief, but to the point. It said—

Dere Sir, — Please write larger.—Yours truly,

J. M.

III.

However, this is a digression. Let us return for the last time to Arthur Robinson's three divisions of youthful humanity. Class A he found extraordinarily dull. They required little instruction and no supervision; in fact, they were self-educators of the most automatic type. Class B were a perpetual weariness to the flesh. They gave no trouble, but their apathy was appalling. However, a certain amount of entertainment could be extracted from studying their methods of evading work or supplying themselves with refreshment. There was the in-

genious device of Master Jobling, for instance. Mr Robinson noted that this youth was in the habit, during lecture-time, of sitting with his elbows resting on his desk and his chin buried in his hands, his mouth, or a corner thereof, being covered by his fingers. His attitude was one of rapt attention, and his eyes were fixed unwinkingly upon the lecturer. Such virtue, coming from Master Jobling, roused unworthy suspicions in the breast of Arthur Robinson. He observed that although the youth's attitude was one of rigid immobility, his facial

muscles were agitated from time to time by a slight convulsive movement. Accordingly, one day, he stepped swiftly across the room, and taking Master Jobling by the hair, demanded an explanation. It was forthcoming immediately, in the form of a long thin indiarubber tube, of the baby's-bottle variety; one end of which was held between Master Jobling's teeth, while the other communicated, *via* his right sleeve, with a bottle of ginger-beer secreted somewhere in the recesses of his person. From this reservoir he had been refreshing himself from time to time by a process of suction.

Mr Robinson, who believed in making the punishment fit the crime, purchased a baby's "soother" from the chemist's, and condemned Jobling to put in to its rightful use during every school-hour for the rest of the week. He was only allowed to remove it from his lips in order to answer a question.

Class C, the professional malefactors, Mr Robinson found extremely attractive. They appeared to possess all the character and quite half the brains of the form. But this is a permanent characteristic of the malefactor, and is most discouraging to the virtuous.

Once, early in his career, Robinson was badly caught. On entering his form-room one winter evening, when darkness had fallen and the gas was ablaze, his eye fell upon the great plate-glass window which filled the south wall of the room. Form-room windows are

not usually supplied with blinds, and this window stood black and opaque against the darkness of night. Right in the centre of the glass was a great white star, which radiated out in all directions in a series of splintered cracks.

Mr Robinson knew well what had happened. Some one had hurled a stone ink-pot against the window. Only last week he had had occasion to discourage target-practice of this kind by exemplary measures. He addressed the crowded form angrily.

"Who broke that window?"

"It is not broken, sir," volunteered a polite voice.

Arthur Robinson was a young man who did not suffer impudence readily.

"This is not precisely the moment," he rapped out, "for nice distinctions. The window is cracked, starred, splintered—anything you like. I want the name of the boy who damaged it. At once, please!"

Silence. Yet it was not the sullen, obstinate silence which prevails when boys are endeavouring to screen one another. One would almost have called it silent satisfaction. But Arthur Robinson was too angry and not sufficiently experienced to note the distinction. Naming each boy by name, he demanded of him whether or no he had broken the window. Each boy politely denied the impeachment. One or two were courteous to the point of patronage.

Suddenly, from the back bench, came a faint chuckle. Arthur Robinson, conscious of

a sickly feeling down his spine, rose to his feet and approached the splintered window. The form watched him with breathless joy. Hot-faced, he rubbed one of the rays of the star with his fingers. It promptly disappeared.

The window was undamaged. The star was artistically executed in white chalk.

Malefactors have their weak spots too.

One afternoon Mr Robinson held an "extra." That is to say, he brought in a body of youthful sinners, composed of the riff-raff of his form, for a period of detention, and set them a stiff imposition to write out. About half-way through the weary hour he produced from his locked desk an old cigarette box containing sundry coins. Laying these out upon the desk he proceeded to count them. The perfunctory scratching of pens ceased, and the assembled company, most of whom had been unwilling contributors to the fund under review, gazed with lack-lustre eyes at their late property.

"Fourteen - and - nine," announced Mr Robinson cheerfully. "That is the sum which I have collected from you this term in return for the loan of such useful articles as pens and blotting-paper. I know

my charges are high, but then I am a monopolist to people who are foolish enough to come in here without their proper equipment. Again, though threepence may seem a fancy price for a small piece of blotting-paper, it is better to pay threepence for a piece of blotting-paper than use your handkerchief, which is worth a shilling. However, the total is fourteen - and - nine. What shall we do with it? Christmas is only a fortnight off; and I propose, with your approval, to send this contribution of yours to a society which provides Christmas dinners for people who are less lavishly provided for in that respect than ourselves. If it interests you at all, I will get the Society's full title and address and read them to you."

Arthur Robinson was out of the room for perhaps three minutes. When he returned he was immediately conscious, from the guilty stillness which reigned, and the self-conscious air of detachment with which everybody was writing, that something was amiss. He glanced sharply at the little pile of money on his desk.

It had grown from fourteen - and - ninepence to twenty-seven - and - sixpence.

Life is full of compensations —even for schoolmasters.

VI. "MY PEOPLE."

Under this comprehensive title the schoolboy groups the whole of his relatives, of both sexes.

"Are your people coming for Speech Day?" inquires Master Smith of Master Brown.

"Yes, worse luck!"

"It is a bore," agrees Smith. "I wanted you to come and sit with me."

"Sorry!" says Brown, and the matter ends. It never occurs to Brown to invite Smith to join the family party. Such a proceeding would be unheard of. A schoolboy with his "people" in tow neither expects nor desires the society of his friends. His father may be genial, his mother charming, his sister pretty; but in the jaundiced eyes of their youthful host they are nothing more or less than a gang of lepers—to be segregated from all communication with the outer world; to be conveyed from one point to another as stealthily as possible; and above all, to be kept out of the way of masters.

Later in life, say at the University, this diffidence disappears. A pretty sister becomes an asset; a pearl of price; a bait for luncheon parties and a trap for theatre tickets. Even a father, provided he does not wear a made-up tie or take off his hat to the Dons, is tolerated. But at school—never! Why?

The reason is that it is almost impossible to give one's "people" their heads when on a visit to School without opening the way for breaches of etiquette and social outrages of the most deplorable kind. Left to themselves, fathers are addicted to entering into conversation with casual masters—especially masters who in the eyes of a boy are too magnificent to be approached or too despicable to be noticed.

Mothers have been known to make unsolicited overtures to some School potentate—yea, even the Captain of the Eleven—because he happens to have curly hair or be wearing a pretty blazer. Sisters are capable of extending what the Lower School terms "the R.S.V.P. eye" to the meanest and most insignificant fag. These solecisms shame Master Brown to his very soul. Consequently he keeps his relatives in relentlessly close order, herding them across the quadrangle under a running fire of admonition and reproof.

"Yes, Dad, that's the Head. Look the other way, or he'll notice you. . . . For goodness sake, Mum, don't stop and talk to *this* fellow: he's in the Boat. *Who is that dear little boy with brown eyes?* Great Scott, how should I know all the rotten little ticks in the Lower School? . . . Sis, what on earth did you go smiling and grinning at that chap for? He is a master. *He took his hat off?* Well, you must have begun it, that's all! Think what an outsider he must consider you! . . . *What, Mum? Who are these two nice-looking boys sitting on that bench?* Not so loud! They're the Captain of the Eleven and the Secretary. *Will I ask them to tea to amuse Dolly?* Certainly, if you don't mind my leaving the School for good to-morrow morning! . . . This is the oricket-ground. No, you can't go and sit in the shade under those trees: it is fearful side to go there. Stay about here. If you see any people you know, from Town or any-

where, you can talk to them; but whatever you do, don't go making up to chaps. I'll find young Griffin for you if you like. He'll be pretty sick; but he knows you in the holidays, so I suppose he has got to go through it. Sit here. Perhaps you had better not speak to *anybody* while I'm away, whether you know them or not. Sis, remember about not making eyes at fellows. They don't like that sort of thing from young girls: they're different from your pals in Hyde Park; so hold yourself in. I'll be back in a minute."

Then he departs in search of the reluctant Griffin.

The only member of the Staff to whom a boy permits his "people" to address themselves is his House-master. Him he regards as inevitable; and consents gloomily to conduct his tainted band to a ceremonial tea in the House-master's drawing-room. There he sits miserably upon the edge of a chair, masticating cake, and hoping against hope that the ceremony will end before his relatives have said or done something particularly disastrous.

He is conscious, too, of a sad falling-off in his own demeanour. Ten minutes ago he was a miniature Grand Turk, patronising his parents and ruffling it over his sister. Now he is a rather grubby little hobbledohoy, conscious of large feet and red hands, mumbling "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," to a man whom he has been accustomed to represent to his family as being wax in his

hands and a worm in his presence.

An observant philosopher once pointed out that in every man there are embedded three men: first, the man as he appears to himself; second, the man as he appears to others; third, the man as he really is. This classification of points of view is particularly applicable to the scholastic world. Listen, for instance, to Master Smith, describing to an admiring circle of sisters and young brothers a scene from school life as it is lived in the Junior Remove.

"*Is the work difficult?* Bless you, we don't do any *work*: we just rot Duck-face. We simply rag his soul out. *What do we do to him?* Oh, all sorts of things. *What sort?* Well, the other day he started up his usual song about the necessity of absolute attention and concentration—great word for Duck-face, concentration—and gave me an impot for not keeping my eyes fixed on him all the time he was jawing. I explained to him that anybody who attempted such a feat would drop down dead in five minutes. *How dare I say such a thing to a master?* Well, I didn't say it in so many words, but he knew what I meant all right. He got pretty red. After that I tipped the wink to the other chaps, and we all stared at him till he simply sweated. Oh, we give him a rotten time!"

Mr Duckworth's version of the incident, in the Common Room, ran something like this.

"What's that, Allnutt? *How*

is young Smith getting on? Let me see—Smith? Oh, that youth! I remember him now. Well, he strikes me as being not far removed from the idiot type, but he is perfectly harmless. I don't expect ever to teach him anything, of course, but he gives no trouble. He is quite incapable of concentrating his thoughts on anything for more than five minutes without constant ginger from me. I had to drop rather heavily upon him this morning, and the results were most satisfactory. He was attentive for quite half an hour. But he's a dull customer."

What really happened was this. Mr Duckworth, who was a moderate disciplinarian and an extremely uninspiring teacher, had occasion to set Master Smith fifty lines for inattention. Master Smith, glaring resentfully and muttering muffled imprecations—symptoms of displeasure which Mr Duckworth, who was a man of peace at any price, studiously ignored—remained comparatively attentive for the rest of the hour and ultimately showed up the lines.

All this time we have left our young friend Master Brown sitting upon the edge of a chair in his House-master's drawing-room, glaring defiantly at every one and wondering what awful thing his "people" are saying now.

Occasionally scraps of conversation reach his ears. (He is sitting over by the window with his sister.) His mother is doing most of the talking.

The heads of her discourse appear in the main to be two—the proper texture of her son's undergarments and the state of his soul. The House-master, when he gets a chance, replies soothingly. The Matron shall be instructed to see that nothing is discarded prematurely during the treacherous early summer: he himself will take steps to have Reggie—the boy blushes hotly at the sound of his Christian name on alien lips—prepared for confirmation with the next batch of candidates.

Occasionally his father joins in.

"I expect we can safely leave that question to Mr Allnutt's discretion, Mary," he observes drily. "After all, Reggie is not the only boy in the House."

"No, I am sure he is not," concedes Mrs Brown. "But I know you won't object to hear the *mother's* point of view, will you, Mr Allnutt?"

"I fancy Mr Allnutt has heard the mother's point of view once or twice before," interpolates Mr Brown, with a sympathetic smile in the direction of the House-master.

"Now, John," says Mrs Brown playfully, "don't interfere! Mr Allnutt and I understand one another perfectly, don't we, Mr Allnutt?" She takes up her parable again with renewed zest. "You see, Mr Allnutt, what I mean is, you are a bachelor. You have never had any young people to bring up, so naturally you can't *quite* appreciate, as I can——"

Mr Allnutt, who has brought up about fifty "young people" per annum for fifteen years, smiles wanly, and bows to the storm. Master Brown, almost at the limit of human endurance, glances despairingly at his sister. That tactful young person grasps the situation, and endeavours to divert the conversation.

"What pretty cups those are on that shelf," she says in a clear voice to her brother. "Are they Mr Allnutt's prizes?"

"Yes," replies Master Brown, with a sidelong glance towards his House-master. But that much-enduring man takes no notice: his attention is still fully occupied by Mrs Brown, whom he now darkly suspects of having a suitable bride for him concealed somewhere in her peroration.

Master Brown and his sister rise to inspect the collection of trophies more closely.

"What a lot he has got," says Miss Brown, in an undertone now. "Was he a great athlete?"

"He thinks he was. When he gets in a bait over anything it is always a sound plan to get him to talk about one of these rotten things. I once got off a tanning by asking

him how many times he had been Head of the River. As a matter of fact, most of these are prizes for chess, or tri-cycling, or something like that."

So the joyous libel proceeds. Master Reggie is beginning to cheer up a little.

"What is that silver bowl for?" inquires his sister.

"Ah, it takes him about half an hour to tell you about that. They won the race by two feet in record time, and he was in a dead faint for a week afterwards. As a matter of fact, Bailey tertius, whose governor was up at Oxford with the old Filbert"—etymologists will have no difficulty in tracing this synonym to its source—"says that he saw the race, and that Filbert caught a crab and lost his oar about five yards from the start and was a passenger all the way. The men on the bank yelled to him to jump out, but he was in too big a funk of being drowned, and wouldn't. Of course he doesn't know we know!"

And yet, in Reggie Brown's last half-term report we find the words:—

A well-meaning but somewhat stolid and unimaginative boy.

II.

But "people" do not visit the School solely for the purpose of bringing social disaster upon their offspring. Their first visit, at any rate, is of a very different nature. On this

occasion they come in the capacity of what Headmasters call "prospective parents"—that is, parents who propose to inspect the School with a view to entering a boy—and

as such are treated with the deference due to imperfectly hooked fish.

The prospective parent varies considerably. Sometimes he is an old member of the School, and his visit is a purely perfunctory matter. He knows every inch of the place. He lunches with the Head, has a talk about old times, and mentions with proper pride that yet another of his boys is now of an age to take up his nomination for his father's old House.

Then comes another type—the youthful parent. Usually he brings his wife with him. He is barely forty, and has not been near a school since he left his own twenty years ago. His wife is pretty, and not thirty-five. Both feel horribly juvenile in the presence of the Head. They listen deferentially to the great man's pontifical observations upon the requirements of modern education, and answer his queries as to their first-born's age and attainments with trembling exactitude.

"I think we shall be able to lick him into shape," concludes the Head, with gracious jocularity. It is mere child's play to him, handling parents of this type.

Then the male bird plucks up courage, and timidly asks a leading question. The Head smiles.

"Ah!" he remarks. "Now you are laying an invidious task upon me. Who am I, to discriminate between my colleagues' Houses?"

The young parents apologise

precipitately, but the Head says there is no need. In fact, he goes so far as to recommend a House—in strict confidence.

"Between ourselves," he says, "I consider that *the* man here at the present moment is Mr Rotterson. Send your boy to him. I *believe* he has a vacancy for next term, but you had better see him at once. I will give you a note for him now. There you are! Good morning!"

Off hurry the anxious pair. But the telephone outstrips them.

"Is that you, Rotterson?" says the Head. "I have just despatched a brace of parents to you. Impress them! There are prospects of more to-morrow, so with any luck we ought to be able to pull up your numbers to a decent level after all."

"Thank you very much," says a meek voice at the other end.

Then there is the bluff, hearty parent—the man who knows exactly what he wants, and does not hesitate to say so.

"I don't want the boy taught any new-fangled nonsense," he explains courteously. "Just a good sound education, without frills! The boy will have to earn his own living afterwards, and I want you to teach him something which will enable him to do so. Don't go filling him up with Latin and Greek: give him something which will be *useful*. I know you pedagogues stick obstinately to what you call a good general grounding; but, if I may say

so, you ought to *specialise* a bit more. You're too shy of specialisation, you know. But I say: Find out what each boy in your school requires for his future career, and teach him *that!*"

A Headmaster once replied to a parent of this description—

"Unfortunately, sir, the fees of this school and the numbers of its Staff are calculated upon a *table d'hôte* basis. If you want to have your son educated *à la carte*, you must get a private tutor for him. Good morning."

Then there is the Utterly Impossible parent. He is utterly impossible for one of two reasons—either because he is a born faddist, or because he has relieved Providence of a grave responsibility by labelling himself "A Self-Made Man, and Proud of It!"

The faddist is the sort of person who absorbs Blue-Books without digesting them, and sits upon every available Board without growing any wiser, and cherishes theories of his own about non-competitive examinations, and cellular underclothing, and the use of graphs, and, generally speaking, about every subject on which there is no particular reason why the layman should hold any opinions at all. Such a creature harries the scholastic profession into premature senility. Him the Head always handles in the same fashion. He delivers him over at the first opportunity to a House-master, and the

House-master promptly takes him out on to the cricket-field and, having introduced him to the greatest bore upon the Staff, leaves the pair together to suffer the fate of the Killenny cats.

The other sort of Utterly Impossible is not so easily scooted. The ordinary snubs of polite society are not for him. He is a plain man, he mentions, and likes to put things on a business footing. Putting things on a business footing seems to necessitate—no one knows why—a recital of the plain man's early struggles, together with a *résumé* of his present bank-balance and directorships. Not infrequently he brings his son with him, and having deposited that shrinking youth on a chair under the eyes both of the Head and himself, proceeds to run over his points with enormous gusto and unparental impartiality.

"There he is!" he bellows. "Now you've got him! Ram it into him! Learn him to be a scholar, and I'll pay any bill you like to send in. I've got the dibs. He's not a bad lad, as lads go, but he wants his jacket dusted now and then. My father dusted mine regular every Saturday night for fifteen year, and it made me the man I am. I'm worth——"

A condensed Budget follows. Then the harangue is resumed.

"So don't spare the rod—that's what I say. Learn him all that a scholar ought to be learned. If he wants books, get them, and put them down to me. I can pay for them.

And at the end of the year, if he gets plucked in his examinations, you send him home to me, and I'll bile him!"

The plain man breaks off, and glares with ferocious affection upon his offspring. All this while the shrewd Head has been observing the boy's demeanour; and if he decides that the engaging exuberance of his papa has not been inherited to an ineradicable extent, he accepts the cowering youth and does his best for him. As a rule he is justified in his judgment.

Lastly, comes a novel and quite inexplicable variant of the species. It owes its existence entirely to journalistic enterprise.

Little Tommy Snooks, we will say, arrives home one afternoon in a taxi in the middle of term, and announces briefly but apprehensively to his parents that he has been "sacked." He is accompanied or preceded by a letter from his Headmaster, expressing genuine sorrow for the occurrence, but adding that though it has been found necessary for the sake of discipline to remove Master Thomas from the School, his offence has not been such as to involve any moral stigma. Little Tommy's parents, justly incensed that their offspring should have been expelled from School without incurring any moral stigma, write demanding instant reparation. The Headmaster in his reply states that Thomas has been expelled because he has broken a certain rule, the penalty for breaking which happens to be—and is

known to be—expulsion. *Voilà tout.* In other words, Thomas has been expelled, not for smoking or drinking or breaking bounds (or whatever he may happen to have done), but for deliberately and wantonly flying in the face of the Law which prohibits these misdemeanours. Either Tommy must go, or the Law be rendered futile and ridiculous.

This paltry and frivolous attempt to evade the real point at issue—which appears to be that many people, including Tommy's parents and the Headmaster himself, smoke, drink, and go out after dark and are none the worse—is treated with the severity which it deserves. A letter is despatched, consigning the Headmaster to scholastic perdition. The Headmaster briefly acknowledges receipt, and suggests that the correspondence should now cease.

So far the campaign has followed well-defined and perfectly natural lines, for a parent is seldom disposed to take his boy's expulsion "lying down." But at this point the new-style parent breaks right away from tradition—kicks over the traces, in fact. Despatching that slightly dazed but on the whole deeply gratified infant martyr, Master Tommy, to salve outraged nature at an adjacent Picture Palace, the parent sits down at his (or her) desk and unmasks the whole dastardly conspiracy to a halfpenny newspaper of wide circulation. "I do this," he explains, "not from any feeling of animosity towards the Headmaster of the School, but in order to clear my

son's good name and fair fame in the eyes of the world." (This is interesting and valuable news to the world, which has not previously heard of Tommy Snooks.) The astute editor of the halfpenny paper, with a paternal smile upon his features and his tongue in his cheek, publishes the letter in a conspicuous position—if things in the football and political world happen to be particularly dull, he sometimes finds room for Tommy's photograph too—and invites general correspondence on the subject.

Few parents can resist such an opportunity; and for several weeks the editor is supplied, free gratis, with a column of diversified but eminently saleable matter. The beauty of a controversy of this kind is that you can dilate upon almost any subject on earth without being pulled up for irrelevance. Parents take full advantage of this licence. Some contribute interesting legends of their children's infancy. Others plunge into a debate upon punishment in general; and the old battle of cane, birch, slipper, imposition, detention, and moral suasion is fought over again. This leads to a discussion as to whether public schools shall or shall not be abolished—by whom, is not stated. Presently the national reserve of retired colonels is

mobilised, and fiery old gentlemen write from Cheltenham to say that in their young days boys were boys and not molly-coddles. Old friends like *Materfamilias*, *Pro Bono Publico*, and *Quis Custodiet Custodes* rush into the fray with joyous whoops. There is quite a riot of pseudonyms: the only person who gives his proper name (and address) is the headmaster of a small preparatory school, who contributes a copy of his prospectus, skilfully disguised as a treatise on "How to Preserve Home Influences at School."

But the boom is short-lived. Presently a crisis arises in some other department of our national life. Something cataclysmal happens to the House of Commons, or the Hippodrome, or Tottenham Hotspur. Public attention is diverted; the correspondence is closed with cruel abruptness; and little Tommy Snooks is summoned from the Picture Palace, and sent to another school or provided with a private tutor. Still, his good name and fair fame are now vindicated in the eyes of the world.

But it is not altogether surprising that the great Temple should once have observed—

"Boys are always reasonable; masters sometimes; parents never!"

III.

Correspondence between school and home is conducted upon certain well-defined lines. A boy writes home every Sunday: his family may write to

him when they please and as often as they please. But—they must never send post-cards.

Post-cards in public schools

are common property. Many a new boy's promising young life has been overclouded at the very outset by the arrival of some such maternal indiscretion as this—

DEAREST ARTIE,—I am sending you some nice new vests for the colder months. Mind you put them on, but ask the Matron to air them first. The girls send their love, and Baby sends you a kiss,—your affec. MOTHER.

"Dearest Artie" usually comes into possession of this missive after it has been passed from hand to hand, with many joyous comments, the whole length of the Lower School breakfast-table. He may not hear the last of the vests and Baby for months.

As for writing home; a certain elasticity of method is essential. In addressing one's father, it is advisable to confine oneself chiefly to the topic of one's studies. Money should not be asked for, but references to the Classics may be introduced with advantage, and

perhaps a fair copy of one's last Latin prose enclosed. The father will not be able to understand, or even read it; but this will not prevent him from imagining that he could have done so thirty years ago; and his heart will glow with the reminiscent enthusiasm of the retired scholar.

Mothers may be addressed with more freedom. Small financial worries may be communicated, and it is a good plan to dwell resignedly but steadily upon the insufficiency of the food supplied by the School authorities. Health topics may be discussed, especially in so far as they touch upon the question of extra diet.

Sisters appreciate School gossip and small-talk of any kind.

Young brothers may be impressed with dare-devil tales of masters put to rout and prefects "ragged" to death.

The appended *dossier* furnishes a fairly comprehensive specimen of the art. It is entitled—

THE BIRTHDAY.

CORRESPONDENCE ADDRESSED TO MASTER E. BUMPLEIGH,
MR KILLICK'S HOUSE, GRANDWICH SCHOOL.

No. I.

Messrs BUMPLEIGH & SITWELL, Ltd.,
220b CORNHILL.

Telegrams: "Bumpsit, London."

Nov. 6, 19—.

MY DEAR EGBERT,—Your mother informs me that tomorrow, the 7th inst., is your

fifteenth birthday. I therefore take this opportunity of combining my customary greetings with a few observations on your half-term report, which has just reached me. It is a most deplorable document. With the exception of your health (which is described as "excellent"), and your violin-playing

(which I note is "most energetic"), I can find no cause for congratulation or even satisfaction in your record for the past half-term. Indeed, were it not for the existence of the deep-seated conspiracy (of which you have so frequently and so earnestly warned me) among the masters at your school, to deprive you of your just marks and so prevent you from taking your rightful place at the head of the form, I should almost suspect you of idling.

I enclose ten shillings as a birthday gift. If you could contrive during the next half-term to overcome the unfortunate prejudice with which the Grandwich Staff appears to be inspired against you, I might see my way to doing something rather more handsome at Christmas.—Your affectionate father,

JOHN HENRY BUMPLEIGH.

(Reply.)

Nov. 7.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Thanks awfully for the ten bob. Yes, it is most deplorable as you say about my report. I feel it very much. It is a rum thing that I should have come out bottom, for I have been working fearfully hard lately. I expect a mistake has been made in adding up the marks. You see, they are all sent in to the form-master at half-term, and he, being a classical man, naturally can't do mathematics a bit, so he adds up the marks all anyhow, and practically anybody comes out top. It is very dishartening. I think it

would be better if I went on the Modern Side next term. The masters there are just as ignorant and unfair as on the classical, but not being classical men they do know something about adding up marks. So if I went I might get justice done me. I must now stop, as I have several hours more prep. to do, and I want to go and ask Mr Killick for leave to work on after bed-time.—Your affec. son,

E. BUMPLEIGH.

No. II.

THE LIMES,
WALLOW-IN-THE-WEALD, SURREY,
Monday.

MY DEAREST BOY,—Very many happy returns of your birthday. The others (*Genealogical Tree omitted here*) . . . send their best love.

I fear your father is not quite pleased with your half-term report. It seems a pity you cannot get higher up in your form, but I am sure you *try*, my boy. I don't think father makes quite enough allowance for your *health*. With your weak digestion, long hours of sedentary work must be very trying at times. Ask the matron . . . (*one page omitted*). I enclose ten shillings, and will send you the almond cake and potted lobster you ask for.—Your affectionate mother,

MARTHA BUMPLEIGH.

(Reply.)

November 7.

DEAR MUM,—Thanks ever so much for the ten bob, also the lobster and cake, which are

A1. Yes, the pater wrote to me about my report—rather a harsh letter, I thought. Still, we must make allowances for him. When he was young education was a very simple matter. Now it is the limit. My digestion is all right, thanks, but my head aches terribly towards the end of a long day of seven or eight hours' work. Don't mention this to the pater, as it might worry him. I shall work on to the end, but if the strain gets too much it might be a sound plan for me to go on the Modern Side next term. You might mention this casually to the pater. I must stop now, as the prayer-bell is ringing.—Your affec. son,

E. BUMPLEIGH.

No. III.

THE LIMES,
WALLOW-IN-THE-WEALD, SURREY,
Aujourd'hui.

DEAR EGGIE,—Many happy returns. I have spent all my dress allowance, so I can't do much in the way of a present, I'm afraid; but I send a P.O. for 2/6. You got a pretty bad half-term report, my dear. Breakfast that morning *was* a cheery meal. I got hold of it afterwards and read it, and certainly you seem to have been getting into hot water all round. By the way, I see you have got some new masters at Grandwich, judging by the initials on your report. I know 'V. K.' and 'O. P. H.': they are Killick and Higginson, aren't they? But who are

'A. C. N.' and 'M. P. G.'?—Your affec. sister,

BARBARA.

(Reply.)

Nov. 7.

DEAR BABS,—Thanks ever so much for the 2/6. It is most welcome, as the pater only sent ten bob, being shirty about my report; and the mater another. Still, I haven't heard from Aunt Deborah yet: she usually comes down hansom on my birthday. The new masters you mean are A. C. Newton and M. P. Gainford. I don't think either of them would take very kindly to you. Newton is an International, so he won't have much use for girls. Gainford is rather a snipe, and has been married for years and years. But I'll tell you if any more new ones come. I am making a last effort to get on to the Mods. next term—about fed up with Higgie.—Your affec. brother,

E. BUMPLEIGH.

No. IV.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE,
OAKSHOTT SCHOOL, BUCKS,
Monday.

DEAR EGGSTER,—Well, old sport, how goes it? Just remembered it is your birthday, so sent you 9d. in stamps—all I have but 2d. How is your mangy school? Wait till our XV. plays you on the 18th! What ho!—Your affec. brother,

J. BUMPLEIGH.

Just had a letter from the pater about my half-term report. He seems in a fairly rotten state.

(Reply.)

Nov. 7.

DEAR MOPPY,—Thanks awfully for the 9d. I am about broke, owing to my half-term report coinciding with my birthday. Putrid luck, I call it. Still, Aunt Deborah hasn't weighed in yet. All right, send along your bandy-legged XV., and we will return them to you knock-kneed. I must stop now, as we are going to rag a man's study for wearing a dicky.—Your affec. brother,
E. BUMPLEIGH.

No. V.

THE LABURNUMS, SURBITON,
Monday, Nov. 6th.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—Another year has gone by, and once more I am reminded that my little godson is growing up to man's estate. Your fifteenth birthday! And I remember when you were only—(*Here Master Egbert skips three sheets and comes to the last page of the letter*). . . . I am sending you a birthday present—something of greater value than usual. It is a handsome and costly edition of *Forty Years of Missionary Endeavour in Eastern Polynesia*, recently published. The author has actually signed his name upon the fly-leaf for you.

Think of that! The illustrations are by an Associate of the Royal Academy. I hope you are well, and pursuing your studies diligently.—Your affectionate aunt,

DEBORAH SITWELL.

(Reply.)

Nov. 7.

DEAR AUNT DEBORAH,—Thank you very much for so kindly remembering my birthday. The book has just arrived, and I shall always look upon it as one of my most valued possessions. I will read it constantly—whenever I have time, in fact; but really after being in school hard at work for ten or twelve hours a-day, one is more inclined for bed than books, even one on such an absorbing subject as this. I am much interested in Missionary Endeavours, and help them in every way I can. We are having a sermon on the subject next Sunday. There is to be a collection, and I intend to make a special effort.—Your affec. nephew,

E. BUMPLEIGH.

Extract from the Catalogue of the Killickite House Library, Grandwich School: *Forty Years of Missionary Endeavour in Eastern Polynesia*. Presented by E. Bumbleigh, Nov. 8.

(To be continued.)

A TUDOR ARMY.

II. DEFENSIVE.

THE army which resisted invasion in 1545 was raised in accordance with the old English methods of defence, originating in Anglo-Saxon times, long before the establishment of the Feudal System in our island. The principles underlying it were, first, that every man of military age was liable to serve without reward in the defence of the land; and secondly, that it was the duty of every such man to be in possession of weapons suitable to his rank, and to know how to use them. The commanders, as in Saxon times, were the natural leaders of the people, the local landowners and the territorial officials appointed by the Crown. The Feudal System of land tenure on condition of military service had not therefore inaugurated this militia; it had merely incorporated it, and its decay, an accomplished fact by the sixteenth century, was not the cause of the decline of the old English army. The latter was still efficient in the reign of Henry VIII. for the purpose for which it was intended, home defence, while for foreign aggression the feudal army had already been supplanted by the force described in the previous paper. England, as the events of 1545 were to prove, was still a military nation relying on the valour of all its ordinary citizens.

France, with which it was now to measure its strength, had scarcely yet become one. The French peasant, infinitely more servile in status than the free English bowman, was not to be trusted against the latter in the field, as many a fight on his own ground had shown; and the French armies of this warlike period were largely composed of alien mercenaries — Swiss, Italian, and German, the nobility and their personal retainers forming the only considerable native ingredient. The contrast is emphasised by the fact that England was able to hold Calais for two centuries and Boulogne for six years. In view of the facts now to be set forth, it is hard to believe that if the French had been able to seize Portsmouth in 1545 they would have been allowed to retain it for as many months.

When the Emperor concluded his sudden peace with Francis I. at Crespy in September 1544, the position of England became one of great danger. The military forces which her opponent had been employing on his German, Italian, and Spanish frontiers were now free to fall upon a single enemy, and the warships which had been engaged in the Mediterranean were also put in motion towards the Channel. The ruined defences

of Boulogne had to be reconstructed in desperate haste. Those of the Scottish Border and the Calais Pale also needed the expenditure of much money and labour to render them proof against a serious onslaught. As the winter months elapsed the situation became more threatening. Francis was fixed in his determination to wipe out the dishonour of Boulogne. The Pope was at his back with offers of material aid. And Charles V., although anxious to remain neutral, was almost forced by the course of events into a declaration of war against his late ally.

The cause of his irritation was the injury suffered by his Spanish and Flemish subjects from the ill-defined condition of the rights of neutrals in a maritime war. The English mariners and shipowners, abandoning largely their legitimate occupation, took out letters of marque and ravaged the commerce of France. Their contention was that French goods, wherever found, rendered the ship which contained them a fair prize. And soon the southern seaports were crowded with Flemish and Spanish merchantmen captured on suspicion of carrying French-owned merchandise. The aggrieved parties were clamorous in their complaints to their own rulers, declaring that no justice was to be obtained in the English Admiralty Court; and indeed there was little chance of recovering any property which had once fallen into the rapa-

cious hands of the privateers, for it was straightway "drunk out, diced, carded out, spent upon raiment and other things impossible ever to be had again," before the slow process of the law had even taken cognisance of the offence. The Emperor's only remedy, short of war, was to arrest the persons and sequester the effects of all English merchants in Spain and the Low Countries. The result was to reduce matters to a condition little distinguishable from war itself. As the summer approached, Henry saw that his country would inevitably be exposed to invasion from France and Scotland, and possibly from the Imperial dominions as well.

The first condition of such a project was that France should be able to concentrate in the Channel a fleet superior to that of her foe. This condition Francis immediately took measures to fulfil. All the available ships of his northern and western ports were ordered to be equipped for war. The yards of Rouen and his new port of Havre de Grace were busy with new construction. In addition, a fleet of twenty-five galleys was ordered round from Marseilles, bringing with them, by fair means or foul, all the large Italian merchantmen to be met with in the Mediterranean. Two Venetians of 500 tons apiece were captured in the Channel and converted into warships in the Seine dockyards. Against this great force Henry could send his own royal navy, much enlarged in recent

his subjects outside the Privy Council. To the masses it was a war attended by much loss and inconvenience, and in which there was no apparent advantage to be gained. But the people placed implicit trust in their King, and were content to leave matters in his hands.

To supplement his native troops Henry engaged a few thousand Spanish and Italian mercenaries. That he did so is no proof that he was convinced of their superiority. Hertford, it is true, was a great believer in firearms as opposed to the bow, and was constantly demanding hackbuteers for the defence of the Border. But the King himself had an additional motive for showing favour to the foreign captains. The withdrawal of the Emperor from the war, and the ensuing disbandment of his armies, had thrown large numbers of professional soldiers out of employment. They were willing to offer their services to either of the remaining belligerents, and it was as much to deprive Francois of their aid as for any other reason that Henry opened negotiations with their leaders. The Spaniards and Italians had a very high opinion of the English King, and desired nothing more than to receive his wages. A corps of 1500 Spaniards was sent to the Border early in the year, and others were retained on the southern coast and at Boulogne.¹ But it is noticeable that for every man actually

engaged at least three others were kept in play by protracted negotiations until the crisis had passed. This was particularly the case with the Italians. Edmond Harvel, the English envoy at Venice, was inundated with offers of service. It was, he said, "as though all Italy were under your Majesty's empire and at his commandment." Money was sent to him for judicious distribution as retaining fees; but in the end few of the Italians ever came to England. The Emperor refused to grant them passage through Germany, and, although Henry professed extreme indignation, it is open to doubt if he was entirely sincere. At any rate the French were deprived of their assistance until the campaign of 1545 was decided.

The loyalty of the mercenaries was not always to be depended upon. Two Spanish captains at Calais deserted with their men to the French, and another was detected and slain in a similar attempt. Those in the Boulogne garrison caused some anxiety to Lord Poynings, the commander, and at Berwick they were very insistent for their pay, and picked quarrels with the inhabitants.

Although the Emperor refused passage to the mercenaries, he made no objection to the purchase of warlike stores in his dominions. English agents transmitted armour, hackbuts, and gunpowder from

¹ In a letter of April 13, 1545, Henry spoke of sending 4000 Almains to the Border, in addition to the Spaniards, but as there is no further mention of these troops, it seems doubtful whether they were actually engaged.

the Netherlands, and pike-staves and bow-staves from the Hanse towns. From the latter also quantities of grain and fish were imported. The victualing of Boulogne and Calais was a constant charge upon these resources, as was also that of the northern forces, the Border districts not being able to support an army for any length of time.

The estimated expenditure for the year's campaign was that during the months of February, March, April, and May the army and fleet would cost £15,000 per month. This would be increased to £21,000 for June, July, August, and September, and would fall to £10,000 in October, November, December, and January. The total cost of a year's defensive warfare would thus amount to £184,000.¹ Boulogne proved an expensive acquisition, its garrison needing £8000 a month, nearly three times the cost of that of Calais.

For money Henry was still dependent on foreign loans as well as on what he could obtain from his subjects. The last Parliament had granted a subsidy payable by the end of 1545. The collection of this sum had to be anticipated by several months. It was not thought advisable to summon another Parliament when an invasion was impending, for the persons of whom it would be composed were fully employed in preparing the militia in their several districts. It was determined, therefore, to

collect a benevolence from the wealthy. A frank appeal was issued by the Privy Council, setting forth the peril of the country and the vast expenses necessary for defence. The demand was met in an entirely satisfactory manner. In all quarters the commissioners found the utmost cheerfulness and goodwill. Sir Anthony Browne, the collector for Surrey, wrote that the people, although poor, had so willingly and largely contributed that he could do no less than report it. To another agent the contributors said, "If this be too little, his Grace shall have more." Parish churches were required to yield up all their plate in excess of one silver chalice, and it was reckoned that the benevolence would produce much more than a parliamentary subsidy.

Alderman Richard Reed of London alone refused to pay, and was dealt with in a manner which is typical of Tudor methods. Charles I. would have sent him to the Tower and made a constitutional martyr of him. Not so Henry VIII. Since he would not pay for others to do his fighting for him, he must needs fight himself. On January 27 the luckless alderman set out for the Border, the bearer of an explanatory letter to Sir Ralph Evers, the Warden of the Middle Marches.

"As, for the defence of the realm and himself, he would not disburse a little of his substance, the King thought that he should do some

¹ Letters and Papers, xx., Pt. I., No. 674.

service with his body; and for that purpose sends him to your school, as you shall perceive by such letters as he shall deliver unto you there, to serve as a soldier, and yet both he and his men at his own charge. In any enterprise against the enemies he is to ride and do as the other soldiers do in all things, that he may know what pains other poor soldiers abide, and feel the smart of his folly. Use him after the sharp discipline militar of the northern wars."¹

Evers was certainly a school-master to teach repentance to such a subject, but the alderman was less than a month under his charge. On February 27 the Warden was slain at Ancrum Moor, and his protégé disappears from view as a prisoner taken by the Scots in the same action.

During this winter events on the Borders, as elsewhere, turned to the disadvantage of England. The summer and autumn of 1544 had seen a successful pursuance of the merciless policy of ravaging deep into the Lowlands. The summary of results from July 2 to November 17 shows the following totals: Towns, towers, &c., burnt, 192; Scots slain, 403, prisoners, 816; cattle captured, 10,886; sheep, 12,492; horses, 1296; with other miscellaneous damage. At the end of February the Warden of the Middle Marches planned an exceptionally far-reaching excursion. Relying upon certain "assured Scots," who had entered the English service, he penetrated to Jedburgh, from which place the Governor Arran retreated before him to Melrose. Evers entered and sacked the

abbey, desecrating, according to the Scottish chroniclers, the tombs of the Douglasses. Then, doubtless encumbered with booty, he began his homeward march. At Ancrum Moor Arran's men overtook him, an ambush shook the confidence of his troops, the "assured Scots" went over to the enemy, and his army broke up in hopeless rout. Sir Ralph was killed upon the field, and his body was identified by a prisoner. "God have mercy on him," said Arran as he stood over it, "for he was a fell cruel man, and over cruel, which many a man and fatherless bairn might rue." The consequence of the disaster was a temporary cessation of the English depredations and a partial undoing of the moral effect of Hertford's expedition of the previous year. Thus encouraged, the Scots began to think of invading England in the coming summer if France could be induced to lend substantial aid.

From Boulogne came better news. At the end of January a French army appeared on the western side of the haven and attempted to plant batteries which should make it untenable for English ships. After watching these proceedings for about a fortnight, the English garrison, with assistance from that of Calais, issued forth and drove the enemy in ignominious rout from his camp. Lord Lisle was at that time commanding Boulogne, but was shortly afterwards recalled to lead the fleet. He was replaced

¹ Letters and Papers, xx., Pt. I., No. 98.

by Lord Poynings, who took two outlying castles from the French, and more than held his own. The plague, indeed, as he reported, was a greater enemy than the French. Great pains were taken to render the conquest secure. A large stock of victuals was maintained, and all non-combatants were expelled from the town.

As the summer of 1545 drew near, Henry began to glean more accurate intelligence of the plans of his enemies. As finally determined, they were as follows: While a great fleet of fighting ships was concentrating in the Seine ports, a smaller one, mainly of transports, was to sail from Brest up the Irish Sea to Glasgow, and there to disembark a French force which should put backbone into a Scottish invasion of the north of England. On the return of these ships to Havre the French Admiral, D'Annebault, was to sail for Portsmouth, land an army of 10,000 men and take the town, or failing that, at least to seize the Isle of Wight. In the meanwhile Francis I. in person was to press forward the siege of Boulogne, out off from English aid by the French superiority at sea.¹ The only part of this design of which Henry failed to obtain intelligence was the destination of D'Annebault's great armada from Havre. There were

equally good reasons for expecting its appearance at Plymouth, Portsmouth, Dover, the Thames, or on the East Anglian coast. Indeed at one time it was rumoured that the landing would be effected in the neighbourhood of Tyne-mouth, when the whole system of the Border defences would have been taken between two fires. It was on this account that the militia was organised in four armies, and that so much anxious care was bestowed upon the coast defences.

Early in May Norfolk set out on a tour of inspection of the coasts of his command. Lowestoft and Yarmouth, he reported, were suitable places for a landing, and their defences were weak. The townsfolk, however, were busily engaged in strengthening the fortifications at their own expense. Everywhere the Duke found an excellent spirit among the people. The mariners were nearly all serving in the fleet. The militia, whom he reviewed, were full of ardour. "My lord," they said, "if they come, for God's sake bring us between the sea and them, that we may fight with them ere they get their ships again." Passing on to Essex he found little to be feared there, for the country was so intersected with hedges and ditches that "an army royal" would find it a most unpleasant country to fight in. On the whole, Norfolk was of

¹ A detailed account of the campaign, written from the French side, is given in the *Memoirs of Martin Du Bellay* (ed. Michaud et Poujoulat, Paris, 1838). On all important points it is corroborated by the English papers.

opinion that there was little likelihood of success for a serious invasion of East Anglia, although raids might have to be reckoned with.

Similar duties occupied the Duke of Suffolk and the Lord Privy Seal. The former was most concerned about Kent and the islands of Thanet and Sheppey. The coast of Kent was allotted in sections to different commanders, the flanks of each resting on the fortresses, which were more numerous here than in any other county. The beacons and buoys marking the channels of the Thames estuary were removed, and when this had been done the pilots asserted that no foreigner would dare to lead a fleet round the North Foreland. Farther west the fortifications of Portsmouth, on which Sir Anthony Knyvett had been working hard for the past two years, were at last complete, and within its harbour Lord Lisle was gathering the navy, manned by upwards of 12,000 men. In Cornwall and Devon the privateers, as they came into port, were warned to hold themselves in readiness to join the main fleet under the Admiral when need should arise. Few of them, however, actually arrived in time for the earliest fighting.

To spread rapidly the news of a landing a uniform system of beacons was devised. They were placed along the coast in pairs, attended day and night by watchmen. If ten or more French ships were sighted near the shore one beacon was to be fired. The second was to be lighted if the enemy actually

landed. The militia were only to be called out in the latter event. From the coast the beacon system spread inland from hill to hill to the most distant recesses of the country. So efficient was it that the men of Worcestershire were on the march within a very short time after the approach of the French was signalled at Portsmouth.

By midsummer all preparations were complete, and nothing remained but to attend the enemy's convenience. England was armed at all points and could await with confidence whatever might befall. There was indeed no cause for undue anxiety. Boulogne was victualled for several months. The boasted French succours to Scotland in reality numbered less than 3000 men, and the great fleet at Havre could scarcely hope to gain more than a temporary command of the sea, for the English, while fewer in numbers, were of better quality, and the design of the battleships of the period was such that any protracted absence from harbour was certain to produce a crop of casualties. With such vessels a sustained blockade was impossible, and with one fleet in port and the other at sea the disparity in force decreased day by day. Above all, Henry VIII. could reflect that his lieutenants were without exception tried and courageous men, whose single-minded patriotism none could question. Of his own servants the French King could hardly say as much. Throughout the campaign D'Annebault found his plans persistently

thwarted by a powerful faction in his master's court. The real danger to England was financial rather than military, and the war ere long developed into a trial of wealth between the two countries, from which England emerged victorious but exhausted.

Having finished his work in the capital Henry set out on July 4 to visit his southern counties and encourage their defenders by appearing in person at the point of danger. On July 15 he reached Portsmouth, where he intended to remain for ten or twelve days inspecting the works and the fleet. The Privy Council, or such of its members as were not serving at other places, attended the sovereign, and held daily meetings at Portsmouth from the 15th onwards.¹ In spite of all the efforts of English spies, the French commanders had kept their secret well, and Henry had no inkling of the intended point of attack. Nevertheless there was no trace of panic or confusion when the foremost ships of the enemy's fleet were seen rounding St Helen's Point on the afternoon of July 18. The King, who was dining in the cabin of the *Henry Grace à Dieu*, went ashore to take command of the land forces, and the beacons flamed to north, east, and west, their warning that the great moment had arrived.

On the following day, the sailing ships lying motionless for lack of wind, the French galleys came forward and

cannonaded the fleet in Portsmouth Harbour. In the afternoon a breeze sprang up, and the galleys hastily retired with Lord Lisle's small craft in pursuit. D'Annebault soon realised that the works of Portsmouth were too strong to be stormed, and that a siege with all the forces of England converging on his camp would end in disaster. He therefore fell back upon his alternative instructions, and landed his troops in the Isle of Wight. Henry and his Council, being luckily at the critical point, were able to issue instructions with the minimum of delay. On July 20, orders were sent to Plymouth and other western ports that the privateers were to make all speed to Portsmouth to reinforce the fleet. Word was then sent to the forces of Wiltshire, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Surrey to march to the King's aid. Part of the men of Sussex were to line the coast, and the remainder were also to make for Portsmouth. On the day following the despatch of these orders, messengers posted off to London to tell the Mayor to set in motion the 2000 soldiers of the capital, and the officials at the Tower to send down all the spare ordnance and ammunition in that fortress. Thus, counting the levies of Hampshire, who were already at hand, the King could expect 16,000 armed men at Portsmouth before the French had landed a

¹ The Council's transactions from May 10 onwards are recorded in vol. i. of the 'Acts of the Privy Council.'

single soldier on the mainland.

The occupation of the Isle of Wight lasted less than twenty-four hours. Three separate columns landed and pushed into the interior; all suffered loss from ambushed bowmen, and were glad to return to the shore. In the meanwhile reinforcements streamed over to Cowes and the western end of the Isle, and before long there were 8000 defenders, in face of whom it became impossible to carry out the plan of throwing up earthworks and leaving permanent garrisons to hold the place, as some set off to Boulogne. D'Annebault soon saw that nothing was to be gained by lingering before Portsmouth. A landing was not to be thought of, while the state of his victuals and the epidemics raging in his crowded ships precluded any design of maintaining the blockade long enough to enable Boulogne to be starved out. Henry and his commanders had an excellent appreciation of the value of time. They knew exactly how long the supplies of Boulogne would last, and they meant to go out and fight D'Annebault as soon as their western ships arrived. Consequently the French Admiral could but realise that the great plan had failed. His fleet set sail and disappeared to the eastwards on July 24.

Ranging along the Sussex coast, and seeking some opportunity to do service which should justify him to his

master, D'Annebault landed a force at Seaford on the following day. Instantly the beacons spread the news over all Sussex, and a messenger spurred into Kent, his letter addressed: "To the justyces of the shyre of Kent. Hast, hast, post hast, for thy lyff, hast." From every hundred the militia bands raced for first blood, and before the landing-party could regain their ships, such a storm of arrows smote them that few lived to tell the tale. This last experience was decisive. D'Annebault sailed for his own coast and disembarked his soldiers to assist in the siege of Boulogne. Early in August he was again at sea, and the fleets met on the afternoon of the 15th off Shoreham. An attack of the galleys was beaten off with loss, and Lisle anchored to prepare for a general action with the great ships on the following day. Once again, and this time finally, D'Annebault shirked the issue. When morning dawned his fleet was almost out of sight. He returned to Havre, paid off his crews, now decimated by plague and typhus, and left the English in undisputed command of the Channel.

When the French disappeared from Portsmouth the English Government was not slow to realise the significance of the fact. On the 23rd the Council had been ordering up men and supplies. On the 25th they wrote to countermand the march of the London men. Next day they disbanded those of Sussex and Hampshire,

except such as were serving in the Wight. At the end of the month the latter also were sent home. The levies of Oxford, Berks, Wilts, and Worcester had not reached the scene of action when they too were ordered to disband. In comparison with the importance of the service done, the cost of resisting the invasion must have been very low.

During these events Hertford had been watchful in the north. The Scottish Privy Council adopted a resolution on June 28 to call out all subjects of military age to meet on Roslin Moor on that day month. Money had been brought by Lorges Montgomery, the commander of the forces from France, and a "main invasion" of England was determined upon. Hertford was cognisant of all these intentions, but took a very cool view of them. On July 22 he wrote that the Scots were keeping their rendezvous, and that he was sending all his mercenaries to the Border. He would not, however, levy the militia to repel a mere raid, but would first see whether serious business was meant. He had judged truly. The invasion was never launched, and the English commander himself took the offensive in September, when a fresh catalogue of destruction, including seven monasteries, five market towns, and 243 villages, testified to the ferocity of Border warfare.

Of the four divisions of the army of 1545, only one had been actually mustered for defence. It had been so mani-

festly equal to its task that there had been no need to call upon the remainder. With its disbandment there came to an end a long and glorious period in English military history. Since the longbow had first proved its worth at Falkirk, some two hundred and fifty years had elapsed. Its use had made the medieval English armies unique and pre-eminent, and had probably done more to develop the Englishman's character than had any political machinery. For the bow was a weapon which demanded intelligence, constant practice, and craftsmanship of the highest order. A good bowman was no slave, but a self-respecting man, who knew his worth, and took pride in the fact that the alien could not emulate his skill. Hugh Latimer describes how a yeoman's son was early trained to the national sport: "My father was delighted to teach me to shoot with the bow. He taught me how to draw, how to lay my body to the bow, not to draw with the strength of arm as other nations do, but with the strength of the body." Truly it may be said that the longbow was a better breeder of free men than ever the ballot-box has been.

And now the ancient weapon was at the end of its great days. In the reign of Henry VIII. few had been found to disparage it. In the very year of the invasion, Roger Ascham, then a stout archer of twenty-eight, published his '*Toxophilus*,' a dialogue in which the argument is all in favour of the bow, followed by minute in-

structions for training in its use.¹ The King in person received a copy from his hand in the gallery at Greenwich, and public opinion was undoubtedly on the same side. But in the second half of the sixteenth century a great craze of admiration for everything foreign swept over England, in conjunction, strangely enough, with the most aggressive manifestation of national feeling which had yet been seen. Foreign military ideas came in with the new passion for studying the classics and foreign literature. Cæsar and Alexander had not won their battles with the bow, neither had the Great Captain and Charles the Fifth. It was absurd, therefore, for Englishmen to cling to the old ideas. Their infantry must be ranged in trim regiments of musketeers and pikemen in just proportion. Their horse must be armed with the new wheel-lock pistols to be used in preference to sword or lance. The good archer was no longer the man of worship he had been of yore, his weapon was discredited, and a generation arose which had forgotten the ancient art. Once lost it could never again revive. The change was extremely rapid. By 1588, the next occasion on which it was necessary to raise a national army, the archer had entirely disappeared in certain counties, and was rapidly going in the rest.

With the longbow went the efficacy of the old English militia. The peasant, who loved a simple weapon, which gave scope to whatever fineness of nerve and eye and muscle he had in him, had no enthusiasm for the complicated and expensive musket, and for the pedantic precision of drill which his new foreign-trained captains required. The army of 1588 was incomparably less efficient than that of 1545, as many of its leaders in their hearts admitted. The musketeer of that date had no training in the use of his weapon; he carried his powder loose in his pockets, and frequently fired off his ramrod in front of his bullet. His moral was sapped by the consciousness that he was an inferior imitation of what he had no desire to be—a professional soldier of fortune. For nearly a century England continued to graft the new weapons and drill on to the old organisation. It was a period of naval activity and military quiescence, or the fallacy would have been detected earlier. It remained for Cromwell to realise that, having thrown away the old and adopted half the new, the country must complete the process. The triumph of his New Model at Naseby marks the opening of the ascendancy of the regular soldier in our military affairs.

JAMES A. WILLIAMSON.

¹ Two other military books of the period are of interest: 'The Stratagems, Sleights, and Policies of War,' translated from the Latin by Richard Morysine, 1539; and 'An Order which a Prince in Battayle must observe,' anonymous, c. 1540-5. The former consists mainly of illustrations from the classics. The latter is a collection of political, strategical, and tactical maxims which throw some light on obscure accounts of actions of the period.

BLIND MOONE OF LONDON.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

("Dispersed through Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these are of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity.")

BLIND MOONE of London
 He fiddled up and down,
 Thrice for an angel,
 And twice for a crown.
 He fiddled at the *Green Man*,
 He fiddled at the *Rose*;
 And where they have buried him
 Not a soul knows.

All his tunes are dead and gone, dead as yesterday.
 And his lanthorn flits no more
 Round the *Devil Tavern* door,
 Waiting till the gallants come, singing from the play;
 Waiting in the wet and cold!
 All his Whitsun tales are told.
 He is dead and gone, sirs, very far away.

He would not give a silver groat
 For good or evil weather.
 He carried in his white cap
 A long red feather.
 He wore a long coat
 Of the Reading-tawny kind,
 And darned white hosen
 With a blue patch behind.

So—one night—he shuffled past, in his buckled shoon.
 We shall never see his face,
 Twisted to that queer grimace,
 Waiting in the wind and rain, till we called his tune;
 Very whimsical and white,
 Waiting on a blue Twelfth Night!
 He is grown too proud at last—old blind Moone.

Yet, when May was at the door,
And Moone was wont to sing,
Many a maid and bachelor
Whirled into the ring:
Standing on a tilted wain
He played so sweet and loud,
The Mayor forgot his golden chain
And jigged it with the crowd.

Old blind Moone, his fiddle scattered flowers along the street;
Into the dust of Brookfield Fair
Carried a shining primrose air,
Crooning like a poor mad maid, O, very low and sweet,
Drew us close, and held us bound,
Then—to the tune of *Pedlar's Pound*,
Caught us up, and whirled us round, a thousand frolic feet.

Master Shakespeare was his host.
The tribe of Benjamin
Used to call him Merlin's Ghost
At the Mermaid Inn.
He was only a crowder,
Fiddling at the door.
Death has made him prouder.
We shall not see him more.

Only—if you listen, please—through the master's themes,
You shall hear a wizard strain,
Blind and bright as wind and rain
Shaken out of willow-trees, and shot with elfin gleams.
How should I your true love know?
Soraps and snatches—even so!
That is old blind Moone again, fiddling in your dreams.

Once, when Will had called for sack
And bidden him up and play,
Old blind Moone, he turned his back,
Growled, and walked away;
Sailed into a thunder-cloud,
Snapped his fiddle-string,
And hobbled from *The Mermaid*
Sulky as a king.

Only from the darkness now, steals the strain we knew:
 No one even knows his grave!
 Only here and there a stave,
Out of all his hedge-row flock, be-drips the may with dew.
 And I know not what wild bird
 Carried us his parting word:—
Master Shakespeare needn't take the crowder's fiddle, too.

Will has wealth and wealth to spare.
 Give him back his own.
At his head a grass-green turf,
 At his heels a stone.
See his little lanthorn-spark.
 Hear his ghostly tune,
Glimmering past you, in the dark,
 Old blind Moone!

All the little crazy brooks, where love and sorrow run
 Crowned with sedge and singing wild,
 Like a sky-lark—or a child!—
Old blind Moone he knew their springs, and played 'em
 every one;
 Stood there, in the darkness, blind,
 And sang them into Shakespeare's mind. . . .

Old blind Moone of London, O now his songs are done,
The light upon his lost white face, they say it was the sun!

The light upon his poer old face, they say it was the sun!

THE CARE OF THE WOUNDED IN WAR.

BY MAJOR F. A. SYMONS, M.B., R.A.M.C.

At the moment of writing the United Kingdom is practically being converted into a preparatory hospital of a magnitude which fills one with speculation. It is undoubtedly wiser to overdo our preparations than to underestimate our requirements. The amateurs, whose generous efforts to prepare for the worst are being advertised broadcast, deserve every praise. At the same time one cannot help but wonder if the stay-at-home English public have any idea as to the official measures taken in the field for the care of the sick and wounded.

In preparing for the treatment of the wounded one must, if possible, have some idea as to what the likely requirements are to be. How many wounded are to be expected from each engagement? To the uninitiated this question seems unanswerable. In a sense, of course, it is unanswerable. And yet it is upon definite figures of probabilities that all the regulations of the army in the field are based.

Let us take an army division as our unit for study. A division in war comprises, of all arms, some 18,000 men. Statistics, based on all great previous wars, point to certain average facts. It is obvious that it is only the probable upon which our anticipatory

arrangements can be based. What, then, are the statistics known regarding the wounded of a division in a great battle?

Out of this 18,000 men only about three-fifths will be actually engaged with the enemy. The remainder, employed in various non-fighting capacities for the moment, become for the purposes of calculation a negligible quantity. Say that 10,000 men are engaged. Of these, 10 per cent must be expected to become casualties—i.e., 1000. Of this 1000, 20 per cent will be killed. This leaves us 800 to deal with. Of this 800, 20 per cent will be able to walk to what is called the Divisional Collecting Station. There, having received what surgical aid they require, they will remain until the end of the engagement, and then return for the remainder of their required treatment to their units; 640 are therefore left for admission to hospital; 60 per cent (of the 800) can be carried in the ambulance waggons, sitting up; 15 per cent will require lying-down accommodation; and 5 per cent will be unfit to be moved from the place where they fell.

It will readily be seen, therefore, that the Army Medical Service in the field starts forth with a fairly shrewd idea as to what it may be called upon to

face. In order to meet its liabilities, what, then, are the customary preparations of the medical service for a division? In other words, what is a wounded man to expect during his transit from the fighting line to a hospital in England during the war in which we are now engaged?

Let us start with the battalion of infantry. Each company boasts of two men, designated "regimental stretcher-bearers," who, having been trained in first-aid work, carry a stretcher. At the beginning of an action these bearers, under the command of the medical officer attached to the battalion, fall to the rear, and are located as the medical officer sees fit. A soldier falls, wounded. First-aid is at once applied by the bearers, and the wounded man carried to the shelter of a rock, ditch, or trees, close at hand. If the wound is particularly serious the medical officer intervenes. The latter cannot, however, be everywhere at once, and the battalion, in open order, may cover almost a mile of country.

In a pocket concealed in the left-hand skirt of the khaki jacket each officer and soldier carries a small packet, called a "first field dressing." This contains two bandages and two antiseptic pads in a hermetically sealed cover. One pad is for the entrance wound of a bullet, and the other for the exit wound (if any exists). More serious injuries, such as fractured legs, &c., must be treated later on when more time

and more suitable opportunity permits, or if very urgent, by means of improvised rifle splints, &c., before moving the patient.

The regimental bearers, therefore, having deposited their wounded in temporary shelter, leave them there, and continue to advance in rear of the fighting line. The Field Ambulances of the Royal Army Medical Corps now take up the story.

There are three brigades in a division, and each of these is provided with one Field Ambulance. Such an ambulance consists of three sections, which may either work together or over separate zones. Each section is again subdivided into a bearer and tent subdivision. In action one tent subdivision is usually pushed forward as near the fighting line as safety will permit, in order to establish a Dressing Station.

From this station the bearer subdivisions, equipped with stretchers (four or six men to each), and supported by ambulance waggon (ten for each Field Ambulance), starts forth to search for wounded. In order to ensure that no wounded are missed, and also for the sake of avoiding overlapping, each Bearer Subdivision is appointed to a definite area of the fighting zone, marked out on the map. Covering, perhaps, miles of country, these bearers collect the wounded from the temporary "regimental aid posts," and convey them to a convenient rendezvous, called the "Collecting Station," which

consists of nothing more nor less than a group of ambulance waggons. At night lanterns are used. These waggons, having been completely loaded, proceed to the Dressing Station. It is here that wounds requiring it are dressed afresh, appliances more elaborate than the simple first field dressing may be used, and minor urgent operations performed.

The ambulance waggons again load up from the Dressing Station, and, finding the road, trek to the rear, until at some point, presumably out of shell fire, the full tent subdivisions of the Field Ambulance are found. Little red wooden arrows on posts point the road. The position chosen should be such that expansion is possible; there should be no artillery near at hand (to draw possible shell fire), and there should be good water available. The distance from the field is possibly three miles. In this tented unit are found tents sufficient to accommodate 150 wounded, and an operating tent. From the crossbar of a flagstaff floats a union jack on one side and a red-cross flag on the other during daylight. At night two white lights replace the flag.

A Field Ambulance encampment is not meant to accommodate wounded longer than is absolutely necessary. There is plenty of food, consisting of ordinary bread and meat rations, bovril, and other medical comforts, but there are no beds or even stretchers for the patients to lie upon.

Waterproof ground sheets are the only luxury. This point, however, is not such a hardship as might be supposed, inasmuch as T. Atkins notoriously prefers to stretch himself on the ground rather than be confined to a stretcher.

As a Field Ambulance is essentially a mobile unit, and may be required to move forward at any hour with its advancing brigade, what is it to do with its wounded? It is possible that the latter may, under stress of circumstances, have to be retained for a day or so. Such a proceeding, however, would be exceptional. The wounded must be evacuated as rapidly as possible back towards the nearest railway—that is, towards some stationary hospital, or other, where some fixity of tenure is obtainable. The *modus operandi* of this evacuation of Field Ambulances opens up a question of modern warfare which is for the first time in real war to be tried now. It has been experimented with in connection with imaginary wounded during manœuvres, and it is decidedly the most interesting subject of transport and medical discussion up-to-date. In order to explain the plan, we must jump for the moment to a description of what is called a "Clearing Hospital."

Whilst each division possesses three Field Ambulances, it is provided with only one Clearing Hospital. This unit, constituted either of tents or suitable buildings, is expected to accommodate 200 patients,

and to be capable of expansion. Its sealed-pattern position is at the nearest rail-head. It contains no beds, but is provided with stretchers, rubber-tyred wheeled stretchers, and a very complete equipment of cooking and operating arrangements. Its object is merely to provide a dumping-ground for the Field Ambulances. And yet again it is not a stationary hospital, because, as the tide of war advances, it may also be required to advance at short notice. Its urgency, however, in no way compares with that of the Field Ambulances. If it is fortunate enough to be at the rail-head, it can dispose of its wounded by means of the Ambulance Trains direct. If, on the other hand, it has had to move forward in order to relieve the Field Ambulances, it must find its own transport through the intervention of the Inspector-General, Lines of Communications.

To return to the plan, still more or less theoretical, whereby the wounded on the evening of a day of battle are to be evacuated from the Field Ambulances to the Clearing Hospital.

At certain hours the Army Service Corps Supply motor-lorries are advertised to arrive at a fixed rendezvous (the "Refilling Point") from the rail-head with the rations for the following day. The brigade regimental waggons meet the lorries at that point and relieve the latter of the food supplies.

The Clearing Hospital, being warned of the hour of depart-

ure of these lorries from the rail-head, sends small parties of R.A.M.C. trained orderlies with them. The Field Ambulance having also been warned, carry their wounded, by means of their horse waggons, to the Refilling Point, and there load them into the returning empty motor lorries under the care of the Clearing Hospital staff sent forward. Stretchers and straw are provided, and the lorries can be made nearly as comfortable as a motor ambulance wagon. As these lorries convey food up to a distance of quite twenty-five miles from the rail-head, it will at once be seen how valuable their speed power is as compared with the old method of laborious and painful horse ambulance transport.

Discussions upon the utility of this lorry system, and also as to the most suitable locality in the scheme of things for the erection of the Clearing Hospital, have been waged deeply for the last couple of years, and much earnest thought has been given to the matter. The history of the present war will doubtless clear up many a disputed point.

Be it understood that every army medical unit carries tents. If more suitable accommodation can be discovered the tents are not erected. School-houses, churches, and other large airy buildings can often be found in civilised countries. Schools are the best, as they contain lavatory fixtures. Churches are deficient of both

lavatories and water. A medical unit in war is equipped with every detail likely to be required. If the country can supply better, well and good, but on mobilisation the country is depended upon for no single item except water.

To return to the chain of evacuation of wounded. From the Clearing Hospital the wounded are transferred direct to an Ambulance Train. This train is equipped for some 350 cases, is provided with well-appointed berths, a kitchen, food, and a trained nursing staff. Its duty is to run between the rail-head and the Base. If the lines of communications are long, it will probably be confined to but one section of the line.

Stationary Hospitals (tented or otherwise), each accommodating 200 cases, are located at suitable places on the line of rail. For cases which would seem likely to recover within a short time these Stationary Hospitals are very useful. They are, of course, equally useful for such cases as cannot stand a long journey to the Base.

The Base hospital (one, or many, according as the number of wounded demands) is called a General Hospital. It is equipped for 520 cases, possesses a staff of skilled operators, nursing orderlies of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and about forty nursing sisters. Except that it may be under canvas, or in improvised buildings, such a hospital is as well appointed as a first-class hospital in England. The patients

who pass through its treatment either return, cured, to the front, or are despatched by means of Hospital Ships to the Home hospitals at Netley, &c. A General Hospital may be moved forward if the strain upon the Stationary Hospitals becomes too severe; but that is unlikely, as an unpacked General Hospital, held in reserve, would probably be despatched up-country, if required.

At certain points along the Lines of Communications are to be found "Advanced Depots of Medical Stores." Here it is that the various field units can obtain fresh medical and surgical equipment to replace wastage. The amount of such equipment would certainly astonish the person who had never seen a field medical unit at work. An operating tent, for instance, is provided with a modern operating table, up-to-date utensils, and elaborate sterilisers; and through a hole in the canvas projects a tube carrying acetylene gas from a generator outside, which supplies the great operating lamp. As I have already stated, nothing is left to chance. Every unit is worked out according to scale. Even the Hospital Ships are calculated for a fixed number of cases. There is one ship for each division, equipped with 220 beds, 20 of which are for officers.

In addition to all the foregoing arrangements, there is now in existence an organised Sanitary Service, consisting of Sanitary Sections and Squads under skilled sanitary officers

of the R.A.M.C. Their duties along the Lines of Communications can be easily imagined. As it is known that enteric fever and cholera can decimate an army as no bullets can do, the value of this modern effort of science to win battles by keeping the fighting men fit, rather than by curing them after they are stricken down, cannot be overestimated. Our soldiers are being inoculated against enteric fever before they start forth. This inoculation acts as a deterrent, and generally a preventative, for quite eighteen months. The British Army has had great experience of its value in India, and by its aid, assisted by modern sanitary ideas (inculcated since the South African War), we hope to keep the grim enteric bacillus at a distance. It is hoped that our allies will do likewise!

Having absorbed a rough and, of necessity, a somewhat sketchy idea of the organisation of a divisional medical equipment in war, let us, in imagination, conduct ourselves from front to base, as so many wounded officers and men will be called upon to do in reality.

The regiment was advancing in open order. Suddenly a shell from an enemy's battery bursts in front of us. The next moment I found myself on my face with my thigh torn by a piece of shell. For a few seconds I was alone. Presently, however, my two company bearers reached me.

"A compound fracture!"

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declared one of them, quickly dragging forth a first field dressing from the pocket in the skirt of my jacket, and tearing open its cover.

"Cut the trousers up, quickly!" ordered a voice over my shoulder.

I turned to see the regimental medical officer at my elbow.

"Here, drink this!" he said, holding forth a tin cup of some pungent stimulant, "and lie quite still."

Quickly and deftly my lacerated thigh was bandaged.

"Sorry we cannot stay with you," stated the medico, "but you'll be all right here under the shadow of the boulder where the others are. You will get your splints in before you are carried."

I must have fainted, for, on opening my eyes, I found myself one of a dozen wounded men lying in a secluded nook. The noise of shell and ping of bullets could be heard gradually lessening. Our troops were obviously advancing rapidly. A final shell or two burst overhead; then came a lull.

From out of a copse of trees on our left a stretcher party in the Royal Army Medical Corps uniform was seen advancing.

"A squad from the Field Ambulance," remarked one of the men by my side, waving his handkerchief tied to his rifle.

At the double the stretcher party crossed a quarter of a mile of open country. A few bullets ploughed up the ground

as they ran, but that did not stop them.

At a glance the senior orderly of the squad diagnosed my condition. By means of grass and bracken, splints were padded; bandages were abstracted from the surgical haversack he carried; a rifle was utilised as a long splint, a bayonet as a short splint, and my equipment straps as accessories.

With trained hands I was carefully lifted on to a stretcher. Then a journey of some half-mile across country was begun. Looking about me, I could see the hillside dotted with other stretcher parties, and near a road at the bottom half a dozen ambulance waggons awaited their freight.

A R.A.M.C. officer, galloping across the ground, directed us. Inquiring as to the nature of my injury, and noting the treatment afforded, he ordered the orderly to affix a tally with the information to one of my buttons.

The ambulance waggon reached, I was deposited therein, stretcher and all. When the waggon was full up with four stretchers, and as many cases sitting up, our journey to the Field Dressing Station began. The jolting was terrible, but I had long before realised that one cannot have war without suffering. In an agony of pain I wondered why one should be so jolted. It was not until much later I learned that all the carriage-builders' brains in England have failed to produce a waggon strong enough for war which would not jolt.

Close to a farmhouse, beneath sturdy elms, the waggon drew up. An officer, stepping into my field of vision, examined my leg and ordered me to be disembarked. A handful of tents met my gaze, and the pleasant smell of a wood fire permeated the atmosphere.

"You went into action shortly after daylight, and it is now ten o'clock," cried the officer. "Bring a bowl of soup and some bread, orderly! H'm, I don't think we need disturb these splints. After you have fed you will be much more comfortable in the Field Ambulance. It is erected in a village about three miles in rear, and you can get your dinner there. This is only the Dressing Station."

Gulping down the strong soup with all the greediness of a half-starved man, I felt much relieved. The main road had now been reached, and the waggons were expected to proceed more easily. With a word of encouragement from the medical officer, I was again entrusted to the waggon, and we moved off at a gentle trot.

It seemed hours before I again heard a surgeon's voice, but all the way the driver and R.A.M.C. orderly-in-charge kept up a running conversation with men by the roadside. These, I heard, were those who, through the slightness of their wounds, were compelled to walk back to a rendezvous called the Divisional Collecting Station. Their opportunities to be picked up were disregarded, as our waggons

were already full of serious cases.

We reached the Field Ambulance at last. My improvised splints were replaced by orthodox ones, and I found myself lying on a waterproof sheet in a tent with three other cases. My name and particulars entered in a book, I was given a meal of bread and fried beef and a cup of tea, which cheered me not a little.

The day waned. My leg was beginning to throb painfully. The orderly gave me a drink of water and took my temperature. I could hear the steady rumble of ambulance waggons bringing in wounded. The tents appeared to be full, and yet more wounded were arriving. My wrist-watch was intact. It was seven o'clock.

The sound of a galloping horse was heard outside.

"Our division is to advance an hour before dawn, sir," shouted the messenger to the officer commanding the Field Ambulance. "You are to evacuate your wounded as soon as possible and pack up."

"Ah! And the Army Service Corps Refilling Point?"

"Is at the cross-roads about a mile to the rear, sir, at eight o'clock."

With a clatter of hoofs the messenger was gone again. The medical officer in charge gave me a hypodermic injection of morphia, and again I was lifted into an ambulance waggon. In a semi-conscious state I dreamed

wildly, but the morphia had dulled my pain.

The great lorries, drawn up in rows, amidst which lanterns flitted hither and thither, and the scores of wounded, bandaged in every conceivable manner, presented a bizarre and picturesque scene. My allotted corner of a lorry, well packed with bracken, was preferable to the ambulance waggon; in fact, I fell asleep.

On awakening, I found myself deposited in a tent once more, still on my stretcher. With the aid of another hypodermic injection I passed the night comfortably, and during the day which followed was able to take an interest in the life about me. My new abode was a Clearing Hospital. It appeared that another severe battle had been fought at noon that day, and more wounded would be arriving by midnight. Consequently, I was not surprised when at sunset I received warning that I was to proceed down country in the ambulance train at once.

The clean white sheets of my berth were delicious. I had not had my clothes off for a week.

To relate in detail all that happened as I sojourned for a fortnight in a large General Hospital at the Base would be wearisome. It was a time of peaceful repose, during which I received every luxury of food and drink that was good for me. As my leg would, however, be of no use for soldiering purposes for some

months, I was at last selected to join a shipload of invalids for England. Netley received me, and the Officers' Convalescent Home at Osborne completed my cure.

The above, although imaginary, is to all intents and purposes absolutely accurate in detail. Of course a stereotyped procedure cannot invariably be carried out. I have known a sporting medical officer commanding an ambulance train run his train, under fire, straight on to the

battlefield and load up with wounded direct. In the present war I am of opinion that the sealed-pattern scheme will be carried out with as detailed accuracy as possible. It has been well tried on manœuvres, and the lessons of South Africa have by no means been forgotten. It is obviously not merely doctoring that the wounded man requires,—it is transport and feeding. And the administrative ability requisite for the latter can only be obtained by experience and practice.

ALADORE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—HOW YWAIN CAME THE SECOND TIME TO THE HERMIT, AND HOW HE TOOK COUNSEL OF HIM.

Now Ywain fell swiftly earthward, and belike the time of his falling was no great space: but to him it seemed long, beyond reckoning, for his wits were battered and edgeworn, as a stone is worn by a hundred years of rolling. And whiles he dropped headlong through the void, and whiles the wind came up beneath him and lifted him lightly, so that he rose and fell as it were upon great waves of the sea. But at the last he came hurtling down upon a forest, and among the trees of it his wings were caught and broken: yet was Ywain not broken therewith, but he took the earth easily and recovered himself.

Then he got to his feet and began to go through the forest, and it came to his mind that he was thrice lost, and not once only: for he was gone from his lady and from his friend, and he knew not where to seek them nor in what place of the world he might himself be wandering. And for Aithne he prayed to see her again in no long time, for he knew how she could come and go by her own magic, that was her gift of faery: but for Hyperenor he lamented without praying, for he supposed that

he was gone beyond that. And for himself he raged against fate, for it seemed to him that his life had fallen suddenly from light to darkness, as a lamp that is thrown down, and though it be not broken, yet it cannot be kindled again, but cold it lies and blackened that was burning but a moment since. And when he perceived that, then he bit and beat against time as a wild thing will bite against the bars of a cage.

Howbeit he continued still upon his way, and suddenly he perceived that he was in no strange path: for he was going between tall pines, and beyond the pines was a stream that ran burbling, and a bank with great beeches upon it, and he went forward quickly as one that well knows what he shall find. And as he thought, so it fortuneed to him, for he came by sunrise to a bare lawn under a cliff, and in the face of the cliff was a door carven and a window or two, and it was the house of the hermit that was friend to him, and right glad he was to see that place again.

And when he came there the sun was risen, and the hermit was coming forth out of his house in like manner as he had

done aforetime, and in like manner he brought bread and broke it for the small fowls of the forest. And Ywain was amazed to behold his dealing: for there had come no change upon the man, nor upon the place, nor upon anything therein, but Ywain only was changed within himself and made new by time and trouble.

Then he stood still beneath a beech-tree, and called with a quiet voice and bade the hermit a good morning: and the hermit moved not but answered him yet more quietly, and continued feeding his birds. So they two came together without ado or overmuch heartiness, but inwardly they were quickened both, as with memory and friendship. And they went together to the stream, and when they had given bread to the fishes, then they did off their garments quickly and took the pool as they had done aforetime: and they sported joyfully and so came home to break their fast together.

Now as they sat at table Ywain looked out from the window, and he saw the sunlight upon the lawn, and he heard the murmur of the stream, for the sound of it came by upon a little wind of morning; and he bethought him how the times were changed, and all his mind unknown to the hermit that sat beside him. Then the hermit said to him: We are strangely met again: for in a year this place is nowise changed, and I have gone but a little downward on the byway of my life, but you have journeyed far to

the forward, and are come within sight of your desire. And Ywain was astonished and asked him: How know you that which has befallen me, for it is a long tale and I have not yet told a word of it. And the hermit answered: I know it not, but there is little need of telling. For I set you forth on your way to Paladore, and therein you followed your desire: and without doubt there met you by the way a woman, for by every man's way there is a woman, and without doubt you learned of her that which all women teach. And for the rest, you have encountered this and that adventure, and though you have proved them well, yet have you failed of your achievement unto this present, for there is hope in your eyes and no certainty, and you are here alone and wandering.

Then Ywain opened his heart, and he told his story by part and by parcel, until he had told it all. And when he had ended his telling the hermit was silent, and he sat there stilly and moved no more than if he had been lost in sleep. And at the last Ywain said to him: That which I have done, is it well done or ill? Then the hermit stirred a little, and sighed deeply, and so fell again to silence. But afterwards he spoke and said to Ywain: Forgive me, for I was thinking of myself. Yet not of myself only, but of you and of many, for we are all banished men, and we seek for the road of our returning. And you do well on your part, for your serving

and your seeking are one, and though you find not yet neither do you turn aside to rest: for the time is not come wherein you must be content with memory and solitude.

And Ywain looked upon him and he saw that he spoke out of sorrow: for his eyes were like still water, but deep within them the spirit of the man was troubled, as the sand is troubled beneath the stillness of a spring. And Ywain longed greatly to comfort him, but found no words, for he would not question him of his sorrow. Then he thought to put him in mind of his wisdom that he had found by loneliness: but thereto the hermit answered yet more sadly and said: there

are that choose loneliness, but upon me it came perforce. And for my wisdom, it is one thing to you and another thing to me: for to you it is as a living voice, to counsel the living, but to me it is as the stone upon a grave, which gives good words when there is none left to hear them.

Then Ywain said to him: What then? Will you return and come with me? And the hermit smiled a little and answered him: Not so, for I should be none the nearer to the country of my abiding. But go you, he said, and return to the city, and do your seeking among men: for your life is yet to find, and among men you must find it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—HOW YWAIN RETURNED AGAIN TO PALADORE FOR TO DWELL THERE, AND HOW HE SPOKE TO APPEASE A STRIFE THAT WAS BETWEEN THE PEOPLE.

So on that day Ywain had converse with the hermit, and on the morrow early he departed from him. And he went from him by the former way, but he went not after the former manner: for at this time his journeying was by daylight and not by moonlight, and he had no aid of horses but fared always upon his feet. Notwithstanding he made good speed and came betimes to the place of the stepping-stones, and it seemed to him a place right dreary and desert, where before had been his lady with him and great fighting upon the bank. So he passed on quickly and came to Paladore: and he saw

the city also as a dim and dreary city, for his heart was fordone with loneliness and his thought dragged like a man that is footsore with going.

Then he came to the gate and passed in: and immediately there came to meet him two men, and they ran towards him on this side and on that, and one of them was clad in scarlet and the other in black. And they two laid hold on him both together, and they spoke to him loudly as it were with one voice, so that he heard not of their saying two words in twenty. But when their ardour was somewhat abated, then he heard them more plainly: and

their tale was this, that the Company of the Eagle and the Company of the Tower were at odds together, and some of them were even now within the Great Hall of the city speaking the one against the other, and like enough to go further with it. And as for them which took hold of Ywain, they had the office from their companies to wait within the gate, and if any should enter, to send him quickly to the place of meeting. And they offered Ywain badges, of the Tower and of the Eagle, and were urgent with him each for his own, that Ywain might declare himself as of that company: for they knew him not, or else they had forgotten, or belike they thought to carry him away with words.

And when he heard their clamouring, and knew not for what cause the striving might be, then at the first his spirit was sick within him, and he thought to break away from them. And he said to them: Let me go my way, for I have enough business of my own. And again he said: Let me go, for I am weary and would rest. But when he had spoken those words he saw the men no longer, neither the red nor the black, but he saw beside him the hermit standing and looking into his face. Then the hermit took him by the hand and began to lead him towards the market-place: and as they went he spoke not to Ywain, but held him always by the hand, and it

was as though his mind was poured into Ywain's mind like wine that is poured from one cup into another. And Ywain knew whither he went, and he made no more resistance, for he said within himself: This is the life of Paladore, to strive by companies, and I know of which company I am. Then he thought again upon the Eagles and his blood leapt up to be with them, and he hastened in his going and knew not that he hastened. And in that moment the hermit was gone from him, and he came alone into the market-place.

Now there was gathered in the place a crowd exceeding great and turbulent, and they were plainly divided between the two companies. For they which favoured the Tower stood upon the steps of the Great Hall in a ground of vantage, and they which were of the Eagles stood in the street below: and they were waiting until their men should come forth to them from within the Hall, and as they waited they gibbered and giped, the one party against the other. But when they saw Ywain they left that and shouted at him all together, for they remembered him and desired him each company for their own. And the Eagles desired him because he had fought for them aforetime, and they of the Tower desired him because he had fought against them and worsted them: so that between them Ywain thought to be divided piecemeal.

But in that moment the

doors of the Great Hall were opened, and they which were within began to come forth. And there came before them a orier with a bell, and he stood upon the topmost step and rang his bell and cried: and Ywain heard of his crying the last word only. And they of the Tower caught up that word and shouted joyfully: He is banished. Then the Eagles shouted: He shall not be banished; and their shouting was the louder and by some deal the fiercer. And they called to Ywain to help them, and they made way and pushed him forward upon the steps.

Then he went slowly up the steps, and he stood and looked upon the crowd: and as he stood he cast about in his mind what he should say, for of the matter in dispute he knew but this word only, that one was in danger to be banished. So from that word he began his speaking, and he said first, how that to banish any man was an evil custom, against kindness and against reason both: for if a man had done wrong he should suffer there where he had done the wrong, seeing that it was his

country notwithstanding. And secondly, he said how that in any case a man should suffer by law and not by hatred: for he may offend a whole company and yet be no lawbreaker, nor of evil intent. And thirdly, he said that to speak against customs is lawful: for a custom may be such as was good yesterday, but in no-wise good to-day, nor for ever, and to end it is no murder. And all this he spoke not angrily but with a sad voice and a slow: and from fierce the crowd became gentle, and they murmured continually for pleasure as a cat will purr when she is stroked with the hand. For they of Paladore love best to see fighting, but after that they love to hear speaking, and he that hath power of wind may raise their anger at his own will and lay it again, like the waters of the sea.

So they were stilled and put in peace together, as for this time, and they left the marketplace and departed each to his own business. But they of the Tower forswore not their intent, for they held by their custom and hated Ywain, but they perceived well that they must abide their time.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—HOW YWAIN BEHELD A GAME OF CHILDREN AND HEARD THEIR SINGING.

Now Ywain stood still to see the crowd departing, and of them which came near to him there were some which greeted him and some which looked sullenly upon him. And as he saw them he thought upon

the fashion of this world, wherein all men are homeless: for though a man dwell where he will and see good days, yet everywhere he will be at strife with some, and belike with many. Then he thought to go

to his own house, and he came there and entered into it: but when he was therein he looked about him doubtfully, for he could not tell if it should be still his own, or given to another.

So he stayed not there, but went forth again he knew not whither: for his wits wandered otherwhere, but his feet lightly found out the ways of his desire. And the time was the time of sunset, and there went a great thunder over the city, and a sudden rain; and when the rain ceased there was a light in the air and a marvelous clearness. And it seemed to Ywain as though that clearness was in his eyes also, and in his mind and in his heart: and he went wandering in joy. So he came to a gate of the city and marked it not, but passed through it: and beyond the gate he saw suddenly the High Steep before him, grey and green, and upon it was a company of children singing and making merry, for they had run forth after the ceasing of the rain. And there beyond them was the sea, shining like grey steel, and the trees were dark against it; and the sky was heavy above with bands of purple, but between the bands the colour of it was pale and cool, and like to the colour of green apples.

Then Ywain stood still to look upon the sea and the sky, and the children came round about him and looked also. And as they stood looking there passed a cloud over the Shepherdine Sands, and the cloud was drawn down upon the white water, and it was the last cloud of the storm

going west before the wind. And the passing away of it was like the drawing of a curtain, for immediately there was light instead of darkness upon the Shepherdine Sands and upon all the region that was beyond. And in the light there was a land, as it were far off but exceeding clear: and upon the land was a steep and a city, and by seeming it was no strange city, for it was built and bulwarked after the very fashion of Paladore. Notwithstanding it was strange enough: for it was small and bright as a city that is painted in a book, and the light where-with it shone was a light of dawn and not of sunset.

And as Ywain looked upon the city it seemed to him that the light was upon his own eyes also, and upon his mind and upon his heart, and he named the land aloud and called it Aladore. And the children that were beside him heard the word that he spoke, and immediately they broke into shouting after the manner of children, and ran busily from one to another among themselves: and Ywain perceived that they would play at a game together, and by seeming the game was called the game of Aladore. And at the first he marvelled, but afterwards he marvelled no more, for he remembered how that it was forbidden to speak that name in all the city, and how that the desire of children is ever to do and to say that which is forbidden them.

Then he went a little aside and stood within the gateway and looked forth to see the

playing of that pastime. And he saw how the children departed them into two bands, which stood aline the one over against the other. And their pastime was the singing of a song: and they sang it as it were an antiphony, verse answering to verse, and they kept the time full orderly with their hands and with their feet. And the verses of the song were in number six, and the words of it were these—

To Aladore, to Aladore,
Who goes the pilgrim way?
Who goes with us to Aladore
Before the dawn of day?

O if we go the pilgrim way,
Tell us, tell us true,
How do they make their pilgrimage
That walk the way with you?

O you must make your pilgrimage
By noonday and by night,
By seven years of the hard hard road
And an hour of starry light.

O if we go by the hard hard road,
Tell us, tell us true,
What shall they find in Aladore
That walk the way with you?

You shall find dreams in Aladore,
All that ever were known:
And you shall dream in Aladore
The dreams that were your own.

O then, O then to Aladore,
We'll go the pilgrim way,
To Aladore, to Aladore,
Before the dawn of day.

Now these were all the verses which the children sang, but when they had sung them all, then they sang the last verse again and yet again. And as they sang they turned them about, and they went by two and by two along the edge of the green steep, after the manner of lovers or of friends which go together on pilgrimage: and when Ywain saw that his heart burned his eyes, for even in the playing of the children he beheld an image of his own life. But they went from him quickly, for they continued still in their singing and their marching, and they passed by a tower that was in the wall and Ywain saw them no more. But he heard their singing far off, when they were long gone from him, and at the last he knew not in truth whether he heard it or heard it not, but only he knew that the sound of it was still abiding with him.

CHAPTER XL.—HOW YWAIN CAME TO ALADORE.

Then Ywain went forth again from the gateway, and he came to the edge of the High Steep, to the place wherein the children had their pastime: and there under the trees he began to go to and fro, for he was restless by reason of the song that was yet in his ears. And as he went to and fro the song con-

tinued with him, and it worked as it were an enchantment in his blood: for he kept looking upon Aladore, that lay there under the sky border, beyond the Shepherdine Sands, and he saw it in a light that was no light of earth. And he knew no longer where he might be, but the world was lost and vanished from him; and his

feet ceased from going, and he stood at gaze, looking only upon that land of his desire.

Now at the first it was far off from him, but afterwards he beheld it near and clear past telling, for it seemed to him that power came upon him whereby he had vision of things not to be seen with eyes. And for the land, he saw that it was in all ways like to the land whereon he stood, and in like shape it lay beside the sea margent, and in like manner it rose up in a high steep, green and grey, and set with tall trees and shadowy. And for the city, that also was of no strange semblance, for it was in fashion the very image and counterpart of Paladore: and it was compassed with like walls and towers, and with like gardens and streets enriched and diapered.

But by imagination Ywain beheld the place otherwise; for in his vision he perceived it as a city of peace, and one that knew neither strife nor evil custom, nor men of wood nor men of wildfire, but only young lovers and old friends and folk of free and gentle dealing. And beside these there were none other, save only fays and phantoms: and Ywain knew that it was in all things such a city as seeing it he would have loved it in his youth, and his life days seemed to him but wasted until he should enter and dwell therein. And therewith his spirit rose within him and cried after that land with utter longing, for his memory and his

hope were become one, and he knew not how to endure them.

Then he started suddenly out of his vision and went down the High Steep like a rolling stone, and he came quickly with great bounds to the margent of the sea. And when he came there he was aware of a little ship that lay upon the water, and it was made fast to the shore with a black rope and a white, and in it was a mast and a sail, and the sail was party black and white. And Ywain stayed not there, but leapt aboard and hoised up the sail: and he took the hermit's knife from his breast and cut through the ropes, both the black and the white, for they were knotted strongly upon a ring of iron. Then he took the tiller into his hand, and the ship began to go swiftly from the shore. And he looked towards Aladore, and saw it fair before him: but how he should come there he knew not, for he must come first into that white and tumbling water of the Shepherdine Sands.

Right so he came flying amidst the Sands and entered into the quick of them: and the ship staggered and went suddenly from under him, and he fell down and down to the bottom of the sea. And he fell flatling, and sprang up again and leapt upon his feet: and he looked upward, and beheld the sea, as it were above his head, all white and seething. And he perceived how it was in truth no sea but

mist, and belike it was a mist of faery, for it rolled and swirled above him in all semblance like to the sea, but there was in it neither death nor darkness.

Then he went forward under the mist, and as he went it broke and was made thin before him, and he saw green grass beneath his feet, and over against him a mount of grey and green, and he knew that he was come unto the High Steep of Aladore. And he saw it with no amazement but with gladness only, for it was with him as with a man that has been long voyaging and is returning at last into his own country. And he loved the land and greeted it in his heart; and he found the path and climbed upon it, and came quickly to the topmost of the Steep.

And as he went climbing, he heard again the song that before was in his ears, and at the first he knew not whether he

heard it within him or without. Then he saw above him the walls of the city and the gate therein, and before the gate were children playing, and the children were the same children and their pastime was the same pastime: for they stood a line in two lines and sang together after the former fashion, and the words of their song were these:

You shall find dreams in Aladore,
All that ever were known:
And you shall dream in Aladore
The dreams that were your own.

Then when he heard those words he assented thereto, and he laughed in his heart and so passed on: for they seemed to him nothing new, but he heard them as it were out of childhood and sweet memory. And he entered by the gateway and came singing into the city; and the streets of it were cool and shining like pale gold, for they were all agleam with a light mist of sunrise.

CHAPTER XII.—HOW YWAIN ENTERED INTO THE RHYMER'S HERITAGE, AND HOW HE FOUND HIS LADY THEREIN.

Now as Ywain went into the city he went joyfully, for his heart was uplifted, and his thoughts were like high white clouds in a blue sky of summer. And most of all he joyed to see the beauty of the place, for the form of it was the form of Paladore, but the beauty was mingled of likeness and unlikeness. And wherever he looked, there he saw that which he remembered, and there also he saw

that which he remembered not, so that his joy was both old and new.

And when he had gone but a score of paces into the city, he came to the court that lay before the great Gard, and in the entrance of it he stayed. And there passed by him two or three which went not in: and he asked them whose was the castle, for he perceived that there was a change upon it. And they answered him

that it was no castle, but the Rhymer's Hall; for that by the Rhymer it was long since founded and upbuilt. And when they had so answered they vanished from him suddenly, and were gone as though they had never been.

Then he was astonished and pondered a little, looking within the court. And in the court he saw not the halberdiers and men a-horseback which had been there aforetime, but upon the steps of the castle he saw a five or six minstrels with their lutes, and anon they sang and anon they talked together, and by seeming their talk was all only upon their lutes and upon their singing.

Then Ywain came to them and greeted them, and said: How long is this become a place of singing? And one of them answered him courteously, and said: Fair lord, by your will we sing and by your will we are silent, seeing that we are but the servants of your dream. And even as Ywain heard those words the minstrels vanished, and there was nothing of them left in that place, save a little sound of lutestrings that lingered waywardly.

So Ywain entered into the Rhymer's Hall, and within door he found the porter, and the man sat there reading upon a book. And Ywain asked him: What read you? and immediately the porter vanished without answer given, and there was nought seen of him but his chair, and upon the chair was the book

whereon he had been reading. Then Ywain came near and took up the book and looked within it: and it was a wide book, painted delicately with great letters and with pictures. And the picture that was open before him was the picture of two lovers by a garden door; and the lady stood beside the door and leaned upon it with her hand to open it, but the lover came to her in habit of a pilgrim, and his hat was broad above his face, and shadowed it. And Ywain's heart quickened as he looked: for the lady was his own lady, and she stood there as living as the leaves in spring.

Then he laid the book upon the chair and left it lying, and he went through the Rhymer's Hall from end to end, and through all the courts of it and out beyond. And he came by a pleached alley to a close, and looked across the close: and upon the far side of it was a wall of stone, and in the wall was a carven doorway, and a door of wood. And there before the doorway stood Aithne in the morning gold, and she laid her hand against the door and looked a little downward, as one that is waiting and musing. And when Ywain came to her she spoke no word, but she turned away and led him through the doorway, and the door fell back and closed behind them: and it closed full slowly, but at the last there was a small noise of clanking and the bar went home into the notch.

And that noise was sweet in Ywain's ears, for it seemed

to shut the world away, and he went to his lady as one that comes to his own land after long captivity. And little they spoke in words, but they looked each at other, and his eyes were to her like two bright spears levelled in battle, and her eyes were to him like a valley at evening, when the smoke goes up into the twilight.

Then at the last he said to her: What then is this place? And she said: it was the Rhymer's heritage, and now is mine; and that which is mine is yours, for you have found it out and taken it.

And belike it was yours from the beginning, for it is you that have made it anew, and you are the master of your dream. And as she spoke those words a fear came suddenly upon him lest she also should vanish and be gone from him. And he would have cried aloud of his fear, but she laid her hand upon his mouth and laughed and stayed him from uttering. And she said: I know your thought, and vain it is: for your dream and mine are one and not two, as they were aforetime, but each in other we have our home and our abiding.

CHAPTER XLII.—HOW YWAIN AND AITHNE WERE GIVEN EACH TO OTHER, AND HOW THEY WERE WEDDED BY THE FREEDOM OF ALADORE.

Then Ywain stood still and mused, looking down upon the grass about his feet: and he mused upon his pilgrimage whereby he had at last come hither. And Aithne asked him of his musing, and he answered her not, but he said: Tell me, O my beloved, when shall be the end of this my pilgrimage? And she answered: It is ended, for the shrine is found, and the lamp of the world is lit afresh. But he asked her again: By what token shall I have certainty of this? And she said: By a flame and by a gift, for by those tokens is love confirmed of all lovers both of old and for ever. Then his blood beat and his throat trembled and he said: Yea, beloved, but it may yet be far to the hour of

giving. And she also trembled and said: The hour of giving is the hour of starlight, and between the sunset and the moonrising it will be here. Then Ywain looked again upon the ground and he saw beside his feet the long morning shadows, and he said: It is far, O my beloved. And she said: Nay, but have I not told you, that all things here are yours, for that you only are the master of the dream?

Then with her hand she pointed to the shadows upon the grass, and they were two shadows that were as one, and they lay upon a wide and open space. And Ywain looked again upon them and was amazed: for the shadows drew in apace, and they went round him as the finger goes upon

the dial, save that they went a forty times more quickly. And he asked of his lady: What mean these shadows, for they are gone from the West into the East. And she answered him softly: O my lord, see you not that you are master even of the sun in heaven? And she looked stilly into his eyes, and a little wind of evening blew cool upon him.

Then she took him by the hand and led him within the house, and she brought him to an upper room and to a window therein which looked upon the city. And the window was wide open, and without it was a gallery of stone; and Ywain held his lady's hand and went forward upon the gallery. Then he looked down, and saw beneath him the courtyard full of folk, and the place was filled with the thronging of them, and the street beyond the gates was filled also. And at the first the folk were silent and shadowy, and the twilight gathered thick upon them: and Ywain looked hard among them, peering to see if by their faces he might know them. And by one and by two he knew them, and there were by seeming in that place the faces of all men and women that he had known in all his life days.

Then pity came upon him in a moment, and great pain: for he saw them as folk lost and gone from him, and he would have had them to be partakers in his joy. And in that moment came a light of sunset into the sky, and it glowed upon the faces of them that were before him: and they cried all together

and called him by his name, giving him friendship and honour. And Ywain shut to his eyes, for there was that which burned them hotly: and when he looked forth again there was neither face nor form of any man, but only a sound as of folk departing.

Then Ywain said to Aithne: Are there not also some within doors in this place, that I may do them courtesy? And she answered: They, too, are of the bordure of your dream. So she brought him within, and they went towards the great hall, and there went with them lights and trumpets. And when they came to the hall they found there a great company of knights sitting at feast together: and the knights were in number a hundred, and they were all they which in their time had sought the Lady Aithne and her love, and their feasting was full sombre and courteous. And when they saw Ywain and Aithne they rose up and did them reverence, and they gathered about them and spoke many things of honour and of farewell.

Then Ywain gave them thanks with the like honour, and immediately they faded from before him, and with them the lights also faded and fell to darkness. And in the hall was none left with Ywain and Aithne, save one child only: and the child was nowise strange to them, for it was he which had been the beginner of their pilgrimage. And in his hand was a torch burning, and he bore it up before them, and about them the shadows went

dancing upon the walls and upon the roof: and he went down the hall, and they two followed after him with hand in hand, and so he brought them to the chamber where they should be wed. And when they were come there he turned his torch downwards to quench it upon the floor: and the flame of it vanished and the child therewith, and the place was lit by starlight only.

But in the chamber was also a little glowing as of embers, and Ywain saw there an altar of bronze: and it seemed to him right ancient, as a thing made in the time out of mind. And beside the altar was a platter of meal and a cup of red wine standing: and Aithne took the meal into her hand, and in like manner Ywain took the wine. And they two stood beside the altar on this side and on that, and sprinkled it with meal and wine; and there went up from it two bright flames of fire, a red and a white, and they spired up and were entwined together so that they were two colours but one only flame.

Then Ywain looked upon his beloved and said: The flame is here truly, but where is the gift? And she also looked steadfastly upon him and answered him: The gift is here, but it is yours to show first the manner of the giving. And thereat he took her by the hand and said: Here in free marriage I give thee the body of me, my life with thy life, my blood with thy blood, my dust

with thy dust to be mingled and made one. Then with a low voice she said after him the same words. And he said again: Here also I give thee the heart of me, my love with thy love, my hope with thy hope, my sorrow with thy sorrow to be mingled and made one. And those words also she spoke in like manner. Then he said the third time: Here also do I witness that I have given thee long since the spirit of me, to be thy friend and fellow to the end of pilgrimage. Yea, she said, and thereafter: and with thee and with all spirits to be mingled and made one.

Then she said again as to herself only: Now am I wedded by the freedom of Aladore, and so is my promise fulfilled. And when she had said that she fell suddenly to weeping. And she went to the window and leaned upon the sill, and Ywain came near, and he saw her tears falling bright under the starlight. And he was both sorry and afraid, and he took her in his arms and asked her many times wherefore she wept, and she told him not. And at last she said: That will I tell you, but not now: and I weep not for sorrow but for remembrance. Then he solaced her with comfort of strength and of silence: and afterwards they went joyfully to their wedding and to their rest. And the moon rose on Aladore, and they saw her not: for they slept as it had been the sleep of childhood.

(To be continued.)

A YEOMANRY TREK.

THREE years ago the Editor of 'Maga' gave a friendly reception to an article from the writer, in which he tried to present an account of how Yeomanry are trained on Salisbury Plain, and put forward certain reasons why he believed the Plain to be a thoroughly bad place in which to train them. The article brought down some heavy thunder from various military pundits, including 'The Times' Military correspondent; who one and all missed, or refused to see, the chief count in the article, which was that the little bit of the Plain belonging to the War Office is so crowded in the month of May, what with artillery ranges, aviation sheds, and camps, that no room is left for a manœuvre area. The writer suggested that it would be much more instructive for a brigade, or even a regiment, of Yeomanry to go on trek in the ordinary close country of England, than to play at soldiers on the crowded lawns near Figheldean Crossing and Holmes's Clump.

He is much too modest to suggest that his preaching made converts, but certain it is that since then two or three experiments of the kind adumbrated by him in 'Maga' in 1911 have taken place, and of one of these, at which he was present, he would now attempt to give some account, to point a moral and adorn a tale. It matters not in the least to

the true reformer whether an event is "post" or "propter" his counsel and advice, so long as his doctrine gets a reasonable chance of justifying itself.

The training of the Yeomanry unit with which we are concerned proceeded this year on much the same lines as usual, for the first ten days. The elaborate Syllabus of Instruction, so lovingly drawn up by the brigade-major, suffered the usual lot of elaborate syllabi; that is to say, squadron leaders read it, admired its well-chosen sentences, put it in their pockets, and promptly forgot all about it. The weather was fine and cold, the camp was placed in a pleasant spot of wide prospect, the vet. and the doctor had little to do. Brass-hatted, many-ribboned generals of Empire-wide fame, came, saw, and were conquered,—or so you would have said if you had heard the flowery words of praise proceeding from their mouths at the pow-wow without which no regimental field-day is complete. What they said in private, communing with their great hearts, is not on record; but their public utterances would have led you to suppose that the galaxy of British fighting forces contained no fairer star than the Royal Red Sandshires. Despite the proverb, the parsnips were well buttered, the gilded staff enjoyed an excel-

lent lunch, and all was smiles, good-humour, and jollity.

At the beginning of training the rumour quickly spread that there was to be a special feature this year,—that the regiment was going to march fifty miles, and eat raw turnips at the end of it, in the middle of the cold wet fields. It became known that earlier in the year the colonel, the adjutant, and one or two of the senior majors had made a motor-car staff ride through certain villages a long day's march away, with a view to finding out if the farmers of the district would place their barns at the disposal of the regiment, and find enough corn and hay for the horses, with straw for the men to lie upon. Each squadron leader was made responsible for feeding the men and horses of his squadron, and was allowed a certain fixed sum per head for each day the squadron was absent from camp,—no princely sum, but one which proved in every case sufficient.

It may be remarked in passing that the old days, when it was a costly thing to hold a Yeomanry commission, are gone for ever. The outfit allowance of £40 can very nearly be made to cover the first cost of the necessary uniform, as so much of the old and expensive kit has been done away with. Mess expenses in camp are but a fraction of what they once were, in the days when the officers lived at the county hotel; gambling in any shape or form but half-crown bridge is now practically unknown;

and if a squadron leader has to put his hand in his pocket occasionally for the good of the squadron, he has his major's pay and allowances to console him withal.

To continue: our gallant Hussars started on their twenty-seven mile trek at 9 A.M. on the eleventh day of the training. They consisted of headquarters, four squadrons (each about eighty strong), a signal section, the machine-gun section, and two motor cyclists—total somewhere about three hundred and fifty men. Some forty men and horses were, for one reason or another, left behind in camp. For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be explained that in the piping times of peace a Yeomanry regiment has four squadrons, which would become three on mobilisation or embodiment. The idea is that a nucleus squadron is left behind at the recruiting centre to form a dépôt, but it is not a particularly good idea, as the formation for training ought certainly to be the same as the formation for war. If you get used to troops and squadrons of a certain size, it must take quite a while to become accustomed to a considerable increase in strength. Moreover, the men from the split-up squadron will find themselves among strangers,—in direct contravention of the very sensible paragraph in the Regulations which lays it down that men from the same locality are to be kept together. But that is the way we have in the Army; one thing is laid down

in black and white, but something totally different is done.

The start was punctual; even the machine-gun section, which had a very old and cumbersome set of pack saddlery to contend with, got off at the appointed time, falling in behind the headquarter squadron. The subaltern in command had at his own charge provided a cart to carry the guns and tripods—an essential of equipment for a long march, but one not at present provided by County Associations. Each yeoman carried his own piece of built-up rope and pegs round his horse's neck, also his mess-tin, haversack, nose-bag, and saddle-blanket. The men's blankets and one kit-bag per section, together with the four cooks (one per squadron) and dixies, were piled on a truck pulled by a light traction-engine. The quartermaster and the regimental sergeant-major were left in camp.

As the column started it began to rain, and the porous yellow greatcoats of the men were soon saturated. It would surely be much more satisfactory to provide them with a stout waterproof. The difference in cost is not prohibitive, and in this climate there is no doubt which is the better garment. An important consideration is that a soaked greatcoat adds many pounds weight to the load a horse must carry.

Five miles from camp the road divided, two squadrons going one way, two the other. Touch was kept by means of the motor cyclists, who made

light of the hilly cross-roads. At one o'clock, seventeen miles from camp, the first long halt was made by the side of a shallow brook, where the horses were watered and fed, and the men ate their sandwiches. The rain came down steadily, and the picture was a slightly depressing one. Every one cheered up wonderfully, however, when an enterprising publican appeared on the scene with trays full of glasses and huge beakers of ale; and the Hussars are mostly country lads, and not at all unused to being under the weather. At two o'clock a start was made again, and the remaining ten miles were covered in the regulation two hours.

The march discipline was not at all bad. To begin with, there was too much bumping up and down the column, after the fashion of a loosely-coupled goods train, the head of which is moving quite fast before the tail has started; but after the first few miles had been covered, matters improved very much, and there was far more uniformity. The squadron leaders kept up a steady jog-trot, and did not hustle the men behind them. A few shoes were cast, but such cases were promptly dealt with by a farrier's party at the end of each column. A good many saddle-blankets slipped out of place soon after leaving camp, and perhaps too many men fell to the rear from this cause; but the saddlery issued is not first-rate, and the leather girths are not of a good quality, and

stretch inordinately when they become warm.

The regiment was billeted in two villages between two and three miles apart. "A" Squadron found quarters near a railway station, the men sleeping in the storehouses close by. "B" was in the adjacent village, distributed among two farms, together with the signallers and machine gunners. "C" and "D" were in another and a larger village some little distance away. The colonel, the adjutant, the medical and veterinary officers, with their orderlies, lived in luxury at a neighbouring country house. The squadron officers found quarters, which on the whole were most comfortable, in the farmhouses or cottages. It must be confessed that a motor-car or two appeared on the scene carrying a certain quantity of extra luggage. But it is an officer's duty to keep himself in robust health, and if he can arrange for a spare Gladstone bag to meet him at a convenient spot, why, he should certainly do so.

The horse lines were laid down with commendable rapidity; the built-up line was stretched, and the horses of the two troops the writer was watching were all tied up—at any rate by their head-ropes—within twenty minutes of entering the field allotted to them. It is true that these troops had the use of a heavy mallet which had been put into the Maxim cart, but the job was done quietly and systematically. No doubt men used to

the business would do it in half the time; but for a first effort it was distinctly creditable.

The traction-engine and transport arrived at the scheduled time, and by seven o'clock the dixies were boiling and the men enjoying a meal of tea, bread, and cheese, supplemented by various dainties which they were able to buy from or coax out of the village folk. The two barns in which "B" Squadron slept were full of clean straw, and appeared to be not bad places, in which a weary man might sleep with ease. There were a few rats, it is true; but they were not so ferocious as the swarm which not long ago drove out the troopers of a distinguished cavalry regiment from the barns in which they were sleeping, and made them seek shelter under the trees and hedgerows of fair County Kent. It is an inexplicable mystery why the British farmer tolerates these destructive pests.

The major and captain of the squadron found quarters at one of the farms, the two subalterns in neighbouring cottages; they had a most cheery little mess in the farm parlour. "Not much hardship so far," said one of them, after the farmer's wife, who had once been "in service," had served up a most excellent dinner; "we are more comfortable than we were in camp." And, indeed, in an English May a tent can be a very uncomfortable thing to live in.

In the evening a motor-car collected the squadron leaders and carried them off to headquarters, where the colonel explained that war had unfortunately broken out with the neighbouring county of Loamshire, which had mobilised a considerable force, including a regiment of Yeomanry, and proposed to invade our own well-beloved Sandshire. It was owing to the fact that hostilities appeared imminent that the Hussars had been hurried to the Loamshire border, where they now lay. Information had been received that the Loamshire Dragoons were in billets for the night at a village about ten miles away, and that they might be expected to advance early the next morning. The adjutant subsequently explained that, as both regiments had had a longish march, it had been mutually arranged that there should be no night attacks, and that neither side should leave their billets before 8.45 A.M. the next day.

The fight next morning resolved itself in the main into a race for a ridge of high ground which lay about half-way between the opposing forces, and the Hussars were fairly easy winners. It was a beautiful sunny morning, and the men seemed very cheerful and pleased with themselves. There is an old and strenuous rivalry between the Hussars and the Dragoons, and each regiment recognises in the other a foeman worthy of its steel. This day was no excep-

tion to the tale of their rivalry. The Hussars were strongly posted, and for a couple of hours resisted all the attacks of their foes; then the Dragoons discovered a weak spot and flooded through the gap. Just in time to stem disaster, the reserve squadron of the Hussars was opposed to the tide, while the remainder of the regiment, their line pierced but not shaken, retired in good order to another position a mile or two in rear. By midday the foemen were at grips again; but both sides were by now run out of ammunition, and the umpires brought the affair to a close. There followed a pow-wow, at which the Umpire in Chief (the regular colonel commanding the mounted brigade to which both regiments belonged) assumed the rôle of Fate, and ruthlessly dealt out to all concerned their fortune—to this one honour, to that one blame; to another success, to many death. Yet the dead men smiled, and muttered that those who had destroyed them would have been dead men themselves. The usual familiar murmur that the other side "could never have done it" was heard on all sides; and, indeed, it takes a lot of blank cartridges to stop a yeoman bold, bent on his foe's destruction.

By two o'clock the Hussars were back in their billets, where a good hot stew was awaiting them. "Stables" was sounded at four, and the work for the day was over. In the evening one squadron

lit a bonfire and sang songs, but the rest turned in early and slept the sleep of the weary.

Next day the homeward march began at 7.30 A.M., and camp was reached soon after two o'clock. It was, I venture to think, a very instructive expedition. The squadron leaders were given a valuable opportunity of gathering experience in billeting and feeding their men; the long trek afforded instruction in march discipline, and rubbed into the men, as nothing else could, the necessity for keeping their proper intervals and distances. In the billets the cooks (who in the Sandshires are all enlisted yeomen) managed admirably with nothing but wood fuel and dixies, and the men fell very quickly into the art of using their mess-tins and making themselves comfortable under certain difficulties.

A word as to the future of the Yeomanry. They are the most expensive portion of the Territorial force, and for that reason have their enemies. If they were abolished, an extra cavalry brigade could be paid for out of the spoils—that is, if the recruits were forthcoming, which is doubtful. But the yeoman is, as things go, the finest raw material in the kingdom, and we ought to think twice and three times before improving him out of existence. He is, as a rule, a country lad,—a small farmer, or a larger farmer's son. He can ride, and is used to horses before he joins, and is not afraid of the wet and the cold.

The service is popular in our rural districts, and the Yeomanry are the only branch of our Land Forces in Great Britain whose numbers are close up to the establishment. Moreover, about half the rank and file and seventy per cent of the officers have undertaken to serve abroad with their own unit, or part of their own unit, in time of war. Those who have undertaken this obligation are said to have joined the Imperial Service section.

But this is not to say that further improvement is impossible. For one thing, fifteen days' training is not long enough, and an extra week should be required of all Yeomanry. Twenty-one days' training would be welcomed by all ranks, and would only be a return to the old conditions which existed before the organisation of the Volunteers into an Army. Then one cannot but look with some suspicion on the clause which requires Yeomen who join the Imperial Service section only to serve with their own unit or part of their own unit. This robs the section at once of a great part of its value. History proves most conclusively that it is far better to fill up your campaign-torn squadrons and companies with recruits, than to set newly-organised cadres alongside the depleted ones. Why should there not be a very much closer connection between the Yeomanry and the Regular Cavalry? The officers of each are of the same class, which removes one considerable difficulty to a more intimate

understanding. Why should not the Imperial Service section sign on to serve "with their own unit or part of their own unit, or *the cavalry regiment to which they are affiliated?*" I am quite certain that such a proviso, so far from discouraging men from signing on for the section, would actually increase the strength thereof. Looked at from the point of view of a Regular colonel of cavalry, would he not welcome the knowledge that there were a hundred or a hundred and fifty yeomen, who could be used to fill up the casualties of battle and disease when the pinch came? Would he not rather have these men, of good physique and intelligence, able to ride, look after their horses, and use a rifle (when the supply of his own Reservists was exhausted), than the hurriedly-drilled immature recruit from the dépôt?

There is already a fairly close association between certain Regular regiments of Cavalry and certain Yeomanry regiments. Adjutants tend to succeed each other from the same source, and Yeomanry officers, due to do a Course, like to go to a regiment where they will find an old friend, or in which they have heard from

a brother officer that they will be kindly received and looked after. If this association were rendered still more intimate it would be very well for both parties.

Of course there are difficulties. Regiments in India or Africa are a long way off; the numbers on each side do not correspond, and so forth. But the difficulties of detail are not impossible, and all Yeomanry regiments need not be treated alike. Whatever happens, do not let us commit the blunder of exterminating the military spirit in the class from which our yeomen are recruited. It is a class which in most countries—Germany for instance—is jealously fostered, as forming in a peculiar way a repository and reservoir of the ancient military virtues. In England it has been trodden on by Free Trade, hampered by legislation, well-nigh smothered by the interests of the teeming myriads of the workshop and the mine. Yet it still survives, and is even, in a dazed and tentative fashion, once more lifting up its weather-beaten head. Let us make the most we can of it, for no Empire can exist without it, and all the sterner virtues grow naturally in the soil alone.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

A HOMELY VISION OF WAR—THE JOURNAL OF EDMOND DE GONCOURT—PARIS BESIEGED—*BOUDIN D'ÉLÉPHANT*—THE TABLE-TALK AT BRÉBANT'S—RHETORIC OR *LA BLAGUE*?—RENAN'S VIEW OF THE FATHERLAND—THÉOPHILE GAUTIER IN A GARRET—THE LITERATURE OF WAR—THE ART OF TOLSTOI—ZOLA AND HIS FRIENDS—FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

THERE is one side of war which the historians seldom reveal to us, a side which is all untouched by the pomp and splendour of armies glittering in the field. Those who stay at home share neither the glory nor the wounds of battle. In the old days, when news travelled slowly and fights were fought in small spaces, the countryside knew that there had been a combat when the terms of peace were signed. It is easy to imagine, for instance, many smiling corners of England, which in the seventeenth century did not guess that their country had been torn in twain by civil strife, in which the peasants tilled their fields and gathered their crops and sold them in the nearest market in complete insouciance of what was taking place in the next county. Even to-day, when the face of the land is covered with newspapers, certain unimaginative countrymen are but vaguely conscious of the vast adventure in which their nation is embarked. We are told that at Mars-la-Tour, when the battle was at its fiercest, the labourers on the farms went on with their harvest even within earshot of

the cannonade. To them, whose heads are bent to the soil, as though they are beasts, nothing happens which transcends their timid fancy. Even if they were taken off by a stray shot, they might well believe that they fell victims to an act of God.

It is not, however, of these that we would speak, but rather of the hapless many who, acutely conscious of their country's fate, are forced by their age or by the condition of their lives to remain in their homes while others fight the battle of their country. The hardships which they endure cheerfully are none the lighter because they are borne in obscurity. Shame, hunger, and suspense will test the spirit of the bravest, and it cannot but afford the optimist satisfaction to know that these trials have most often been faced with tranquillity and good-humour. By a stroke of good fortune we have drawn for us by Edmond de Goncourt a vivid picture of life as it was lived in Paris in the year of terror 1870-71. No man of his time was better equipped for the task of showing posterity how the writers of France held them-

selves at that time of tragedy. First and foremost, Goncourt was a man of letters. To explain the psychology of men and events was a necessity of his talent. When the brother and colleague, whom he loved above all men, lay dying, he could not refrain his hand from his Journal, and was denounced, most unjustly, as heartless for his indiscretion. And when the war surprised him in his villa at Auteuil, he could do nothing else than search out its effects and put them on paper in their proper sequence and colouring. In the second place, he was acutely sensitive to landscape and atmosphere. The fair skies and unbroken sunshine of the fatal year affected him like a draught of wine. The long clear nights of Paris remind him of the South, and bring forgetfulness of the Prussians thundering at the city's gates. Though he could not shoulder a rifle in defence of his country, he bore himself always like a man, and the end of the Commune found him still unblunted in courage as in wit.

The incidents of the war and siege, then, as they affected Paris he describes without a hint of prejudice. He tells us, for instance, with a quiet scepticism, how in August 1870 a strange hallucination seized upon Paris. Suddenly the passers-by saw a telegram upon the walls of the Bourse which told them that the Prussians had been defeated, and that 25,000 prisoners had been taken.

Eagerly one pointed the telegram out to another. A vast crowd collected, each one of which was satisfied that he had read the news with his own eyes. And on the walls of the Bourse there was nothing, not a line, not a hint. It was the eye of faith which had seen what it wished to see, and the sanguine Parisians were easily content to mystify themselves. To-day the rôles are reversed. Paris asks no better fate than to know the truth, and every morning we read of the desperate efforts made in Berlin to clip and shape the facts that they may be acceptable to the crowd which waits anxiously Unter den Linden.

And nothing pleases us better in Goncourt's Journal than the lightness of hand wherewith he sketches the un-failing gaiety of Paris. Even when shot and shell were falling like hail upon the city, the inhabitants bore the shock with a patient shrug. Even Pelagie, Goncourt's *bonne à tout faire*, was happily indifferent. If this be all, said she, it is a war *pour rire*. And with their tireless curiosity the grand ladies of Paris visited the French batteries as though they were going to a spectacle, determined, even though they hindered the toil of the gunners, to see whatever might be seen. When the theatres were closed, were there not the fortifications to amuse them? Not even the swiftly emptied larders appalled the besieged. One morning only one sou's worth of bread

was to be bought at the market of Auteuil. What did it matter, so long as there was a jest to be made about a "fricassee of dry bread?" When horse was substituted for beef, by a double economy, since it cost thirteen francs a day to feed a horse, and which might feed men, the change was heroically borne, though the new food caused nightmares and sleepless nights to those unaccustomed to the *boucherie chevaline*. And was there not all the joy of new experiments? It was not in ordinary times that you could get a choice of buffalo, antelope, or kangaroo. Famous as Voisin's always was and always will be, it added another leaf to its crown of glory when it offered its clients a *boudin d'éléphant*, and it was the black-letter day of its career when its *maitre d'hôtel* confessed that he had no *plat du jour*, since not a soul was left in Paris. Nor could life be dull when one evening a single shop in the Rue de Tournon displayed two large stags, a young bear, and a child's bath full of enormous blue-muzzled carp, the spoils of the Jardin d'Acclimatation. There was, moreover, still left the right of complaint. At Brébant's, one night, there was displayed for the guests what seemed an excellent saddle of mutton. "We shall be eating the shepherd next," said Hébrard. As a matter of fact, it was a saddle of dog. "Saddle of dog! you say that it is dog!" cried Paul Saint-Victor in the peevish voice of an angry

child. "It is not dog, is it, waiter?" "It is the third time you have eaten dog here," was all he got for an answer. And doubtless he found little to console him in the satisfaction of Nefftzer, a cheerful Swabian, who declared that, mutton or dog, he had never eaten so excellent a joint. "But," added Nefftzer, "if only Brébant would give us rat! I know how good it is,—in taste something between pork and partridge."

That this was the right spirit in which to take the blows of fate there can be no doubt. And Goncourt himself endured what came with a simple courage. Only once does he confess to fear, and that was when the Communards were pouring shell upon his villa and forcing him to take refuge ingloriously in the cellar. For the rest he put the blame where it was due, upon universal suffrage and a free press. When the vain mediocrities who governed Paris had condemned these two institutions, he thought recovery would be possible. Nor would he join the mob in insulting Napoleon III. and his Empress. Though he himself had suffered for what he had written at the hands of the Imperial Government, he was too well bred not to deplore the general chorus of abuse. He disapproved of the foolish project of publishing Napoleon's correspondence merely to throw discredit on his name, and records in the Emperor's favour that one day visiting his friend Burty, who had

charge of the edition, he picked up a paper at hazard, and found it a bill for the darning of socks, a humble process for which this *grand dépensier* had paid five sous a pair! But before all things and in the direst straits Goncourt did not forget that he was a man of letters. Literature, with its claims and its privileges, is seldom absent from his thought. It is the keynote of his Journal. It was as a writer that he lived and starved and suffered. The worst of the war was that it stood in the way of humane letters. It was a haunting preoccupation which prevented the practice of a delicate art. "What a time," said Saint-Victor, "when you can't even read a book." "All is there"—that is Goncourt's simple comment. It is appropriate, therefore, that the real background of the war for the readers of Goncourt's Journal is Brébant's restaurant. For there it was that day after day met undismayed the poets, philosophers, and prose-writers of France. Berthelot and Robin envisaged the war as men of science. Théophile Gautier deplored, as well he might, the ruin of his craft and of his life. Paul Saint-Victor, sensitive and emotional, cried out already for the *revanche*, which seems at last to be coming, while Goncourt turned upon the ceaseless talk the light of his good sense and balanced experience. And ever Renan is heard deploring, with carping voice, the folly of his countrymen, and extolling the superior wisdom of the enemy,

as though he were a British Whig, gratified by the news of a British defeat. In brief, the table-talk at Brébant's remains for us a most vivid picture of disaster seen through the eyes of intelligence.

There is a large meeting, for instance, on November 1, 1870, when the friends discuss the folly of Trochu and the impotence of the Government. So little interest do the Parisians take in their Ministers that few know who is in and who is out. Louis Blanc assures the company that the men of yesterday elected themselves, and then that they might pass muster added an illustrious name or two to the list, as one puts a feather in a hat. And while the discussion grows heated, Renan, in a fit of depression, his hands canonically crossed on his stomach, murmurs in the ear of Saint-Victor, delighted to hear Latin, a few verses of the Bible. "Then, in the midst of the ceaseless repetition of the causes of our ruin, Nefftzer exclaims: 'It is routine and rhetoric that have destroyed France.' 'Yes, it is classicism,' murmurs Théophile Gautier, interrupting an analysis which he was making in the corner of the quatrains of Omar Khayam to the excellent Chennevières." It is almost too good to be true, this discovery of Gautier's, that classicism was the ruin of France. In 1870 Romanticism was well-nigh half a century old, and must surely take its share of the responsibility. In

truth classicism was guiltless of the *débâcle*. Routine and rhetoric were surely to blame, but as Goncourt himself pointed out, it was "*la blague, toujours la blague*," that was the heaviest curse of all. "We are dying of *blague* more than of any other disease," he said, and added with a characteristic touch of vanity, "I am proud to have been the first to write it."

Yet to name a disease is not to cure it, and *la blague* continued to flourish even at Brébant's. A few weeks later we find Renan among the *blagueurs* discoursing of the sentiment of the Fatherland, a sentiment, said he, very natural in ancient times, and now wholly displaced by Catholicism. "As idealism is the heir of Catholicism," he protested, "idealists ought not to have too close an attachment to the soil, they should be free from toils so miserably ethnographical as the toils of their country. The fatherland of idealists is the land which allows them to think." No wonder Berthelot fiercely interrupted this infamous thesis; no wonder Goncourt could not hide his anger. Renan was unperturbed, and avowed that he saw nothing which should enrage or disturb the heart of the patriot in a foreign domination. That was bad enough, but still harder was it to hear from Renan the praise of Bismarck, of the super-man, and the repetition of the formula that "Might is Right." And with Renan argument was impossible, for, if he were countered, he in-

stantly took refuge in a long dissertation upon Job, Esther, Judith, and Machabees.

With the end of the war came the worst insult of all. As it had begun with a letter of Renan to Strauss, so it closed upon a letter of Mommsen to Renan, in which the historian, after urging that the time had come to renew the old relations and to take up again the work of intelligence common to both nations, declared that it would be worthy the Academy to continue the pensions which Napoleon III. had paid to foreigners. Goncourt's comment is not a whit too strong. "They are wonderfully impudent, these German savants," he wrote; "they are like clerks who, with a humble smile upon their lips and rolling their hats between their hands, come and ask their employer, whom they have ruined, pillaged, burned, to take them back again." As a patriot, then, Renan failed his friends completely. As a critic, he failed them also. It is not without a shudder that Goncourt records that Renan, in full war-time, solemnly pronounced Jules Simon, who was not a German, to be the greatest living writer of French, and, yet more daring, proclaimed aloud that he had no admiration for the style of Chateaubriand! Is not that a worse sin even than flouting the Fatherland?

The hardships of war fall with an unequal weight upon peaceful citizens. And none

supported a heavier weight of misery in 1870 than Théophile Gautier. It was forty years since he had raised the *oriflamme* of revolt at the first night of "Hernani," and these forty years had been packed for him with ceaseless toil. He had looked forward reasonably to a surcease, and had arranged for himself a house which should have been the *angulus ridens* of his age. The war shattered his hopes, and there is no sadder portrait in the Journal of Goncourt than that of Gautier, oppressed by poverty and the Prussians. It was the Republic, he said, that had killed him. Had the Empire survived, he pictured himself, said he with admirable raillery, a member of the Academy, perhaps a senator. But what chance had he of honour with a mob of *communards*? Nothing was left him, who had lived a life of gay adventure, but to take refuge in a fifth floor in the Rue de Beaune. There in his garret, filled with cigar-smoke, Goncourt found him, with little more furniture than an iron bedstead, a rush-covered chair, upon which his haggard oats, the oats of famine, the very shades of oats, stretched themselves restlessly. And Gautier himself was there in a red cap and a velvet jacket, old and stained like the coat of a Neapolitan cook. This master of discourse and of letters, says Goncourt, might have been a doge in low water, a poor and melancholy Marino Faliero, played at the theatre Saint Marcel. Yet the old

fire was still alight, the old humour radiant as ever. He talked, says Goncourt, as Rabelais might have talked, and seemed a bitter example, in his visitor's eyes, of the world's injustice. Such are the inequalities of fate! The popular novelist lives, as he should, in vulgar splendour. The poet, the leader of forlorn hopes, the maker of immortal phrases, dies under a double load of war and poverty in a dark and time-stained garret.

Will this war, we wonder, inspire in any land so wisely detached a record as Edmond de Goncourt's? Will any hand give us a sketch, for instance, as malicious as his sketch of Flaubert, all unconscious of his country's ruin, wandering about with a portfolio as large as a Minister's and triply looked, which contained the priceless manuscript of the 'Temptation of St Anthony,' and assuring his friends that the siege and the Commune were nothing—merely the normal history of humanity? We think not. The literary atmosphere is lacking to our age, even in France. Paris, become a place of serious resort, has exchanged its pens for swords, and the masters of prose—Charles Maurras and Maurice Barrès—are devoting all the resources of their art to the service of the Fatherland, to the dissemination in a corrupt Republic of right political views. Edmond de Goncourt, on the other hand, though he was a stern enemy of democracy, regarded himself as a writer

before all things. He was no more easily inclined than Flaubert himself to renounce in the cause of politics the search for the right phrase. But the self-consciousness of his style and thought are no longer part of the Parisian's heritage; and though when peace is signed there will be a vast literature of the war, it will not be composed in the vein nor to the purpose of the '*Journal de Goncourt*.'

Nor can we look for any masterpieces of literary expression from the eye-witnesses of the present contest. It passes the skill of prose to set forth the manifold intricacies of a modern battle. When the vast armies of to-day stand face to face in conflict, they are playing a "game" which may be discerned only in corners. Each regiment, each man must play his part in complete ignorance of that which passes twenty miles away in the same field. And though the official histories of the war, which presently will be published, will set forth a statistical account, they will not attempt a synthesis, or an imaginative presentation of the innumerable facts. The truth is, that a battle defies, and will always defy, the resources of literature. An artist may describe the impact of war upon an individual: he can convey but a blurred impression of the thousand activities, tactical, scientific, and human, which make up a battle as it is fought with modern weapons of precision, aided

by wireless telegraphy, flying machines, and all the delicate instruments of man's craft and knowledge. In truth, it has always been a hazardous enterprise to put upon paper the incidents of war. It does not help us much to know what part the artillery played, which regiments advanced first to the attack. The customary exaggerations of the old-fashioned war correspondents, now happily unknown and forgotten things, told us little enough. The rain of bullets, the gleaming swords, the flashing bayonets were never anything more than the counters of impotence, counters which never again will be palmed off upon us as the current coin of truth. And if the object of literary art is to show us the facts of life as seen through a temperament, we can know little more of a battle than that which is felt and suffered by one man. It is to the clear understanding of these limitations that Tolstoi, the best painter of the stricken field that ever lived, owed his success. He was too great an artist ever to attempt the impossible. His battles are real to us, because he makes it clear how each of them affected this or that hero. They are no mere affairs of drums and trumpets, no mere marches of victorious generals. They are realities suffered in silence and alone by a single combatant. They have the imperturbability of experience. Tolstoi, by scorning the aid of the reporter's artifice, by declining to arrest the reader's attention by rattle

or bull's-eye, has succeeded in producing by the legitimate processes of his art an effect which is not so much an impression of life as life itself. And, being a soldier, he knew that in a battle at any rate the part is greater than the whole.

The war of 1870, as it inspired the vividest volume of Goncourt's 'Journal,' so it provided the novelists with abundant material. The 'Soirées de Médan,' for instance, the work of Zola and those whom he fondly hoped were of his school, were the direct result of the campaign. They were examples, one and all, so the master thought, of the same method. In other words, Naturalism was coming into fashion, and Zola and his friends took advantage of the mode. To-day, when Naturalism is dead and never likely to come to life again, we can look at these strange stories with the cold eye of criticism. There is not one of them that does not say too much. Reticence was beyond the reach of Zola always, and his friends for the moment were loyal in imitation. For Zola's sake, they emptied their sacks, so to say, and showed us to the last piece of rubbish what they contained. They spared nothing that might give to their writing an appearance of extreme candour. And the result is that their stories appear to-day of a far older fashion than anything else in French literature. We regret their obedience to a false method the more, because they looked upon war with the

right eyes. They did not try to see it whole. Each chose an incident which was small enough, acutely enough personal, to be described and discussed in thirty pages. Above all, they were sincere, each of them, to their point of view. Huysmans went through the war without hearing a shot fired, and saw the conflict in which his country was engaged from the dull security of a hospital. He knew no greater excitement than escape from the doctor's eye, and obeyed the call of France in the spirit of a truant schoolboy. For Paul Alexis it was enough to retell in terms of Naturalism the well-worn story of the Ephesian widow. Guy de Maupassant's 'Boule de Suif' is perhaps the best known story of them all. It has the dry humour of the Norman temperament, and yet does not its brutality seem dismoted to-day? Zola alone played the traitor to his own method. His 'Attaque du Moulin' is a story not of Naturalism but of sentiment, and the best proof that it is unworthy the grim austerity of the 'Rougon-Macquart' is that it has been converted into an opera. The 'Soirées de Médan' have their faults, it is true, yet as a literary expression of a great war they will survive, in spite of the vice of Naturalism, which informs them with a superfluous crudity. Theirs at any rate is the virtue of freshness, the merit of things seen, a virtue and a merit which are not always apparent

in Zola's maturer memory of 'La Débâcle.'

The gallant defence of Liège, the battles fought upon Belgian soil, will have one result, wholly unconnected with politics and warfare: they will bring France and Belgium closer together than they have been for centuries. These two countries, which have a common language and which have shared a great literature, have been divorced by their very propinquity. It is commonplace that neighbours do not always make the best friends. A kind of jealousy, for instance, often disparts two English counties, which have no other division than an imaginary frontier-line. There was a time, indeed, when France affected to despise the nation which lived and worked across her northern boundary. Baudelaire, it will be remembered, designed a book which should castigate the Belgians as he thought they deserved. He had been ill and unhappy in their country. The money which he had earned by giving lectures was not paid him. He fell into a penury so profound that he could not purchase the drugs prescribed him by the doctor. He had thought that France was an absolutely barbarous country. Now he was forced to acknowledge that he had discovered a country more barbarous even than France. It is not surprising, therefore, that a poet, sensitive as was Baudelaire, should have avenged himself upon a people which he

thought had injured him. "Everything is against me here," he wrote; "everything has done me harm, especially my visible sympathy with the Jesuits. You probably know what an extraordinary situation the Ministry is in. I hoped for shots and barricades. But the people is too stupid to fight for ideas. Had there been a question of raising the price of beer, it would have been different." The longer he stayed in Belgium, the fiercer became his fury. "When I think that in this dog of a country," he wrote, "I have found nothing except lying, theft, enforced loss of money, and that Belgium has done me no other service than to make my affairs in Paris more difficult, I am seized with a kind of rage."

And so he sketched the book in which all his injuries should be avenged. The book was never written, and we can judge what it would have been only by its outlines. There was no art in Belgium, said Baudelaire, and no artists except Rops. The price which a picture might fetch was the only method of criticism practised by the Belgians, and the mere existence of Wiertz was in his eyes an insult to good sense, as indeed it is. He found the religion of the country no better than its art—a mixture of Neapolitan superstition and Protestant pedantry. He was enraged that the churches were opened only at fixed hours *à la Prussienne*, and that he could not pray when he would.

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In brief, nowhere was there a gleam of intelligence nor a hint of beauty. Even the picture-galleries deserved contempt, and he could breathe only on the quays at Antwerp. Such was some of the material of the book which was never written, and which never will be written. The charges which Baudelaire put into his indictment of the whole nation were inspired by the haunting fancy of a sick man. Since Baudelaire's time the poets of Belgium have proved their right to be judged by the lofty standard of Paris. Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, though they have to-day fallen from their vogue, may still claim a Euro-
pean reputation. But the fame which they have won is as a strand of cotton compared with the chain which now binds Frenchman and Belgian in an inseparable friendship. Never again will the slanders of Baudelaire be repeated. The Belgians have proved that they can and will fight for ideas, for the love and independence of their country, with the gallantry of heroes. The siege of Liège is enshrined, as a supreme act of courage, in the heart of France. Henceforth the French and the Belgians are sworn brothers in arms. And there is no brotherhood so staunch, so firmly lasting, as a brotherhood of arms.

FIVE-FOUR-EIGHT.

BY JEFFERY E. JEFFERY.

RAIN! pitiless, incessant, drenching rain, that seemed to ooze and trickle and soak into every nook and cranny in the world, beat down upon the already sodden ground and formed great pools of water in every hollow. Fires blazed and flickered at intervals, revealing within the glowing circles of their light the huddled forms of weary soldiers; and all the myriad sounds of a huge camp blended imperceptibly with the rain-drops' steady patter.

According to orders the 8th Division had concentrated upon the main army for the impending battle. At dawn that day its leading battalion had swung out of camp to face the storm and the mud; not until dusk had the last unit dropped exhausted into its bivouac. For fourteen hours the troops had groped their way along the boggy roads: and they had marched but one-and-twenty miles. Incredibly slow! incredibly wearisome! But they had effected the purpose of their chief. They had arrived in time.

The headquarters of the divisional artillery had been established in a ramshackle old barn at one corner of the field in which the batteries were camped. Within its shelter the General and his staff of three crouched over a small fire. The roof leaked, the floor was wet and indescrib-

ably filthy; their seats were saddles, and their only light a guttering candle. But to those four tired men, the little fire, the dirty barn, the thought of food and sleep, seemed Heaven.

Brigadier-General Maudealay, known to his irreverent but affectionate subordinates as "the Maud," was a fat little man of fifty, who owed his present rank largely to his steady adherence to principles of sound common-sense. For theoretical knowledge he depended, so he frankly declared, upon the two staff officers with whom he was supplied. Nevertheless, those who knew him well agreed that in quickness to grasp the salient points of any given situation and in accuracy of decision he had few superiors. It was his habit, when pondering on his line of action, to walk round in a circle, his hands behind his back, humming softly to himself. Then, swiftly and with conscious certainty, he would act. And he was seldom wrong.

At the moment, however, his thoughts were not concerned with tactics but with food. For some time he sat before the fire in silence, then suddenly exclaimed—

"Thank the Lord! I hear the baggage coming in. Go and hurry it up, Tony."

Tony, whose rarely used surname was Quarmer, was an

artillery subaltern of seven years' service, attached to the General's staff as personal A.D.C. On him devolved the irksome task of catering for the headquarter mess. It was his principal, though not his only function: and, owing to scarcity of provisions, a daily change of camp, and a General who took considerable interest in the quality of his food, it was a duty which often taxed his temper and his ingenuity to the utmost.

He got up, wriggled himself into his clammy waterproof, and splashed out into the mud and darkness.

"Tony," observed the General to his Brigade-Major, "is not such a failure at this job as you predicted."

"He's astonished me so far, I must confess," was the reply. "I always thought him rather a lazy young gentleman, with no tastes for anything beyond horses and hunting."

"My dear Hartley, he was lazy because he was bored." The General, being devoted to hunting himself, spoke a little testily. "Peace soldiering," he went on, "is apt to bore sometimes. Tony is not what *you'd* call a professional soldier. His military interests are strictly confined to the reputation of his battery, and to his own ability to command two guns in action. Naturally he was pleased when I appointed him A.D.C. The part of the year's work which interested him, practice camp and so on, was over. In place of the tedium of manœuvres as a regimental subaltern, he foresaw a novel and more or

less amusing occupation on my staff for the rest of the summer, and he knew that he would go back to his own station in the autumn in time for the hunting season. But he did not reckon on the possibility of war, and therefore he is now dissatisfied. I know it as well as if he'd told me so himself."

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Oh! he doesn't dislike the job: I don't mean that. But he can't help feeling that he's been sold. I can almost hear him saying to himself, 'Here have I struggled through seven years' soldierin' thinking always that some day I should be loosed upon a battlefield with a pair of guns and a good fat target of advancing infantry. And now that the time *has* come, I'm stuck with this rotten staff job.'"

"By Jove!" said the other, "I never thought of that."

"No, Hartley, you wouldn't. In your case the 'gunner' instinct has been obliterated by that of the staff officer. The guns have lost their fascination for you. Isn't that so?"

"In a way, yes."

"Well, in some men—and Tony happens to be one of them—that fascination lasts as long as life itself. Often enough in ordinary times it lies dormant. But as soon as war comes it shows itself at once in the mad rush made by officers to get back to batteries—that is, to go on service *with the guns*. It is the curse of our regiment in some ways: many potential generals abandon their ambitions be-

cause of it. But it's also our salvation."

He relapsed into silence, staring into the fire. Perhaps he, too, regretted for the moment that he was a general, and wished that, instead of thirteen batteries, he commanded only one.

Meanwhile the subject of their discussion had succeeded in finding the headquarters' baggage waggon. Ignoring the protests of infuriated transport officers who were endeavouring to direct more than two hundred vehicles to their destinations, he had lured it out of the chaos and guided it to its appointed place. As the waggon came to a standstill outside the barn the tarpaulin was raised at the back and the vast proportions of the gunner who combined the duties of servant to Tony and cook to the mess slowly emerged.

From his right hand dangled a shapeless, flabby mass.

"What the devil have you got there, Tebbut?" demanded Tony.

"Ducks, sir," was the unexpected reply. "We was 'alted near a farm-'ouse to-day, so I took the chanst to buy some milk and butter. While the chap was away fetchin' the stuff, I pinched these 'ere ducks. Fat they are, too!"

He spoke in the matter-of-fact tones of one to whom the theft of a pair of ducks, and the feat of plucking them within the narrow confines of a packed G.S. waggon, was no uncommon experience.

"Well, look sharp and cook 'em. We're hungry," said Tony.

He stayed until he saw that the dinner was well under way, and then floundered off through the mud to see his horses. Of these he was allowed by regulations three, but one, hastily purchased during the mobilisation period by an almost distracted remount officer, had already succumbed to the effects of overwork and under-feeding. There remained the charger which he had had with his battery in peace time, and which he now used for all ordinary work—and Dignity.

The latter was well named. He was a big brown horse, very nearly thoroughbred—a perfect hunter and a perfect gentleman. Tony had bought him as a four-year-old at a price that was really far beyond his means, and had trained him himself. He used openly to boast that Dignity had taken to jumping as a duck takes to water, and that he had never been known to turn from a fence. In the course of four seasons, the fastest burst, the heaviest ground, the longest hunt had never been too much for him. Always he would gallop calmly on, apparently invincible. His owner almost worshipped him.

Horse rugs are not part of the field service equipment of an officer. But to the discerning (and unscrupulous) few there is a way round almost every regulation. Dignity had three rugs, and his legs were swathed in warm flannel bandages. As he stood there on the leeward side of a fence busily searching the bottom of his nose-bag for the last few oats of his meagre ration, he was probably the most comfortable

animal of all the thousands in the camp.

Tony spent some time examining his own and the General's horses, and giving out the orders for the morning to the grooms. By the time he got back to the barn it was past ten, and Tebbut was just solemnly announcing "dinner" as being served.

"The Maud" eyed the dish of steaming ducks with evident approval, but avoided asking questions. Loot had been very strictly forbidden.

"We ought by rights to have apple sauce with these," he said, drawing his saddle close up to the low deal table and giving vent to a sigh of expectancy.

"Hi've got some 'ere, sir," responded the resourceful Tebbut. "There was a horchard near the road to-day."

He produced, as he spoke, a battered tin which, from the inscription on its label, had once contained "selected peaches." It was now more than half full of a concoction which bore a passable resemblance to apple sauce.

For half an hour conversation languished. They had eaten nothing but a sandwich since early morning, and the demands of appetite were more exacting than their interest in the programme for the morrow.

But as soon as Tebbut, always a stickler for the usages of polite society, had brushed away the crumbs with a dirty dish-cloth and handed round pint mugs containing coffee, Hartley unrolled a map and, under instructions from the

General, began to prepare the orders.

As a result of a reconnaissance in force that day the enemy's advanced troops had been driven in, and the extent of his real position more or less accurately defined. The decisive attack, of which the 8th Division was to form a part, was to be directed against the left. Barring the way on this flank, however, was a hill marked on the map as Point 548, which was situate about two miles in front of the main hostile position. The enemy had not yet been dislodged from this salient, but a brigade of infantry had been detailed to assault it that night. In the event of success a battery was to be sent forward to occupy it at dawn, after which the main attack would begin. General Maudeslay had been ordered to provide this battery.

"Don't put anything in orders about it, though, Hartley," he said. "It will have to be one from the 81st Brigade, which has suffered least so far. I'll send separate confidential instructions to the Colonel. Get an orderly, will you, Tony."

"I'll take the message myself, sir, if I may," suggested the A.D.C. "It's my own brigade, and I'd like to look them up."

"All right; only don't forget to come back," said the General, smiling.

Tony pocketed the envelope and peered out into the night. The rain had ceased and the sky was clear. Far away to right and left the bivouac fires glimmered like reflections

of the starry heavens. The troops, worn out with the hardships of the day, had fallen asleep and the camp was silent. Only the occasional whinny of a horse, the challenge of a sentry, or the distant rumbling of benighted transport broke the stillness.

Tony's way led through the lines of the various batteries. The horses stood in rows, tied by their heads to long ropes stretched between the ammunition waggons. Fetlock-deep in liquid mud, without rugs, wet and underfed, they hung their heads dejectedly—a silent protest against the tyranny of war.

"Poor old hairies," thought Tony as he passed them, his mind picturing the spotless troop-stables and the shining coats that he had known so well in barracks, not a month ago.

He found the officers of his brigade assembled beneath a tarpaulin. Their baggage had been hours late, and though it was nearly eleven o'clock the evening meal was still in progress. He handed his message to the Adjutant and sat down to exchange greetings with his brother subalterns.

"Oh! there's bully beef for the batteries, but we've salmon all right on the staff," he sang softly, after sniffing suspiciously at the unpleasant-looking mess on his neighbour's plate, which was, in fact, ration tinned beef boiled hurriedly in a camp kettle. The song, of which the words were his own, fitted neatly to a popular turn of the moment. It treated of the difference in comfort of life on the staff and that in the

batteries, and gave a verdict distinctly in favour of the former. He had sung it with immense success about 3 A.M. on his last night at home with his own brigade.

"Now, Tony," said some one, "you're on the staff. What's going to happen to-morrow?"

"A big show—will last two or three days, they say. But," he added, grinning, "you poor devils stuck away behind a hill won't see much of it. I suppose I shall be sent on my usual message—to tell you that you're doing no dam' good, and only wasting ammunition!"

But though he chaffed and joked his heart was heavy as he walked back an hour later. Somewhere out there in the mud was his own battery, which he worshipped as a god. And he was condemned to live away from it, to be absent when it dashed into action, when the breech-blocks rattled and the shells shrieked across the valleys.

He found the others still poring over the map. From the wallet on his saddle Tony pulled out a large travelling flask.

"I think that this is the time for the issue of my special emergency ration," he announced.

"What is it, Tony?" asked "the Maud."

"Best old liqueur brandy from our mess in England," he replied, pouring some into each of the four mugs.

Then he held up his own and added—

"Here's to the guns: may they be well served to-morrow."

Over the enamelled rim the General's eyes met Tony's for a moment, and he smiled; for he understood the sentiment.

Tony crawled beneath his

blankets, and fell into a deep sleep, from which he roused himself with difficulty a few hours later as the first grey streaks of dawn were appearing in the sky.

II.

The press of work at the headquarters of a division during operations comes in periods of intense activity, during which every member of the staff, from the general downwards, feels that he is being asked to do the work of three men in an impossibly short space of time. One of these periods, that in which the orders for the initial stages of the attack had been distributed, had just passed, and a comparative calm had succeeded. Even the operator of the "buzzer" instrument, ensconced in a little triangular tent just large enough to hold one man in a prone position, had found time to smoke.

Divisional headquarters had been established at a point where five roads met, just below the crest of a low hill. A few yards away the horses clinked their bits and grazed. Occasionally the distant boom of a gun made them prick their ears and stare reflectively in the direction of the sound. The sun, with every promise of a fine day, was slowly dispelling the mist from the valley and woodlands below.

It was early: the battle had scarcely yet begun.

A huge map had been spread out on a triangular patch of grass at the road junction,

its corners held down with stones. Staff officers lay around it talking eagerly. Above, on the top of the hill, General Maudeslay leant against a bank and gazed into the mist. The night attack, he knew, had been successful, and he was anxiously awaiting the appearance of the battery on Point 548.

Tony was stretched at full length on the grass below him. He was warm, he was dry, and he was not hungry—a rare combination on service.

"This would be a grand cub-hunting morning, General," he said.

Ordinarily "the Maud" would have responded with enthusiasm, for hounds and hunting were the passion of his life. But now his thoughts were occupied with other matters, and he made no reply.

Then suddenly, as though at the rising of a curtain at a play, things began to happen. The telephone operator lifted his head with a start as his instrument began to give out its nervous, jerky, *zt—zzz—zt*. There was a clatter of hoofs along the road, and the sliding scrape of a horse pulled up sharply as an orderly appeared and handed in a message. Rifle fire, up till then desultory and unnoticed, began to in-

crease in volume. The mist had gone.

"The Maud," motionless against the bank, kept his glasses to his eyes for some minutes before lowering them, with a gesture of annoyance, and exclaimed—

"It's curious. That battery ought to be on 548 by now, but I can see no sign of it."

"You can't see 548 from here, sir. It's hidden behind that wood," said Tony, pointing as he spoke.

"What do you mean? There's 548," said the General, also pointing, but to a hill much farther to their right.

"No, sir—at least not according to my map."

"The Maud" snatched the map from Tony's hand. A second's glance was enough. On it point 548 was marked as being farther to the left and considerably nearer to the enemy.

He turned on Tony like a flash.

"Good Lord! Why didn't you tell me that before?" he cried. "There must be two different editions of this map. Which one had they in your brigade when you went over there last night—the right one or the wrong one?"

But Tony, unfortunately, had no idea. His interest in tactics, as we have seen, was small, and his visit had not involved him in a discussion of the plan of battle. He had not even looked at their maps.

"The Maud" walked round in one small circle while he hummed eight bars. Then he said—

"They must have started for

the wrong hill, and in this mist they won't have realised their danger. That battery will be wiped out unless we can stop it." He looked round quickly. "Signallers—no—useless: and the telephone not yet through. Tony, you'll have to go. There's no direct road. Go straight across country and you may just do it."

Tony was already half-way to the horses.

"Take up Dignity's stirrups two holes," he called as he ran towards them. "Quick, man, quick!"

It took perhaps twenty seconds, which seemed like as many minutes. He flung away belt and haversack, crammed his revolver into a side pocket, and was thrown up into the saddle. "The Maud" himself opened the gate off the road.

"Like hell, Tony, like hell!"

The General's words, shouted in his ear as he passed through on to the grass, seemed echoed in the steady beat of Dignity's hoofs as he went up to his bridle and settled into his long raking stride.

Tony leant on his horse's neck, his reins crossed jockey fashion, his knees pressed close against the light hunting saddle. Before him a faded expanse of green stretched out for two miles to the white cottage on the hillside which he had chosen as his point. The rush of wind in his ears, the thud of iron-shod hoofs on sound old turf, the thrill that is born of speed, made him forget for a moment the war, the enemy, his mission. He

was back in England on a good scenting morning in November. Hounds were away on a straight-necked fox, and he had got a perfect start. Almost could he see them beside him, "close packed, eager, silent as a dream."

This was not humdrum soldiering—cold and hunger, muddy roads and dreary marches. It was Life.

"Steady, old man."

He leant back, a smile upon his lips, as a fence was flung behind them and the bottom of the valley came in sight.

"There's a brook: must chance it," he muttered, and then, mechanically and with instinctive eye, he chose his place. He took a pull until he felt that Dignity was going well within himself, and then, fifty yards away, he touched him with his heels and let him out. The stream, swollen with the deluge of the previous day, had become a torrent of swirling, muddy water, and it was by no means narrow. But Dignity knew his business. Gathering his powerful quarters under him in the last stride, he took off exactly right and fairly hurled himself into space.

They landed with about an inch to spare.

"Good for you!" cried Tony, standing in his stirrups and looking back, as they breasted the slope beyond. From the top he had hoped to see the battery somewhere on the road, but he found that the wood obstructed his view, and he was still uncertain, therefore, as to whether he was in time or not.

"It's a race," he said, and sat down in his saddle to ride a finish.

But half-way across the next field Dignity put a foreleg into a blind and narrow drain and turned completely over.

Tony was thrown straight forward on to his head and stunned.

A quarter of an hour later he had recovered consciousness and was staring about him stupidly. The air was filled with the din of battle, but apparently the only living thing near him was Dignity, quietly grazing. He noticed, at first without understanding, that the horse moved on three legs only. His off foreleg was swinging. Tony got up and limped stiffly towards him. He bent down to feel the leg and found that it was broken.

Slowly, reluctantly, he pulled out his revolver and put in a cartridge. It was, perhaps, the hardest thing he had ever had to do. He drew Dignity's head down towards the ground, placed the muzzle against his forehead and fired.

The horse swayed for a fraction of a second, then collapsed forward, lifeless, with a thud: and Tony felt as though his heart would break.

Gradually he began to remember what had happened, and he wondered vaguely how long he had lain unconscious. In front of him stretched the wood which he had seen before he started, hiding from his view not only the actual hill but the road which led to it. He knew that on foot, bruised and shaken as he was, he could never now

arrive in time. He had failed, and must return.

Then, as he stood sadly watching Dignity's fast glazing eyes, he heard the thunder of hundreds of galloping hoofs, and looked up quickly. Round the corner of the wood, in wild career, came, not a cavalry charge as he had half expected, but teams—gun teams and limbers—but no guns. The battery had got into action on the hill, but a lucky hostile shell, wide of its mark, had dropped into the waggon line and stampeded the horses. A few drivers still remained, striving in vain to pull up. They might as well have tried to stop an avalanche.

Tony watched them flash past him to the rear. Still dazed with his fall, it was some seconds before the truth burst upon him.

He knew those horses.

"My God!" he cried aloud, "it's my own battery that's up there!"

In a moment all thought of his obvious duty—to return and report—was banished from his mind. He forgot the staff and his connection with it. One idea, and one only, possessed him—somehow, anyhow, to get to the guns.

Dizzily he started off towards the hill. His progress was slow and laboured. His head throbbed as though there was a metal piston within beating time upon his brain. The hot sun caused the sweat to stream into his eyes. The ground was heavy, and his feet sank into it at every step. Twice he stopped to vomit.

At last he reached the road

and followed the tracks of the gun-wheels up it until he came to the gap in the hedge through which the battery had evidently gone on its way into action. The slope was strewn with dead and dying horses: drivers were crushed beneath them; and an up-ended limber pointed its pole to the sky like the mast of a derelict ship. The ground was furrowed with the impress of many heavy wheels, and everywhere was ripped and scarred with the bullet marks of low-burst shrapnel. But ominously enough, amid all these signs of conflict no hostile fire seemed to come in his direction.

The hill rose sharply for a hundred yards or so, and then ran forward for some distance nearly flat. Tony therefore, crawling up, did not see the battery until he was quite close to it.

Panting, he stopped aghast and stared.

Four guns were in position with their waggons beside them. The remnants of the detachments crouched behind the shields. Piles of empty cartridge-cases and little mounds of turf behind the trails testified that these four guns, at least, had been well served. But the others! One was still limbered up: evidently a shell had burst immediately in front of it. Its men and horses were heaped up round it almost as though they were tin soldiers which a child had swept together on the floor. The remaining gun pointed backward down the hill, forlorn and desolate.

In the distance, for miles

and miles, the noise of battle crashed and thundered in the air. But here it seemed some magic spell was cast, and everything was still and silent as the grave.

Sick at heart, Tony contemplated the scene of carnage and destruction for one brief moment. Then he made his way towards the only officer whom he could see, and from him learnt exactly what had happened.

The major commanding the battery, it appeared, deceived first by the map and then by the fog, had halted his whole battery where he imagined that it was hidden from view. But as soon as the mist had cleared away he found that it was exposed to the fire of the hostile artillery at a range of little more than a mile. The battery had been caught by a hail of shrapnel before it could get into action. Only this one officer remained, and there were but just enough men to work the four guns that were in position. Ammunition, too, was getting very short.

Tony looked at his watch. It was only eight o'clock. From his vague idea of the general plan of battle he knew that the decisive attack would eventually sweep forward over the hill on which he stood. But how soon?

At any moment the enemy might launch a counter-attack and engulf his battery. Its position could hardly have been worse. Owing to the flat top of the hill nothing could be seen from the guns except the three hundred yards im-

mediately in front of them and the high ground a mile away on which the enemy's artillery was posted. The intervening space was hidden. Yet it was impossible to move. Any attempt to go forward to where they could see, or backward to where they would be safe, would be greeted, Tony knew well enough, with a burst of fire which would mean annihilation. Besides, he remembered the stampeding waggon line. The battery was without horses, immobile. To wait patiently for succour was its only hope.

Having ascertained that a man had been posted out in front to give warning of an attack, Tony sat down to await developments with philosophic calm. The fact that he had no right to be there at all, but that his place was with the General, did not concern him in the slightest. It had always been his ambition "to fight a battery in the real thing," as he would himself have phrased it, and he foresaw that he was about to do so with a vengeance. He was distressed by the havoc that he saw, but in all other respects he was content.

For hours nothing happened. The enemy evidently considered that the battery was effectually silenced, and did not deign to waste further ammunition upon it. Then, when Tony had almost fallen asleep, the sentry at the forward crest semaphored in a message—

"Long thick line of infantry advancing: will reach foot of hill in about five minutes.

Supports behind." Almost at the same moment an orderly whom Tony recognised as belonging to his General's staff arrived from the rear. Tony seized upon him eagerly.

"Where have you come from?" he demanded.

"From the General, sir. 'E sent me to find you and to tell you to come back."

"Did you pass any of our infantry on your way?"

"Yes, sir. There's a lot coming on. They'll be round the wood in a minute or two."

"Well, go back to them and give any officer this message," said Tony, writing rapidly in his note-book.

"Beg pardon, sir, but that will take me out of my way. I'm the last orderly the General 'as got left, and I was told to find out what 'ad 'appened 'ere, and then to come straight back."

"I don't care a damn what you were told. You go with that message *now*."

The man hurried off, and Tony walked along the line of guns, saw that they were laid on the crest line in front, and that the fuzes were set at zero. This would have the effect of bursting the shell at the muzzles, and so creating a death-zone of leaden bullets through which the attacking infantry would have to fight their way. Then he took up his post behind an ammunition waggon on the right of the battery, and fixed his eyes on the signaller in front. He felt himself to be in the same state of tingling excitement as when he waited outside a good

fox-covert expecting the welcome "Gone away."

Suddenly the signaller rose, and, crouching low, bolted back towards the guns. Just as he reached them a few isolated soldiers began to appear over the crest in front. As soon as they saw the guns they lay down waiting for support. They were the advanced scouts of a battalion.

A moment afterwards, a thick line of men came in sight. The sun gleamed on their bayonets. There was a shout, and they surged forward towards the battery.

"Three rounds gun fire," Tony shouted. The four guns went off almost simultaneously, and at once the whole front was enveloped in thick, white smoke from the bursting shell. In spite of diminished detachments the guns were quickly served. Again and once again they spoke within a second of each other.

The smoke cleared slowly, for there was scarcely a breath of wind. Meanwhile the assailants had taken cover, and were beginning to use their rifles. Bullets, hundreds of them, tore the ground in front and clanged against the shields. Tony stepped back a few yards and looked down into the valley behind him. A thin line of skirmishers had almost reached the foot of the hill. His message had been delivered.

He came back to the cover of his waggon. The enemy began to come forward by rushes—a dozen men advancing twenty yards, perhaps.

"Repeat," said Tony.

Again the guns blazed and

roared : again the pall of smoke obscured the view. A long trailing line of infantry began to climb the hill behind him. But the enemy was working round the flanks of the battery and preparing for the final rush. It was a question of whether friend or foe would reach him first. For the second time that day Tony muttered "It's a race!"

Then, as he saw the whole line rise and charge straight at him—

"Gun fire," he yelled above the din, knowing that by that order the ammunition would be expended to the last round.

He jumped to the gun nearest him, working the breech with mechanical precision, while the only gunner left in the detachment loaded and fired.

"Last round, sir," came in a hoarse whisper, as Tony slammed the breech and leant back with left arm outstretched ready to swing it open again. In front they could see nothing : the smoke hung like a thick white blanket. Tony drew his revolver and stood up, peering over the shield, expecting every moment to see a line of bayonets emerge.

There was a roar behind. He heard the rush of feet and the rattle of equipment. He was conscious of the smell of sweating bodies and the sight of wild, frenzied faces. Then the charge, arriving just in time, swept past him, a mad irresistible wave of humanity, driving the enemy before it and leaving the guns behind

like rocks after the passage of a flood.

Tony fell back over the trail in a dead faint.

Long afterwards, when the tide of battle had rolled on towards the opposing heights, Tony, pale, grimy, but exultant, started back with the intention of rejoining his General. Half-way down the hill he met him riding up.

Tony turned and walked beside him.

"What's happened here, and where the devil have you been all day?" asked "the Maud" angrily.

"I've been here, sir."

"So it appears. I sent an orderly to find you, and all you did was to despatch him on a message of your own, I understand. We were in urgent need of information as to what had happened up here. You failed to stop this battery, and it was your duty to come straight back and tell me so."

Tony had never seen the placid Maud so angry. He glanced up at him as he sat there bolt upright on his horse looking straight to his front.

"It was my own battery," said Tony. Then, after a pause, he added recklessly—"Would you have come back, sir, if you'd been me?"

The Maud stared past him up the hill. He saw the guns, with the dead and wounded strewn around them, safe. He was a gunner first, a general only afterwards. He hummed a little tune.

"No," he said, "I wouldn't."

THE WAR.

A MONTH ago we stood, as we believed, upon the brink of civil war. To-day we are plunged knee-deep in a nobler, more hazardous strife. No sooner was the bellicose purpose of Germany made plain than the temper of the people changed completely. There is no longer any talk of dissension or misunderstanding. However bitterly we may quarrel among ourselves through the baleful accident of party politics, we stand united against the common foe. In brief, Great Britain and Ireland have borne themselves as all their friends knew they would, and they have been rudely disillusioned who hoped to surprise us in a moment of enforced inaction.

The prospect of a war with Germany should have been before our eyes for many years. The truth has been told upon the house-tops in words that might have been plain even to our apathetic citizens. Writers, so far different the one from the other in sentiment and ambition as Mr Maxse and Mr Blatchford, have done their best (with many more) to enlighten the world, and they have been ridiculed as alarm-mongers for their pains. It is clear at last that their alarm was amply justified, that they spoke and wrote with the fearless loyalty of patriots. The alarm-mongers were right, as they commonly are. Nor had they remained silent would

indications of danger been lacking. Ever since the Emperor William sent his foolish telegram to Kruger we have condoned unnumbered insults at the hands of the Germans. Such professors as Treitschke and Wagner and Delbrück have joined with the official press in vilifying us and in distorting our legitimate aims. And all the while our enemies have pretended to themselves that we are an effete nation, incapable of resistance and hardly worth a settled policy of aggression. Had we wished, we might have known all that was being said and thought in Germany; yet in accord with our customary indifference we have flattered with honorary degrees the very professors who have been loudest in insolence, while our own learned men, ignorant of affairs, have prated foolishly of German science and German scholarship, of the debt which they owed to our bitter rivals. The situation has been wholly discreditable to us. In spite of the energy of those who were determined to weaken our opposition, we should have been prepared for the worst. Surely the German sailors who demanded a mighty fleet and who drank *am Tage* were no apostles of peace. The "intellectuals" were unmoved and immovable. War seemed impossible to those pious gentlemen who believe that it is a

crime to shed the blood of any others than their own fellow-citizens. And now the war, foreseen by the wise, has come upon the "intellectuals" as a strange unwelcome surprise.

For many weeks the Germans have manœuvred for a favourable opening. They have hoped against hope that they might thrust the burden of provocation upon our side, and they have been disappointed. It is in vain that the Emperor proclaims that the sword was thrust roughly into his hands. The publication of Sir Edward Grey's White Paper, which bears the simple title "Correspondence respecting the European Crisis," makes clear for always upon whom lies the blame of the greatest war the world has ever seen. This collection of documents forms, so to say, the first act of a tragedy, which is the more intense because none of the interlocutors, save one, knows what the conclusion will be. The grave simplicity of its style produces such an effect as mere eloquence could never achieve. It is now evident that the war, like most tragedies, sprang from a small beginning. When Austria insisted that Serbia owed her ample reparation for the injuries and insults which she had sustained, and which had culminated in the murder of the Crown Prince and his wife, Europe was confronted by a problem which did not seem insoluble. That a universal conflagration should be lit by so small a spark was not expected outside Germany by the most resolute

pessimist. It was not until July 20 that doubts began to arise. Then it was that Sir Edward Grey asked the German Ambassador in London "if he had any news of what was going on in Vienna with regard to Serbia." The German Ambassador, kept in the dark no doubt by his Imperial master, replied that he had no news, but that "Austria was certainly going to take some step, and he regarded the situation as very uncomfortable." A few days later Austria presented her famous note to Serbia, complete compliance with which would have reduced Serbia to the position of a humble vassal. The note was received with astonishment and indignation by all the Powers save Germany. "The murder of the Archduke," wrote Sir Edward Grey to our Ambassador in Vienna, "and some of the circumstances respecting Serbia quoted in the note, aroused sympathy with Austria, as was but natural, but at the same time I had never before seen one State address to another independent State a document of so formidable a character." Formidable, in truth, it was, and by design. For its purpose was not merely to intimidate Serbia, but to hasten the European war for which Germany believed herself ready and the rest of the world unprepared.

That Austria did as she was bid by her powerful ally there can be no doubt. "Although I am not able to verify it," wrote Sir M. de Bunsen six days after

the presentation of the note, "I have private information that the German Ambassador knew the text of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia before it was despatched, and telegraphed it to the German Emperor. I know from the German Ambassador himself that he endorses every word of it." That being so, the hope of peace was small indeed. The German Emperor had chosen what he thought was the moment, and had prepared for war. Even when Servia accepted every clause of the formidable note save two, and proposed that the propriety of these should be decided at the Hague, Austria repelled the advance with indignation. The attempt of Russia and England to ensure peace was foredoomed to failure. Germany's mind was made up, and all her tedious discussions with the Ambassadors of foreign Powers were mere exercises in political hypocrisy. While she mobilised herself, she found it a *casus belli* that Russia should mobilise in the south, as a natural precaution following the declaration of war by Austria upon Servia. She pretended to press mediation upon Austria when her purpose was irrevocable. To read the telegraphic despatches which passed between Sir Edward Grey and our Ambassador in Berlin is to see clearly to what a height of cynicism the arrogance of Germany has persuaded her Emperor to climb.

The masterpiece of insolence was achieved by the German

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Chancellor. On July 29 he made a deliberate attempt to purchase the honour and the neutrality of the nation which his countrymen have for years outraged and affected to despise. There would have been something suspicious in this sudden and belated desire to claim the friendship of England, even had the terms themselves not been base. Hear his proposal: "The Chancellor said," thus writes Sir E. Goschen, "that should Austria be attacked by Russia a European conflagration might, he feared, become inevitable, owing to Germany's obligations as Austria's ally, in spite of his continued efforts to maintain peace. He then proceeded to make the following strong bid for British neutrality. He said it was clear, as far as he was able to judge the main principle which governed British policy, that Great Britain would never stand by and allow France to be crushed in any conflict there might be. That, however, was not the object at which Germany aimed. Provided that neutrality with Great Britain were certain, every assurance would be given the British Government that the Imperial Government aimed at no territorial acquisitions at the expense of France, should they prove victorious in any war that might ensue. I questioned his Excellency about the French colonies, and he said that he was unable to give a similar undertaking in that respect. As regards Holland, however, his Excellency said that so long as Ger-

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many's adversaries respected the integrity and neutrality of the Netherlands, Germany was ready to give his Majesty's Government an assurance that she would do likewise. It depended upon the action of France what operations Germany might be forced to enter upon in Belgium, but when the war was over, Belgian integrity would be respected if she had not sided against Germany." Thus was Germany's plot uncovered with a frigid candour. England was to go back upon her friend without a word, and was to permit the armed invasion of Belgium, whose neutrality she had guaranteed. All that she was to receive in exchange for these dishonourable favours was an undertaking that Germany aimed at no territorial acquisitions in France! Alsace and Lorraine have proved too hard a nut to crack even after forty years, and Germany was prepared to content herself in the future with laying hands upon the French colonies!

We know not which to admire the more—the frankness or the brutality of this infamous proposal. Sir Edward Grey brushed it aside with the contempt it deserved. He refused to entertain for a moment the suggestion of the Chancellor. "What he asks us in effect," he wrote, "is to engage to stand by while French colonies are taken and France is beaten, so long as Germany does not take French territory, as distinct from colonies. From a national point of view such a proposal is unacceptable, for France, with-

out further territory in Europe taken from her, could be so crushed as to lose her position as a Great Power and become subordinate to German policy. Altogether, apart from that, it would be a disgrace for us to make a bargain with Germany at the expense of France, a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover. The Chancellor also in effect asks us to bargain away whatever obligation or interest we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain either." These are wise and clear words. Sir Edward Grey repudiated as fiercely as the language of diplomacy would allow him the disgrace wherewith Germany would have stained the good name of England. As well he might. In truth, from this moment war must have seemed inevitable even to his peaceful eyes. But for three days the country was still kept in suspense. The "intellectuals," who should have known better, rose in their impotence and clamoured that there should be no war with the Germans, from whom they had learned the precious lessons of science and philosophy. It is impossible to condemn too severely the manifesto of certain professors who regarded Germany as "a nation leading the way in the arts and sciences," and insisted therefore that we should permit her to set Europe under her heel. In the first place, we repudiate the leadership either in art or science of German pedantry; in the second, we think it would have

been wiser had the archæologists and theologians stuck to their desks, and refrained from attempting to teach the lessons of high policy to our diplomatists. And then Mr Cadbury's newspaper, the friend of Germany unto the eleventh hour, collected the opinions of all those who believed that blood cannot righteously be shed elsewhere than in Ulster, and invited the counsel of the aged and forgotten doctrinaires who still breathe the attenuated air of the sixties. Thus Sir Edward Grey was not only fighting the battle of England's honour. He was asked to subdue these also whose motto is "dishonour with peace." That he carried all the suffrages is a tribute to his tact and firmness. Thenceforth events moved rapidly. On August 2 orders were issued for the general mobilisation of the German Army and Navy. On the same day it was announced that Germany and Russia were in a state of war, and that a German force had entered the Duchy of Luxembourg. Twenty-four hours later the Germans had marched into Belgian territory and demanded the surrender of Liège, with what result we know now as a piece of imperishable history. Sir Edward Grey hesitated no longer, and sent to Sir Edward Goschen that ultimatum which meant war for Great Britain. Let it be quoted as it was written: "We hear that Germany has addressed note to Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs stating that German Government will be compelled

to carry out, if necessary, by force of arms, the measures considered indispensable. We are also informed that Belgian territory has been violated at Gemmenioh. In these circumstances, and in view of the fact that Germany declined to give the same assurance respecting Belgium as France gave last week in reply to our request made simultaneously at Berlin and Paris, we must repeat that request, and ask that a satisfactory reply to it and to my telegram of this morning be received here by 12 o'clock to-night. If not, you are instructed to ask for your passports, and to say that His Majesty's Government feel bound to take all steps in their power to uphold the neutrality of Belgium and the observance of a treaty to which Germany is as much a party as ourselves." At last the period of suspense was over. We could hold up our heads once more. We had undertaken to enforce the obligations of honest men, and could think of our friends, France and Russia, and of Belgium, whom we were pledged to protect, without shame and without reproach.

So Germany has gone to war with France and England, with Russia and Belgium, to say nothing of Serbia and other Balkan States. Italy remains neutral, on the just ground that the present war is not defensive but aggressive, and that, for this reason, the *casus foederis* under the terms of the Triple Alliance does not arise. And Germany, standing alone but for the aid

of Austria, who is amply held by her own quarrel, enters upon the conflict in a spirit of braggadocio. By the mouth of her Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, she has set forth such a doctrine of aggression as never before was preached by a civilised power. She has put herself above and beyond the rules which govern human conduct. She has taken for her gospel a misreading of Machiavelli, who aimed sedulously at the truth and at good government; she has accepted the fantastic theories of Nietzsche, which are wild in themselves and ridiculous if there be no superman to carry them out. "We are now in a state of necessity," says the Imperial Chancellor, "and necessity knows no law." Never was there a more grotesque perversion of the truth. The sterner the necessity, the sterner should be the law. What has lifted warfare from the level of barbarism to the topmost height of courtesy and chivalry is the pious and constant respect for law. Would, then, the Chancellor poison wells and spread pestilence, because his country finds itself in a state of necessity? There is nothing in his arrogant pronouncement which gives us confidence that he would not give this monstrous counsel.

By a kind of inverted pride, which persuades him that his master and himself can do no wrong, he confesses their crime with a braggart candour. "Our troops have occupied Luxembourg," he boasts, "and are

perhaps already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is contrary to the dictates of international law. It is true that the French Government has declared at Brussels that France is willing to respect the neutrality of Belgium so long as her opponent respects it. We know, however, that France stood ready for the invasion. France could wait, but we could not wait. A French movement on our flank upon the lower Rhine might have been disastrous. So we are compelled to override the just protest of the Luxembourg and Belgian Governments. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal is reached." How Germany will make good the wrong which she confesses she has done we know not. It is a task even beyond her pride to call the dead to life again, and to restore to happiness and prosperity a devastated countryside.

Germany, then, at all costs, means to hack her way through. She respects the laws neither of God nor of nations. She proclaims that henceforth she is a law unto herself, and she must not be surprised if she be treated as *hostis humani generis*. Why she has adopted this attitude it is not easy to understand. The strongest man fights all the better if he has right upon his side, and the German Emperor, by the confession of his Chancellor, goes into battle with the wrong for his nearest and most constant ally. It is perhaps the logical conclusion of a career

given over to vanity. Ever since he parted with Bismarck William II. has lived for and by himself. He has fed upon his own brain; he has been nourished only upon his own thoughts; and perhaps it is not remarkable that he believes himself supreme in the world. Whatever is German he thinks is right because it is German, and he knows and cares nothing about that which is done or said beyond his own borders. Thus it is that he has matched his Empire against the rest of Europe, and not in a good cause. The speech of the Chancellor will not be forgotten. The brutal appeal to the doctrine that Germany's necessity, not the world's, knows no law, will not strengthen the arm nor nerve the courage of a single soldier. We would not for a moment under-rate the prowess and the bravery of the German Army. It is possibly the most highly trained instrument that mankind has ever made. But not even the German Army can profitably be asked to hack its way through broken laws and wanton wrongs to the conquest of the world.

And as the German Emperor has chosen the wrong method of provoking a quarrel, so he has chosen the wrong moment. Again the fault is his, for, let it be remembered, the time and the occasion are of his own choice. Why did he select this year, 1914, for his demonstration against Europe? Because he had been told that England was torn by civil strife, that France was the victim of politi-

cal corruption, that Russia was wholly unprepared. The network of espionage, wherewith he has covered the face of the earth, has served him badly. How should he hope it would serve him well? Spies are notoriously unobservant. They work for a heavy wage and without enthusiasm. They look only upon the surface of things, and they see most easily what their masters wish them to see. A month ago the wandering German, who understood not the character of Great Britain, might have believed her hands infirm, her energies paralysed. The strife of parties had been carried to the very point of civil war. Ireland was divided into two hostile camps. The men of Ulster, fully armed and trained, looked with confidence upon the untrained, unarmed army of the South. So gravely had our Ministers misinterpreted their duty, that not long since some of them had concocted a plot against Ulster, and excluded even the Prime Minister from their deliberations. The Prime Minister, it was generally known, had neither plan nor policy. He drifted aimlessly as a leaf thrown upon a torrent. His political philosophy was summed up in a phrase—"wait and see"—and he exercised discipline with so light a hand that every member of his Cabinet did as he pleased. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, resolved at all costs to rob hen-roosts, was known to be bleeding the country white that he might purchase popularity. Wherever the superficial ob-

server cast an eye he saw only dissension and uncertainty. A noisy party in the land was opposed to all kinds of defence, flouted the army, and denounced the navy for an expensive toy. What wonder, then, if the ignorant man believed that the moment of England's fall had come?

Again, said the wiseacres, no sooner is England at war than her dependencies and her dominions overseas will throw off the yoke. Whatever energy she possess will be needed to keep the peace within the limits of her own Empire. India, they were quite sure, was seething with revolt. South Africa had not yet forgotten the burden of the war. Now was the time for the United States to lay a hasty hand upon Canada. Such were the fairy stories which were told and believed in Germany, and whatever be the end of the war, assuredly the German Emperor will discover that he makes an ill preparation for victory who puts his trust in spies. The truth is that the war worked upon Great Britain and her Empire like a magic spell. In an instant all animosities were at an end. In Great Britain the voices of the politicians were suddenly hushed. We closed our ranks, firm in courage and resolution. Ireland willingly offered her volunteers for the duty of defence. Tory and Radical were of a single mind. At last the voice of the Little Englander was silent. It is fortunate indeed for England's honour that the Radicals

are tranquillised by office. Were they in Opposition the most of them would have by this time been preaching a pro-German crusade. Mr Lloyd George would doubtless have been giving the same advice to the Kaiser as he gave to the Boers, on no account to lay down their arms. The loyal support of a strong Opposition is certain, and responsibility has sobered the natural descendants of Charles James Fox. Even the fiercest peace-mongers have rallied to the flag. Some there are whose rallying is, we confess, not easily to be borne. When rhetoricians, mere men of words, such as Messrs Massingham and B. Shaw, who have done their best to render England defenceless, to expose her throat unprotected to the assassin's knife, accept the war as inevitable and consent amiably to take advantage of the services which they have belittled, the decent citizen can hardly restrain his anger. "I must say, too, and publicly," boasts Mr Massingham, "that the reading of the White Paper produced a tremendous revulsion. . . . I could not resist the evidence that we were being forced into war." Why should he say it, publicly or privately? The country is not interested in his death-bed repentance. Were he logical, he would refuse to accept the protection afforded by the ships, which he was sure were unnecessary, and expose himself unarmed to the bullets of the friendly Germans. Mr Shaw is yet more

bland a patron of the defences which he has ridiculed than his friend. "Our immediate business," says this contemner of armaments, "is to fight as hard as we can; for our weight when the settlement comes will depend on the part we shall have played in the conflict." His immediate business, we should have thought, was to hold his tongue. A stern silence would better have become both these gentlemen than the claptrap which they hastened to impart to 'The Daily News.' They believe, we suppose, that they must keep themselves in the public eye at all costs. The necessity is not obvious, and certainly there is no man in England who less deserves to profit than they and their like by the courage and self-sacrifice of the Navy and Army.

For the rest, we cannot congratulate ourselves too strongly upon the closing of the ranks, upon the solidarity of the nation. We are animated all by a spirit of confidence. The appointment of Lord Kitchener to the War Office has marvellously reassured the country. We know now that nothing will be done for a party, that all will be done for the State. High and low have one aim, one ambition. We must make ourselves worthy a high occasion at all hazards. As our trust in Lord Kitchener is perfect, so we do not under-rate the magnitude of his task. Other Ministers of War have an instrument ready to their hand. He has to make his

army as he goes on. That he will get the 100,000 men that he asks for there can be no doubt. He speaks with authority, and will be answered by obedience. Nor must we forget the debt that we owe to Mr Winston Churchill, whose *cabotinage* in the past has done England many an evil turn. He fell not an inch below his great opportunity. A week before danger seemed imminent, the fleet, mobilised with energy, had left Portsmouth with sealed orders, and has achieved swiftly and silently the splendid work of defence which we all expect of it. And our solidarity goes far beyond the nation. It holds in its silken chain the whole Empire. Everywhere there is the same wish to serve, the same readiness to bring men and money and ships to the common cause. The princes of India—the land which the Germans fondly hoped was on the edge of revolt—have offered themselves freely to their Emperor, to do and to suffer what he bids. It is the same tale of splendid loyalty to tell on all sides. Canada and Australia and New Zealand, Africa, South and East and West, are all part of a united whole. At the first hint of danger we may count upon unanimity in every corner of the world where the British flag is flying. We are, in truth, like a company of friends, who claim the privilege of speaking plainly one to another. We go beyond the facts sometimes in recrimination, but woe betide the man outside who dares to revile a single one of our num-

ber. At the first word of insult we are one and indivisible, and had the German Emperor understood this plain truth he would not have embarked so lightly upon his monstrous adventure.

If the German Emperor mistook the temper of England, he grievously mistook also the temper of France. He forgot the spirit of the *revanche*, which has quickened the Republic for forty-four years, and kept his eye firmly fixed upon Mme. Caillaux. Now, for the Government of France we have not the smallest respect. We have not forgotten, we shall not forget, the unnumbered scandals which have brought disgrace upon the Ministers of the Third Republic. The shame of Rochette, the falsehood of MM. Monis and Caillaux, are still in our minds, and they may be taken as a fair comment upon the basest of all systems—popular government. But what the German Emperor did not remember is that the murder of a dozen Calmettes, the detection in prevaricating of a hundred Ministers like Monis and Caillaux, will not impair for a moment the courage and wisdom of France. That has happened in France which happens in all extreme democracies: the sound and sane part of the country is divorced utterly from the Government. The fact that the men in high office are peculating is an unhappy incident which the ratepayer is asked to support with solid cash. Behind and apart from all that lies a country alive with intelligence and capable of quiet sacrifice. When

Marshal Bazaine, on trial for the surrender of Metz, asked the Court what after all there was left, the Duc d'Aumale replied, "There was left the honour of France." And the honour of France is still untarnished, in spite of MM. Monis and Caillaux, a simple truth which the war party in Berlin was hasty enough to overlook.

Worst of all, the Germans misjudged Belgium. They had no scruple in violating her neutrality; they threatened, with the familiar accent of the blackmailer, that if she were not amenable to their wishes they would seize the Congo. Never for a moment did it come to their minds that she would resist. The march through her territory was a necessity which should cause the Germans no delay and the Belgians very little inconvenience. The Belgians have for long lost the warlike character which Cæsar ascribed to them. They did not distinguish themselves at Waterloo, and they have had little opportunity of retrieving the mistakes of the past. So the War Lords of Germany treated them with contempt. They did not trouble to ask their permission before the war was declared, regarding them as an obstacle which might justly be neglected. They forgot Liège; they forgot that their plan of campaign had been publicly advertised for many years; they forgot that the Belgians had gained immeasurably in strength and wealth under the energetic rule of Leopold II., and with the example of King Albert's courage

before their eyes; and forgetting all these things they walked blindly into the pit which their vanity had digged for them.

There is the less excuse for their folly, since the strength of Liège, fortified as it was by Brialmont, was a thing of common knowledge. Some years ago Mr Belloc, in an article which proves how true a prophet he may be who brings a fine intelligence to the understanding of ascertained facts, foresaw every step hitherto taken in the German campaign. Had the Emperor not been befogged by pride he might have made Mr Belloc's knowledge his own. But secure in the opinion that Germany must triumph everywhere and at once, he drove Liège and her forts from his bold mind, and he is paying to-day most bitterly for his carelessness. For one thing, at least, is certain: the German plan of campaign has completely miscarried. The hope of sweeping through Belgium on an unintercepted march to Paris is now dismissed for ever. Whatever the future has in store for us, Europe refuses to fall down in terror at the mere rattling of the Prussian sabre. The superstition of Prussia's invincibility, entertained most devoutly in Berlin, is pricked like a bubble. It is no easier to pierce Belgium than to surprise the watchful forts on the eastern frontier of France. The Prussians, as we know at last, have been more successful in deceiving themselves than in deceiving others. At sea, as on land,

they are held in the firm grip of the Allies. The one ship which might have done damage in the Mediterranean has been sold to the Turkish Government—not a very gallant adventure, when we remember the boastful language which has been used of late by William II. For the rest, we are masters still of the North Sea and the Atlantic. And what is of the worst omen for Prussia, every day brings the vast Russian host of many millions nearer and nearer to Berlin.

It is rash to predict the end of a war. We may say without boastfulness and without any risk to our good fortune, that the Germans have hitherto achieved no jot of their ambition. "Well begun is half done," says the Germans' own proverb, and it is difficult to believe that any war would march easily to a triumphant conclusion that was preceded by so pitiful a piece of diplomacy as Germany has revealed. She made nothing ready. She knew no more of England's intention than of Belgium's energy to defend her borders. The statesmen who direct her councils did not attempt to make the way plain for the vast army which they have thrust into Belgium. So sure were they of the power of Germany's sword that they were content to leave everything to chance in the realm of diplomacy. They boasted of their organisation and their discipline, forgetting that organisation, if carried too far, may become mechanical, and that

discipline itself may tire as well as train. The issue, then, is plain—the allies are fighting for the right to live in comfort and freedom. They are fighting to be rid of a military autocracy, which too long has bullied Europe. Above all, they are fighting for genius and intelligence against the ascendancy of the efficient second-rate. That the Germans are efficient none will deny. They have mastered the apparatus of life as few races have ever mastered it. With the help of the drill-sergeant they have reduced the citizens of their great Empire to the level of uniform automata. They have shown us no genius in art or letters. The great novelists and poets of France and Russia and England could never be of their kin. And since it is the things of the mind which will rule the world again, when peace descends upon us without stretched wings, we can only pray devoutly for the victory of the Allies. No worse disaster could impede the enlightenment of Europe than a Germanised France.

And now that war is upon us, the unreality of politics is made plain. We understand in a moment how futile a place is the House of Commons, how useless is the rhetoric that is poured forth daily in that haunt of strife and dullness. The idle sport of buying votes with

somebody else's money seems already a nightmare of the past. The adventure upon which we are embarked is at any rate the adventure of a man. It has a man's purpose and a man's risk. It does not admit the trickery and the evasions which are the daily bread of politics. If we are not now honest to ourselves and to one another, then assuredly will ruin overtake us. A brief month ago we were listening, in irritation truly, to Mr Birrell. To-day Mr Birrell has passed from the realm of known and sensible things. Is it possible then that, having been purified by fire, we shall ever return to the shifts and falsehoods of popular government? When the moment of stress comes upon us democracy vanishes instantly from the sight of man. The world is silent of its shallow pretences, its pompous humbug; and if only the war teaches us that each man must lean upon himself for support and not upon an interested Government, if it persuade us to become once more a nation not of placemen and pensioners, but of free citizens, if it make an instant reality, as assuredly it will, of Lord Roberts' dream of National Service, the vain and cynical autocracy of the War Lords of Germany will not have been exercised in vain.

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FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN TO THE PASSAGE OF THE JORDAN.

BY SIR W. WILLCOCKS, K.C.M.G.

I.

TWENTY - EIGHT years in Egypt and three in Babylonia as an irrigation engineer have given me special opportunities for studying the problems connected with the Garden of Eden, Noah's flood, Joseph's famines, Moses' crossing of the Red Sea, and Joshua's crossing of the Jordan. Accurate plans and levels, and knowledge of irrigation and of the spoken language of these lands, have helped me to understand the meanings of technical terms and to fill in the true backgrounds of the events which took place in these two irrigated countries. Of myself I can only say that, as the meanings of events which seemed impossible to me have unfolded themselves, the Bible has again become the living book of my early days.

The early chapters of Genesis
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had their origin in a rainless land, where all life depended on irrigation. "The Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, but there went up a mist from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground." Now no mist—not even a primeval one—will keep a garden alive. The word translated "mist" means "free flow irrigation," as distinct from irrigation by machinery or with one's foot. This is certified to by the Rev. Professor Sayce.

When human beings first appeared on the earth, and for many and many a generation afterwards, men could only have just held their own against wild animals; and while their dwelling-places were surrounded by forests and jungles, the unending struggle must have left them but little time

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to make any real advance in civilisation. It was far different in the cases of Arabia and practical oases like the stretch of country between Anah and Hitt on the Upper Euphrates. Here it was possible for men to destroy the existing wild beasts; and as their numbers could not be recruited out of the deserts, they were exterminated, and men had leisure to become civilised. "Amalek was the first of the nations," was spoken of the Arabs stretching from the Nile to the Euphrates by the great heathen seer whose home was on the Euphrates, and whose survey of the western Asiatic world was a revelation to Israel (Numbers xxiv., and Micah vi.) Living in tents and using gourds for vessels, the early Arabs have left no traces such as we see in Egypt and Babylonia; but Arabia has been able to pour forth from her parched loins her virile sons, who began the subjugation of both the Nile valley and the valley of the Euphrates.

When the early Semites, the ancestors of the children of Israel, moved down the Euphrates, the first oasis they encountered was the country between Anah and Hitt. The river here is to-day a series of indifferent cataracts, where the current turns giant water-wheels which lift water and irrigate the narrow valley to the edge of the desert. Garden succeeds garden, orchards and date-groves lie between fields of corn or cotton, and life and prosperity are before us

wherever the water can reach. Though to-day, owing to the degradation of the cataracts—a degradation whose steady progress was noticed by the writers of the Augustan age—water-wheels are necessary to irrigate the gardens, the benches of river deposit above the highest floods of our time prove that in days not very remote the water led off from above a cataract irrigated with free flow gardens situated a little down-stream and out of reach of the floods. Such was the Garden of Eden; and it is here that, in descending the Euphrates, we first encounter the date-palm, which even to-day is a tree of life to the whole Arab world. (It is interesting that in all countries where the Arabs hold sway, any man who plants a date-palm is possessor of that palm—even if it stands on another man's land or on the common domain.) In this reach of the Euphrates wild wheat, too, has its home.

While in Babylonia for three years I made a special point of carefully examining the whole length of the Euphrates to see where a garden could be placed which could be irrigated by free flow through the twelve months of the year. Below Hitt no place could be found until we came to the reclaimed areas in the marshes near the Persian Gulf, where was situated the Garden of Eden of the Sumerians, of which I shall speak a little later. At any point between Hitt and the marshes, beginning at Ur of the Chaldees,

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a garden irrigated in the time of low supply would be inundated in flood, and if irrigated in flood would be left high and dry in the time of low supply.

"And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted and became four heads." The garden was an irrigated garden, in which the date-palm has remained even to our day the tree of life and the vine the forbidden tree of knowledge. Down-stream of the garden the river was divided into four main branches. The first was the Pison, represented by the flooded depressions of the Habbania and Abudibis between Ramadi and Nejef. Through all antiquity these depressions were considered as in communication with each other, but recent surveys and levels have proved the contrary. The project for connecting the two depressions is being undertaken to-day by the Turkish Government. The Pison was not inaptly described, from the point of view of a dweller in Babylonia, as encompassing the whole land of Havilah, which lay between the frontier of Egypt and Assyria.

The second river was the Gihon, the modern Hindia, the Chebar of Ezekiel, who lies buried on its banks, the Ahava of Ezra, the Pallacopas of Alexander, and the Nahr Kufa of the early khalifs. It was represented as encompassing the whole land of Cush, the father of Nimrod, the beginning of whose kingdom was

Babylon and Erech and Acaad and Calneh in the land of Shinar. In the time of Moses, Cush was applied to Babylonia; but in the times of the Prophets, Ethiopia was known as Cush. The Gihon most emphatically encompasses the whole land of Cush of Moses' time.

The third river was Hiddekel, the Dikel, the Dijla, the Tigris, the modern Sakhlawia branch, some 250 feet wide and 25 feet deep, running like a mill-race into the wide Akkar Kuf depression and flowing out of it into the Tigris at Bagdad. If left alone, the Sakhlawia would be capable of carrying more than half the waters of the Euphrates and feeding the Tigris. In ancient times it was undoubtedly a second head to the Tigris, and from the point of view of a dweller in Babylonia it was very accurately described as "that it is that goeth in front of Assyria."

And the fourth river was Euphrates. No definition was necessary. It was the river of Babylon itself.

Just as the Babylonian colonists carried the name of Tigris with them to Nineveh, so doubtless, in times after the most ancient, they gave the name of the river of Babylon to the great stream on whose banks was situated the cradle of the race. From source to mouth one river became the Euphrates and the other the Tigris.

I have stated that in the last 5000 or 6000 years the Euphrates cataracts between Anah

and Hitt have been so degraded that the river can no longer irrigate by free flow the gardens it once watered, and water-wheels have to be employed to irrigate the old terraces. On the Tigris the degradation has been so great and so sudden that up-stream of Samarra the river has fallen forty feet since the days of the khalifa, or within the last 500 years.

Adam represents mankind and Eve represents woman-kind, just as Cain represents the agriculturists and Abel the shepherds. It is the oriental way of recording facts or narrating events. An expression like "Cush begat Nimrod" represents the succession of the Cassite dynasty by the Babylonian dynasty, or of the Kutha branch of the Euphrates by the Babylon branch. In early Bible language the Independence of the United States would be described by the expression "And George the Third begat George Washington, the beginning of whose dominion was Boston and New York and Philadelphia and Savannah."

I shall illustrate this by two typical examples. I once asked an Egyptian friend of mine why they hated the Syrians in the way they did. He replied, "I'll tell you. A Syrian died, and the two angels of death seated themselves at his head and feet and asked him his name. He replied Haddad. They said they had never heard of such a name. He referred them to father Adam. So they went to Adam, who professed ignorance, and referred them to

Satan. When they told Satan that a Syrian had died, of whom father Adam knew nothing, but had referred them to him, he replied, 'What a terrible fellow is that Adam, he has had me driven out of Paradise, he has had me sent down to Hell, and now I am to have all the Syrians.'" The East does not change much. In Genesis we learn that the shepherds were an abomination to the Egyptians. The word "Haddad" means Smith, and the "Benhadad" of Scripture is simply Mac-Smith.

I asked another friend of mine if he thought that a man who had three or four wives was as much loved as a man who had only one wife. He replied: "I'll tell you. Poor Hassan lay dying, and, sending for his favourite wife, said to her, 'Fatmah, I shall die happy if you will promise me not to marry Suleyman when I am dead. He is a bad man, and will make you very unhappy.' 'You may die perfectly happy, my dear husband,' she replied, 'for I have already promised to marry Ishmael the day it pleases God to take you.'"

The first civilised settlement of the Semites between Anah and Hitt depended for its existence on irrigation. The wearing down of the cataracts deprived the settlers of the waters of the friendly river which had watered their garden, and they travelled eastwards and could see behind them nothing but the blasted and desolate region of bitumen and naphtha springs

which lies to the east of Hitt, and which seemed to them as smitten by the flaming swords of the offended Seraphim.

The real lesson to be learnt from the Fall was well taught me by an old Arab sheikh in the deserts west of Mesopotamia. It happened in this way. Late one night I arrived at a Bedawin camp, and went straight to the sheikh's tent. On my telling him I was an Englishman he said he was pleased, as he loved their ways. I asked him which were the ways he liked. He put his hand on a big pile of Arabic newspapers by his side, and asked me if I could read the name. I told him that it was the 'Mowayad' newspaper of Cairo. He said, "Yes; I can't read, but a man in the tribe can, and he explains them to us. Here is a newspaper published in Cairo occupied by English troops; the paper fills its pages with abuse of the English, and they allow it to be printed and circulated. If a Mesopotamian editor treated the Turks in this way he would spend the rest of his life in prison. Why do not you English come over and teach us freedom?" "No use, sheikh," I said. "Why, we have been in Egypt under thirty years, and from one end of the country to the other they all wish us out. In twenty years you would be tired of us, and try to get rid of us." The old man stroked his beard and said, "Yes; are we not all sons of Adam? He thought he could improve on Paradise."

Like all early peoples, the

Semites called themselves the sons of God, and in their journey they soon encountered the sons of men, who had already conquered the lower Tigris-Euphrates delta, and among whom had settled those of their own sons whose hands were stained with blood, and who could no longer be permitted to reside in the tents of their tribe. These sons of men, known as the Sumerians, had made their earliest settlements in the marshes near the Persian Gulf. The Babylonian tablets give a description of these early reclamation works—

"Flowing wide like a sea was the river,
When Yeridu was made when Yesagil was built,
Yesagil in the midst of the fresh water deep
Where the God of the glorious abode dwells.
Marduk laid reeds in the face of the water,
He piled up earthen banks protected by the reeds,
That he might cause the Gods to dwell in the place of their heart's desire."

This whole question I have fully considered in my lecture before the Royal Geographical Society, published in the *Geographical Journal* of London for August 1912. Of the location of the cradle of the race of Sumer in reclaimed marsh-land at the junction of the ancient Euphrates and the ancient Tigris, to the immediate north of Ur of the Chaldees, there is no question of a doubt. The location of the cradle of the Semitic races between Anah and Hitt on

the Upper Euphrates is, I submit, the true solution of the problems put before us in the early chapters of Genesis. Some would place the Garden of Eden of the Bible in the same locality as the Garden of Eden of Sumer, but then the words east and eastern must be changed into west and western, and the whole story be made meaningless.

To the east of the Sumerian Garden of Eden lay the marsh-land of Babylonia, covering some two million acres, into which no one could go if even he wanted to. Seraphim with flaming swords protecting the east end of the garden would be out of place. The idea and imagery of a Garden of Eden, as the cradle of a race, came from the Sumerians, who had far more imagination than the Semites, as the early tablets prove. The Semites, who came from the north-west and travelled eastwards, placed their Garden of Eden on the Upper Euphrates, at the real cradle of their race, between Anah and Hitt, and up-stream of the division into four branches in the plain of Shinar.

As the Semites moved down the Euphrates, the agriculturists, represented by Cain, occupied the lands near the river and protected them by dykes running parallel to it. Here they planted wheat and barley, as they do to-day. Farther away from the river, scattered over the plain, were the shepherds, represented by Abel, who pastured their flocks on such weeds and grasses as

the plains produced. A breach in the dyke was disastrous to Cain, as it drowned out his crops, but very profitable to Abel, as it allowed the pastures to be irrigated. The dispute between the brothers has continued through the ages. In years of severe drought Abel is tempted to out the dykes, destroy Cain's crops, and secure food for his own sheep. That the dykes were frequently breached is testified to by the statement that the Lord had respect to Abel and his sacrifice, but had not respect to Cain and his sacrifice. Imagining that his brother had out the dykes, Cain slew him. That the provocation was great is proved by the fact that a mark was set upon Cain, and the avenger of blood was not allowed to touch him. This mark is called a brand, but it was a blessed brand in a country where the next of kin was bound under ordinary conditions to follow the murderer and slay him. The agriculturists moved eastwards towards the Sumerian settlements, where there was more scope for their agricultural pursuits.

The Sumerians were the first, as we have seen, to develop their settlements in the low lands in the south near the junction of the two rivers. The advent of the Semites from the north resulted in works of settlement in the northern or upper part of the valley. In the language of Genesis, the world became full of violence. Now the Euphrates and Tigris floods come down with extraordinary

force, and both rivers overflow their banks in a way a dweller in the Nile valley could have no knowledge of. Joseph's famine would have been impossible in the Tigris-Euphrates delta. Noah's flood would have found no place in Egypt. The floods on the Tigris and Euphrates are rendered doubly dangerous by the steep slope of the land away from the rivers. While the land in the Nile valley falls at a rate of one foot in the mile as one leaves the river, in Babylonia it falls five feet in a mile. The steep transverse slopes of the Mesopotamian rivers impressed the prophet Ezekiel, who was long a captive in Babylonia.

"And when the man measured a thousand cubits, the waters were to the ankles. Again he measured a thousand, and the waters were to the knees. Again he measured a thousand, the waters were to the loins. Afterwards he measured a thousand, and the waters were waters to swim in, that could not be passed over." This is a slope of five feet in the mile. The very many trees on the edge of the river, the multitude of fish in the water, and the "open valley" of the vision of dry bones, are all characteristic of the Euphrates valley near Ezekiel's tomb. (Ezekiel xlvii. and xxxvii.)

As the new work of reclamation advanced from the north the Semitic communities resorted to the only kind of regulation they knew of, and that was the bold one of wholly shutting off the waters of

certain of the branches by earthen dams. Judging from levels and discharges, I should say that the first head to be shut off was that of the Hiddekel or the modern Sakhlawia. It was over this very dam that in later days Cyrus the Younger's army advanced to meet the army of Artaxerxes at the battle of Cunaxa. As soon as the army had crossed, Artaxerxes had the dam cut, and the defeated army of Cyrus the Younger with Xenophon had its retreat along the Euphrates cut off and had to cross the Tigris and retreat northwards to the Black Sea. The struggles between the different communities, and the terrible consequences which might result, intimidated the more thoughtful members of the community, of whom Noah was one, and he prepared for the worst. He built an ark of the poplar wood so common in the Euphrates valley, and pitched it inside and out with bitumen from Hitt, just as the boats and oeracles or "goofas" on the Euphrates are pitched to-day. A settler in the lower part of the delta, where the deserts are degraded and low, he felt the full force of the inundation. A massive earthen dyke was thrown across the Sakhlawia, the ordinary flood discharge of the Euphrates was doubled, and this flood was added to by heavy rains in the valley itself. Instead of the waters rising sixteen feet as in an ordinary high inundation, they rose fifteen cubits or twenty-four feet, and not only was the cultivated land under

water, but the deserts themselves were submerged. To men living in the Euphrates valley and in the valley of the Nile, the old word "kura" no more represented a hill than the modern word "jebel" does. They both mean the desert. The word "mountain" is ridiculous. A rise of water of twenty-four feet could put no hill, leave alone a mountain, under water. It could put the low-lying deserts under water. "Fifteen cubits upwards did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered," should be changed to "Fifteen cubits upwards did the waters prevail, and the deserts were covered." The Hebrew translators of the original documents were in error as well as the more modern English translators.

While travelling in Upper Egypt I used often to be asked in the early years of the occupation whether England was irrigated by basins or by water-courses. On my replying that England had no irrigation at all, the comment has invariably been, "Then how do the people live in the 'Jebel'?"—pronounced "gebel" in Egypt. As Director-General of Land-tax Adjustment in Egypt, I was once valuing the lands in a large basin, in the middle of which was a small desert mound some two acres in extent and four feet high; on my suggesting that we might ignore so insignificant a patch of land, I was told that you could not tax the "gebel." Mentioning these facts to Colonel Ramsay, the British Resident at Bagdad,

and to Mr Van Ees, the Basra missionary, who were travelling with me, and just then on a steamer in the Nejef marshes, we agreed to test the matter on the Euphrates. Approaching Shinafia, we saw the low degraded desert on the horizon, and I asked the boatmen what that was; they immediately replied, "The *jebel*." It was no more like a hill than Ludgate Hill is like a mountain.

According to Dr Pinches, in the language of Sumer there is only one sign for "mountain" and "country." As a matter of fact there is only one sign for "mountain" and "desert." So in Arabia to-day there is but one word for "mountain" and "desert," the word "*jebel*," which is always applied to the desert. The oldest town in the plain of Shinar after Yeridu was Niffar, whose temple was named "Yeh-Kura," or "Yeh *Jebel*," or "O desert." Every part of the Euphrates delta has at some time or other been called "Eden," the irrigated and cultivated plain, as distinct from "Kura," the unirrigable hill or plain. So in Egypt to-day the "Reef" is the irrigated plain, and everything else is the "*Jebel*," the desert where there is no rain, and hill or mountain where there is rain.

Floating off from some town on the lower Euphrates of those days (the silted-up Kutha branch of to-day), and driven by the current and the wind both steady from the north and north-west, the ark drifted south-eastwards. At Ur of the Chaldees, the strong current of the old Tigris pouring down

from the north joined the Euphrates, and the ark must have been driven on to the deserts south of that very ancient town. It is here that we find Terah, the father of Abraham and the representative of the patriarch's family. The patriarchal families were very stationary, and it was Abraham's propensity for travelling which earned for him his name of Hebrew, from which we might infer that he was the exception to the rule.

When I was at Ur of the Chaldees I found that the Arabs called the mounds to the south of it "Nu-awâs." Now "Nu" is the Arabic for Noah. Moreover, in the Babylonian account of the Deluge the ark stranded on the edge of the Tigris-Euphrates marshes.

Ararat was the name of the desert mound where the ark rested; and when the families of the younger sons of the patriarch moved off and made new settlements, they gave the name of Ararat to the highest mountain they knew, in honour of the spot where the ark rested. This Armenian Ararat could no more have been the Ararat where the ark rested than New York be York.

My late brother, the Rev. J. Willcocks, who was with me in Mesopotamia, has suggested that Ararat, pronounced "Ururut," was none other than the Semitic "Ha'reth," the Arabic "el ârd," both meaning the Earth. If for the liquid *l* of the Arabic article there be substituted the following *r*, the three words have practically the

same sound. And what more natural expression would those who had long floated on the surface of the waters give vent to on again touching land than "The Earth, the Earth." The cry which the ten thousand Greeks uttered when they saw the sea after many months was "The Sea, the Sea."

That these primitive and early peoples, whose records we possess in Genesis, were themselves under the impression that the whole world was drowned with the Tigris-Euphrates delta, is proved by the only explanation they could find for the great influx of people into the valley from the surrounding countries once order began again to be established. They could attribute the multiplicity of languages, which began to be spoken all at once, to nothing but divine apprehension of their extraordinary high hopes and ambitions. "And the Lord said, behold the people is one and they have all one language, and nothing will be restrained from them; let us go down and confound their language."

Many take objection to the childish ideas expressed in the early chapters of Genesis; but, if we only think of it, we have to do with the childhood of the world groping its way towards God. With our superior knowledge, we wonder why the Almighty should deign to accept as part of His Book the simple ideas of these early people. He should have begun at the point we have reached. But for all we know, the utmost bounds of our

knowledge may be as childish, compared with Eternal truths, as were the crude ideas of the early dwellers in the plains of Shinar with the philosophy to which we have attained, and whose incompleteness Shakespeare has well emphasised in "Hamlet." In "A Midsummer Night's Dream" again Shakespeare says:—

"What poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
When I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me,
^{sweet,}
Out of this silence, yet, I picked a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity."

The whole of the imagery of the account of the Flood is taken from the Sumerians. The Sumerian account surpasses the Bible account in the description of the natural phenomena, but in the conception of God the Bible surpasses the Babylonian tablets like one of Ramses' statues does that of one of his subjects. It is not taller from the shoulders and upwards but from the ankles and upwards.

II.

The Garden of Eden and the scene of Noah's deluge lay in Babylonia, the home of Abraham, and the sojourn, 1500 years later, of his descendants during their seventy years' captivity. The goodly and well-ordered tents of the tribes of Israel recalled to Balaam the symmetrical canals of his native land, with the lign-aloes planted by the water's side, and it was beneath the shade of these same trees that the captive Israelites rested when, weary of the unending task of clearing silt from the waters of Babylon, they sat down and wept. To-day, the daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery, is sitting in the very

dust, while her ancient rival is seated like a queen in the garden of the Lord, the land of Egypt. It is to Egypt and the Nile that the years of plenty and of famine of Joseph's time direct our steps.

Joseph was a prisoner in the capital city of Lower Egypt at a time when there was an unending war between the kings of Upper and Lower Egypt. At this particular time the King of Upper Egypt was steadily gaining the mastery and planning the naval attacks on Ha-Uar, the key of Lower Egypt, of which the rock-tombs at El Kab tell us. The key of Lower Egypt was the Ha-Uar dam across

the canal connecting the Nile with the Lake of Moëris, and controlling the river. The whole of Egypt at that time was under basin irrigation, and depending for its life on the level of water in the river being maintained at a sufficient height to enter the canals. The genius of Shakespear has crystallised the system:—

“Thus they do, sir; they take the
flow o’ the Nile
By certain scales i’ the Pyramid; they
know,
By the height, the lowness or the
mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus
swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the
seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his
grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.”

During the early years of the Occupation of Egypt, when I was engaged at the work of finding a reservoir for the Nile, the possibility of using the Wadi Rayan instead of the Aswan Reservoir drew me and my staff of engineers to the Fayoum. I was surprised to find one day on the slopes of the desert a thick belt of Nile shells. The level was taken and found to be 75 feet above sea-level. Engineers were sent east and west, south and north, to find these shells and their level. They were met with everywhere at 75 feet above sea-level. Here were the limits of the ancient Lake Moëris. (I may here state in parenthesis that twenty years later I searched for such a reservoir on the Euphrates in the deserts of

Arabia. One day a thick belt of Euphrates shells lay at my feet in the deserts. Parties of engineers began levelling in every direction, and the shells were found everywhere at a level of 83 feet above sea-level. Here was the great historical reservoir of Babylonia.) Lake Moëris fascinated me, as it has every one who has studied its history, and it gave me the key to the comprehension of Joseph’s famines.

The connection between the Nile and the future Lake Moëris was in existence in King Menes’ time, but it was King Amenemhat of the XIIth dynasty who widened and deepened the canal, cleared away the rocky barriers, and converted the lake of Menes’ time into the inland sea which controlled the highest floods of the Nile. Sir Hanbury Brown, in his ‘Fayoum and Lake Moëris,’ has collected all the information about the lake, and I now quote from him.

Herodotus, writing about B.C. 450, was the first to describe the lake. “Now the Labyrinth being such as I have described, the lake named that of Moëris causes still greater astonishment, on the bank of which the Labyrinth was built.

“The water in the lake is not derived from local sources, for the earth in that part is exceedingly dry and waterless, but it is brought in from the Nile by a canal. It takes six months filling and six months flowing back. During the six months of the return flow, it yields a talent of silver every

day to the treasury, and during the flow twenty minæ for the fish."

Strabo, writing in B.C. 20, remarks: "It has also a remarkable lake, called the Lake of Mœris, large enough to be called a sea, and resembling the open sea in colour.

"Thus the Lake of Mœris is from its size and depth capable of receiving the overflow of the Nile at its rising, and preventing the flooding of houses and gardens; when the river falls, the lake again discharges the water by a canal at both mouths, and it is available for irrigation. There are regulators at both ends for controlling the inflow and outflow."

Diodorus Siculus, writing at the same time, says: "King Mœris dug a lake which is amazingly useful and incredibly large. For as the rising of the Nile is irregular, and the fertility of the country depends on its uniformity, he dug the lake for the reception of the superfluous water, and he constructed a canal from the river to the lake 80 furlongs in length and 300 feet in breadth. Through this he admitted or let out the water as required."

Sir Hanbury has well described the action of the lake. It had a surface of 1000 square miles, and being drained back into the Nile and kept at a low level, it was able to take from a flood 12,000 million cubic yards of water. It was capable of reducing a very high flood to moderate dimensions; and if injudiciously or maliciously opened in an ordinary flood, it was capable

of depriving Lower Egypt of any flood irrigation at all; and mind in those days they had practically no irrigation except flood irrigation.

I have often said that Mr Cope Whitehouse was right when he insisted that the Ha-Uar of the Hyksos was the modern Hawara, where stands the pyramid of the Labyrinth, and where were the Labyrinth and the two great regulating dams of entry and exit for the Lake of Mœris. The two regulators were two earthen dams parallel to each other, closing the depression which connected the Nile with Lake Mœris. In those days the Nile flowed in two channels opposite the head of the Lake Mœris canal, and enclosed the island Nome of antiquity. This formation was imposed on it by the draw of Lake Mœris in high floods. The Bahr Yusuf of to-day at Lahoun was in those days the main branch of the Nile, and the cutting of the Lahoun dam immediately lowered the level of the Nile.

The upper regulator was the existing Lahoun bank, with a pyramid at its northern extremity; on this bank to-day stand the villages of Hawara Eglan, and Lahoun (Lo Hunt, the dam). The other was a broad spill channel, cut out of the living rock to a suitable level for passing ordinary floods, where the Fayoum Bahr Yusuf is to-day, and in continuation of it a massive earthen dam across the head of the El Bats ravine, which was out in dangerously

high floods. On the line of this second dam is the existing village of Hawara El Makta, or "Ha-Uar of the breach"; the Ha-Uar pyramid, or pyramid of Ha-Uar, stands at its northern extremity. Between the pyramid and the great dam was the Labyrinth ("Lape-ro-hunt," "the temple of the dam"), in all probability a maze of outworks and barracks, temples and palaces, so arranged that no one from the mainland could approach the dam. The other end of the great dam was Hawara Makta, or "Ha-Uar of the breach," which was practically a fortified island surrounded by water. The two dams were six miles apart, and to gain possession of the lower great dam a fleet was essential. The cutting of the dam was easy enough, its reconstruction after the passing of the flood entailed an expense of labour which even an Egyptian Pharaoh considered excessive.

This Ha-Uar was the true key of Lower Egypt, especially was this so in the time of the Hyksos, when Upper and Lower Egypt were at war with each other. Archaeologists who do not know that the Egyptian question is the irrigation question (as the late Nubar Pasha very wisely remarked), place the key of Lower Egypt near the Serbonian bog to the east of Port Said. It is as though one were to say that in the days of the wars between England and Scotland, Falmouth was the key of England, and Wick that of Scotland. This is no

exaggeration. In all irrigated countries the key is the source of supply of water, and not the tail of the outlet. Mehemet Ali Pasha, the first viceroy of Egypt, used to say, "give me regulators at the heads of the canals, and I am master of Egypt." Not only in Egypt, but in Babylonia, the true solution of a question is not easily found without consulting irrigation, the oldest applied science in the world.

I now give translations by Brugsch Pasha of some of the inscriptions at El Kab.

(1.) From the tomb of Aahamas, son of Abana-Baba: "They besieged the town of Ha-Uar. My duty was to be valiant on foot before His Majesty. They fought by water on the Lake Pa-Zektu of Ha-Uar."

(2.) "After that there was a new battle at that place, and I fought again hand to hand."

(3.) "And they fought at the place Takena at the south of the city of Ha-Uar—I plunged into the water. They took Ha-Uar."

Brugsch says that "Ha-Uar" means "the house of the leg," and appears to have been connected with the river by a canal (page 96 of 'Egypt under the Pharaohs').

Hawara, Lake Moëris, and the connecting canal, all answer to the description of Ha-Uar given above. Pa-Zektu was the lake, while the Fayoum of to-day is only "Pa-ium," the lake country.

Another tomb of another Baba at El Kab contains an

inscription which states that during the continuous years of famine which occurred at the time, the occupants did much to relieve the distress of the city. Brugsch remarks: "Since Baba lived and worked under the native King Sequenen-Ra-Taa III., about the same time during which Joseph exercised his office under one of the Hyksos kings, there remains but one fair inference: the many years' famine of Baba are the seven years of famine of Joseph's Pharaoh."

History tells us that Joseph arrived in Egypt late in the time of the Hyksos, who ruled Lower Egypt, while Theban dynasties ruled Upper Egypt. Between the two crowns there was an unending war. At one time the Hyksos held the country as far south as Thebes. The fortune of war went gradually against Lower Egypt, and about the time that Joseph arrived the King of Upper Egypt was nearing Ha-Uar, the regulator of Lake Moeris and the key of Lower Egypt.

The very natural anxiety about the loss of the stronghold, and the dire consequences which would ensue, must have made Pharaoh dream of fat and lean kine, of full ears and ears blasted with the east wind. Joseph—a thoroughly capable and shrewd man, as well as a God-fearing one—while lying in prison for many years, would have learnt from his fellow-prisoners, many of them captives from Upper Egypt, that the aim of the Theban kings was the con-

struction of a fleet and the capture of Ha-Uar. He took in the situation, and, when he stood before Pharaoh, boldly told the king to put away his flattering advisers and to realise the fact that Upper Egypt was preparing a strong fleet, and that when it was ready Ha-Uar might fall. The country had some years of grace, and he advised that it spend the time in storing corn and provisions for the coming years of drought which would follow the loss of the regulating dam. The collection of corn was set on foot on a gigantic scale. Ha-Uar fell into the hands of the Theban kings, and with it the dam. The Nile was opened into Lake Moeris and failed to overflow its banks in Lower Egypt. The predicted famine came. This famine was doubtless felt not only in Lower Egypt, but in that part of Upper Egypt immediately in front of and to the north of the Lake Moeris canal—such as the island Nome and the Nome of Memphis, which fell naturally under the sway of the Theban kings with the fortress of Ha-Uar. Baba was governor of these provinces, and helped to relieve the distress.

When Joseph advised the King of Lower Egypt to store corn against the years of famine, he doubtless encouraged him to construct a navy, make a supreme effort, and retake Ha-Uar. His advice was taken, and the retaking of Ha-Uar and reconstruction of the dam restored Egypt to its normal condition, and the

years of famine came to an end.

Before many decades passed the King of Upper Egypt took Ha-Uar for the second time (as we read in the rock-tombs at El Kab); and the recollection of one terrible and long-continued famine was enough for the inhabitants of Lower Egypt, and they surrendered. The King of Upper Egypt—i.e., the Theban king—became master of the whole country, and there arose the "Pharaoh who knew not Joseph."

The descendants of the king that knew not Joseph had been for many years on the throne of Egypt when God chose Moses to lead the children of Israel out of the house of bondage. Moses was brought up in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, but wrote his works in the Babylonian language, which even the Pharaohs of his time had to employ when corresponding with Asiatics. He might have learnt the use of the Babylonian script when in Horeb, or he might have travelled to Babylon and Ur of the Chaldees and studied in the libraries and temples so familiar to his ancestors. That Israelites from Goshen wandered freely over Western Asia is proved not only from inscriptions but from Chronicles. "And the sons of Ephraim, nine in all, whom the men of Gath, that were born in that land, slew, because they came down to take away their cattle. And Ephraim their father mourned many days" (1 Chronicles vii.) The wife of Moses is called in one place a

daughter of Jethro the priest of Midian, and in another a Cushite or Babylonian woman (Exodus ii. and Numbers xii.) Jethro was in all probability a learned Babylonian, whose opinion was greatly valued by Moses. Moses was intimately acquainted with the Institutes of Khummurabi, the legal code of Western Asia of the time and written in the Babylonian script. He undoubtedly wrote the ten commandments on brick tablets after the Babylonian fashion and burnt them. He was therefore able to break them by throwing them on the ground, and then to make others in their place.

Brought up in the worship of Egypt's bleating gods, with their dull and monotonous ritual, the Babylonian religion, with its interesting speculations and noble hymns, entranced him. In the burning bush of the deserts he saw the footsteps of the Almighty, heavenly voices spoke to him out of the storms raging on the summit of Sinai. There were many reasons why the Babylonian religion should be superior to that of Egypt. Everything in Egypt was easy and to hand; the Nile was and is the most stately and majestic of rivers, and, carrying a moderate amount of deposit, creates no serious difficulties for the dwellers on its banks; the Garden of the Lord, the land of Egypt, is very fertile, and the climate is mild in winter and never parches in summer. Egypt therefore produced no world ideas. None of her sons were possessed of a fine frenzy, with

eyes glancing from heaven to earth and earth to heaven. It was far different with Babylonia. The Tigris and Euphrates in flood are raging torrents, and their ungoverned and turbid waters need curbing with no ordinary bridle. Babylonia's soil is very fertile, but the winters are severe indeed and the summers savage and prolonged. The range of temperature is between 20° and 120° in the shade. Brought up in a hard school, they possessed virile intellects. Certainly their conceptions were strangely interesting. The name of the old Sumerian deity "Ye hua," "It is He," Jehovah, appealed to Moses with extraordinary force. He was the God of Abraham in Ur of the Chaldees, on the edge of the marshes, where he had his dwelling. To Moses the conceptions of God formed by the earliest Sumerians seemed far more worthy than those of the later Babylonians with Marduk as their deity. Jehovah was no other than the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. To Moses the discovery of this name, known to Abraham, as we can see in Genesis, was a revelation indeed; and in its strength he hurried from Horeb to the Court of Pharaoh. A weak and diffident man had been changed into a real hero.

Israel was chafing and restive under its long bondage. The taskmasters were severe, but not so absolutely unreasonable in their so-called demand for bricks without straw as the records have represented. I have picked out of old ruins

in the Delta scores of bricks which contained nothing but straw daubed round with mud. These had undoubtedly been made by captives who were contemplating revolt. The taskmasters had furnished a sufficiency of straw for a certain tale of bricks. The captives had hurriedly wasted the straw and delivered a totally inadequate number of bricks. They were beaten and forced to collect stubble and complete their tasks. Captives who acted in this way had begun to feel that they were not utterly helpless. And this is borne out by statements in Exodus. The Israelites went up out of Egypt harnessed or carrying arms. Moses went out with a high hand, showing that he was nearly a match for Pharaoh. This has an important bearing on the departure of the children of Israel out of Egypt. The statement that they borrowed from the Egyptians, and at the same time spoiled them, has always appeared to me as a plundering of the Egyptians, grimly described as a payment for many years' work done so far without any remuneration.

The children of Israel, with a mixed multitude of Asiatics, had lived in the land of Goshen on the extreme east of Egypt, and along the sluggish eastern branches of the Nile, full of reeds and bulrushes. Moses was placed in an ark of bulrushes daubed with pitch. (Some scribe who knew the Euphrates better than the Nile has darkened counsel with words and added bitumen.) It

was in these tail branches that they witnessed the annual change of the waters of the Nile into blood and the destruction of the fish. When I first went to Egypt in 1883, before masonry regulators had been built on the inferior branches of the Nile, it was the custom to dam these streams with earthen dams some twenty miles above their tails, so that the waters they carried might overflow the country and irrigate the cotton-fields. On such occasions the sudden cutting off of the fresh water left the tail reaches of the canals open to the advance of sea water. The fresh-water fish were killed in myriads, and I have seen the canals almost white with them. Now, in the old days of basin irrigation, these same earthen dams were thrown across the inferior branches of the Nile on the arrival of the red water of the flood, so that the level might rise and the rich muddy water cover the land. The Israelites, who lived at the tails of the canals, saw annually myriads of fish die just at the time that the red water came; and they attributed their death to the red water, and, indeed, in a way they were right. This is one of the keys to the understanding of Moses' passage of what is called the Red Sea.

We now turn to another side of the question. If to-day you point to the Red Sea and ask an Egyptian what that is, he will say "Bahr el Ahmar." If you point to the Mediterranean he will say "Bahr el

Abiad," or "the white sea," or the very name he gives to the White Nile. If you point to the Nile he will say "Il Bahr." He does not mean "The Sea," but he has only one word for *Sea* or *River*. He never says "The Nile." He has one word, "Il Bahr," "the Sea" or "the River." Salt and fresh water are the same. They are water, as distinct from land. Now it was the same in antiquity. Dr Pinches says that the Sumerians had no word for river. As a matter of fact they had one word for sea and river, just as they had one word for mountain and desert plain. To the Arab everything is simple. Salt or fresh water is one—it is water; hill or plain is one—it is desert; God is one. In the silence of the night while you sleep with Moslem troops in the desert, through the watches you hear only one word called: "Wāhid," "one," "God is one." It is difficult to understand the attraction this conception of unity and simplicity has for a traveller in the deserts where everything is simple and uniform. In Europe we see nature in her most variegated forms, and our conceptions of God and of His works are complex indeed compared with those of the Arabs. When asked my religion by an Arab I always answer in the simple kind of formula they use themselves. "Allah abūna, Sayedna Eesa akhūna." "God is our Father, Jesus is our Brother." We are immediately on terms of intimacy

and friendship. There is not a human being who does not understand the meaning of Father and Brother, and the duties we owe to them. Earnest missionaries have reproached me for always using the word "Sayedna" whenever I take Mahomed's name, but I use it because it is applied by the Moslems to Moses, Jesus Christ, and Mahomed; and discourteousness is in the East more reprehensible than untruthfulness.

In Nahum iii., Thebes, 600 miles up the Nile, is described as situated among the rivers, with her wall by the sea, and with the sea as a rampart. This is a palpable mistranslation. It should be described as situated among the canals, with her wall by the Nile, and with the Nile as a rampart. In exactly the same way the two words translated "Red Sea" do not mean "Red Sea," but mean "The reedy river," or "the reedy branch of the Nile," or "The Serbonian bog." This is how Diodorus Siculus describes this piece of water: "For between Coela-Syria and Egypt there is a lake, of very narrow width, but of a wonderful depth, and extending in length about 200 stadia (20 miles), which is called Serbonis: and it exposes the traveller approaching it unawares to unforeseen dangers. For its basin being very narrow, like a riband, and surrounded on all sides by great banks of sand, when south winds blow for some time a quantity of sand is drifted over it. This

sand hides the sheet of water and confuses the appearance of the lake with the dry land, so that they are indistinguishable. From which cause many have been swallowed up with their whole armies." I have taken this translation from Sir Hanbury Brown's 'Land of Goshen and the Exodus,' a book full of information which I have freely used, though I differ entirely from him in his conclusions; just as I have freely used Brugsch Pasha's 'Egypt under the Pharaohs,' differing entirely from him as to the location of Ha-Uar. But just as I was in accord with Mr Cope Whitehouse as to the position of Ha-Uar, so now I am entirely in accord with Brugsch Pasha as to the Serbonian bog being the site of the disaster which overtook Pharaoh's army. The description of the bog is exactly that of an old branch of the Nile which had had its water cut off, and the branch of the Nile of those parts was the Pelusiac branch. And mind, there was a steady tradition in antiquity, a tradition which Milton preserves in 'Paradise Lost,' that an Egyptian army had been swallowed up in the Serbonian bog. No such tradition has attached to the Gulf of Suez or any prolongation of the Gulf of Suez.

"Yam Suf" was the Hebrew expression for the water in which Pharaoh's host was drowned. Its literal translation is "Reedy Nile" or "Reedy Sea." In after years, when the children of Israel

had been long in Palestine, and become more familiar with the location of the Mount of Horeb than with that of the water in which Pharaoh's host was destroyed, they located the destruction in the arm of the sea near Horeb; and we read that Solomon built Eziongeber on the "Yam Suf," or the Gulf of Akabah. The Gulf of Akabah became the scene of the disaster, and so we read that "God did not lead Israel the way of the land of the Philistines, but the way of the wilderness of the Yam Suf"; in other words, "the Israelites did not advance straight on Palestine by the Philistine road, but by the Gulf of Akabah. The Gulf of Suez is not mentioned, and I doubt if any of the scribes even knew of its existence. The Red Sea has nothing whatever to do with any of the possible renderings. The water was not red, and it was not a sea.

That the Wells of Moses are located on the Gulf of Suez means absolutely nothing. Midway between Jerusalem and Jericho they show you the inn to which the Samaritan of the parable took the wounded man, while at Jericho itself is the Mosque of Moses and his tomb. When I told my informant that this was absurd, since Moses had been buried on the other side of the Dead Sea, far away on Mount Nebo, and that no man knew his sepulchre, he promptly replied, "Oh yes, that applies to ordinary men, but a Bedouin found his body all right and brought it here

and buried it. Don't you leave this place with any false notions about Moses' burial-place."

That the Israelites were encamped on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea after their deliverance is proved by the fact that quails fell into their camp. This has been insisted on by Mr Villiers Stuart, and is absolutely unanswerable. Quails fly across the Mediterranean and drop down nearly exhausted on the southern shore in myriads. That any quails would be idiotic enough to leave the scrub and shelter of the Mediterranean shore and fly over the desert of Sinai to drop down on the shores of the Gulf of Suez in absolutely desert land, is not to be accepted for a second. The journey by the shores of the Gulf of Suez is also out of the question, on account of the waterless and desert character of the country. The Israelites had much cattle with them.

It was an east wind which gave Moses his opportunity to escape from Pharaoh. This is the very wind which would aid a host escaping from Egypt by the left bank of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile or the Serbonian bog. In the Gulf of Suez an east wind would have been useless. A north wind would have helped them. I remember well in the late eighties prolonging the Sebennytiac branch of the Nile across the eastern arm of Lake Borollos, the middle lake of the Delta, and, like the eastern lake, a shallow piece of salt water about three feet deep. Know-

ing that strong east winds in April drove the whole of the lake into the western half of the basin, I engaged Mr Fred Murdoch of Mansurah, a determined and unconquerable contractor, to get together strong gangs of labourers, with the necessary stakes, brushwood, rope-netting, bricks, and other materials, and wait for this wind. It blew hard at last, and, working night and day, Mr Murdoch got the stakes, brushwood, and earth sufficiently advanced to enable us to finish our work and get the water across. As the fresh water entered the town of Beltim, the Moslem priest held a special thanksgiving service in the mosque, and called down blessings on the heads of us two Christians, coupling our names to that of H.H. the Khedive. This is the kind of bank Moses threw up. He went along the left bank of the Serbonian bog, with the bog itself as a protection on his right hand, and on his left the waters of Lake Menzaleh and its slimy bed. I remember in 1885 walking across Lake Borollos opposite Beltim while it was dried by an east wind, and sinking so deep into the mud that I could only cross by throwing away all my clothes and rolling round and floundering for hours. The distance was only four miles, but it took me the whole day to get across. During my struggles I often thought of Pharaoh's host in similar ground, and wondered why any one thought of taking the chariot-wheels off. With or

without wheels the passage was quite impossible.

Sir Hanbury well remarks: "It is no undue straining of the text, 'the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left,' to conceive that the expanses of water on each side served as walls to prevent attacks on the flanks. Shakespeare in "Richard II." supports this view—

'This precious stone set in the silver
sca,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house.'

We shall consider one more matter, and then describe the passage of the water and the destruction of Pharaoh.

Sir Hanbury writes thus of the pillar of fire by day and the pillar of cloud by night.

"With reference to this method of directing the march of caravans across deserts, Linant Pasha points out how modern times furnish an illustration of it. The great caravan which every year sets out from Cairo to Mecca has a conductor on a camel leading the way. Day and night, whatever the weather is, he remains, without any covering, naked to the waist. With him march men with large torches, which are kept alight during the night and illuminate the column of smoke above them, so that it appears a pillar of fire. During the day, when the head of the caravan is difficult to see on account of intervening hills and mounds of sand, the torches are kept burning, so that instead of the

light which served during the night a column of smoke indicates to the straggling caravan from afar the direction of the march and the time and place of a halt."

The armed host of the Israelites under the guidance of Moses turned aside from the caravan road and took by force the two watch-towers on either bank of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile at Pi-Hairoth and Baal Zephon (the modern Tel Definneh to the north of Ismailiyah). They dammed the branch and crossed over to the left bank. The Israelites, fully prepared, secured a passage for themselves and their cattle down the left bank of the branch, very much in the way that we did on the Sebennyitic branch farther west. The thirty-six miles along the left bank of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile consisted of fields of barley and pastures with sand-dunes. Every here and there was a gap of water connecting the branch with Lake Menzaleh. It was the making of a causeway across these slimy gaps which enabled the Israelites to continue their journey. A capable man like Moses must have had everything ready to hand under the direction of some agent whose name was not Murdoch, but who could not have been more energetic or more full of resource. By damming the Pelusiac branch in the way they had often witnessed they secured themselves against overflow on that side, while the strong east wind kept them from being troubled by the waters of Lake Menza-

leh. A west wind would have overthrown them. Moses meantime put Pharaoh off his guard by removing the pillars of fire and cloud from the head of the caravan to its tail. Pharaoh thought that the Israelites were frightened and hesitating what to do. They were really hurrying on to the shore of the Mediterranean. When all were safely over Moses himself crossed with the rearguard, destroying the highway which he had made, and delaying the following Egyptians. The final cutting of the dam and the return of the west wind completed the work of destruction, and Pharaoh and his riders were cast into the returning waters, or drowned in the deceptive Serbonian bog. Continuing along the left bank of the Pelusiac branch, the Israelites reached the sandy beach of the Mediterranean, and the way was open to the Promised Land. The strong north-west winds of the winter close up with sand, by the beginning of the summer, all the weak branches of the Nile, and the tail of the Sebennyitic branch was a sand-bar over which the hosts of Israel passed.

The hand of God which had helped Israel out of the house of bondage helped them to enter the Promised Land. One is often tempted to ask why God should have interested Himself in the Israelites, since they showed themselves so unworthy of any favours. Hamlet's answer to Polonius is the best I have ever been able to give myself: "Use every man

after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?"

Whenever any of the leaders of the movement for settling Jews in Babylonia have asked me my opinion, I have invariably advised them to read the books of Moses and do exactly what Moses did. Let them lead the Jews out of the ghettos, train them in the deserts for forty years, feed them with unpalatable stuff like manna, kill off all the weaklings, breed hardy warriors, and then fall on the Euphrates delta and take it. Joshua advanced on the Jordan at the head of a rough Bedouin host. The river lay before him too deep to ford where the passage could not be resisted. The opportunity came at last—

"What aileth thee, O Jordan, that thou wast driven back?"

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams; and ye little hills, like lambs?

Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob" (Psalm cxiv.)

A severe earthquake dislodged a spongy shoulder of Mount Gilead and completely closed the Jordan valley. The waters of Jordan were cut off for months, and as the lake which formed rose gradually, it eventually cut a passage across the lowest ground. As I stood on the opposite side of the river I recalled to myself

the passage in Joshua: "The waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon an heap very far from the city Adam, and those that came down toward the Dead Sea failed, and were cut off." The Israelites, however, could not cross as the backwater from the Dead Sea occupied the bed of the Jordan. To the sound of trumpets the Israelites threw a dam across the river, and found themselves safely in the Promised Land. The first place they took was Jericho, which gave them no difficulty. Its walls had already fallen or tottered under the same earthquake shock as had dammed the Jordan. Six days the town was summoned to surrender, and on the seventh it was taken by assault.

We can see that the waters of the Jordan were cut off by a landslip on the occasion of a very severe earthquake, while the Israelites thought they saw the Jordan fleeing as the feet of their priests touched its waters; but, so far, no son of man has seen sufficiently behind the veil to know why this earthquake occurred at a time so critical in the life of a race whose writers have given us truer insights into divine truths than the wisest of the Greeks, and of whom, according to the flesh, Christ came.

WITH THE IRISH AMBULANCE IN FRANCE, 1870-71.

THE Ambulance, to which I belonged, was fitted out by the Irish people, who bore the whole expense of it throughout the Campaign. It included two perfectly-equipped divisions, each complete in itself. The division of which I was a member consisted of a surgeon-in-chief, three surgeons, twenty dressers, and about thirty infirmiers.

We landed in France early in October 1870. After an enthusiastic reception in Havre, and a week of its rather demoralising hospitality, we received a sudden summons and started in the dark, on a horribly cold, sleety morning (winter came early that year and was bitter to the end), for nobody knew where. We had been a week in France, and had seen neither a Prussian nor a wound, yet by this time Sedan had been fought, the Empire was ended, the Third Republic was proclaimed, and Paris had been invested for nearly a month. For another five days we remained idle at the quiet little village of Conches, near Evreux, where the nearest approach to a soldier was the town-crier, and where the irrepressible Dublin medical students were driven to make adventures for themselves.

At last the long-looked-for orders came. We were hurried off to Evreux, where we arrived about midnight. From Evreux we continued our journey on foot towards Pacy

—our first night-march, of fifteen miles. After several hours' walking a sudden call of "Qui va la?" told us we were at the "front." We were quickly directed to the town, with the warning to get what rest we could, as we should soon be wanted. But it was not until twenty-four hours later that we were roused by the news that the French were evacuating the place, and the Prussians expected every minute.

I was billeted in the same house as General Ladmirault, so got an early warning. The crowded streets were full of the desperate inhabitants of Pacy, fleeing as hastily as they could, cumbered by the weight of precious worldly possessions which they could not bring themselves to part with.

After an hour's march our division of the Ambulance came up with the main body of the French, entrenched across some fields. We were posted on the road, about a hundred yards behind the first line of entrenchments. As the sound for the first time of the musketry came rolling up, I confess that for my own part I found no pleasure in it. But we had not long to wait in trying idleness. First came two of our own waggons full of wounded, then French soldiers retreating before bodies of Prussians, firing as they pursued. Our Ambulance turned aside a couple of hundred yards, and whilst we were all at work

with the wounded, of whom more and more were being constantly brought to us by the infirmiers, the shells were crashing around us. We filled our waggons with all speed, and succeeded in getting back to Evreux without loss.

We were back again at Pacy in a couple of days. The Prussians had gone. The unfortunate inhabitants had ventured back to find every possible liftable thing requisitioned by the enemy. We found many wounded there, whom we carried back to Evreux and placed under the care of the good Sisters at the Hospice, for we were told that soon we should get our marching orders to join the wandering Army of the Loire.

Whilst at Evreux we were awakened one night by the news that the Prussians were shelling the town. We scrambled out into the street, which was full of terrified people, all gazing at the blood-red glare of the sky, lit from no one knew whither. After a while we began to pity some other town, for the conflagration was evidently not amongst us; but finally it dawned upon us that what we saw was a most magnificent Aurora Borealis, portent of an awful winter. As far as I remember, that was on the 29th of October, the day that Metz fell by treachery.

After leaving Evreux, we searched up and down the country for the Army of the Loire, and were coming to the conclusion, like many others,

that it was a mythical army, when we found ourselves in the very midst of it at Chateaudun.

Just before our coming Chateaudun had gone through an awful baptism of fire; 1300 National Guards and a few Franco-Tireurs had fought for twelve hours against 12,000 Germans under Von Wittich, afterwards to be known as the "Butcher of Chateaudun." What the town had suffered we could guess, for the wanton destruction had been so great that it was hard to find a house with a habitable room in it.

The morning after our arrival we had orders to join the forces under General D'Aurelles de Paladine, and were quickly marching out in the rear of a column of 5000 troops. The rear may be a safe place in a fight, but it is a mighty inconvenient one on the march, when an ill-provisioned army requisitions every eatable thing on its way and leaves the country bare. After a seven-hours' tramp we found ourselves in the forest of Marchnoir, brilliant with dying autumn foliage, and passing through it came immediately in sight of the battlefield. In the foreground was the plain; dotted about it were a few scattered hamlets in smoking ruins; and beyond the plain, five miles away, was another wood. From the screen of that farther wood was constant artillery firing, and round about the nearer hamlets bodies of troops were dodging and doubling.

At the village of Bacocon,

immediately in front of the wood, the Germans were posted, and as we arrived the French were converging from other villages, from which they had driven the Germans, on Baccon, where the severest struggle took place. Our particular column joined up to the main body, and eventually they carried the place, the enemy retreating, burning everything on its way.

Meanwhile we had set up our Ambulance in the village of Meunty, already choke-full of wounded. Our infirmiers, with stretchers and waggons, were soon out on the search for more. From Meunty we went on to Baccon, where many ambulances were at work. When we left at three o'clock in the morning all were crowded with wounded, and yet not more than half had been attended to. We drove back to Chateaudun in a blinding snowstorm, stumbling through burnt-out villages, at each of which were wounded to whom we could give little assistance, for our first duty was to those already in our care. We had to listen to and not heed piteous cries for help, for we had nothing more to give. When we got to headquarters at seven o'clock none of us had had anything to eat for twenty-four hours except one piece of moistened bread rubbed with onion.

Chateaudun now became the headquarters of General Chanzy, commanding the left wing of the Army of the Loire, of which much was expected.

General D'Aurelles de Paladine, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, had at this time a force of 200,000 men, mostly raw Mobiles, among them were many men who had fought well around Orleans and Baccon, who had indeed been within an ace of changing the whole fortunes of the war. It included also a number of Franco-Tireurs, who might be depended upon to fight to the death. There was no quarter for a Franco-Tireur. If captured, his was a short shrift. I was a good deal with them, and they were the bravest, jolliest, and most honourable men I met—and also the best shots, which probably explained the intense animosity which the Germans showed towards them. They were mostly men of birth and breeding, of various nationalities, who had no self-interest in the war, and who claimed no pay.

The success of the French at the battle of Baccon led to the capture of Orleans from the Germans, and De Paladine had his great opportunity, but Von Der Tann, to his own surprise, managed to escape towards Paris. The French general rested when he should have been pursuing, and his chance was lost, never to be regained.

Of course with the Ambulance we knew nothing of the progress of the war as a whole. One marched and counter-marched, sometimes with dead and dying all around, sometimes in search of them, but what meant victory and what

defeat was hard to tell. At Chateaudun we knew nothing of the reason for the lull in the operations after the taking of Orleans, and were kept busy enough with the wounded in the little improvised "hospitals." On the morning of the 21st of November, however, we were ordered to make a forced march of thirty miles to Vendôme. We arrived pretty tired at the chateau of Fretvalle a little before midnight. After a ration of bread, sausage, and eau-de-vie had been served out to us, we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and were soon fast asleep on the floor. A loud *rappel* awoke us at 5 A.M. We were not long in getting up, but before we got out of the courtyard a shell knocked off half a dozen chimneys, and soon the chateau was in flames. We could see nothing but smoke and flame in the darkness, we knew nothing of the whereabouts of either friend or foe, and even when daylight came we were little the wiser. There was the constant ear-splitting sound of artillery, but, as far as we could see, the result of all the monstrous noise was only about half a dozen casualties. We spent our day dodging shells, and our night in tramping back to Chateaudun, having marched the sixty miles in two days.

By the 29th of November fighting appeared to be very general, and in Chateaudun there were many white-lipped whisperers of trouble to come. A second assault was feared,

and the first was in no danger of being forgotten. All day long the thunder of artillery firing was around us, and there was a constant stream of wounded into our ambulances. In the evening I was ordered to Varisse, a little village about ten miles off, which had been the centre of the fighting. Our party consisted of another dresser and myself (neither of us twenty years of age; but such were the exigencies of the time that we had pretty big responsibilities thrust upon us), with two *infirmiers*, two waggons and their drivers. The snow was about a foot deep on the ground, the night so bitterly cold that we preferred to plod along on our feet rather than sit on the waggons and run the chance of being frost-bitten. Once through the barricades of Chateaudun, which the unwilling soldiers had practically to level to make a passage for our waggons, our way was fairly clear for nine miles or so. Then we knew we were nearing the scene of recent fighting, for we passed groups of dead horses, discarded guns, and scattered accoutrements. We passed by a wood with a loopholed wall, where there must have been a fierce struggle, judging from the number of dead men that fringed it. On entering the silent village, every house seemed to be completely demolished—for the length of the village we saw no habitable building. Half-way up the street our waggons were

forced to stop in front of an impassable barricade. This we climbed and continued our search on foot in the absolute silence of desolation. There was light enough from a pale moonlight and from sudden licks of flame from sullen fires in smouldering ruins. At the end of the street was the village church, and as we entered the churchyard we stopped short. There lay at least 300 men in the last sleep of death, some on their backs, some on their faces with their arms stretched out as if crucified, some like little children in a cot, looked in each other's arms. Some seemed so naturally asleep that we thought they must be alive, but there was not a breath of life in the place, except in a little dog crouched beside a dead man. One of us inadvertently stumbled over the dog and roused him from the numbness and stupefaction of intense cold. He licked the dead soldier's face and howled heart-rendingly, but he would not leave his post, coax him as we might. There were more dead inside the church, but no living soul, and we were glad to leave the place, to turn our faces from that dreadful picture.

We went back by a round-about way to our waggon, searching for wounded as we went. There at the barricade we found an old man, who having heard the creaking sound of our waggon in the snow, had come creeping out, and seeing the Red Cross flying, had ventured to our driver

and whispered that there were wounded. He led us up a side street to an outhouse which had escaped the general ruin, and there we found about twenty wounded men. We heard their groans and cries before we entered. It was a miserable place. One tiny piece of candle cast a sickly light on its inmates. Some poor fellows were lying on the floor, some on a table, some were huddled together in a corner. Only one was able to move about, and he was shot through the arm, and not able to do much to help the old man, who was worn out by terror and fatigue. We soon got out some brandy and water, lit a fire, and proceeded to examine their wounds. Those who were mortally wounded we passed over. Precious time and precious material could only be expended on those for whom there was a chance of life.

From this wretched hovel we were led by our old guide to a little schoolroom where there were about thirty more wounded. Here things were not quite so bad; the old curé of the village, helped by a Sister of the "Bon Secours," was doing his best to relieve their sufferings. He was almost wild with delight at the unexpected help, and we got things into something like ship-shape.

The worst cases were brought from the outhouse to the schoolroom, while some were carried to our ambulance waggon. At last, after five hours of the hardest work I ever had, we

got all finished and started for headquarters early in the morning. As we drew near to Chateaudun we heard the battle still proceeding, and regiment after regiment passed us on their way to join in the fighting. Getting through the barricades of Chateaudun was a cruel business for our poor wounded, one of whom was dead when we arrived at headquarters, and two had frost-bite. In the afternoon of the same day several of us were ordered to join our surgeon-in-chief at Patay. We had a good deal of difficulty in getting there, which ended by our being taken prisoners; but on being recognised by our chief when taken into Patay we got off all right. We found our men very busy in the large church, which had been made into a hospital. The vestry was the operating theatre, and the aisles the wards. The wounded lay on the flagstones, and thought themselves fortunate, for there were many of their comrades outside, walking about in the snow, with shattered arms and hands, hungry and shelterless. We worked all night, and early next morning sent off our full ambulances to Chateaudun.

The following day a party, consisting of a surgeon, another dresser and myself, with two infirmiers, were ordered to the village of Sougy, where the French were hurriedly throwing up earthworks and piling up barricades, and none too soon. In a very little while the noise of firing came nearer and nearer, and the French were obliged to fall back into Sougy, bringing their wounded with them. We had a large red cross over our "hospital," but were soon shelled out of it, so we packed up our charges into ambulance waggons and sent them off to Orleans. Our orders then were to wait just outside Sougy, to see how events would shape themselves, and while thus waiting I saw, for the only time, a cavalry charge.

About a mile from Sougy, to the right of the town looking towards the enemy, was a little clump of houses backed by a few tall trees. Towards this shelter we saw a French battery dash forward, probably with the intention of shelling Sougy from thence when the Germans should gain possession of the place, which now seemed inevitable. The gunners had got about half-way there when a cloud of German cavalry came down on them at a tremendous pace. The battery tore on, but their guard of a few cavalry stopped short, and turned to receive the onrush of the enemy with a hail of bullets. They succeeded in unhorsing many, but with overwhelming force the Germans simply rode them down and blotted them out, and, it seemed to us, in less time than one can write it, overtook the guns, unhorsed the gunners, and tore back again with their booty to the German lines. We got to the ground quickly, and carried the wounded to the group of houses which they had been

endeavouring to reach. There was only one sword wound amongst them, but plenty of bullet wounds.

We were busy at our work when news came that the French were in retreat towards Orleans, and that our orders were to retire as well. We managed to attend to our wounded, and then set off in the rear of the retreat.

It was an appalling experience, bad to begin with, worse as it went on. The wretched soldiers had been fighting continuously for three days, practically without food. Even we ambulance men had had very little time for food, and when we got it, it was poor and insufficient,—a little black sour bread, some vile horse sausage, and thin wine,—and I do not doubt that the soldiers had fared worse, for as they started to retire fragments of raw horse-flesh were given them, which they gnawed like wild animals as they went along. Many had no boots; through the slushy trodden snow they shuffled, with out and bleeding or frost-bitten feet. Under just such conditions must some of their grandfathers have died in the retreat from Moscow. Our kindly infirmiers carried all the equipment that they could to help the weary laden soldiers; hundreds of guns and knapsacks were thrown away from sheer inability to bear the burden, though the severest punishment would be the penalty. Then, after a little while, the desire to sleep became unbearable. I know that I

owed my life to a fellow-dresser, who shook me and pummelled me unmercifully. Men fell out on all sides, our ambulance waggons were full in the first half-hour, the stronger dragged along the weaker for a while, then the stronger failed and the weak fell and slept and never woke again, and we even envied them.

As we neared Orleans things became even worse. From by-ways and from across country came crowds of soldiers—artillery, cavalry, infantry, ambulances—all fleeing to the shelter of Orleans. The high-road was one awful mass of struggling humanity at its most desperate point, for now guns were firing in our rear, and terror was added to impotence. The last two miles into Orleans were two long hours of nightmare.

Just outside the town, some of the soldiers were deployed to right and left to defend the barricades against the advancing Prussians. Inside the city the streets were choked with refugees and soldiers in retreat. The whole army passed through that day and crossed the Loire, then the barricades were forsaken by its last defenders and the bridge over the river was blown up.

Our division was lost in the crowd, and, being quite incapable of further effort, we took our wounded to one of the Anglo-American ambulances, which had its headquarters at Orleans, found somehow a bed and a shelter, and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. Whatever

happened to Orleans, sleep we must.

The next morning we awoke to find ourselves in a curious position. We had neither wounded nor orders. The French army had evacuated Orleans, the Germans had not yet taken possession of the place. So, after helping another ambulance to send the last train of wounded soldiers off to Tours, we laid in a good meal, provisioned our waggon, and started for our headquarters at Chateaudun. We tried several ways of getting out of Orleans, in order to evade the Germans, and at last managed to get as far as Meunay, where suddenly we were surrounded by Uhlans and rather roughly and ignominiously taken prisoners. In this guise we were brought to our objective, and found that Chateaudun was now in the possession of the Germans again. For some time after this our headquarters were in the German lines, with here and there a short interregnum of the French. This made very little difference to us, for though nominally attached to the French army, we of course treated all the wounded alike.

Although after the retreat from Orleans the French army was split up, a continuous warfare was kept up with varying results. Curiously enough, only five weeks after the first battle of Bapaume, at which the French were successful, another battle was fought exactly on the same spot, between the same armies, with an opposite

result. I saw them both from the edge of the forest of Marchenois, but at the second battle the golden leaves were gone, the trees were stark and bare.

For a while our work was not much in Chateaudun itself. We were sent from one village to another just according to the area of the fighting.

Battles became monotonous, and one got quite heedless and careless of the flying shells and rattling musketry, but never did the horror grow less of the midnight journeys in search of the wounded. The frost was so keen that it was almost impossible to bury the dead, so night after night we passed the same dead bodies frozen stiff in horribly lifelike attitudes. One knew them in time by heart,—in fact, we found our way about from place to place by the well-known groups of dead men which stared at us day after day with ghastly unseeing eyes. It was not only among the wounded soldiers that one saw suffering and misery,—the wretched villages, pillaged and burnt, still contained the miserable remnants of the folk of the countryside. In one house with neither door nor window we found a dead child on the chill hearthstone, while by it a woman with a living child at her breast sat still as a stone, dumb, witless with grief. She let herself be taken away by infirmiers without a word. In a house near by was another woman with three children. Her crippled hus-

band had been shot three days ago, and lay there unburied; they had not tasted food since then, for the Germans had not left one particle of food in the house, nor was one single thing that was breakable left unbroken.

In the "hospitals" at Chateaudun horror was added to horror. At first one by one soldiers were brought in suffering from smallpox, then they came in by dozens until the place was full of the loathsome disease. Under the conditions prevailing they died like flies in a frost. Where the malady began we did not know, but among an army of unvaccinated and ill-fed men it spread like fire in stubble. The town was full of it during the German occupation, yet the German army escaped the scourge, their soldiers having been re-vaccinated before leaving for the front.

Everywhere we saw evidence of ill-preparedness in the one army, of perfect organisation in the other. It was a wonderful sight to see a German division enter an evacuated town. Generally they came in, with the bands playing, to the central square or market-place; a short drill would be gone through, and then each company would get its billets and disperse. In a very few minutes the foraging parties would bring in hay, straw, and corn for the horses, and after a meal the soldiers could be seen on the doorsteps at all sorts of work—mending their clothes, cleaning their accoutrements,

and repairing their boots. Every man carried the piece of leather for repairs across his chest—a good position, as half an inch of leather would often be sufficient to turn a nearly spent bullet.

Some time just before Christmas, under what circumstances I do not remember, Chateaudun was again in the hands of the French, the Germans being in the vicinity. One morning we saw several *Franc-Tireurs* dodging about the market-place, and presently a company of *Uhlans* rode in, but before they had crossed the square a volley from the hidden *Franc-Tireurs* laid about half of them low. The others bending down to their saddle-bows tried to gallop away, but a volley from another direction met them and then again from a third place came some shots, and only one *Uhlans* succeeded in making his escape. The good shooting of the *Franc-Tireurs* had bad consequences for Chateaudun. Before the day was over the German commander sent notice that the town would be shelled at dawn in punishment for the crime of harbouring *Franc-Tireurs*. Poor Chateaudun, with already no whole house in it, was in despair. At midnight, the Director of our ambulance—a French official—accompanied by the Mother Superior of the Sacred Heart, started for the German camp about nine miles away and beseeched for mercy because of the hundreds of sick and wounded in the town. After long efforts they succeeded in

making terms, the poor inhabitants of Chateaudun were to pay a fine of 50,000 francs, and the Germans were to come and go as they pleased through the town, without molestation in future.

The people of Chateaudun breathed a sigh of relief and proceeded to search for the money. How they got it is still a mystery to me. The Germans came in and out and on the whole behaved pretty well. The townspeople had a most pathetic trust in the power of the Red Cross. The humble infirmiers were always being borrowed to act as a bodyguard to the cafés or shops. For a few days there was quiet, and then an unfortunate and extraordinary incident occurred. At the church of the Madeleine a German soldier attempted to climb the altar, for what purpose I do not know, and as he was doing it he was shot, his arm being broken. There was an immediate commotion, and some German soldiers nearly succeeded in lynching the solitary National Guard who was in church. Of course Chateaudun was again threatened with immediate destruction if another fine of 50,000 francs was not forthcoming. The Germans then, as now, had a business-like capacity for making money out of beleaguered citizens. Our Director was employed to use his influence again, for it was quite impossible to find the money. Our Surgeon-in-Chief called up the National Guard who had witnessed the

affair, and was convinced that the German had been shot by accident. He then went to the German commander, offered him 5000 francs on the spot if he would delay the bombardment for twenty-four hours, and asked if the injured man might be cared for in the Chief's own ambulance. The General consented. Before witnesses the bullet was extracted by one of our surgeons, and, as our Chief expected, it was found that it was not a rifle bullet at all, but a bullet from the German's own revolver which must have caught in some projection on the altar, and by it its owner was shot. Thus Chateaudun again escaped by the skin of its teeth. But our Chief's 5000 francs was not returned.

Towards the end of January the monotony of horrors was broken for me by my being sent to Orleans with two *Franco-Tireurs* who were convalescent and anxious to rejoin the French army, and who were of course liable to be shot if taken by the Germans.

We went on our way circumspectly. They were unarmed, and not in uniform. Lest they should be caught and examined, their papers were sewn in the hem of their trousers. Only once was I asked for my certificate on our way, and at Orleans we had the pleasure of dining at the *Hotel du Trois Empereurs* with a roomful of German officers. After seeing my friends safely off, I took the opportunity of having a look round Orleans. The cath-

edral at this time was used as a prison by the Germans; the magnificent interior was marked by the smoke of fires; the woodwork was smashed and the altar dismantled. The Orleans people seemed to take the German occupation very philosophically.

The armistice between Germany and France was signed at the end of January, but it was not until a month later that we got our orders to return. Just before leaving Chateaudun we sent a final convoy of wounded to Chartres and Tours, a continuous procession of carts for two days.

We hurried through Le Mans to Paris, from thence we were sent back to Le Mans, from Le Mans we went by train to St Malo. From St Malo we had

to go by road to the little sea-side village of Cancale. We left Cancale early the following morning in a fishing smack for Granville, with a fair wind, which played us false, and we spent the whole day trying to get the old tub along under two sweeps. There was neither water nor anything to eat on board, so we landed at Granville at night with a fine appetite and thirst. We had still a couple of days of wandering before we got to Havre, where we were as kindly treated, though not so luxuriously, as on our arrival in France. From Havre we sailed for home gladly, carrying with us recollections of sights never to be forgotten, and, one hopes, never to be repeated.

COLIN CAMPBELL, M.R.C.S.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY IAN HAY.

VII. THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

AMONG the higher English castes it is not good form to appear deeply interested in anything, or to hold any serious views about anything, or to possess any special knowledge about anything. In fact, the more you know the less you say, and the more passionately you are interested in a matter, the less you "enthuse" about it. That is the Public School Attitude in a nutshell. It is a pose which entirely misleads foreigners, and causes them to regard the English as an incredibly stupid or indifferent nation.

An American gentleman, we will say, with all an American's insatiable desire to "see the wheels go round" and get to the root of the matter, finds himself sitting beside a pleasant English stranger at a public dinner. They will converse, possibly about sport, or politics, or wireless telegraphy. The pleasant Englishman may be one of the best game shots in the country, or a Privy Counsellor, or a scientist of European reputation, but the chances are that the American will never discover from the conversation that he is anything more than a rather superficial or diffident amateur. Again, supposing the identity of the stranger is known; the

American, being an American, will endeavour to draw him out. But the expert will decline to enter deeply into his own subject, for that would be talking "shop"; and under no circumstances will he consent to discuss his own achievements therein, for that would be "side."

An Englishman dislikes brains almost as much as he worships force of character. If you call him "clever" he will regard you with resentment and suspicion. To his mind cleverness is associated with moral suppleness and sharp practice. In politics he may describe the leader of the other side as "clever"; but not his own leader. He is "able." But the things that he fears most are "shop" and "side." He is so frightened of being thought to take a pleasure in his work—he likes it to be understood that he only does it because he has to—and so terrified of being considered egotistical, that he prefers upon the whole to be regarded as lazy or dunderheaded. In most cases the brains are there, and the cleverness is there, and above all the passion for and pride in his work are there; but he prefers to keep these things to himself and present a careless or flippant front to the world.

From what does this national self-consciousness spring? It has its roots, as already indicated, in the English public school system.

Consider. The public school boy, like all primitive types, invents his own gods and worships them without assistance. Now the primitive mind recognises two kinds of god—lovable gods and gods which must be squared. Class A are worshipped from sheer admiration and reverence, because they are good and “able” gods, capable of god-like achievements. To Class B, however, homage is rendered as a pure measure of precaution, lest, being enormously powerful and remarkably uncertain in temper, they should turn and rend their votaries. Indeed, in their anxiety to avoid the unfavourable notice of these deities, the worshippers do not hesitate to sacrifice one another. So it is with the schoolboy. Class A consists of the gods he admires, Class B of the gods he is afraid of.

First, Class A.

What a boy admires most of all is ability—ability to do things, naturally and spontaneously. He worships bodily strength, bodily grace, swiftness of foot, straightness of eye, dashing courage, and ability to handle a bat or gun, or control the movements of a ball, with dexterity and—ease. Great emphasis must be placed on the ease. Owing to a curious kink in the schoolboy mind, these qualities depreciate at least fifty per cent if they are not *natural* qualities—that is, if they have been

acquired by laborious practice or infinite pains. The water-funk who ultimately schools himself into a brilliant high-diver, or the overgrown crook who trains himself, by taking thought, into an effective athlete, is a person of no standing. At school sports you often hear such a conversation as this—

“Good time for the mile, wasn’t it?”

“Yes; but look at the way he has been sweating up for it. He’s been in training for weeks. Did you see old Jinks in the high jump, though? He cleared five foot four, and never turned out to practice once. That’s pretty hot stuff if you like!”

Or—

“Pretty useful, old Dobbin taking six wickets!”

“Oh, that rotter! Last year he could hardly get the ball within a yard of the crease. I hear he has been spending hours and hours in the holidays bowling by himself at a single stump. He’s no earthly good, really.”

It is the way of the world. The tortoise is a dreadfully unpopular winner. To an Englishman, a real hero is a man who wins a championship in the morning despite the fact that he was dead drunk the night before.

This contempt for the plodder extends also to the scholastic sphere. A boy has no great love or admiration for learning in itself, but he appreciates brilliance in scholarship—as opposed to hard work. If you come out top of your form, or

gain an entrance scholarship at the University, your friends will applaud you vigorously, but only if they are perfectly certain that your success is in no sense the outcome of honest toil. If you are suspected of midnight oil or systematic labour, the virtue is gone out of your performance. You are merely a "swot." The general attitude appears to be that unless you can take—or appear to take—an obstacle in your stride, that obstacle is not worth surmounting. This leads to a good deal of hypocrisy and make-believe. For instance—

"Pretty good, Sparkleigh getting a Schol, wasn't it?" remark the rank and file to one another. "He never did a stroke of work for it, and when he went up for his exam he went on the bust the night before. Jolly good score off the Head: he said he wouldn't get one! . . . Grubbe? Oh yes, he got one all right. I should just think so! The old sap! We'd have rooted him if he hadn't!"

But let us be quite frank about Sparkleigh. He has won his Scholarship, and has done it—in the eyes of the School—with one hand tied behind him. But Scholarships are not won in this way, and no one is better aware of the fact than Sparkleigh. His task, to tell the truth, has been far more difficult than that of the unheroic Grubbe. Grubbe was content to accept the stigma of "swot," because it carried with it permission to work as hard and as openly—one had almost said as flagrantly—as he

pleased. But Sparkleigh, who had to maintain the attitude of a man of the world and a scholastic Gallio and yet work just as hard as Grubbe, was sorely put to it at times. He must work, and work desperately hard, yet never be seen working. None of the friends who slapped him on the back when the news of his success arrived knew of the desperate resorts to which the boy had had recourse in order to obtain the time and privacy necessary for his purpose. On Sunday afternoons he would disappear upon a country walk, ostentatiously exhibiting a cigarette-case and giving to his friends to understand that his walk was of a statutory three-mile nature. In reality he sat behind a hedge in an east wind and translated Demosthenes.

And there was his demeanour in school. On Thursdays, for instance, the Sixth came in from four till six and composed Latin Verses. On these occasions the Head seldom appeared, the task of presiding over the drowsy assembly falling to a scholarly but timid young man who was mortally afraid of the magnates who sat at the top bench. Sparkleigh would take down the appointed passage as it was dictated and read it through carelessly. In reality he was committing it to memory. Then—

"Wake me at a quarter to six," he would say to his neighbour, yawning. And laying his head upon his arms he would rest motionless until aroused at the appointed moment.

But he was not asleep. For

an hour and three-quarters that busy, fertile brain would be pulling and twisting the English verse into Latin shape, converting it into polished Elegiacs or rolling hexameters. Then, sleepily raising his head, and casting a last contemptuous glance over the English copy, Sparkleigh would take up his pen, and in the remaining quarter of an hour scribble out a full and complete set of Latin Verses—to the respectful admiration of his neighbour Grubbe, who, covered with ink and surrounded by waste paper, was laboriously grappling with the last couplet.

There are many Sparkleighs in school life—and in the larger world as well. They are not really deceitful or pretentious, but they are members of a society in which revealed ambition is not good form. That is all.

There is one curious relaxation of the schoolboy's vendetta against ostentatious industry. You may work if you are a member of the Army Class. The idea appears to be that to cultivate learning for its own sake is the act of a pedant and a prig, but if you have some loyal, patriotic, and gentlemanly object in view, such as the obtaining of the King's Commission, a little vulgar application of your nose to the grindstone may be excused and indeed justified. But you must be careful to explain that you are never never going to do any work again after this.

As already noted, these characteristics puzzle the foreigner. The Scotsman, for instance, though even more reserved

than the Englishman, is not nearly so self-conscious; and to him "ma career"—to quote John Shand—is the most important business in life. Success is far too momentous a thing to be jeopardised by false modesty; so why waste time and spoil one's chances by pretending that it is a mere accident in life—the gift of chance or circumstance? The American, too, cannot understand the pose. His motto is "thorough." American oarsmen get their crew together a year before the race, and train continuously—even in winter they row in a stationary tub under cover—until by diligent practice they evolve a perfect combination. Englishmen would never dream of taking such pains. They have a vague feeling that such action is "unsportsmanlike." In their eyes it is rather improper to appear so anxious to win. Once more we find ourselves up against the shame of revealed ambition. The public school spirit again!

So much for the gods a boy admires. Now for the gods he is afraid of.

The greatest of these is Convention. The first, and perhaps the only, thing that a boy learns at a public school is to keep in his appointed place. If he strays out by so much as a single pace, he is "putting on side," and is promptly sacrificed. Presumption is the deadliest sin in school life, and is usually punished with a ferocity out of all proportion to the offence. In moderation, Convention is a very salutary

deity. None of us are of much use in this world until we have found our level and acquired the virtues of modesty and self-suppression. It is extremely good for a cheeky new boy, late cock of a small preparatory school and idol of a doting family, to have to learn by painful experience that it is not for him to raise his voice in the course of general conversation, or address himself to any but his own immediate order until he has been a member of the school for a year at least. These are what may be termed self-evident conventions, and it does no one any particular harm to learn to obey them. But the great ged Convention, like most absolute monarchs, has grown distinctly cranky and eccentric in some of his whims. A sensible new boy knows better than to speak familiarly to a superior, or take a seat too near the fire, or answer back when unceremoniously treated. But there are certain laws of Convention which cannot be anticipated by the most intelligent and well-meaning beginner. For instance, it may be—and invariably is—"side" to wear your cap straight (or crooked), or your jacket buttoned (or unbuttoned), or your hair brushed (or not), or to walk upon this side of the street (or that). But which? It is impossible to solve these problems by any process save that of dismal experience. And, as in a maturer branch of criminology, ignorance of the Law is held to be no excuse for infraction of the Law. I once knew a small boy who,

trotting back to his House from football and being pressed for time, tied his new white sweater round his neck by the sleeves instead of donning it in the ordinary fashion. That evening, to his great surprise and extreme discomfort, he was taken out and slipped by a self-appointed vigilance committee. To wear one's sweater tied round one's neck, it seemed, was the privilege of the First Fifteen alone. Who shall tell how oft he offendeth?

And even when the first years are past and a position of comparative prominence attained, the danger of Presumption is not outdistanced. A boy obtains his House colours, we will say. His friends congratulate him warmly, and then sit down to wait for symptoms of "side." The newly-born celebrity must walk warily. Too often he trips. Our first success in life is very, very sweet, and it is hard to swallow our exultation and preserve a modest or unconscious demeanour when our heart is singing. But the lesson must be learned, and ultimately is learned; but too often only after a cruel and utterly disproportionate banishment to the wilderness. Can we wonder that the Englishman who has achieved greatness in the world—the statesman, the soldier, the athlete—always exhibits an artificial indifference of manner when his deeds are mentioned in his presence? In nine cases out of ten this is not due to proverbial heroic modesty: it is caused by painful and last-

ing memories of the results which followed his first essays in self-esteem.

The other god which school-boys dread is Public Opinion. They have little fear of their masters, and none whatever of their parents; but they are mortally afraid of one another. Moral courage is the rarest thing in schoolboy life. Physical courage, on the other hand, is a *sine qua non*: so much so that if a boy does not possess it he must pretend that he does. But if he exhibits moral courage the great majority of his fellows will fail to recognise it, and will certainly not appreciate it. They do not know its meaning. Their fathers have extolled it to them, and they have heard it warmly commended in sermons in chapel; but they seldom know it when they meet it. If an obscure and unathletic prefect reports a muscular and prominent member of the House to the Headmaster for some gross and demoralising offence, they will not regard the prefect as a hero. Probably they will consider him a prig, and certainly a sneak. The fact that he has sacrificed all that makes schoolboy life worth living in the exercise of his simple duty will not occur to the rank and file at all. Admiration for that sort of thing they regard as an idiosyncrasy of pastors and masters.

It is not until he becomes a prefect himself that the average boy discovers the meaning of the word character, and whether he possesses any of his own. If he does, he begins

straightway to make up for lost time. He sets yet another god upon his Olympus, and keeps him at the very summit thereof from that day forth for the rest of his life. As already noted, the Englishman is suspicious of brains, despises intellectuality, and thoroughly mistrusts any superficial appearance of cleverness; but he worships character, character, character all the time. And that is the main—the only—difference between the English man and the English boy. The man appreciates moral courage, because it is a sign of character. It is the only respect in which the English Peter Pan grows up.

Finally, we note a new factor in the composition of the Public School Type—the military factor. Ten years ago school Cadet Corps were few in number, lacking in efficiency, and thoroughly lax in discipline. Routine consisted of some very inert company drills and some very intermittent class-firing, varied by an occasional and very disorderly field-day. Real keenness was confined to those boys who had a chance of going to Bisley as members of the shooting eight. The officers were middle-aged and short-winded. It was not quite “the thing” to belong to the Corps—presumably because *anybody* could belong to it—and in any case it was not decorous to be enthusiastic about it.

But the Officers’ Training Corps has changed all that. At last the hand of peace-loving and somnolent Headmasters has been forced by the

action of a higher power. Now the smallest public school has its Corps, subsidised by the State and supervised by the War Office. Three years ago, in Windsor Great Park, King George reviewed a perfectly equipped and splendidly organised body of seventeen thousand schoolboys and undergraduates; and these were a mere fraction of the whole. The O.T.C. is undeniably efficient. Its officers hold His Majesty's commission, and have to qualify for their posts by a course of attachment to a regular body. Frequently the C.O. is an old soldier. Discipline and obedience of a kind hitherto unknown in schools have come into existence. That is to say, B has learned to obey an order from A with promptitude and despatch, not because A is in the Fifteen while B is not, but because A is a sergeant and B is a private; or to put the matter more simply still, because it is an Order. Conversely, A gives his orders clearly and confidently because he knows that he has the whole weight of military law behind him, and need not pause to worry about athletic status or caste distinctions.

It may be objected that we are merely substituting a military caste for an athletic caste; but no one who knows anything about boys will support such a view. The new caste will help to modify the despotism of the old: that is all. And undoubtedly the system breeds *initiative*, which is not the strong point of the average schoolboy. In the Army every one looks automatically for

instruction to the soldier of highest rank present, whether he be a brigadier in charge of a field-day or the oldest soldier of three privates engaged in guarding a gap in a hedge. It is these low-grade delegations of authority which force initiative and responsibility upon boys who otherwise would shrink from putting themselves forward, not through lack of ability or character, but through fear of Presumption. And here we encounter another thoroughly British characteristic. A Briton has a great capacity for minding his own business. He dislikes undertaking a responsibility which is not his by right. But persuade him that a task is indubitably and *officially* his, and he will devote his life to it, however unthankful or exacting it may be. In the same way many a schoolboy never takes his rightful place in his House or School simply because he does not happen to possess any of the restricted and accidental qualifications which school law demands of its leaders. Now, aided by the initiative and independence which elementary military training bestows, he is encouraged to come forward and take a share in the life of the school from which his own respect for schoolboy standards of merit has previously debarred him. All he wants is a little confidence in himself and a little training in responsibility. The Officers' Training Corps is doing the same work among the public school boys to-day that the Boy

Scout movement is doing so magnificently for his brethren in other walks of life.

Incidentally, Lord Kitchener is thanking Providence for the existence of the O.T.C. to-day.

II.

But we need not dip into the future: we are concerned here only with the past and its effect upon the present.

What manner of man is he that the English public school system has contributed to the service of the State and the Empire? (With the English public schools we ought fairly to include Scottish public schools conducted on English lines.) How far are the characteristics of the Boy discernible in the Man? The answer is:—Through and through.

In the first place, the Man is usually a Conservative. So are all schoolboys. (Who shall forget the turmoil which arose when a new and iconoclastic House-master decreed that the comfortable double collar which had hitherto been the exclusive property of the aristocracy might—nay, must—be worn by all the House irrespective of rank?)

Secondly, he is very averse to putting himself forward until he has achieved a certain *locus standi*. A newly elected Member of Parliament, if he happens to be an old public school boy, rarely if ever addresses the House during his first session. He leaves that to Radical thrusters and Scotsmen on the make. He does this because he remembers the day upon which he was

rash enough to rise to his feet and offer a few halting but sensible observations on the occasion of his first attendance at a meeting of the Middle School Debating Society. ("Who are you," inquired his friends afterwards, "to get up and jaw? Have you got your House colours?")

Thirdly, he declines upon all occasions, be he scholar, or soldier, or lawyer, to discuss matters of interest relating to his profession; for this is "shop." He remembers the historic "ragging" of two harmless but eccentric members of the Fifth at school, who, dwelling in different Houses, were discovered to be in the habit of posting one of Cicero's letters to one another every evening for purposes of clandestine and unsociable perusal at breakfast next morning.

If he rises to a position of eminence in life or performs great deeds for the State, he laughs his achievements to scorn, and attributes them to "a rotten fluke," remembering that that was what one of the greatest heroes of his youth, one Slogsbey, used to do when he had made a hundred in a school match.

If he is created a Judge or a Magistrate or a District Commissioner he is especially severe upon sneaks and bullies, for he knows what sneaking

and bullying can be. For the open lawbreaker he has a much kindlier feeling, for he was once one himself. He is intensely loyal to any institution with which he happens to be connected, such as the British Empire or the M.C.C., because loyalty to School and House is one of the fundamental virtues of the public school boy.

Lastly, compulsory games at school have bred in him an almost passionate desire to keep himself physically fit at all times in after life.

He has grave faults. Loving tradition, he dislikes change, and often stands mulishly in the way of necessary progress. Mistrusting precocity, he often snubs genuine and valuable enthusiasm. His anxiety to mind only his own business sometimes leads him into deciding that some urgent matter does not concern him when in point of fact it does. As a schoolboy he was the avowed enemy of all "cads," and his views on what constituted a cad were rather too comprehensive. Riper years do not always correct this fault, and he is considered—too often, rightly—cliquey and stuck-up. Disliking a bounder, he sometimes fails to appreciate a man of real ability. Similarly his loyalty to his friends sometimes leads him to believe that there can be no real ability or integrity of character outside his own circle; with the result that in filling up offices he is sometimes guilty of nepotism.

The fact that the offence is world-old and world-wide does not excuse it in a public school man.

Finally, all public school boys are intensely reserved about their private ambitions and private feelings. So is the public school man. Consequently soulful and communicative persons who do not understand him regard him as stodgy and unsociable.

But he serves his purpose. Like most things British, he is essentially a compromise. He is a type, not an individual; and when the daily, hourly business of a nation is to govern hundreds of other nations, perhaps it is as well to do so through the medium of men who, by merging their own individuality in a common stock, have evolved a standard of character and manners which, while never meteoric, seldom brilliant, too often hopelessly dull, is always conscientious, generally efficient, and never, never tyrannical or corrupt. If this be mediocrity, who would soar?

To-day the enemy is at our gate, and thousands of public school boys are there to meet him. Such as are unable to obtain commissions—and the supply of qualified aspirants greatly exceeds even the present enormous demand—are flocking cheerfully and automatically into the rank and file. Let the detractors of our public school system consider these things, and hang their heads.

THE END.

AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT.

BY DOWHILL.

OF David Campbell, younger of Inchlaggan, it might with truth be said that his sword was his fortune, for wishing to save the allowance that was his by right of birth to meet temporary difficulties on the estate, he elected to serve in His Majesty's Indian Army, where the pay and allowances would button round his monthly requirements. He was not the first of his House to serve in India. An uncle had worn the drab uniform of the gallant Piffers under the old John Company, and in the stirring days of 1857 had served it full well and liberally, laying down his all ere the game was in full play. Like many another whose names are recorded on Britain's roll of honour, he gave of his life freely and without stint. He fell upon the world-famed ridge—that puny, rock-strewn excrescence—where during the flaming months of a prickly Indian summer a little band of bulldogs—Sikhs and Britishers, Pathans and Goorkhas—held a host at bay until able with John Lawrence's assistance to seize it by the throat, they, in a bloody but successful offensive, squeezed out its treacherous breath. So it was but natural when David Campbell transferred from the gallant Gordons to the Indian Staff Corps, as his Majesty's Indian Army was then called, that he

should be appointed to the same battalion. Was not the name of Campbell enshrined within its heart, just as from the whitewashed walls of its mess dining-room the sword of his gallant uncle told to each and all, better than tongue could say, of a grand and glorious death, and an honourable example to be followed? Bitter wrenah indeed it was to sever connection with his regiment, with men of his own land and his own clan, whom in the brief passing of three years he had learned to love with an affection of which those ignorant of the fighting services have no knowledge. But the claims of far-away Inchlaggan came ever first, and, having taken the plunge, he found the water none too cold, for the family of the brave is wider flung than dreamed of by those who spend a lifetime in one unit. And herein lies, for those who know, an unwritten charm of the profession, for all soldiers whose hearts are rightly placed belong to one great “jât,” whether in command of blacks in the stomach of waterless African deserts, serving with polyglot units in dust-laden India, or commanding the King's guard at Buckingham Palace.

A few years to pass the various tests—linguistic and other—to prove his fitness for

retention in the Indian Army, and then the Adjutancy of the battalion came his way. But that coveted appointment was not to be his for long. Enteric claimed him as a plaything, and after tossing him for weeks from life to death and back again, drove him to his Highland home on sick leave. But idling is inimical to the active brain, and the world called so that once the necessary medical examination could be passed he was away to the heart of Russia to learn the language in a Russian family, and complete convalescence in the most magnificent of climates. The reason of his going to Russia was the brilliantly economical idea of slaying two birds with the proverbial single pellet. Long had fear of Russia's might given sleepless nights to the Government of India, which has ever rejected the Downing Street theory that the incoming tide can be arrested by a line pencilled across a map, and it was unwilling to keep more than the tribal loaded pistol beneath its pillow. The Russian Question was now becoming one of the perennial scares, consequent on exaggerated reports concerning the annual movement of conscript recruits into Turkestan from Europe. From the flood of writing on the subject that leaked into every niche of every Government Office, the fact stood clear that the bogey was clothed by the official mind with flesh and blood. Consequently, the smaller fry who were ambitious to be early in the field

anticipated that knowledge of the Russian language would be no disadvantage, but sure guarantee of future promotion. Hence David Campbell's determination to study it while the opportunity of enforced absence from India made this possible.

To Moscow, the national capital of that mighty Empire, the city of golden domes set in the bluest of blue backgrounds, he travelled, and, taking up his residence in a family where English was unknown, struggled and wrestled with the language. And it was while engaged in this seemingly hopeless effort that Ivan Carlovitch came upon the scene.

Ivan Carlovitch Akhimov, to give him his full name, was a pure Russian, although born and reared in the Polish town of Lodz. His father, a native of Smolensk, on completing his time with the regular army, had taken employment in an electrician's at Lodz, where his regiment had been stationed. Hence the reason why Ivan and his brothers first saw the light in Jew-infested Poland instead of "avataya" (holy) Russia. As a lad Ivan worked in the shop where his father was employed, and being of sharp intellect, as are the city-bred of all countries, possessed by the time he had attained military age a useful knowledge of mechanics and a thorough acquaintance with the Polish language. But at twenty-one came the summons to appear in the autumn before the

"prisutstvie" (recruiting committee) of the town, and to take his chance with fickle fortune at the ballot-box as to the manner in which he would fulfil his military obligations—whether with the active army or whether with the *opolchenie*. Luck failing him in the drawings, and there being no claim to exemption, it befell that January of the following year saw him don the uniform of the gallant "red boots" at Moscow, and duly entered upon its rolls as a recruit. Magnificent regiment indeed this is, and second to none in Russia's vast array, for is it not specially privileged to wear red tops to its long boots in memory of its gallantry at Poltava, when, according to history, it waded knee-deep in blood to victory? But history appeals little to the matter-of-fact recruit whose brain of mud receives daily fresh impressions. During the next three years Ivan's was the special business of learning to defend his country, to drill and to shoot, and, last but not the least important, to suffer in silence and obey. Less easy for the town-bred lad than those of duller understanding who, born and grown to manhood in remote districts of the heart of Russia, were illiterate. But his zeal and sharpness brought reward at the end of his first year in promotion to non-commissioned rank—not the welcome metallic-sounding reward that pleases the ear and whets the stomach of the mercenary, but escape from hated sentry-go.

Nevertheless the monotonous daily routine and mechanical obedience without question were irksome to the thinking lad, and, refusing at the expiration of his obligatory four years with the colours to re-engage for further service, he gladly took his discharge into the reserve. But work, that had come to him so easily before, now that he was once more in need of it, was difficult to find. Times were slack and trade was bad. Thus, after receiving the cold shoulder from more than one electrician's, where he had sought employment, he invested his small savings in a pony and "*izvozchik*," and started to ply for hire in the streets of Moscow. It was in this capacity that he made acquaintance with David Campbell.

It was the second day of the trotting races outside Moscow, where the best Russian trotters from the Orlov stables were competing against imported American winners, and all the city was present to support its own. Ivan and his little vehicle were lined up with many others outside the principal gate on the look-out for fares. David Campbell was by himself, and as he passed down the line offering to each driver the price he was disposed to give to be driven to his destination, after the manner of Asiatic Europe, Ivan, who was anxious not to risk losing a fare, closed with the offer. But it was a long run into Moscow, and Babushka was tired. Never a Tetrarch at the best of times, Babushka that day was

slow; so slow indeed that, although he fed her on many exhortations, to say nothing of the whip, Ivan wondered if he would reach his destination, pondering as to the nature of the English "barin's" discontent if such bad luck befell. However, the house near the Krasnaya Vorota was at last reached, and, strange to say, never a word of anger or abuse did he receive. Paying the full fare, the "barin" pointed to the tired pony, and chatted to Ivan. What was the price of Babushka? Would Ivan sell her? To which Ivan, thinking to make a bargain with this strange-tongued foreigner, but curious as to the latter's reason for desiring to make so poor a purchase, asked for what she might be wanted.

"Want her for," said David Campbell. "Why, to enter her for next year's trotting races!"

Ivan stared at the grave face, in doubt as to the correctness of his hearing, and then, as the joke became apparent, laughed and laughed again. Far more did he enjoy the joke than David. Never before in his experience as a driver had he been treated with such kindness or humanity. Bad luck, however, dogged his footsteps, and less than a fortnight after this event poor tired Babushka fell in her tracks, passing to that glorious animal land where all is pasture and the pasture is all clover. Again Ivan was without employment. Again he was hard put to it. Again he abused himself for not having re-engaged. But the empty stomach sharpens wonderfully

the wits, and after some hard thinking on few meals the idea fortunately occurred to him to try the sympathetic Scot with the human face, the kind sense of humour, and the generous hand. So to young Campbell he told his story, and was to his surprise given two roubles, with instructions to return on a later date. And on that later date the "barin" announced his intention of travelling down the Volga, and in the Caucasus; he wanted a servant—would Ivan come with him?

During the wanderings of the subsequent two months, when Ivan was teacher, servant, councillor, and friend to his employer, the friendship between them was fast welded. Both were loth to sever it at the expiration of David's leave, when he was obliged to quit Russia for his own country. It was most improbable that he would ever meet Ivan again, as their lives lay in different spheres, but, when able, Ivan was to write to India and tell of how he fared with the new pony which David presented to him on leaving. And then they parted, the Russian affectionate, demonstrative; the Scot apparently cold and indifferent.

After the passage of six years David Campbell was again in England working for the Staff College. In the intervening years he had only twice heard from Ivan—once to say that he was doing well, and again to tell of the ill-luck that followed him and how the pony had died of colic. That was within six months of their parting. Campbell had in-

tended to write to him, but the intervening chasm of great distances makes letter-writing difficult, while want of practice made writing Russian irksome. Stirring times too had been his fortune upon that blood-splotted frontier which breeds not scribes but men. First the Waziristan border had given trouble, calling punitive columns, of which his regiment had formed a portion, to harry the country. And later Umra Khan, of frontier fame, had at the Malakand introduced the tribes to British bayonets, to their infinite discomfiture. In the latter act young Campbell had been exceeding lucky, playing a leading part in countering that spiteful ghazi rush which welcomed his regiment at the Kotal top. A smart affair and quickly spent, but bringing in its train to the victors in the *mêlée* a glow of pleasurable satisfaction akin to that experienced in bygone ages and historic setting by strong-armed Henry Wynd, the Gow Chrom, and the ten crippled survivors of Clan Chattan.

Despite loss of British life and expenditure of money in no way commensurate to the ends achieved, the usual order followed at the close of this campaign to evacuate the hornets' nest, leaving it stirred and sting-full for the next occasion. Ever the way upon the Indian border since civilian theorists in Whitehall, while canting of the wickedness of war, have in their criminal ignorance of it shown themselves to be devotees of the great Goddess Kali. So long

as the army is the instrument of policy those politicians who dare to use it, while ignorant of war, are as guilty of foul murder as any desperado caught red-handed in the act. At the close of the campaign units marched back to India brown, ragged, but valuable, to don the garb of peace, soon becoming once more absorbed in the local doings of their small cantonments. To Campbell came two years of peace soldiering, intermingled with the usual promotion examinations and courses that prick the soldier onward up the path to high command; and then furlough once more to England, where Camberley, the goal of his immediate ambition, lay. But the Staff College was not to see him. Scarcely had he been a couple of months at work in London than rumours trickled home of possible fresh trouble on the self-same frontier. The wasps were on the move and to some purpose.

The independent tribes that eke out their lawless existence within the "hedge" had for some weeks been restless and fretful. What in particular lit the spark of discontent on this occasion would be difficult to determine, for in those parts where all rifles have a hair-trigger a breath of air from an unexpected direction suffices to let them off. Jirgahs had been meeting in conference, grey-beards had been pouring oil on troubled waters, but all of little avail, since for long the jawans (young men) had not drunk of blood in proper quantities. So it happened that they preferred

to listen to the inflammatory oratory of an independent Larkinite prophet, and under the influences of his Islamic provocations, perorations, and exhortations had fired the Khyber hay-stack. The general simmering discontent had laid the train efficiently throughout border territory, from restless Dir and Swat to long-haired Zhob, so that the lighted hay-stack was but the beacon required to make the conflagration general. And, as a consequence, the "airkar," which as usual had sat blinking, refusing to see the coming cyclone, was obliged at last to act, and to act with promptitude. Tic-a-tic, tic-tic, tic-a-tic, flashed the mobilisation orders throughout the length and breadth of Ind; and within the space of hours the ever-restive mastiffs were again being taken in the leash towards their quarry. Units were mobilised, officers recalled from leave, and David among the others. On a Tuesday the cable came. "Rejoin service" was all it said; terse and to the point, but sufficient to bring joy and sorrow to many an anxious heart.

When he eventually joined his regiment in the field bullets were cheap, cheaper only than men's lives, which in the eyes of a commander should be of no account, since his primary duty is ever, regardless of other issues, to force a favourable decision with as great rapidity as possible—to bring the bloody business to an end. Indeed, he who fears to send men to their long account,

or lose his life, is no great captain, and never will be able to carry to a successful conclusion the great business of war. When he reached his battalion after a slow passage up the line of communications, it was one of the advanced fighting brigades in the belly of the enemy's country, and opportune was the moment of his arrival, as in a disappointing skirmish of a few days back two brother officers had been badly wounded. The battalion had experienced the discomfort of having to fight the usual rearguard action into its new bivouac, and, although in doing so it had to some effect stung the more enterprising tribesmen that pricked its tail, it resented having been taken somewhat at a disadvantage, and was sore to teach the enemy what it knew. A retirement in mountain warfare in the presence of an active foe is ever difficult, and when cumbered with wounded men becomes a ticklish operation. It goes against the grain to be followed up, to be, so to speak, driven within the shelter of the piquets, and the only compensating feature in the business is the skill required to flick death into the midst of the enterprising enemy while taking none of the fatal draught oneself.

On the day of his arrival his company was detailed for night piquet on a barren rocky eminence above the camp, whence, if it were not occupied by the King's men, the sniper would with absolute impunity pump leaden missiles

of all shapes, sorts, and sizes, and with varied tunes, into the British bivouac, which it commanded. The tactical advantages of that hill were, however, equally well known to the Orakzai, who had no intention of easily surrendering them, so that eventually four companies of his battalion had to be detailed to capture it under cover of a mountain battery's vomit; thus quite a pretty little action was the consequence, and his welcome to his unit. After assisting, as is usual, in making "snug" the piquet which was to hold the hill against all-comers—that is to say, helping it to build its sangars and strengthen the ground with artificial expedients—the remaining companies withdrew, wishing him the best of luck in his lonely, dangerous, and all-night chilly vigil. For, be it known, that piquets cannot be reinforced over broken mountainous country in the black of night, and, as they must hold their ground, they are forbidden under any circumstances to fall back or look for succour. Theirs are the orders to hold fast at all costs and under all circumstances, for on their so doing the safety of the camp depends. For a space of hours all was as happy as a marriage feast, and the company on piquet began to hope that theirs was to be a quiet night. At 1 A.M., however, the sentries heard the movements of men about, and the tribesmen approaching close up in the darkness began to be wasteful

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of their abuse, hurling every imaginable insult upon the men, their mothers, sisters, and other female relations, as is the playful manner of their kind. At three o'clock fire was opened on the piquet's sangars, and half an hour later a deliberate attempt was made to rush them. Till the roseate tint of early dawn was showing at half-past four the struggle for the hill continued, but the piquet gallantly held on despite the loss of ten of its number. When daylight came the position was secure, for the enemy never aspired to be a target when the odds were on the man behind the wall—or when the hated *feringhee* could sufficiently see the ground to up and at him with the bayonet.

Day in day out there was always similar work, as the brigade was gnawing at the enemy's vitals in virgin land hitherto trodden by no alien foot, contact with the enemy being always established. Within ten days of his arrival the brigade was detailed to visit the country of the Sakha Khel, who inhabited a prosperous valley two days distant. It was thought that a display of force in the midst of their sacred villages might accelerate the despatch of the *jirgahs*, which they had been ordered to send to headquarters in Saidan. The road led through a tract of country belonging to the Pakha Khel, a fierce and savage section of the Afridis. No opposition was made to the advance, as is the general custom in savage mountain

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warfare, and wise custom too, for the tail of the British lion is ever pleasanter to play with than his mouth. Two days were spent in foraging, in destroying certain defences, ringing walnut-trees, and, most important, in setting alight the possessions of a fanatical self-advertising mullah, who had been as quick to enlarge the distance between him and the "sirkar's" troops at their coming as before he had been obstinate in preaching the innocuous nature of their bullets. And then the retirement back across a Kotal into Saidan had to be effected, and those knowing the meaning of rearguard actions over such ground, and the revengeful pertinacity of both Sakha and Pakha Khel, foretold a troublesome day.

Thus, in consequence thereof, the wise in war determined to make elaborate arrangements, and, besides ordering a start of all the baggage at the first streak of dawn, David's battalion, being more than usually skilled in mountain warfare, was detailed to take up a strong position on the Kotal in rear, which it was to hold until the morning's rearguard had passed through, when it in turn would become the rearguard to the force. The night passed quietly, two only of the piquets being engaged. Truth to tell, the Gurkha scouts had on the previous night stalked some snipers, and given these gentry their bellyful of sport. At the first peep of dawn, however, when the main body and the transport heading for Saidan began to trickle

through the hedge-like perimeter of the bivouac, the crack, crack, crack from the heights above indicated that the enemy was aware of the intended movement, and would make as difficult as possible the withdrawal of the piquets from the heights around. No coffee and rolls to-day for breakfast, Tommy Atkins! A bit of lead more like, and with this consolation only, that if it must be taken internally, 'tis best so taken on an empty stomach.

The commander of the rearguard, with his signallers and staff, took up a position in the centre of the bivouac, rapidly being evacuated, and his countenance grew grave as the irregular crackle of musketry rolling from one hill-top to another told of other piquets becoming linked up with the foe. But he knew his work, and loved it most on occasions such as this, when the situation promised to develop awkwardly and every nerve was strained. And what was quite as important was that the pawns shivering on the hill-tops knew he knew it; the piquets thanked the gods when he was in command, for theirs was the certain knowledge that their withdrawal would be rightly nursed, and none would be accidentally or carelessly left derelict on the beach. As the slowly moving transport, which ever seems to crawl when daylight means men's lives, filed away out of camp, he saw that the time had come, and gave the signal for the piquets

to withdraw, commencing with those most distant. One after another, only too eager for the signal, they slithered down the barren rocky khuds, the men jumping and running, for all the world like frightened chamois, till they reached and joined the rearguard. Slowly the work was carried through, but not by any means with ease. Now two companies, with two guns of the mule battery, had to move out to support a piquet that was in difficulties; now one piquet had to be told to support another. And ever the rule was religiously observed that till the farthest piquet was safely down the next to it must hold its ground. The enemy became more and more determined, and pressed with an unusual and surprising vigour, which was the more difficult to cope with, as dead and wounded had to be carried down to safety. In such country the ordinary method of a piquet's retirement is at a given signal to tear down the hill at break-neck speed, trusting to be out of range by the time the enemy has gained the hill-top. Thus it is not difficult to imagine that when men have to carry a wounded comrade down, and over appalling ground at that, the matter is complicated, to say nothing of the target that a group of men gives to the hawk-like savage. But, though slowly, the work was successfully accomplished, so that at last the commander had the satisfaction of seeing the force under his command, with but

a small proportion of casualties, pass over the Kotal in rear and through the battalion holding it. But the day was far spent. It was now 3 P.M., and there remained barely two hours for the new rearguard commander to get his rearguard into camp.

Sangars had been erected on the Kotal and the high ground on the flanks was piqueted. But the enemy was in considerable force, and delighted in nothing better than biting the tail of a column forced to hobble wearily along rocky tracks that are ever a serious impediment to movement. As the battalion now began to draw in its piquets the enemy pressed close, with the result that these had several wounded, and experienced greater and greater difficulty in getting them away. Eventually the rearmost company, of which Campbell was in command, found itself almost surrounded by the tribesmen, who seemed to be lying behind every rock, and exalted at their success pressed ever closer. Ammunition began to run short. There were three dead and several wounded to be got away to the rear before he could think of following them. Meanwhile there would be more wounded. And thus the tale of woe would pass round in a vicious circle. So he signalled back that he was unable to withdraw farther without assistance, and in order to relieve the immediate pressure to his front called on the half company round him to fall on the nearest of the enemy with the bayonet. The

remainder were to support the movement with their fire and endeavour with unerring eye to pick off such of the tribesmen as forsook the vantage of their rocks to run.

Attack, attack, attack—the only operation in war that can succeed, as successful always as a passive defence is the reverse. So they snarled, that hard-pressed little band, and showed their teeth to the over-confident foe, checking them to some purpose. Waving his revolver in the air and shouting the order to charge, David doubled round the corner of the sangar at the head of his men and fell upon the foe. And in that onslaught many a gallant soul was hastened to his dreamed-of paradise. Time had for the moment been gained, but there were more dead and wounded than before to be got away, and the position was no less critical. Causing the wounded to be gathered in behind the shelter of the sangar and tended to, he warned the men to husband their ammunition and aim low; and again told the signalling Naiek to flag back a message to the effect that he was unable to retire without support.

Within half an hour three companies came back, spraying themselves into the firing line upon the Kotal which but a bare hour since they had left. Their arrival at this critical juncture resulted in that superiority of fire necessary to turn the scale and enable the retirement to continue once more in method-

ical order. But as to regain camp before dark was impossible, the officer in command quickly decided to take up a position in some houses lying in his rear half a mile to the flank and to hold them for the night; and David's company, which had got away first from the Kotal, was detailed to rush them. No difficult matter this, as few of the enemy had occupied them, but none the less unpleasant, for till within the defences there was no certainty of what might not lie in store. But in the matter of eating steel the Afridi was no less fastidious than brother Boer, possessing no wealth of silly sentiment regarding death with honour. As Campbell, closely followed by his native officer and his "dogra" orderly, walked rapidly between the houses, ears and firearms cocked, expecting anything and everything, they came suddenly upon two of the enemy at scarcely twenty yards. Bang—bang—bang, bang, bang. The work of not a moment—snapshots, and not long at that, and both were down. With your life against the other man's there's little room for false and frothy sentiment. 'Tis odds on the man who gets first sight of his enemy, and no time wasted on an examination of his armament. Alas! both were found to be unarmed; bad luck indeed—the lack of daylight and the men's own folly. Fortune had played them a scurvy trick, as is oft the mood of that capricious jade. Wise indeed the sage who christened her a woman. Of the two, one

had reached the blessed sanctuary of eternal rest. The other, desperately wounded with a bullet in his chest, was emitting an impotent, sickly gurgle, while the rocky soil took taste of his crimson blood. Shouting to those behind him, "Mut maro—doctor sahib ko khubr do" (don't kill him, let the doctor know), David passed on to the farthest end of the hamlet, which he rapidly proceeded to put into a state of defence.

An hour later, when thinking it possible to snatch some rest, an orderly approached him with a message. Would the sahib come and see the doctor sahib about a "shaitan" who was wounded and unfortunately had not yet died? The doctor sahib was anxious for the Captain sahib's advice.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?"

"Malum nahin, sahib" (I don't know), but the doctor babu says the man is not talking pashtu."

In one of the houses that had been promptly turned into a dressing station by the doctor of the battalion, a keen young officer of the Indian Medical Service, the Afridi was lying on the floor, his head resting upon a soldier's "coat warm British." As David entered, the medical officer told him the prisoner was mortally wounded, but had rallied for the last half-hour, and when the hæmorrhage ceased had begun talking in a strange language and asking for Campbell by name. Two strides across the hut to the

man's side—but the explanation was not forthcoming; and yet, in the patient's features there was something curiously familiar. Then the sick man spoke; the riddle was solved.

"Agh! Barin zabuili-li vui Babushka" (Ah! sir, have you forgotten Babushka?)

"Ivan—kak tui! what in heaven's name are you doing here?"

Silence reigned for a few moments, and David knelt by the side of the dying man, his mind speeding across continents in the flash of thought to memories of the past.

"Tak—skaju (I will tell you), but give me some brandy first." And this is the story told in the flickering light of a camp lantern that cast its ominous shadows across the mud-plastered hut. By jerks and at intervals the telling of the tragedy was made, but the piecing together required not even the intellect of a pinchbeck Solomon.

Soon after Campbell had left Russia bad luck again followed Ivan, and his pony died. Unable to buy another, he consequently found himself once more in difficulties for food and bed. During the passing of these evil days, he was one day accosted in a "traktir" (public-house) by a stranger who entered into a conversation with him, and, to make a long story short, offered him employment at Berlin, if he were willing to do some secret service work for the Prussian General Staff. The stranger was no other than a

secret service agent, who, finding that Ivan seemed a suitable subject, and knew Polish, had thrown his net over him. But Ivan was cunning and Ivan was honest. He wanted the money—badly; he didn't want to play the traitor to his country. No Pole was he, even though his tongue proclaimed him. So as many another has done, he devised the clever plan of accepting the offer, and then straight away going to the Chief of the Staff of the Moscow Military District, reporting the matter to him and suggesting that while seemingly a German secret service agent he could do good work for Russia. And this he did. Colonel Slavomirski was taken with the plan, reported it to St Petersburg, and in the end Ivan received instructions to take service with the Prussians, but always to keep the General Staff at Petersburg informed in detail of every instruction he received. Questions were to be sent to Petersburg where written answers would be furnished to pass on. Questions about the German army would be sent to him that he must try and answer. For over a year Ivan played this rôle, during which, on four occasions, he visited Berlin to learn his work. He drew more pay than ever in his life before and times were rosy. But not long could such a state of affairs continue. He wanted more money: gambling and drink had become his boon companions. And as, except for a small regular wage from the

German General Staff, he was paid by work done, he bethought him of getting some important Russian secrets—of, in fact, playing the spy against Russia in earnest. So from then onwards he played the double rôle of spy against both countries, with its doubly dangerous risks, receiving good pay from both. But the Russians, learned above all others in the work of espionage, were not so easily deceived as their German neighbours. They soon suspected him, they soon set a trap for him, and soon caught him. The end was short and sharp. Three years' hard labour, ten years with a disciplinary battalion in Turkestan. A tragic, sordid story, tragic from beginning to end, because he had meant so well, started so well, only to throw his life away.

Five years from the date when he had parted with the English "barin" he was trudging with that clanking band of fettered souls away eastwards and ever eastwards into Turkestan, an embittered vagabond, ready to commit any crime under heaven. And his age was little more than one-and-thirty now. Posted to a company at work at Termez on the banks of the sluggish Oxus, many weary days he passed doing the hardest of unpaid labour. But though the climate was of the worst, Termez had the advantage of being on the confines of the empire, where escape was less difficult than elsewhere—perhaps even possible. Day in day out, never was the thought

of escape absent from Ivan's mind, and to him, as to many, the chance eventually came. Seizing his opportunity, on a darker night than usual, he swam the river, delivering himself up a prisoner to the Afghan piquet on the left bank, as many a service-weary Russian has done before and is doing to-day. Thence he was passed rearward to the Governor of Mazar-i-Sharif, who, after working him for some months, despatched him, as in duty bound, to Kabul. The goal of Ivan's ambition was India—India of which David had so often spoken,—where he believed freedom to await him. But the passage of Afghanistan was a longer matter than he had wotted of; and when eventually, having embraced the Moslem faith, he was permitted to leave the country and journey southwards, he found the intervening independent tribal hive a-buzz. No true follower of the Prophet he who did not fight. And so he was compelled to take the field. But

the opportunity for winning through was not unfavourable, and he bethought himself of how, while pretending to fight under the green banner, he could get into an English camp. And he had succeeded. Not just as he had expected, not just as he had hoped, not just as others do; but that was his bad luck. And cruel luck indeed it was that brought him through those months of anguish and expectancy just to see his goal and die.

For die he did. The inventor of a narrative would doubtless have brought the man to life and happiness. Alas! life feeds on tragedies, and is more fond of them than fiction is, for although such rude medical assistance as could be given him in that trans-border hut was freely given, and with both hands, it was of no avail. The clock had chimed for Ivan Carlovitch Akhimov, once of the gallant "Red Boots," and he breathed his last in his old master's arms, gaining an even greater freedom than he had striven for.

A FRANCO-BELGIAN WALK.

BY EDMUND VALE.

WHEN my friend and I presented our tickets to the official at Rochefort Station, he asked us whither we were bound. Dieppe I told him was our destination.

"Where are the bicycles?" said he.

"One does not require bicycles when one has feet," said I. He laughed.

"One must have boots to put one's feet into," said he. This remark was to me, the reason being as follows. I had left England in a pair of boots that, although they had been built expressly for me to walk in from Rochefort to Dieppe, fitted me so ill that I first found them pinch as I came over the gangway at Antwerp. From this they grew worse and worse till, the evening before, as the train left us at Namur Station, I declared to my companion that I could stand it no longer. Yet what was to be done? I could not afford more boots. There was only one thing to be done. I must purchase a pair of rubber sand-shoes, send the offenders back, and telegraph to my gyp at Cambridge—I was a blissful undergraduate then—to send an ancient pair of veterans to waylay me on my walk. It was to these sand-shoes, therefore, that the station official referred when he said, "One must have boots to put one's feet into."

My companion was a man I

knew very little of. He had no particular tastes for anything, so far as I could make out. Occasional bursts of enthusiasm characterised him. It was in one of these fits that he begged me to let him accompany me on my walk. He was a man of voluminous speech and an endless chain of anecdotes, which one got to recognise link by link as those members appeared and reappeared in the mechanical process of conversation. We had only one thing in common, the fact that we both belonged to the same college at Cambridge. There were certain dons and certain men of which I approved and of which he disapproved. And on this bed-rock of our mutual bond of friendship we invariably foundered as soon as any prospect of amity discovered itself.

We set off from Rochefort in brave spirits, and followed the big road that led zigzag about the spurs of a thickly-wooded hill which stood up on our left, while the river Lesse swept past us on our right. There was a light railway by the wayside going down to Han. I am not a person who attaches any importance to a meal. Jay, however, insisted that we should feed before proceeding. So we went into an unpretentious café and ate what was put before us.

"We wish to see the grottoes of Han," said I to the landlady.

"Ah," said she, "I am afraid they will be too full of water, we have had so much rain, but I will try and persuade the guide."

Having prevailed upon this official, he appeared—a stout little Belgian in a peaked cap.

Going through two or three meadows, we came to the face of a cliff. Here was a great cave, out of whose mouth there ran in a smooth, unhastening stream a river of pure water. The day had been overcast till now, but the clouds were blowing away. And this river, that had flowed in complete silence and darkness for over a mile through the secret places of the hill, was not sullen but full of light and of life as it issued forth. Our guide unmoored a boat, prepared two paraffin torches, and made a low whistle, on which there appeared a much more unofficial-looking person that might indeed have been a cave-dweller. Then, taking the oars, he pulled the boat into the stream and started for the grotto. I felt a great thrill of joy go through me at the thought of rowing into the middle of a hill. As we entered the cavern the oars echoed as they kicked at the rowlocks and plunged in the water. And the drippings of their blades echoed too. The profound shadow of the hill fell upon us, but in the depth below light merged slower into darkness.

In feeble and rarefied French I tried to point out to the guide the great serenity of the place. But he in turn staggered me with a list of English cele-

brities and information concerning the tips they had given him at the end. We soon put in at a landing and left the boat. The place was full of strange echoes, and a low thunder where some cataract spent its volume in solitude and darkness came to our ears. Now up staircases and slipways we went, through natural galleries and passages in the rock, under stalactite canopy and through stalagmite triforium, around hills whose immensity the eye could not gauge, with sometimes a gleam in the distance where our torches caught a crystalline vein, and sometimes a great splash of red where the light of our flambeaux tossed on that subterranean river that was never far from us. If the guides had not existed it would doubtless have been a wonderful thing to be in these grottoes. Even Jay was somewhat impressed.

The daylight seemed singularly beautiful when we came out into it again, and a little bird singing on a bough thick with opening buds was merely the same idea transmuted into music. The little man in the official cap now solemnly asked me for his tip, on which the cave-dweller, to the great distress of my nervous system, fired a cannon and then came and approached me in the same manner.

Leaving Han, Jay and I had the first of a long series of disputes. It was about the road. Whereas I always preferred to go lane-wise and across country, Jay preferred sticking to the grand routes. I was the holder

of the maps and the undisputed guide of the party, and I pointed out to my companion how much time we should save by going across this hill instead of round it. Now Jay had brought with him upon our expedition a toy which he was pleased to regard as a scientific instrument. It was a compass, and the biggest fool of a compass I have ever seen. It would dither and ramble about for an immense time before declaring its polar judgment, and then it would usually alter its mind again. On this occasion Jay produced his compass for the first time. He took it out of the wash-leather bag where it lived and held it out in his hand. It dipped and shuddered a great deal, and finally pointed at me.

"Come, Jay," said I, "the thing is pointing at me. It is obviously my way that we are to go!"

So up the hill we went by the little track that led through gorse and heather and scrubby dwarf trees. After about a mile and a half we began to descend, and came by another mile into a most exquisite little village called Belvaux. I remember it as a place of rivers and water-wheels and bridges, a place of old things and old people, where one might live perpetually at peace. Several meadows were under water here, and one which had a hump in the middle of it was become an island—a treasure island ripe with golden daffodils—daffodils growing thick up to the top of the mound and standing up to their nodding chins in the flood. One water-

wheel was spinning much more rapidly than its creaking gear seemed to like, for the air was full of a most melancholy concert of shock and abrasion. I asked a boy if there were any trout in these rivers. He said that there were, and told me that he had had one only that morning. He said that if I were to go with him he would show me where I could have plenty of trout. I was sorry to go away from Belvaux, but the air was very invigorating and I was full of the spirit of the walk. The views on the hill-tops of the country all round were beautiful; and the valleys were lovely too. Therefore, as almost every place we were on was either a hill-top or a valley, it seemed such a walk as I had never even hoped for. So we came to Tellin.

Beyond Tellin I again inveigled Jay into a byway. His anecdotes were getting fewer by now, and his speech was beginning to fail. By the time we joined the grand route again his fountain of eloquence had ceased utterly, and he strode on in front of me consumed in wrath. Just about then we were coming up a long sweep of road, bounded on the right and partly overhung by little fir-trees. To the left it was all open country, going down to a long valley. There was a haystack and a little grey pond of water just in front of us. They looked nothing, for the faint afternoon sun was shining in our faces. But as soon as we had passed them I turned round. Lo! now the

pool was bright blue and the stack a rich harvest yellow. And the whole landscape of the Ardennes, right into the misty distance, lived doubly by virtue of the little pool and the little stack.

A little farther on Jay, who was still walking ahead, declared it was tea-time. As there was no house in sight, I suggested that he should use his compass to discover the whereabouts of a teapet.

"In this rotundity of space ——" I began, whereon he recited to me an anecdote that told of a retired naval officer in which the word *rotundity* occurred several times. So in bliss the anecdotes brought us on another mile, and we came to a little café at a four cross-roads. On asking refreshment, we were invited into the parlour-kitchen of the little abode. The man was a forester, and at the time was busy preparing bird-snares out of horse-hairs. His wife was a dear old woman, and there were several children with timid faces and soft eyes. One little girl went and buried her head in Jay's lap, and he, no whit abashed, addressed her in a boisterous mixture of French and English. At last he put some questions to her, chiefly in her mother-tongue, but which wound up with a sonorous *madame*. Without moving her body, she put her head right back and looked up at him.

"Je ne suis pas mariée, monsieur!" said she.

When we started forth again, I was beginning to feel the force

of the stationman's remark at Roehfort: "One must have boots to put one's feet into." Sand-shoes are very nice for a mile or two, but after that foot-soreness sets in and increases painfully fast.

"Those boots have only just time to arrive in Bouillon before we do," said I to Jay. "It will be great wonder if they do so."

It was now almost dark, and rain was falling. We had each a mackintosh cape, but save for a pair of puttees our lower portions were defenceless. Some worthy friend of mine at Cambridge had said, "Do not take an extra pair of bags in your rucksak; every ounce tells in a walk." Let me grasp the opportunity of warning the public that this is a fallacy. The showers turned into a steady torrent, and I have no recollection of how we got to Maizain, except that we got there. They made no difficulty, however, about putting us up, and we feasted on bacon and eggs before we retired.

Next morning Jay was bursting and bubbling with good-humour. Indeed his spirits were so breezy that I was altogether carried away with them. The morning was fresh and sweet after the rain, and had in it that indescribable chill fragrance that is the lure of travellers. Moreover, our bill for supper, bed, and breakfast only amounted to the equivalent of two shillings a head each. So altogether when we left Maizain we were so merry we could hardly

walk straight. The anecdote machine was at work again, so that we disregarded such stuff as rain when it came upon us; but by-and-by the rain turned into hail, which stung so sharp that it rather blighted our discourse.

"We should have brought another pair of bags after all," said I, "or something in the line of high leggings."

"Couldn't we make some?" said Jay.

"Why not?" said I.

"We could get some yards of mackintoshing and make to ourselves aprons," said Jay with great enthusiasm.

"I don't see where you'd get the stuff you call mackintoshing from in this part of the country," said I.

"Well, I suppose, you wouldn't," said Jay, easily relinquishing his brilliant project. But I clave to it.

"American cloth is the stuff," said I.

"Is it?" said Jay.

Every now and then the storm held off, and we had most exquisite little views revealed for an instant under the chasing clouds. The country about here is like Sheringham in Norfolk. In about five or six miles we came to a place called Paliseul, a little clump of houses situated on a cross-road, or rather on a sort of star centre, from which roads radiated out at at least seven points. I wondered immediately if in this place of limited possibilities there could lurk such a thing as American cloth. We went into a shop of general merchandise, and got to work at trying to

explain what it was I wanted. Jay was convinced that American cloth was goods of a rubber description, and spasmodically crowed out "Catch oo! catch oo!" It transpired eventually, however, that what we wanted was called in French *toile cirée*, and that the old lady at the other shop was said to possess some.

"How much *toile cirée*," said that old lady, "do you want?"

"Madame," said I, "we want sufficient to make two pairs of trousers out of."

She looked at us over the tops of her spectacles, at our upper portions you will observe, and then said that three yards would be sufficient to construct two pairs of trousers out of. Thereto we purchased two needles and a reel of cotton. Then we went back to the first shop, where we bought some biscuits, and borrowed a pair of scissors. The weather had now thrown over hail and taken to snow. And it was snowing in good earnest, too. So surrounding ourselves in the middle of the shop-floor with biscuits and the things we had recently come by, we commenced our sartorial experiment. The garments, when completed, consisted of a pair of tubular leggings, extending from the ankle to the thigh, where they terminated in a system of tapes for purposes of security. Then in the fulness of my heart I treated a little lad to a hap'orth of sweets, on which he went and offered one to Jay, who, being absorbed in his labours, took the whole lot as a gift and pocketed them. As I was not

looking we did not discover this mishap till too late.

It was with feelings of triumph that we sallied forth in our new weather-proof creations. We judged by the ringing laughter of the inhabitants of Paliseul that they too were immensely pleased. Our knees did not bend quite so freely as they had been wont, otherwise our efforts had been successful. Some coldness, however, occurred between us on my insisting on a byway route. But the cessation of hostilities on the part of the weather cheered our spirits. After we had gone about six miles we came to a little place for all the world like an old Kentish village. Ancient barns and spaly-propped byres abutted on the roadside, and middens were open to public scrutiny. There seemed to be no café here, but in spite of that Jay declared it was lunch-time. We went into a farmhouse. There was an old woman knitting by the fire. I asked her if we could have some food. She asked me what I should like, and I said chocolate and an omelette. She said we should have it. Fancy expecting such things in an English farmhouse!

She made what she called an *omelette jambon* in one saucepan and served the chocolate in another, and we fed at one end of the great farm table. Whilst we partook several workmen came in and had a meal at the other end. They each bowed to us before they sat down, and said some commonplace, to which we replied to the best of our

ability. The old woman went on knitting all the while, and we had a very delightful meal.

Then we continued our march on Bouillon. A fit of gloom was enveloping Jay, and he strode on in front deigning no speech. I also was coming to the limits of endurance on account of my sand-shoes, that were now rapidly going to pieces, so I stalked darkly in the rear; and thus we traversed many miles, till we came into the broad and many-elbowed way that descends into the valley of the Meuse at Bouillon. Just then a little train passed us and went on into the town.

"I wonder if my boots are in that train," said I to Jay. But he maintained a reproachful silence. I swore in my heart that I would punish him for his indifference. My delight was therefore unbounded when I found that my boots had actually been in that little train, and that I could conclusively prove the fact. I endeavoured to do this—it was before I learned that conclusive proofs impress nobody; but Jay, whose soul was somewhat relaxed by the products of the restaurant and the good offices of the waitress, merely told me an alarming anecdote about an ex-naval chaplain who had missed a train. These anecdotes were beginning to set my teeth on edge, and I was preparing to be definitely disagreeable, when a little man in a billycock hat came and stood in the door, twirling his mustachios, which were of the sort worn by the wild boar of Ardennes. In his left hand he carried a gun and a brace of woodcock.

"Surely, sir," said I, "you do not shoot woodcock as late as the twentieth of March?"

"Why not?" said he with great assumption of distance, "it is all sport." Other patrons of the café addressed remarks to him which he only answered in monosyllables, and having gazed round on us all once or twice, never ceasing to twiddle his mustachios, he departed. I concluded his visit had been merely to exhibit the result of his prowess.

"Ah! he is a very great sportsman," said a feeble little man with a wizened face. And another, who was seated next to him figured like Humpty-Dumpty, except for a black beard, said the same thing. There were two other men at a neighbouring table, but I noticed that the individual who had most remarks addressed to him was the feeble little man with the wizened face, who, however, seemed to be in a sort of dose most of the time.

"About how far is it to Sedan?" said I.

"You are going to Sedan?" said the man with the black beard.

"Why are you going to Sedan?" said another.

"To see it," said I.

"Êtes vous Allemands?"

The words rang out like a terrific challenge, and there fell a crash of two fists descending on one of the marble tables and a tumbler smashing on the floor. The little man with the wizened face was standing up shaking with emotion. His eyes were blazing at us, and he was flushed save for a great jagged scar that seemed

to shine and writhe on his neck.

"We are English," said I.

"Ah!" said he, sinking back again, "the English are the friends of France."

"Sedan," mused Jay; "what about Sedan?"

"What does your comrade say?" asked the man with the black beard.

"He says he does not remember about Sedan," said I.

The little man leaped to his feet again. "The world may have forgotten about Sedan," said he, "but by God France will never forget. You shall see some day that France has not forgotten about Sedan. You mark this?" pointing to his scar—"that was Sedan, and there is one like it on the heart of France herself." He then sank back, apparently exhausted.

The full and lordly note of Bouillon is struck by the great chateau that forces its strong lines upon the eye from the midst of the greenery of the Meuse valley. The little town is on the east bank, then comes the great river, present with us for just the period of one reach, and on the far side, out from where the pine-trees carry their sweeping branches rib on rib to the sky, stands the fortress, russet in colour, straight of wall, and robust of bastion. A power of war in the forgotten ages, it is destitute now of all possibilities save one, that of casting its shadow—the shadow of the mediæval lesson—on the civilised world of the twentieth century.

When we had crossed the river and passed below the

chateau daylight began to fail. There was no wind, and we looked back from the hill-top on a picture of absolute peace, a Bouillon of blue haze and smoke and sunset. We were now within half a mile or so of the French frontier, and as, though I had visited many countries, ranging from the Arctic circle to the Equator, I had never set foot in France, I was all excitement at the immediate prospect of arriving there by the simple process of walking. Jay, however, was not thrilled. Those sand-shoes that I had worn absolutely to pieces in two days had been left to their fate in a Bouillon gutter, and my good old boots had carried me gallantly on considerably in advance of Jay. A little clearing in the woods, a stone rather like an old-fashioned milestone, another step, and I was in France. I stooped down and kissed the earth, for I have always venerated the French nation. Jay plodded past me and rejected further intercourse.

Downhill we went through the great forest in the twilight. Still downhill towards the plains of France and the end of the Ardennes. After about three miles we came into a little village where two men with fixed bayonets rushed out on us, crying out "Halt! Halt!" and dropping their h's as they did it. Having been captured, we were taken into the guard-room, and the insides of our rucksaks emptied, while Jay read in a loud voice the contents of a French conversation manual, as if he were reciting the burial service.

After each sentence he astonished us by his tremendous bursts of laughter. From here we proceeded in the direction of Sedan, and enjoyed an amount of polite conversation such as we had not indulged in since we left Brussels. At Givonne we discovered that we were spent, and decided to put up for the night there. We were surprised to be rejected from every inn in the place with a polite but firm "Il n'y a pas de place, messieurs." We had yet to learn that in this region of France it is the rule of the ordinary *auberge* not to take in visitors after half-past nine o'clock at night. Anyhow, at the sign of the Golden Cannon we feasted off an unknown dish, washed down by good red wine, cheek by jowl with two commercial travellers. I believe commercial travellers are the same all the world over; always good-humoured, sound-sensed, generous-hearted fellows. The first great lesson every traveller seems naturally to acquire is tolerance. Then he realises that every man is the guest of the world, and so every man is expected to do his share in the world's entertainment.

These two commercials that we now sat alongside of were most agreeable and interesting to talk to. They said that Sedan was not more than six kilometres. The night was clear and the stars were bright when we sallied forth again. At last, having somewhat wearily dusted two miles off the map, we picked up the first gas lamp of Sedan, and then we passed through that weird

area, the purlieus of a town by night. There was a gasworks where by the fiery mouths of retort chambers shadowy human figures toiled at the creation of a midnight oil, occasionally eclipsed by a leaky and thereto squeaky locomotive busy with the mobilisation of coal trucks. In another place hard by a building where spick-and-span dynamos hummed at their task of generation, where boiler pumps banged and engines throbbed, and condensers gulped and coughed; one or two arc-lamps glared on high, discovering to us patches of poor scarified country giving place to the town in the worst possible aspect of the two elements, —blasted vegetation merging into squalid habitation. And yet by night, as our footsteps rang on the paving-stones, as one by one the gas lamps passed us going into Sedan, how romantic and wonderful it all seemed!

Presently we got into conversation with a man who was going in the same direction as ourselves, and I asked him about the hotels at Sedan. He gave me some information, and then asked what nationality we were. I told him "English."

"Ah," said he, after the fashion of the little man at Bouillon, "the English are the friends of France."

"Are not the Germans?" said I.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, stopping and holding both his hands to his heart, "here is

where they struck us—terrible. You will see at Bazailles tomorrow where it was—terrible!"

Jay, who was impressed by this personal expression of patriotism, offered him a cigarette to console his feelings, which he accepted with alacrity.

The next day had by no means an inspiring dawn. Into Sedan, down the valley of the Meuse, a thin mizzling rain was coming, giving to the streets and all the traffic that moved therein the most depressing appearance. Under those circumstances Jay and I regarded each other over the breakfast-table with distrust. We made clammy remarks to each other about the distress such weather would bring to the poor, or the joy it would bring to the agriculturist. We did not allude to our own predicament and the imminent opportunity for those distinguished garments we had made the day before. I opened the subject first of all.

"I don't think we need put on those American-cloth bags, do you?" said I.

"Then there's three francs gone," muttered Jay. "I should never have thought of making such things."

"You are right," I agreed solemnly, seizing his sentence by its ambiguity; "you never should have done so."

After this an impenetrable gloom settled down on the two of us. That grave student of human nature, the waiter, discerning our plight,

came and offered us pictorial post-cards for sale, which we bought without hesitation. Half an hour later observe us in the rainy streets of Sedan clothed in indignation and American cloth. Jay was on ahead. The topmost stitches of his cylindrical protectors had given way, and now by two elegant corners displayed their white lining flapping doggedly at every step he took. I shouted this news to him, and he, quite without authority, shouted back that mine were doing exactly the same. As we were crossing the bridge over the Meuse Jay dropped a tooth-brush out of his rucksack. Therefore, to heap coals of fire on his head, I picked it up. On this the fastening of my own patent trunk hose burst asunder, and I beheld them at my feet telescoped in the mire. I called on Jay to stop. He said we had dallied long enough. Therefore in a fit of wrath I hurled his tooth-brush after him. It fell into the Meuse, and matters had to be explained to Jay. Our relations had almost reached the breaking-point, added to which the drizzle was growing into full-blown rain. We loathed the sight of each other. The American cloth worn by Jay was an abomination unto me, and I suppose the sentiment was reciprocated. We kept at a great distance from each other, and what little intercourse took place between us was perfectly brutal.

At a street corner I found a cavalry officer chatting with a civilian. I stopped and begged

him to point out to me the direction of Bazailles, where the French had suffered their great defeat at the hands of the Germans in 1870. He did so, and told me in a few words the ghastly details of the whole affair. Then he spoke of that monstrous indemnity calculated to cripple France for ever. All this, one could have read in a history book. But to hear this man speak was another matter. Like the other two men, he spoke as if the disaster had been an affair of yesterday, not in the cold voice of the historian who has noticed the congealed facts of an epoch round its date, but with a voice hot with indignation, in which one knew that the lapse of time had not starved, but ripened, the hate of France for her oppressor.

When I took to the march again, Jay had utterly dwindled out of sight. I found him, however, after a mile, sitting under a hedge in sheer prostration of spirit. He got up again without a word, and we tramped on in silence. I felt that something desperate must be done.

"Jay," said I, "you look a bit fagged; why don't you go by train for to-day?"

"Humph!" said he gloomily. Just then an engine whistle blew quite close at hand. Jay looked up as if a new thing had been revealed to him. "I could meet you to-night," said he quite affably. We hastily bent our steps in the direction of the railway station. Jay had quite recovered his spirits. He rushed up to the booking-

office, and thrust as much of him as space allowed in through the ticket window, to the great confusion of the clerk, who quickly asked him where he wanted to go.

"I want to go *this way*," said Jay, extricating himself and gesticulating and pointing to the west.

"À Paris?" suggested the clerk.

"Nong! nong!" shouted Jay. "Only—what the devil is the French for *only*, Vale? Only a pity distongoe, a very pity distongoe!" Then he spun a franc on the booking counter, and the booking-clerk, being a man of some sense, issued a ticket for nine pence of railway journey to the west, and handed Jay back a penny. At that instant a train going the way we wanted it to, rattled into the station.

"Where shall we meet?" said Jay airily, as he rushed through the glass door on to the platform.

"Est-ce que vous avez un billet?" said the official at the door to me.

Whilst I hesitated to explain that I was merely going to see a friend off, he shut-to and locked the glass door in my face. I saw Jay bound into the last carriage with the glee of a schoolboy. I shouted out something, but nothing save light could pass that barrier. Jay and I were irrevocably separated. The door official was blowing on a meagre little trumpet for the train to start. I seized a map out of my rucksack, two sheets ahead of where we were, and saw on our line of march

Hirson. The train was off. I rushed outside the station, and, clearing a low railing, dashed into the midst of a doubtless valuable shrubbery. Going, however, round the buildings, I shouted out—

"Hirson! leave your address there at the Post Office for me."

"How spell?" cried out Jay airily.

"HIRSON!" And then I was not at all sure whether he had heard.

I now returned out of the shrubbery in cold blood to face the task of walking in the rain to Hirson (wherever that might be). Laying my maps along a bench in the booking office, I measured off the distance by means of a discarded hairpin made to perform the function of dividers, and found that it was forty miles.

When I started I felt that Jay would have been in his element, for I had no alternative but to keep to the grand route the whole way. The country was perfectly flat, and the road was perfectly dull, with enormous telegraph posts and kilometre marks and distance boards. It was a great and sudden change from lovely little Belgium. To express myself adequately I must use a Cheshire dialect verb. I *trapped* along ten miles into Mézières with only one event befalling me—i.e., the final breakdown of my American-cloth rig. It happened by the dismal process of dissolution, first a tape giving out, then a stitch, then the shiny surface began to wear away through friction, so that

the white backing underneath became the source of little rivulets which descended to the earth on the inside of my leggings. On top of this a "searching" wind began to blow in my face, making the bottom parts of my mackintosh cape of no avail, so that the rain now drove boldly into the top of my leggings.

It was about two o'clock when I passed through Mézières, which had all the appearance of a busy manufacturing centre. The wind was now blowing very strongly, and the rain was taking off. Presently it cleared altogether and revealed the surrounding country, which had very few commendable features. I continued at a good smart pace and reached Cluny at something after five o'clock. Here I had a belated lunch, and started off again. My clothes were dry by now, and I was walking in great comfort, with that strange kind of enjoyment, the sober thrill of walking at a good swing, which is the inevitable third day's reward of the persevering pedestrian. The road swung past me easily, and my soul was dwelling on the simplicity of real human pleasures, when it came on to rain again. Darkness was at hand, and the great stolid poplar-trees which lined the grand route made that phase complete.

I had given up the idea of getting to Hirson that night, and destined Maubert Fontaine as my resting-place. On and on I walked in the glimmerless way, directing my steps as nearly as possible by the crown of the road. The rain was

coming down in large weighty drops, and I was again sodden with it. A little gleam wavered ahead on my right. It came from a cottage window where the blinds were not drawn. As I passed it, I observed a peasant couple, both of an extraordinary size, creeping to rest in an enormous bed apparently built into the wall. There is something uncanny in seeing people's faces when they cannot see you, but more particularly when they are suddenly revealed by candle-light in the midst of desolation. I gave a little laugh as I passed. On this I heard a whisper in the darkness just ahead of me, and the next instant I felt myself seized by the shoulder, while a bright weapon gleamed by the light in the cottage, which almost at the same moment became extinct. Also I was conscious of another pair of hands feeling round the back of my neck for my other shoulder. Either sheer fright or some other power of surprise kept me silent, for I never uttered a sound. The creatures that had hold of me thrust me a bit back, and I heard the fist of one of them knocking on the door of the cottage, and a gruff voice, which, however, brought cheerful news, cried out, "Les gendarmes!" Those peaceful occupants that I had so recently observed suffered from no such vocal paralysis as I had done, for smothered cries and screams were heard within, and I gathered from the sound that they had their origin from under a mountain of bedclothes.

More knocking and more

"Les gendarmes." Presently the candle was restored to life, and a bolt being drawn, the door was opened ajar, on which the candle expired again. The gendarmes, however, disregarding the darkness, pushed the door open, and when we were all inside, shut it to again. Then the light was restored, and we all beheld each other. The two men, with great show of bravery, kept me in hand, whilst the woman shrank back as if I had been a mad dog ready to bite her, pouring out at the same time an incredible number of questions.

Just about now half of Europe was living on a Paris sensation known as the motor bandits. Apparently I was suspected of being a motor bandit. The first official question put to me was, "Where had I come from?" I said Rochefort.

"How?"

"On foot."

This they dismissed as quite improbable.

The next—"Where was I going to?"

"Dieppe."

"How?"

"On foot."

This idea was also pooh-poohed.

They took off my rüksak, and emptied it. The first thing they found was my sketch-book. That excited them; they kept on crying out, "Ah, so-and-so!" They were engaged on the study of my first sketch. It was an outline of a stalactite in the Grotto d'Han—merely an outline, as I had done it hastily by the torchlight. They seemed to consider this

the plan of some military work. Next to my sketch-book they found my maps, which were French Ordnance, answering to our inch to the mile survey. A great many "Ahs!" were spent over them. The American-cloth outfit seemed to puzzle them considerably. They asked me my name, and asked me how I could prove I was such a person. I produced a letter addressed to me. They opened it. It was from a friend of mine at the College of St John the Divine at Cambridge, and began "Dear old Fool." They pointed out that the name inside did not agree with that on the envelope. I explained that if I had occasion to write to them I should put "Messieurs les Gendarmes" on the envelope, but inside I should put "My dear old idiots." That was the correct thing in my country. The woman who had approached me with caution and given heed to what was being said now spoke.

"Ask him," said she, "what 'Deare ol ful' means in French."

I told them as literally as I could. Immediately their scowling, swashbuckling aspect changed. Some sort of veil seemed torn aside with respect to my doings in France. They regarded me with a sort of pity, as one by one they packed my things back in my rüksak. The woman gave a jolly laugh, and ran into the next room to tell the upshot of our doings to her spouse, who, I doubt not, was waiting anxiously at the roots of that

mountain of bedclothes. Then she reappeared, gaily humming a snatch of something, and placed before us three little glasses containing rum. We all drank and were merry. After this the gendarmes made a general motion of departure, and I stepped out of the lake which my wet clothes had created, and we all went into the night once more, and I was left to take my way towards Maubert Fontaine.

The heavy rain had increased in vehemence. The drops felt prodigious. And the darkness being double-dyed, I soon found myself walking into the trunk of a poplar-tree that swished deluges off its lofty swinging pinnacle. After this, however, I managed to keep the road. When I had gone about a mile my heart stood still at an extraordinary sight. It seemed that a pale flame was running along the ground like an ignited train of gunpowder. Silently and swiftly it cut through the darkness, passed me on my right hand, and was gone. I then realised that it must be the luminous steam of a train in a deep cutting.

Presently the lights of Maubert Fontaine twinkled through the rain, and my heavy footsteps were encouraged. I inquired the way to the leading *auberge* from an umbrellaed individual whom I passed. He pointed it out, and I went there. On the door being opened by a stout burly man, I espied warmth and comfort and two men feeding off well-savoured dishes. There seemed to be plenty of ease and room to

spare. It was therefore with the greatest surprise and disgust that I heard the landlord pronounce that baleful doom, "Il n'y a pas de place, monsieur."

I turned back into the darkness and rain with a congealed heart and leaden feet, and went the round of the cafés in Maubert Fontaine, and they all dismissed me with the same prevarication. I was still ten miles from Hirson, and my soul loathed the thought of going there. I went back to the first place, and when the landlord opened the door I thrust myself bodily in and sat down. "If I leave here to-night," said I, "you must carry me out." The good man actually laughed. Then he went on talking to the other two men.

At last one of them said, "They call us Johnny Crapaud in England." On this mine host turned to me and said in a stentorian voice, "Can you eat frogs?" I told him I loved doing so. He took a great many frizzling remnants out of a frying-pan and set them before me, instructing me how to eat them. The company seemed surprised with my veracity. They said that only an Englishman would eat so cheerfully whilst a stream of water that a tadpole might easily navigate was flowing from him along the floor. I reminded them that I had walked over thirty miles that day. Whereupon they laughed, and said that only an Englishman would have done that.

The room had that look of

comfortable security which old fashion bestows. It was wainscotted. You could see where perhaps a hundred years ago a bit here and there had been broken off the mouldings or a crack had occurred. Such conditions had now become reverent with age and generations of paint.

"I expect this old room has had a history?" said I.

The landlord all the time had been making little witty sallies, chiefly at my expense, till at last, when I had taken off my wet things and affected a suit of pyjamas, he fairly sparkled with humour. But immediately I had made the above remark he became serious. This surprised me, and I began to wonder. Was it a murder—? What was it? I ventured to ask him.

"Here, monsieur," said he, touching almost reverently the table where my place was, "Napoleon Buonaparte sat on the day when the battle of Waterloo was fought."

"Waterloo?" said I. "But in Belgium, monsieur——"

"Ah, so! But here he fled in his carriage with his staff; here he sat—Napoleon—and there he slept," directing his hand to a part of the ceiling.

The countenances of the other two men who had been so lively now assumed the utmost gravity. We were all silent for a moment. Such was still the power of that tragic note—the man Napoleon after Waterloo.

That night as I lay in the inn bedroom in the darkness, with the rain pattering on the window-pane, I still felt it

throb. Not as Napoleon the conqueror of the world, not as Napoleon master of that cold thing doomed to corruption—mind over matter—but as Napoleon the man.

The next morning the sun was mocking the humanity for being cast down by a little rain. Nothing was left of the wry faces and graces of yesterday but the miry clay. The road towards Hirson was much more interesting. It undulates, and the distant views are not displeasing. When I had gone about eight miles I saw advancing towards me a man wearing a capacious pair of knee-breeches, a kind of military tunic, and an official peaked cap. He had a tall wand in his hand, and a cylindrical pack was on his back. A woman dressed in the feminine equivalent of this costume walked a few paces behind, and another man similarly attired brought up the rear. They were coming at a furious pace. But something in the way that they handled their wands gave them the appearance of flying or fluttering along over the ground as an owl does in the gloaming. The first man made a bee-line for me and saluted me in the most cordial manner. (I noticed he only had three teeth.) He asked me if I was making the "Tour de France." I told him I was only out for a stroll. Whereat, with more protestations of comradeship, he presented me with a pictorial post-card, on which the three of them were portrayed with their names below. Then, waving

me an affectionate farewell, he hurried away. The others passed me at a great pace, waving their hands. I waved mine and cried out "Vive la France!" The second man, not being able to discern my nationality, put his cap on the top of his staff, and, flourishing it in the air, cried out, "Vive tout le monde!"

At Hirson I made most diligent inquiries about Jay from the post office to the railway station, but could find no clue. With regard to France, I considered my poor companion in terms of the needle in the bundle of hay. Leaving the great highway, with its dead white surface and its stolid poplar-trees, I continued on a country byway, much to my relief. I did not expect to get far, as my right foot was paining me.

It was a very misty sunset when I came into the little village of Wimpy. My foot was so bad I could go no farther, so I turned into the little café of one Monsieur Torlet. It was a singularly nice little place, with none of the usual display of bottles and fluids of different sorts and hues. Madame Torlet was not to be persuaded that I, being an Englishman, could understand French as it is ordinarily spoken. If ever she required to address a remark to me she would come up close to me, and, putting her face within a few inches of mine, she would shout at the top of her voice and gesticulate with the most unusual extravagance.

Later on some official—I believe he was a postman—

called and gossiped with Monsieur Torlet. Finally, he turned his attention to me, and, setting his cap at an imposing angle, asked me who I was. I told him. He asked me to prove my identity. I presented him with the same convincing proofs I had submitted to the gendarmes the night before. He asked me if I had a passport. I told him "No."

"When you are travelling," said he, fingering his peaked cap to a nicer adjustment, "it is necessary for you to have beaucoup de papiers. Toujours," he reiterated, making the most horrible faces and flinging his arms out, "beaucoup de papiers!"

A cold drizzle was falling the next day when I bade farewell to Wimpy and the Torlets. They had kept on insisting on the proximity of a railway station, and I had kept on resisting their protestations, knowing, however, that when I turned my back on it I should not find another line of rail for some miles if my foot got worse. That useful member was by no means in good health, and what with this and the depressing influence of the rain, I suffered from an irritating little malady known as *home-sickness*. I went and sat under a dripping bramble-bush, and let my soul swoop into the abyss of dejection. The abyss of dejection is not a bad place if you close your wings and let yourself drop into it without resistance. I gave in altogether now. I even allowed that I would go by train to Dieppe. Then I

thought of Jay. Fancy having lost him in the middle of France—such a pleasant fellow! I would have given anything to have seen Jay appear at that minute. I would have heard his anecdotes with relish. Anybody speaking one word of the English language in an English way I would have welcomed. I grovelled at the bottom of the abyss, in the slime of self-pity and pathos that, had I been a boy, would have moved me to tears. And then my malady began to abate, and I came from my wet bramble-cover with my feet making Dieppe by yards, and spurning the road to the railway station, I soon got, by a sharp turning to the left, into the little village of Etréaupont. This bore quite a different character to any other I had yet gone through. There was a certain abiding peace that old fashion gives, and a relaxation of the up-to-date and the prim order about its buildings and its people, a place where the kerbstone was of no significance. Having gone down the street I turned sharp to the right, into the road to Guise.

The sky was rapidly uncovering; rain had ceased to be. On my left the ground rose up in green slopes with trees, and now and then broke into little cliffs. There were beautiful big cowslips and primroses by the wayside. To my right a river meandered through broad marshy lands, and wooded hills rose up on the farther side. Every now and then a bed of red osiers would startle the landscape

into life and beauty. I gathered that I was in the country of the basket-maker. I was not wrong, for I soon passed a man with a bundle of stripped withies over his shoulder, and in another mile I met a man and woman wheeling a barrow laden with baskets. I stopped them and examined their freight. They were all waste-paper baskets of the square office type. The people told me that almost everybody about this region were basket-makers. My spirits were getting merry. "At any rate," said I to myself, "the birds and the flowers do not talk French." I came to a little stream with a clear gravel bed, where I found great quantity of water-cresses, of which I partook. The supreme spirit of happiness possessed me, and I took off my boots and stockings and paddled for a while. In the distance I saw a train. "What fools those people must be," said I, "to be in a train when they could be walking!"

Through pleasant orchards I came to Autrepes, a village quite medieval and comfortably tumble-down. It was scarcely more than three o'clock when into the many winding, many intersecting streets of ancient and lordly Guise I directed my steps. My right foot had gone out of gear again, so I allowed myself the afternoon and night in this very fascinating old place.

Guise has quite peculiar features. To begin with, its plan is like a medieval dining-hall. The great ones sit on an elevated platform, the rest sit below. Here at Guise is a cliff

sheer as the curtain wall of a castle. Immediately below is the town, immediately above the chateau. So haughtily does this fortress dominate the situation that it makes no mean background in one's historical imagination for the great name of Duc de Guise. In old days at sunset the whole town must have been darkened by the shadow of the castle, and the silhouettes of the men on its battlements must have stalked like ghosts of giants over the fields beyond the river. Now, however, this ancient site of chivalry is occupied by the less picturesque soldiery of the present day, so I had no opportunity of examining the ruins, which, however, are very fragmentary.

The river—that same which fed the osier beds at Etréaupont—dissipates itself into several lesser streams, so that you never know when you are on the mainland or whether you are on an island. These by-waters, running through stony ways, in and out the old houses, whose mullioned windows and drooping eaves nod and bow themselves in the sleep of the ages, are like nothing I have seen before or since. They pass unnoticed in culverts under the main thoroughfares; but a hundred little stone-flagged bridges, without parapet or railing, span them in other places. It was under one of such, linking two back gardens and sub-navigated by a squadron of ducks, that I passed out of Guise upon the sixth day of my pilgrimage. It was Sunday, and as it should be on such a day the early morning

lights were sober and restrained. Guise, by the way, that we are all brought up to call Geeze, is not so spoken of by the inhabitants thereof, but pronounced Gooeeze.

Climbing the steep brow that passes the north flank of the chateau I came in the twinkling of an eye into open country out of sight of the town and out of sound of its Sabbath morning bells. I compassed a couple of miles without event, and then came down to the river Sambre, whose pastoral waters, mewed into a canal with locks and tow-paths, are made to perform the offices of commerce. The margins of this waterway were reedy and restful to look upon. I therefore, when I had crossed a lock, followed the tow-path for some distance and came into the road again below Haute Ville. At a village farther on I was struck by the quaintness of its little church. I went to draw it. Whilst I was doing this two little boys came up, each with a handful of stones. They watched the growth of my artistic product for a little, then I said to them—

“What have you got those stones in your hands for?”

They would not tell me, but looked at each other, and doubling their bodies up and diving their hands between their legs, as boys do at these times, they went off into explosion after explosion of laughter. Still, as they would not tell me, and as I was determined to see, I started another sketch. There was nobody else about; I supposed

they were all in the church. The boys watched me finish my second drawing with evident relief. Again I asked them, but getting no answer I started on a third picture. They looked woe-begone but resigned. After chatting briskly for a moment they withdrew a little. Then the younger flung a stone on to the church roof, the other kept an eye on me. They paused a second, then another stone was sent spinning on to the roof; and yet a third. At the fourth essay, however, there was a whirling noise, and a flock of pigeons rushed out of the dovecot in the old belfry. At that the elder boy got to work with his handful. But the third shy had not left his hand when an old gentleman of a bulbiferous countenance issued from the door, dancing with rage and shaking a stick. The boys dropped their stones, skipped a few turns in the air, and then, both pointing at me, ran away. I did not finish my third sketch.

The wind was freshening out of the west, and as I came down one long slope I found it so violent that I could hardly stand against it. The country here is like the Isle of Thanet—windy and open and free, with great rolling hedgeless domes of cultivation, through whose pale vegetation the powdery chalk outcrops,—such country where a ploughman and his team are seen at their best. I now discerned my old enemies, the poplar-trees, marching in a gaunt obliquity towards me, and I knew my

fate would shortly be to file between them.

It was so, for in another mile I pounded along the grand route bound for St Quentin. I soon discerned that ancient town crowded darkly before the windy March sky, its lofty basilica rising from its midst with all the dignity assumed by a high-naved church that has no tower or spire or pinnacle. I recalled Motley's vivid account of Egmont's brilliant exploit against the French cavalry, and how, of that wreath of laurels he had won the verdure withered and the poison survived.

Into my dreams of the past there broke a strange company advancing in column of six along the road towards me. It was composed of upwards of a hundred boys dressed in sky-blue sailor suits, such as our infants wear (the straight open knicker kind), with broad-brimmed sailor hats. They were boys of all ages, from, I suppose, seventeen downwards. In front of them strolled a band whose musical exertions were suspended. They were leading their troop at a pace of somewhere about two miles an hour, and every unit of the company was a straggler. The majority were smoking cigarettes. I inquired of one of the bandsmen what in the name of fortune they were. He looked at me as one who beholds a person knowing nothing.

"They are," said he, "the Gymnasts." Who are the Gymnasts?

Coming into St Quentin, I

crossed the river by a noble bridge and wended my way to the post office, as this was a prearranged point of call for my letters. Amongst others was a post-card with a French stamp on it. Its pencilling ran as follows—

"If you should happen to be in this place, call at the Hotel de la Paix, where you will find me. Tootle-oo.—JAY."

As I entered the post office I noted the clerk's moustache to be of a singularly officious turn, and I was offended in it. Now as I left I thought it very becoming indeed. Such had been the glamour of Jay's post-card. Proceeding to the Hotel de la Paix, I found Jay in his bedroom bursting with exuberant spirits. My own overflowed by electric induction. In disconnected charges he hurled his adventures into my ears, interlarding them with many a well-known anecdote.

Later I attended service in the basilica. Oh, the heavy incensed atmosphere, the inspiring devotions of the worshippers, regardless of the clothes they wore and the voices they sang in, thinking only of their worship; oh, the sudden swellings of the organ and the perpetual rhythm of the Gregorian chant; oh, the effect of all these things with the tradition of the building and the place it was in on the heart of the traveller whose tired feet had beaten down a hundred miles of road! I began then to feel something of what the

ancient pilgrims undoubtedly felt. He who would see the miracles of Rome must walk there. He who has slept on the Swiss Vitease and dined on the Florentine express can only expect to see sights.

After the conclusion of the Office I was standing in the south aisle, thinking such thoughts as the great building inspired, when a little old door opened on my right and under a multi-foliated portico of middle Gothic came the choir-boys. In red cassocks they were. Mouse-quiet they passed by me, little princes of history. And after them came the choir-master. I stopped him and talked to him. I was surprised to find that he was enthusiastic not only about the voices of his boys but about their welfare. Would to Jove all choir-masters were as this man was. Such stars in the dark night of life does the walker discern. For who arriving by train would ever have had the boldness to talk to a choir-master?

At about six o'clock Jay and I left St Quentin. We lost half an hour in trying to find the inconspicuous road that led to Vermand. To my horror Jay produced his compass. We thereby lost another half-hour. The sun had set before we were in the right thoroughfare. Vermand was only seven or eight miles. It was moonlight, but not really late by the time we got there. We went to a substantial café and begged a night's accommodation, receiving for our answer the usual thing, "Il n'y a pas de place, messieurs." The only

other likely people expressed the same formula. We went to a farmer and begged a straw bed in a stable. He was on the point of acquiescing, when his wife, a lady with a face remarkably like a cow, advised him not. So we were left out of doors, and it was beginning to rain.

"Let us," said I at last, "go to the priest." I had an idea that it was the tradition of the Church to afford shelter to wayfarers. There were no lights in the windows of the parsonage, or such windows as we could see, for it stood back behind a garden whose precincts were walled. The gate was locked, but there was a bell-handle there. At this I pulled. A loud and offensive jangle within told that our presence was announced. Nothing happened, so Jay followed my manoeuvre. Then lights appeared in one window, and presently we heard the cleric approaching.

"Monsieur le curé," I began.

"Monsieur le curé," rolled out Jay. "Ah, great, Vale great! That's the way to tackle him."

I put my case to him, but this unfortunate ebullition on the part of my companion seemed to have aroused his cautious mind, already pregnant with suspicion concerning us.

"Are you Catholic?" said he.

"I am Protestant," said I.

"His father is a Monsieur le curé!" put in Jay with eagerness — wretched man. The worthy pastor shook his head.

"We are Christians," said I. "At any rate we are men!"

But he shook his head again, and I saw the light of a neighbouring window glint ironically on the crucifix he bore about him as he closed to and looked the gate.

Imitating my tactics at Maubert Fontaine, we went back to the first place we had tried. Suffice it that we prevailed, and slept in a lumber-room.

"Why do you walk to places instead of going there by train like an ordinary mortal?" is the question I have had so frequently pressed upon me. I am never able to answer them by mouth. I will try and make my pen do so. It is because I picture all places with halos of romance and tradition round them. I do not consider them as isolated integrals in the railway timetables that you can take a ticket to and detrain at when you see particular names written up on a hoarding. I like to approach a place through the whole sphere of its influence, to feel the power of getting gradually into touch with it as I go along; to notice how, from scarcely even knowing its name, people begin to tell you how far it is, till they tell you they have been there or have relations there, till they tell you that in certain winds they can hear the sound of its bells; and, finally, till you find people that cannot imagine anything in commonplace life without the metaphor of that place and all that is done or has been done there prompting at the background of their speech. Then, my

Interlocutors, when I get to that place I know something of what it *means*.

For the above reasons I was, the following morning, in a state of excitement that Jay could in no wise fathom. All I could tell him was that in a quarter of a mile we should be in a road that, without turning to the right hand or to the left, would lead us into Amiens, thirty-six miles away. I thought it must be a Roman road, for it goes across the map as if the cartographer had used a ruler. Of course, to start with, it is a wonderful thing to walk along a Roman road. But to go in a straight line, where every pace you take tells definitely — where the inhabitants of every house you pass along the road are nearer to the issue of your hopes, and where, in this case, the influence and significance of Amiens would pass from a casual thought in people's minds to a fever throb of reality.

So let it be a thing excused that I gave a cry of joy when I beheld my turning. It strayed inconsequently off the road we were in as if it might have been any ordinary little bypath. But then, when we came into it, it stretched straight for as far as we could see, and that was a long long way, for the country had gone as flat as a pancake again. A great crucifix stood up by the wayside. The road, thought I, undoubtedly owes its presence to Rome; to which does this figure owe its presence, Rome or Bethlehem of Judea?

The wind blew clear and

cold out of the North, opening up rifts of blue sky and piling up the clouds round the far-rolling horizon. And there was a stir about things, an indefinite gleaming among the elements that told of spring. So on we went over the long straight road, that people and nations had made who were dead and gone, actually thinking of the springtime.

At the little village of Mons we suddenly realised that, saving for an odd franc, we had no French money left. There was a line of rail here that crossed our way at right angles. And there was a suspicion of joy in Jay's face when he declared he would go by train, procure French coins, and meet me at my destination to-night. A mile back there had been another prospect of strained relations, so there was a suspicion of alacrity in my voice when I acquiesced. It was agreed that Jay should travel north to a large town marked on the map, and then, retiring south again by a devious system, should meet me at a point six hours ahead of the march. As we completed our arrangements, a train arrived in the station going the wrong way. Jay immediately climbed into it.

"Never mind," said he. "I'll find a town this way, no doubt, and pick you up somewhere."

I glanced hastily at the maps and saw a place called Estrées-Dénicourt. It was about two hours' walk, but it seemed simple for him to effect a junction with me from the south at the four cross-roads of that

place. As Jay copied down the last letter of this rather extravagant name, the train started.

"What if I have lost him again?" I mused as I pushed on down the Roman road. On such a day as I have tried to describe, when the Daughter of Spring is stirring in her sleep, it is always evident when you are near a river. Perhaps fishermen are more susceptible than other people to this. Anyhow, long before I came to Brie I divined the thrill of water, and on the other side of that hamlet I came down to the Somme, that great sluggish river that, nevertheless, like our own rivers in the East, has a tradition ancient and illustrious. I doubt not these two have seen a lot together, this road and this river. Firminius, the Roman—for all I know the first missionary in France—came hereabouts, perhaps on this very Roman road. His blood stained the Somme. It is said that the *fleur-de-lis* first flourished on this river, where Firmin's blood was spilt. And hereabouts Clovis reigned when he was a boy of fifteen.

At the point where I was crossing the Somme, its waters were pent between artificial banks, as those of the Sambre had been, and since it was navigable, a leaf in the long iron bridge was made to swing. The thing that struck me at once as remarkable, was the enormous margin of sedges and pampas grasses that fringed the right bank. They were, as if on purpose, watered by the overflow from the river. In places large patches of these

rushes had been reaped, and a great quantity of this aqueous harvest was stacked on the bank. Nay, even as I looked, a large cart heaped with them came creaking on to the bridge. I asked the driver what people wanted with such a soft, fat, brittle rush as this. He told me that they were used to stuff arm-chairs, sofas, and such-like furniture. Poor things! thought I, for I cannot imagine a more appalling doom than to be taken from the luscious, rooty fragrance of a fen-land, and put to end one's days supporting lazy people in a billiard-room, a drawing-room, or an hotel lounge.

At two o'clock I got to Estrées-Dénécourt. I thought that probably Jay would have been before me at the cross-roads, but he was not. There was a café there, so I entered it for purposes of refreshment and observation. An hour elapsed and no Jay! Another hour went by, and after that I began to spread the news abroad that I had lost my companion, and prosecuted diligent inquiries concerning whether he had been seen or not. After that I went melancholy expeditions up and down the road to the station without result. After dark, as late as half-past seven, I still expected my elusive comrade-in-arms. Everybody who came into the café was talking about him. "It was an easy thing," they said, "to lose oneself on the railway. You get by mistake into an express train, and *chut!*"—the little man, who was the organ of the explanation party, shot his hand

across the table,—“you are in Italy!”

The idea of Jay arriving in Italy instead of this particular cross-road struck me as so ludicrous that I burst out laughing. The little man, who, by the way, was not absolutely sober, thought I had not grasped his proposition. He therefore got on his feet and made a huge demonstration of Jay's Franco-Italian express, overturning with regrettable reality every object that impeded the progress of that lightning train. Things upset and spilled on the table, and a coffee glass went to pieces on the floor. Immediately there was a hubbub, landlord and landlady and the friends of the little man all in an uproar. As I felt seriously implicated in the affair, I went over and offered to make good the damage. But no one would pay any attention, except the little man, who touched me confidentially on the shoulder, and began demonstrating express trains on another table. I had to restrain him by force, whereat the whole company descended on me, calling out that I was a stranger, probably a German, and the cause of all the trouble. I have never been in such a pandemonium. Yet though they all surged about me, making the most appalling faces and noises, nobody attempted to lay hands on me. Just at the moment when the place seemed perfectly alive with faces and hands, and I expected by a sudden wave of enthusiasm to be swept bodily into the street, other shouts

were heard outside. “Ah! Votre camarade! Votre camarade!” There was an instant's lull in the café, when Jay, effervescing with Cambridge commonplaces, hove jubilant through the door, attended by an enormous crowd. The menacing spirit of my own particular mob switched with a velocity of the proposed express train on to another track. They applauded wildly.

Scarcely realising the absurdity of the thing—so is the mind of one man awayed by the multitude—I stepped forward and shook hands with Jay, and as though we were the most loving brothers in the world, we sat down to a little table and ordered *café au lait*. The *aubergiste* that a moment before had been a howling maniac now hurried about our business, while approving murmurs of “They are English” were heard on all sides. The little man, whose railway theories had been conclusively exploded, came forward and shook us by the hand, and we treated him to a non-intoxicant.

My lost comrade's explanation was that he, after changing the money, had bought a map. A motor map it was, of several miles to the inch, with the name of Estrées-Dénicourt splayed out in large letters along the road. And he, being unused to map-reading, had made for the first letter instead of the last, which had landed him six miles nearer Amiens.

Little more is to be told of this day. We struck off across ploughed fields to the lights of a little village called

Proyart. The ploughed fields put Jay out of temper, so that he maintained his old attitude of protest by stalking ahead in dark silence. As we walked through the little moonlit street of whitewashed farms and cottages, I heard a most extraordinarily faëry sound. At first I thought it was water dripping into some full-sounding well. But, lo, it occurred everywhere in all places. I did not think it could be of a bird, animal, or reptile. Could it be elfin musicians performing on some instrument unknown to mankind? We found lodgings.

The next morning I asked the landlord what this noise was, explaining it to the best of my ability.

"It is the song of the *caïlle*," said he.

While I was turning in my mind what sort of a being, mortal or immortal, the *caïlle* might be, he led me into the yard, and beheld in a cage a little quail.

At a place called Villers Bretonneux Jay exhibited a sudden alacrity to go by train. So once more he vanished in a cloud of steam out of my ken.

Since we had started from Proyart my main thought had been, "When shall I see Amiens Cathedral?" I thought perhaps four or five miles from the city I might see it standing up in the dis-

tance as only a cathedral can stand up. As I passed the eighteen-kilometre stone I said to myself, "In ten kilometres at most I shall see it." The road was still inflexible in its gaunt geometric persistence, though it had grown from a byway into a grand route, which made the force of the proximity of Amiens grow upon me, and made me long more than ever to see it. I was going up a hill through a pretty wood where anemone and aconite ran riot along the ground. At the top of this hill the woods suddenly ceased, and again there was a great expanse of rolling country going down into a plain. Far away, a blue smirch in the distance, were the elustered houses of a town. Was this Amiens? If so, I was deeply disappointed. A tree stood before me in the foreground of the picture. It looked so pretty I hardly liked to move for fear that I should spoil the composition of the view. At last I moved. Like a magic scale falling from the eye the whole distance altered. For there, where my tree had been, stood the great cathedral. The town was indeed Amiens.

If the rest of our adventures must be told, it shall be done in two sentences. Jay went by train to Boulogne. My foot was done, alack, so I went by train to Dieppe.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

WE have had a long time to wait for a "full dress" biography of Mr Bagehot. Thirty-seven years have passed away since his death, and in that interval the lives of countless men of much less consequence than he was have been duly published, duly perused, and duly forgotten. Not until this summer was the authentic record of his career presented to the public,¹ though it will be none the less welcome for its tardy appearance. Mrs Barrington has performed her pious task with anxious care and laudable industry. She might, indeed, have abridged her book with advantage. Several topics are laboured with an exaggerated conscientiousness, and the copious quotations from her brother-in-law's published works might well have been omitted. Also the misprints are more numerous than they should have been. But, upon the whole, the work has been well done, and in parts exceedingly well done. The description, for example, of Bagehot's domestic life after his marriage is delightful. We seem to be transported into the serene, refined, and typically English atmosphere in which Miss Austen's characters for the most part move and have their being; and we are once more fortified in our conviction that the English

woman of the Victorian era—that victim of conventional obloquy and scorn—was no less intelligent and was much better read than her modern representative, the product of so much "higher education." There is nothing sensational, to be sure, about Mrs Barrington's narrative. There are no startling revelations, no thrilling disclosures. Bagehot's life-history was no more eventful than that of most prosperous bankers. Nor is there any surprising merit about his correspondence or about the reported fragments of his conversation, which are strongly reminiscent of his writings. But no reader who has once fallen under Bagehot's spell will withhold from his biographer a proper share of gratitude for this interesting volume. Having gladly discharged our part of the debt, we proceed briefly to consider the significance and import of Bagehot's work.

He was born in 1826 in the Bank House at Langport, a little market-town in Somersetshire, which the iconoclastic hand of the legislature has wantonly robbed of its portreeve and its ancient municipal status. On both sides he sprang from that stratum of the middle class, peculiar to England, which, intimately connected

¹ *Life of Walter Bagehot*. By his sister-in-law, Mrs Russell Barrington. Longmans: 1914.

with the landed gentry by the ties of a common kinship and a common civilisation, owes its immediate fortunes to commercial enterprise, and looks out upon the world from an independent point of view. His father was for many years the managing director of Stuckey's Bank, a flourishing local institution now merged in one of the joint-stock banking companies, and his mother was a niece and bore the name of its original founder. To her he owed much, and what he owed was nobly repaid by his steadfast personal devotion when she had become subject to periodical attacks of mental derangement. After going to school at Bristol, Walter was sent at the age of sixteen to complete his education at University College, London. The elder Mr Bagehot was an old-fashioned Unitarian, with a strong antipathy to religious tests, though the son followed in his mother's footsteps and became a Church of England man. We may regret that neither of the old Universities can claim him for a son, and we may cherish the belief that either might have communicated to him something which he lacked; but the late Mr R. H. Hutton, with whom Bagehot formed a lifelong friendship in the forbidding precincts of Gower Street, gives his emphatic assurance that the adjacent pavements, including "the dreary chain of squares from Euston to Bloomsbury," were the scene of "discussions as eager and as abstract as ever were the sedate cloisters

or the flowery river-meadows of Cambridge or Oxford."

Graduation was followed by a special pleader's chambers and the bar. Special pleading, Bagehot himself characteristically declares, "was a very pretty art, and the only trade in which the logical faculties appear to be of any particular service, and was therefore the champagne of life." Unluckily it ceased to exist soon after Bagehot's call in 1852, and the exhilarating beverage was thus cut off at the source. This furnished him with a pretext for the course he presently took, though the real reason was the state of his mother's health. He abandoned the law, returned to the parental roof, and went into business and the bank. Had he remained in London and kept his health, professional success might have been predicted for him with more confidence than for most men. Yet it would be ungenerous as well as idle to grudge to finance the qualities which might have brought him a fortune in Westminster Hall. Nor should it be forgotten that only the comparative leisure of a banker's existence rendered possible the copious outflow of commentary and speculation with which he enriched the English-speaking world for a quarter of a century.

The principal channels through which this beneficent stream was distributed to the public were the 'Prospective Review,' the old 'National Review,' and, of course, the 'Economist,' to the promised

volume of selections from which we look forward with pleasurable anticipation. Bagehot had married in 1858 the eldest daughter of Mr James Wilson, the founder of that once important periodical, and when Mr Wilson, who had sat in Parliament, and had served as Financial Secretary of the Treasury and as Vice-President of the Board of Trade, went out to India at the end of 1859 as Financial Member of the Indian Council, his son-in-law took over the control of the paper, and occupied the editorial chair until his death in 1877. There can be no question that this intimate connection with the proprietor of the 'Economist' was eminently serviceable to its editor. Wilson was "far ben," as the significant trope of his native land has it, in the councils of the Whig party, and Bagehot was consequently brought into contact with the leading men in public life to an extent which would otherwise have been impossible. His classical treatise on 'The English Constitution' is obviously indebted for much of its peculiar value to the insight which he thus obtained at close quarters into the working of the political machine.

As time went on Bagehot grew steadily in weight and influence. Statesmen on both sides sought his guidance and advice in matters of finance, nor did they seek in vain. The now familiar device of Treasury Bills was of his invention. Yet the power he exercised was in-

dependent of whips and wire-pullers, and was indeed wholly extra-parliamentary. He never sat in the House of Commons. The one election which he fought was at Bridgewater in 1866, when he was defeated by Mr George Patton, afterwards Lord Advocate and Lord Justice-Clerk. It need scarcely be said that Bridgewater, in common with many similar constituencies in that quarter of the globe, was notorious for corrupt practices. Bagehot was beaten by the narrow margin of seven votes, and it is therefore highly improbable that the normal and well recognised methods of electioneering were not employed on his behalf. He had, however, no difficulty in exculpating himself before the Commission of Inquiry from the charge of personal implication in those methods. After all, the old system was thoroughly intelligible and comparatively honest. The free and independent elector — burgess, freeman, or potwalloper — possessed something which he conceived had only a value in exchange. He naturally desired to convert it into cash, and it so happened that what the voter was anxious so to convert was precisely that which the candidate was anxious to obtain. It does not require the science of "catallactics" to teach us that in such circumstances a transaction was likely to take place. The completion of the bargain to the satisfaction of both parties was delayed merely by the necessity of

ascertaining a price by the higgling of the market or otherwise. In most of these boroughs there was a regular tariff, although sometimes the more speculative seller might try to squeeze the competing purchasers by holding out till the last moment, at the risk of losing his market altogether. But one thing is certain. The candidate paid for the "delivery of the goods" out of his own pocket or out of the party funds. And we do not doubt that Bagehot would have held the old system of barefaced bribery to be infinitely less demoralising than the new, under which the electorate are tempted by promises to pay, not at the expense of those who make them, but at the expense of the helpless taxpayer.

If we were asked to name Bagehot's outstanding characteristics, we should specify without a moment's hesitation his high spirits and his candour. To borrow his own dialect, he had, like Fielding, the "enjoying," and, unlike Lord Macaulay, the "experiencing" mind. He was by nature what those diverting partners in the cloak-and-suit trade, Messrs Potash & Perlmutter, have taught us to call an "optician." "I have such a flow of good spirits," he writes, "as no calamities, I think, could long interrupt, much less exhaust. . . . I am not over-sanguine as to the future in general, but I have a sort of reckless cheerfulness that gets on very well without the aid of hope." Fox-hunting was to him the most fascinating of amusements. The human

theatre was to him the most absorbing of spectacles, though he looked upon stage-players as "pitiable people who made fools of themselves." "It is all nonsense or morbidity, as you say," so he writes to his *fiancée*, "to call the world all hollow. It is an object of the greatest intellectual interest to those who have the mind and opportunity to study it:" exactly Mr Lookhart's way of looking at the great world, by the bye. It is plain, moreover, that he practised the art of writing with as much gusto as the art of observation. Bishop Butler, he has pointed out, "so far from having the pleasures of eloquence, had not even the comfort of perspicuity." But "composition is pleasant work for men of ready words, fine ears, and thick coming illustrations." To that class of men Bagehot unmistakably belonged. Every now and then he delivers a stroke after which we almost hear the chuckle of satisfaction: as when he remarks that, as a rule, "those become most eminent in the sheepfold who partake most eminently of the qualities of the wolf"; or that "the only point in which Sterne resembles a clergyman of our own time is that he lost his voice"; or that "poetry should be memorable and emphatic, intense and soon over." Such dicta remind us of the best of Mr Jowett's apophthegms, genuine and apocryphal.

And then his frankness, his candour. "It is horribly against my own interest," he

acknowledges, "but I have a certain abstract love of truth which is much in the way." Mr Matthew Arnold bears this out, attributing to him "a concern for the *simple truth* which is rare in English literature as it is in English politics." He jestingly betrays the secret of the review-like essay and the essay-like review. "A real reviewer always spends his first and best pages on the parts of a subject on which he wishes to write, the easy comfortable parts which he knows. The formidable difficulties which he acknowledges, you foresee by a strange fatality that he will only reach two pages before the end; to his great grief there is no opportunity for discussing them." Bagehot was probably inclined, after the fashion of his time, to vilipend the Middle Ages, about which he has not very much to say. He may have thought too little of Lord Lyndhurst and Mr Perceval, too much of Mr Cobden and Sir George Cornewall Lewis. We think he did. But he never consciously sinned against the light. Only once or twice does he descend to language that savours of the common partisan. "It is absurd to say that the greatest political intellect of his time [meaning thereby, John Singleton Copley's] really believed that the Catholics should not be emancipated; that the Corn-laws should be maintained; that there should be no reform in Parliament." So inept an utterance is rare. Even in minute details it is not easy to catch him tripping.

He thought that, when we speak of the "mystery" of (say) felt-hat-making, the word derives from the Greek instead of standing for the Latin "ministerium." The error is trivial, and had best be pardoned by those who have, it seems, been cheerfully talking to an awestruck world for a couple of centuries of *trinōda*, in place of *trinōda*, *necessitas*.

Bagehot was a realist in the sense in which Sir Walter Scott, of whom he was an ardent admirer, was a realist. It is one of his most famous remarks that if the author of 'Waverley' had given us the English side of the race to Derby "he would have described the Bank of England paying in sixpences, and also the loves of the cashier." The observation is applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to Bagehot himself. He endeavoured to express every abstract proposition in familiar and concrete terms, for it did not really present itself to his mind as an abstract proposition. If you generalised about mankind, he saw the men; if you generalised about the forest, he saw the trees. The knack in style, he thought, was "to write like a human being." He clung tenaciously to the visible and the tangible: the paraphernalia of life were ever present to his glowing imagination. A good many imaginative people, he acknowledges, are irritated by Cowper's provincial and domestic muse. "Everything is so comfortable, the tea-urn hisses so plainly, the toast is so

warm, the breakfast so neat, the food so edible." But, while he understood, and perhaps in certain moods shared, that feeling, he delighted in authentic and relevant detail. He cannot sketch the career of the author of the 'Analogy' without wondering what he did with his mines and his lands, his royalties and his rectories, his curacies and his coal-dues. "In most of Shelley's poems," he tells us, and tells us truly, "there is an extreme suspicion of aged persons." Most critics would have stopped there. Bagehot continues: "In real life he had plainly encountered many old gentlemen who had no belief in the complete and philosophical reformation of mankind." This added touch—the graphic hint of a dialogue between such an old gentleman and the ineffectual angel—drives the proposition home with immense force. "Those who really enjoy the best books," he held, "take an interest in human life concerning which those books are entirely written," and he notes with amused surprise, though with respect rather than contempt, the eagerness with which a German scholar like Niebuhr "withdraws from the living realities of life to the driest technicalities—to grammar and philology, to Basque refreshments and Polynesian recreations; and, what is more strange still, he does not feel that his taste is queer or extraordinary." No one had a better title than Bagehot to use the hackneyed Terentian tag for his own.

And for that very reason—just because human nature and human life are so *interesting*—he will have no make-believes, and no dressing up, either in poetry or in prose. Mr Hutton has well noted that one of his most distinctive qualities was "his comparative inaccessibility to the contagion of blind sympathy." It is a characteristic as rare as it is precious. That most pernicious and fraudulent of the emotions which has been called "the enthusiasm of humanity," knocked in vain for admission to Bagehot's breast. Hence he is suspicious of the "ornate" school of poetry as exemplified by Tennyson. He dislikes "the style in which nothing is described as it is: everything has about it an atmosphere of something else." A fishing village is invested with "a softness and a fascination which such villages scarcely possess in reality." "People who sell fish about the country are never beautiful. A dirty sailor who did not go home to his wife is not an agreeable being; a varnish must be put on him to make him shine." In some such summary fashion he makes mincemeat of "Enoch Arden." The trenchant sentences once more recall Mr Jowett and his prototype and exemplar, Dr Johnson. Yet it is to be feared that the application of the test proposed would carry us alarmingly far. Shepherds and shepherdesses are probably no better favoured than fishermen and fishwives. It is a hard saying that we

must on that account put Theocritus and honest Allan to the door.

Men endowed with Bagehot's intensely practical temperament are not seldom afflicted with the defects of their qualities in a very striking degree. They are apt to be unaffectedly contemptuous of those who seem to them to have "failed" in life—supercilious, and even patronising. And they are inclined on utilitarian grounds to ignore the whole realm of feeling and speculation on many topics which in every period have engaged the interest of the human race. From these failings Bagehot was extraordinarily free. In one solitary instance he permits himself to speak disparagingly of a great man of letters—the case of Southey, who annoyed Bagehot partly because he was a mediæval and a rather muddle-headed Tory, and partly because he wrote on an infinity of subjects on which his knowledge was necessarily "strained through books." But no one could have written with more genuine kindness or more sympathetic appreciation of Hartley Coleridge, who can scarcely be charged with having been a success either in literature or in life. Bagehot was not accustomed to waste much time on fools, but he was no quencher of the smoking flax. And if there is one theme on which he writes with a surer touch, a deeper emotion, a profounder understanding, and a more penetrating insight into essentials, than another, that theme is

religion. We cannot think of any professional philosopher or theologian who has given so impressive and so convincing an account of the origin of religion in the human soul as Bagehot has done in his essay on "Bishop Butler."

He begins by pointing out that there are two sorts of religion. There is, on the one hand, the religion of imagination, of poetry, of nature, which we find embodied in the Greek mythology. There is, on the other hand, the religion of the supernatural, of superstition (if you choose so to call it), of the conscience. And then he proceeds as follows:—

"The moral principle . . . is really and to most men a principle of fear. The delights of a good conscience may be preserved for better things, but few men who know themselves will say that they have often felt them by vivid and actual experience. A sensation of shame, of reproach, of remorse, of sin (to use the word we instinctively shrink from because it expresses the meaning), is what the moral principle really and practically thrusts on most men. Conscience is the condemnation of ourselves. We expect a penalty. As the Greek proverb teaches, 'Where there is shame there is fear,' where there is the deep and intimate anxiety of guilt—the feeling which has driven murderers, and other than murderers, forth to wastes, and rocks, and stones, and tempests—we see, as it were in a single complex and indivisible sensation, the pain and sense of guilt, and the painful anticipation of its punishment. How to be free from this is the question. How to get loose from this—how to be rid of the secret tie which binds the strong man and cramps his pride, and makes him angry at the beauty of the universe—which will not let him go forth like a great animal, like the king of the forest, in the glory of his might, but restrains him with an inner fear and

a secret foreboding, that if he do but exhaust himself he will be abased ; if he do but set forth his own dignity he will offend ONE who will deprive him of it. This, as has often been pointed out, is the source of the bloody rites of heathendom. You are going to battle, you are going out in the bright sun with dancing plumes and glittering spear ; your shield shines, and your feathers wave, and your limbs are glad with the consciousness of strength, and your mind is warm with glory and renown,—with coming glory and unobtained renown—for who are you to hope for these—who are *you*, to go forth proudly against the pride of the sun with your secret sin, and your haunting shame, and your real fear ? First lie down and abase yourself—strike your back with hard stripes—cut deep with a sharp knife as if you would eradicate the consciousness—cry aloud—put ashes on your head—bruise yourself with stones, then perhaps God may pardon you ; or, better still—so runs the incoherent feeling—give Him something—your ox, your ass, whole hecatombs, if you are rich enough ; anything, it is but a chance—you do not know what will please Him—at any rate what you love best yourself—that is, most likely, your first-born son ; then, after such gifts and such humiliation, He may be appeased, He may let you off,—He may without anger let you go forth Achilles-like in the glory of your shield—He may *not* send you home as He would else, the victim of rout and treachery, with broken arms and foul limbs, in weariness and humiliation.”

We make no apology for quoting *ad longum* a passage where Bagehot reaches a height of eloquence which he seldom attempted. It is characteristic that in summing up, he freely admits that the religion of the conscience may become selfish and morbid “if it be allowed to eat into the fibre of the character, and to super-

sede the manliness by which it should be supported.” He seldom states a truth without carefully adjecting the necessary qualifications. But his conclusion is emphatic though very “Butlerian.” “So long as men are very imperfect, the sense of great imperfection should cleave to them, and, while the consciousness of sin is on the mind, the consequent apprehension of a deserved punishment seems in its proper degree to be a reasonable service.” This, surely, goes to the very root of the matter.

As a literary critic Bagehot did not trouble himself with theories about art. But he was wonderfully sagacious in detecting the distinctive qualities of every variety of author. He wrote equally well—and what he wrote was the very acme of shrewd good sense—on Macaulay and on Scott, on Béranger and on Shelley, on Gibbon and on Milton, on Cowper and on Shakespeare. He had a keen relish of all that was good. He appeared to approach everything with a mind singularly fresh and susceptible of impressions. Moreover, his was the enviable gift, which he attributes to Sir Robert Peel, of usually making a remark which seemed to have been left by every one on purpose for him : “It was so sensible when made that every one believed he could have made it.” We know of few things better in their way than his estimate of Mr Thackeray. The stock parallel

to Thackeray in the text-books is Fielding. But Fielding's was "a bold spirit of bounding happiness," and a closer analogy is Sterne, though his sensibility did not make him irritable. "By the constitution of his mind, he [Thackeray] thought much of social distinctions; and yet he was in his writings too severe on those who in cruder or baser ways showed that they also were thinking much." He did not easily rely upon his own judgment; he could not help wondering what the footman behind his chair would think and say. So runs the judicial pronouncement, and one feels that there is no loophole for an appeal. We must not, however, linger upon Bagehot the literary critic, nor upon Bagehot the political economist either. We should dearly love to know what he would have thought of our recent reversion to the primitive notion of taxation, that "when a government sees much money it should take some of it, and that if it sees more money, it should take more of it." And we should like to conjecture what he would have retorted to a Chancellor of the Exchequer who coolly told him that he ought to pool his brains with the stupid and the lazy and the vicious. But the remainder of this article must be devoted to Bagehot as a writer on politics.

He was brought up in a mildly Whig atmosphere, and there was undoubtedly much

in the Whigs which made a strong appeal to his habit of mind—their freedom from the pedantry of legio, their brisk practicality, their plausible common-sense, their abstention from heroics (unless about the glorious Revolution), their distaste for democracy. He was never a party man in the ordinary sense of the expression; but the condition of parties in the middle of the nineteenth century was abnormal, and not the least damaging count in the charge against Sir Robert Peel is that he split the forces of conservatism beyond repair, and permanently attached men like Lord Palmerston and Sir George Lewis to the nominally Liberal side. Thus Bagehot always seemed to stand nearer to the Liberals than to the Tories. Yet there never was a more thorough or a more resolute conservative. That he should have laughed at Lord Eldon was a matter of common form. The plain truth is that not the great Chancellor himself nourished a stronger antipathy to change or a more passionate attachment to the *status quo*. Let us endeavour to justify this high compliment.

Take, first of all, Bagehot's statement of the heavy price which had to be paid for the first Reform Act. What more damning indictment of that measure could the most truculent of Tories desire? Or take his essay on "The Metaphysical Basis of Toleration"

and compare it with Mill on "Liberty." The two pieces are poles asunder. No doubt Bagehot arrives at the result that the wise statesman will not as a rule interfere with the public expression of political or religious opinion. But he makes the all-important reservation, that "no Government is bound to permit a controversy which will annihilate itself." If Diocletian thought that the existence of the Roman Empire was inconsistent with the existence of Christianity, it was his duty to preserve the Empire. Nor is that all. Though the Government had better hold its hand, "society" is under no obligation to do so, but ought rather to "discourage" persons whose opinions or conduct it suspects of a dangerous tendency. "Society as we now have it cannot exist at all unless certain acts are prohibited. It goes on much better because many other acts are prohibited also." Society, too, "can deal much more severely than the law with many kinds of acts, because it need be far less strict in the evidence it requires." In such matters "society is a discriminating agent, the law is but a blind one." All this admirable doctrine is, of course, wholly inconsistent with the commonplaces of Liberalism. We can readily imagine the rage it would inspire in the bosom of a sentimental worshipper of Mr Mill.

But the matter does not end

there. For Bagehot the first duty of society is the preservation of society. "By the sound work of old-fashioned generations — by the singular painstaking of the slumberers in churchyards — by dull care — by stupid industry, a certain social fabric somehow exists; people contrive to go out to their work and to find work to employ them actually until the evening, body and soul are kept together, and this is what mankind have to show for their six thousand years of toil and trouble. To keep up this system we must sacrifice everything. Parliaments, liberty, leading articles, essays, eloquence, — all are good, but they are secondary; at all hazards, and if we can, mankind must be kept alive." He echoed Hallam's admiration of the reign of George II. as the happiest period in our history — "the age of substantial comfort," when "the advantages of material civilisation were enjoyed, and its penalties scarcely foreseen." It is easy to invent constitutions, to compose politics, he sardonically remarks, if you neglect the one essential condition of protecting the hearths and homes of men. A political situation in which "no man likes to take a long bill," is above all things to be averted. These opinions are brought to a point in the remarkable series of letters which he sent from Paris to an Unitarian newspaper shortly after the *Coup d'État* of December 1851. Mr Hutton obviously found

them extremely difficult of digestion, but he wisely included them in his collection of Bagehot's 'Literary Studies.' The sum and substance of these letters is that by the *Coup d'État* Louis Napoleon delivered France from certain anarchy, and it is highly significant that this view was shared by Mr Frederick Greenwood,¹ who was by no means disposed to look with too partial an eye upon "the nephew of his uncle."

The truth is that even at the age of twenty-five Bagehot had grasped the principle inculcated by Burke "that politics are made of time and place—that institutions are shifting things, to be tried by and adjusted to the shifting conditions of a mutable world—that, in fact, politics are but a piece of business—to be determined in every case by the exact exigencies of that case; in plain English—by sense and circumstances." He had furthermore arrived at the conclusion that, of all the circumstances affecting political problems, "by far and out of all question the most important is *national character*." He believed that the national character of the French disqualified them for free institutions, for a form of government, that is to say, in which a single decision is not absolute, and "where argument has an office." Now the essential quality for a free people is "much *stupidity*";

and "in real sound stupidity the English are unrivalled." "The best security for people's doing their duty is that they should not know anything else to do; the best security for fixedness of opinion is that people should be incapable of comprehending what is to be said on the other side."

The very opposite condition, he conceived, was what was wrong with the French. They were too quick-witted, too fond of arguing for argument's sake. "Nothing is so bad for public matters as that they should be treated as a topic or background for displaying the shining qualities of public writers." And the cardinal advantage which Louis Napoleon possessed over other French statesmen was this, that he had never been a professor, nor a journalist, nor a promising barrister, nor, by taste, a *littérateur*. "He has not confused himself with history; he does not think in leading articles, in long speeches, or in agreeable essays. But he is capable of observing facts rightly, of reflecting on them simply, and acting on them discreetly."

What, then, it may be asked, is the special virtue of free institutions planted in a congenial soil and among a sufficiently "stupid" people? Bagehot's answer (it will be found in what is perhaps his masterpiece) is unhesitating. Their great merit is that they

¹ See his 'Life of Napoleon the Third, Emperor of the French.' London, 1856. An interesting little book, long since forgotten.

effectually retard the pace of legislative change. "For the purpose of preventing hasty action and ensuring elaborate consideration there is no device like a polity of discussion."

"The enemies of this object—the people who want to act quickly—he continues, "see this very distinctly. They are for ever explaining that the present is 'an age of committees,' that the committees do nothing, that all evaporates in talk. . . . All these invectives are perpetual and many-sided; they come from philosophers, each of whom wants some scheme tried; from philanthropists, who want some evil abated; from revolutionists, who want some old institution destroyed; from new aeraists, who want their new aera started forthwith. And they all are distinct admissions that a polity of discussion is the greatest hindrance to the inherited mistake of human nature, to the desire to act promptly, which in a simple age is so excellent, but which in a later and complex time leads to so much evil." ('Physics and Politics,' 1872, p. 193.)

Lord Eldon or Mr Perceval could hardly have spoken to better purpose.

These views are evidently expressed with some of the intellectual arrogance which Mr Hutton predicates of Bagehot in his University College days, and with not a little of the whimsicality and love of paradox to which all clever young men are prone. But their substance contains a lesson of the most wholesome consequence, and one that could never be more seasonable than at the present day. For years we have all been engaged in a conspiracy to destroy the "stupidity" upon

which the success of our institutions depends and to replace it by a sort of debating-society cast of mind well calculated to unfit a grown man for the business of life. The most grievous sinners in that respect have been the members of the educational profession, more particularly in its higher spheres. It is the business of the ancient Universities to turn a deaf ear and a cold shoulder to impudent quacks of every description. They can do much to "discourteance" sociologists who are ambitious of academic distinction. They ought to be the home of that sane and rational conservatism which alone can preserve the fabric of civilised society in this country. They tend instead to become the refuge of every craze and crotchet which can find an utterance, nor is any project too mischievous nor any projector too offensive to find a cordial welcome in many of their common rooms. If the older foundations so much mistake their duty, it is not surprising that the new Universities, which do not enjoy the blessing of a long-standing conservative tradition, should be joined with them in the same condemnation. The result is that even on questions which lie at the very foundation of society—marriage, the family, the bringing up of children, and so forth—the public discussion of which is instinctively avoided by right-thinking people, ostensible deference is paid to the

brazen rhetoric of beings whose opinions on such topics are of precisely the same value as the views of a wedder-hog upon the breeding and rearing of sheep-stock. Lord Stowell once foretold that, "if you provide a larger amount of highly cultivated talent than there is a demand for, the surplus is very likely to turn sour." We are beginning to find out the truth of that prediction, and it is cold comfort to know that we are but reaping as we have sown and gathering as we have strawed. How salutary a corrective to the raw and headstrong spirit of some of the young academic teachers of to-day is furnished by the writings of Bagehot need not be pointed out. But they are heavily handicapped in their useful mission. They abound in wit and good

humour, and knowledge of life; they have no solemn airs and graces; they can be understood by anybody; they are as English as Fielding or Cobbett. And therefore they are liable to be discarded in favour of the fantastic speculations of the last fashionable pedant, who broods over the problems of politics on the plains of Germany.

Three great exponents of conservatism flourished in the second half of last century: Henry Sumner Maine, Frederick Greenwood, and Walter Bagehot. Each worked in his own corner of the vineyard, and each had his own special excellences. But we are inclined to think that, upon a just comparison, the greatest and most inspiring of the three was Bagehot.

-FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

A SOUTHERN INDIA KHEDDAH.

THE first operation of a Kheddah consists in driving in from the jungles one, two, or three herds, the actual number of which is governed by the distribution of elephants throughout the State concerned. In the present instance three herds were assembled; of these, two were driven some time before our visit into forest enclosures three or four acres in extent, and the third was shepherded to the bank of a river, and there collected nearly opposite to the entrance of a stockade, on the farther bank, into which we were to see them driven.

Each of these herds had been pushed through forest and jungle from distances up to three hundred miles, and while a description of that operation is beyond the scope of this article, which will only be concerned with the actual capture of one herd, it may be accepted that it is an extremely difficult one, occupying a varying number of skilful men for several months.

Leaving camp late one afternoon, our party made its way to the bed of the river near which the third herd had been collected: the stream was wide and from three to four feet deep, and ran swiftly through a glorious forest of bamboo interspersed with teak and other magnificent trees. The bamboo in these parts grows in great clumps, sixty or more

feet in height, each clump occupying the space of an ordinary tennis lawn, its branches spreading upwards and falling over like a bunch of gigantic ostrich feathers.

On the hither bank of the river the arrangements for the actual Kheddah were as follows:—

Leading up from the river was a stockaded gangway, the scarp'd river bank being ramped into a steep slope till the flat ground on the top was reached. The gangway or passage of stout timber, deeply buried in the ground, and rising fifteen feet above it, was some seventy yards long and ten broad. At its mouth in the river bed—i.e., at the bottom of the ramp or slope—gate No. 1 was placed. Fifty yards farther in there was a second and subsidiary one, used only during the exit of elephants, and not for their entrance, while at another twenty-five yards farther in again, the third and last gate opened into a circular stockade about thirty yards in diameter and crowned with a gallery, high up and more or less screened from view from the interior, for the accommodation of spectators. The first gate, as subsequently became apparent, was ill-placed, and should have been at the top instead of at the bottom of the ramp or slope.

Arriving at the river bank, we took up our position to one

side of the stockade and upon the steep bank of the river. From here we could see the herd of elephants bunched together upon the opposite shore, perhaps five-and-forty of them of all ages and sizes, ranging from little fellows of a month or so old to an enormous old tusker, the leader of the herd, who towered above the rest. Suddenly the beaters burst into hideous noise from the far side of the stationary beasts, and for some minutes this pandemonium continued without the elephants thinking it necessary to move. At length, however, the old tusker, who had stationed himself on the dangerous side, came to the conclusion that the clamour could no longer be ignored, and obediently to his orders the whole party took to the water, and, still with great deliberation, crossed the river. It was an imposing spectacle as they splashed across and slowly emerged upon our bank; but as they landed, other beaters sprang into activity, and at last, fairly alarmed by the shouts of these and by the clattering of the split bamboo sticks of the beaters, the elephants turned down-stream and crashed past us at full pace. As they arrived opposite the entrance to the stockade the herd was turned into it left-handed by the sudden appearance of more beaters and of tame elephants, and their suspicions being now awakened the pace began to slow down. With a single exception they traversed the length of the stockaded passage, and reaching the third and final gate

passed through this with characteristic caution and pushed into the absurdly small circular enclosure.

Two or three of us had now, by hard running, reached the gallery which topped the enclosure; here we knelt and, remaining perfectly silent, watched the mob of elephants slowly and carefully enter the final gate, and feel their way into the sham jungle with which the enclosure had been planted. But the suspicions of the herd had by this time been fully roused, and a mistake in the arrangements now led to a most distressing catastrophe.

It had been intended that the majority of the spectators should enter the gallery only when the final gate had been closed behind the final elephant; by some error, however, the guests were admitted too quickly, and their noisy arrival in the gallery, when only about half the elephants had entered the enclosure, converted suspicion into panic. Seeing, hearing, smelling this crowd, the score or so of elephants within the enclosure turned, and charging back to the entrance, began to push and jostle their way out against the stream of those who were still seeking to enter. In a moment all had turned on their tracks, and were hurrying at speed back along the passage towards the river. In no time they reached the top of the slope which led down the bank, but it was now wet and greasy with the water which had dripped from the elephants emerging from the stream, and at its lower end

the heavy gate had been closed. The scene which ensued was dreadful; the gate barred the way, and against it there was crashed a mass of panic-stricken elephants, sliding and falling down that dreadful slope, trampling each other, and shrieking in their pain and fear. It was a horrid and grievous sight.

Directly the panic had started the spectators were removed from the gallery into which they had so prematurely come, and in order to get them out of the way and facilitate the re-entry of the elephants into the enclosure they were sent back to camp. I, however, remained, and making my way towards the gate at the foot of the slope, watched the efforts that were being made to repair the disaster.

To drive the frightened elephants back into the circular enclosure, a fire was lit within the stockade at the top of the slope, the effect being to push forward such of them as were not engulfed in the V-shaped pit formed by the slope and the shut gate at the bottom of it. The great tusker, previously alluded to, was, however, not amenable to this procedure, and refused to move forward from the margin of the slope, and to induce him to do so a spear was plunged into his quarters. In a trice he was round, and made a terrific charge at the stockade. The impact was tremendous, and threw the palisade many degrees out of the perpendicular. His next charge was even stronger, and a third

would have effected his escape, but for some reason he did not make it.

Slowly the unengulfed animals moved clear of the slope, and were joined by two or three who had been walking or plunging about on the top of the wallowing mass in the pit, and as they advanced fresh fires were continually lit behind them, so that the rear elephants, being burnt by the flames, kept forcing onwards those in front.

At last the leaders, who had been standing with their trunks just inside the circular enclosure, crept in slowly and unwillingly; finally, with a tremendous scrimmage, the remainder followed, and the heavy gate was closed behind all, save those which had been left dead or dying at the foot of the fatal slope.

It had taken three hours to accomplish the capture, and a more distressing spectacle it would be impossible to imagine. There was so much suffering, so much waste of life, that could well have been avoided; the placing of the first gate at the top instead of at the foot of the slope, a very little more care in looking after the spectators, and the unfortunate animals might have been spared all their pains and most of their terrors. Even now it was distressing to watch this mob of monsters confined within the narrow limits of the enclosure, pushing, jostling, struggling round and round in a tangled mass, the members of which were always trying to keep as much distance as

possible between themselves and the timbers of the stockade.

I left them thus, their backs steaming in the moonlight, and made my way once more to the slope which had been the final cause of catastrophe. Here were five dead elephants, two of them big, two of medium size, and one that was quite a baby; one big and two small elephants were still alive—the former was in a state of collapse, having no strength to climb the slippery slope or even to rise. As two others had by some means succeeded in getting clear, I thought that these three might also be saved; and eventually they did manage to squeeze themselves out under the gate, which had been much battered by the tremendous pressure brought against it by the fallen. This, however, they could not have effected but for the presence of a couple of Englishmen; for the natives, ever callous with regard to suffering, had come to the conclusion that nothing lying there could be saved.

Eventually, when I came away for the night, there were some thirty elephants, large and small, inside the Kheddah. Five others were dead, and three big ones and two small were outside; of the latter the two babies were caught at once and led off screaming. The three big ones crossed the river forthwith, but of these two returned the next morning right into the stockaded passage—evidently in search of their calves—and were there caught and secured.

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When we returned on the following day to see the "roping" operations, the gate of the enclosure was opened and half a dozen of the biggest tame tuskers, the Mahouts on their backs armed with long bamboo spears, pushed their way in. These tame elephants are called "Koomkies," a word which I believe means "traitors," and their presence is not in the least resented by the wild ones.

Once inside, the Koomkies somehow penetrated the surging close-packed mob of captives, and without delay took up their position, three on each side of the big tusker. The latter was facing towards the centre of the enclosure, his tail some feet from the stockade, while the Koomkies, facing outwards and pressing gradually inwards, had him in a vice. As soon as he was secured in this way, three or four "roper," skilled men specially brought from another district, were into the stockade in a twinkling and were playing about among the legs of the monster. Perfectly confident in the steadiness and immobility of the tame elephants, and apparently fearing little from the feet of the other wild ones, they did their work very quietly and, for natives, fairly rapidly. It consisted first in winding round the hind legs of the tusker many coils of soft hemp rope, the ends of which were then secured to the stockade. When the legs had been secured in this way, huge ropes had to be thrown over the tusker's head. This was a very difficult operation,

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for at first the throwers were afraid of going too near his restless trunk, and even when the rope was thrown it had to be got under the trunk, and this the elephant took good care should not be accomplished for a pretty considerable time.

This operation of passing ropes over his head had to be effected four times, for the tusker was to have four cables attached to him, two on each side of his neck; thus at the next stage four elephants could drag him along from the front, while the ropes attached to his hind legs were bound to the bodies of two other Koomkies behind. The curious feature of the whole roping procedure, which it required nearly four hours to complete in the case of this one bull, was the passivity of the creature. He never bellowed, never attempted to use his trunk, hardly moved; before the work was finished at least two men were clambering about his neck and back, adjusting knots and seeing to fastenings. Every one supposed that his spirit was broken and that he had no heart left in him. This subsequently proved to be incorrect.

The time now came to remove the monster. Looking at the scene one would have said that there was no room for another elephant inside the enclosure, so closely packed did this appear to be. Yet eight or ten more Koomkies strolled up to the entrance with their usual deliberation, and when one of them with his trunk

had opened the gate ajar, squeezed in and slowly proceeded to arrange themselves with a view to removing the tusker. This had to be done in such a way that the four leading Koomkies who were to tow him in front, and the pair who were attached to the ropes on his hind legs, could conduct their captive out of the enclosure without others of the herd sharing their exit. It was a difficult business, and so crowded was the enclosure that it necessarily required a great deal of time; but it was at length accomplished, and then the work of removing the tusker began.

It was a herculean task. The four leaders, ranged up four-in-hand fashion, took the strain on the ropes and heaved with all their might; two at least were as big, or nearly as big, as the wild elephant, but the latter, throwing his weight back, shook and tossed his enormous head and refused to be moved. Heave and strain as they might, the four leaders were powerless to shift him. He bellowed, and the struggling Koomkies roared in reply as they hauled on the cables. Seeing this state of affairs, the two following Koomkies, who were in charge of the ropes attached to the tusker's hind legs, now advanced, and, placing their tusks against his massive quarters, they fairly lifted his weight forward, and with a plunge and a dash the whole party jostled suddenly out of the gate and into the stockaded gangway. Here another struggle began, and this re-

sulted in the breaking of a cable attached to one of the lead elephants, so that temporarily this Koomkie was out of the fun. After that there was another desperate plunge, and the heaving group charged at tremendous pace down the slope, which was now fortunately dry, a drag rope being snapped like string on the way. Into the river they all plunged, with a great splashing of the waters, and here again there ensued another fight. It should have been mentioned earlier that prior to coming out of the enclosure, and after the wild tusker had been roped, two or three of the larger Koomkies had been urged in turn to give him battle; this was done with a view to encouraging the tame elephants, and to showing them that they could defeat him. Pressed forward by their Mahouts, they had in turn charged him, secured as he was fore and aft, and, bellowing furiously, had engaged him by pushing their tusks into his mouth. Full of the confidence engendered by success in this fight of unequal odds, the Koomkies were quite ready to tackle the tusker when he began to give trouble in the river; and the captive, refreshed within and without by the water, now became very obstreperous indeed. At once the biggest of the lead elephants turned and fell upon him, and for thirty seconds it was hammer and tongs between two of the finest beasts in the world.

This short but furious fight knocked the spirit out of the captive; and to add further to

his discomfiture, and to impress still more clearly upon him the fact that he was a prisoner, two of the lead elephants now pulled outwards to the right, and the other two to the left; the two rear elephants meanwhile held him taut from behind, and a seventh and unattached guardian stood over him while this was going on, and dared him to play any further tricks. When he was thought to have had enough of this, the order was given to move up-stream, and for five or six hundred yards the great fellow was lugged, shoved, and butted with tusks, until he was at length brought to the cleared track which led from the river to the tying-up place, situated some two miles away in the forest. The procession was an impressive sight, for the tusker contested nearly every yard of the way along the river route, and most of the journey through the jungle. Into the latter he would suddenly make frantic dives and butt straight into a tree, as if to knock it down or wreak his vengeance upon it; then he would look his tusks round its trunk, so that if the lead elephants hauled they must pull the tree down before they could shift their captive. In this situation the two rear elephants would turn round, and, aided by the unattached guardian, who would butt into him, they would tow the tusker backwards until he was clear of the impeding tree-trunk. And so it went on throughout the slow length of the way.

On arrival at his destination the prisoner was to be put into

a small but very solid cage, large enough perhaps to hold two elephants side by side, but little to spare in the way of length; but, tired as he was by the struggles of his exhausting journey, there was still a stiff fight before he could be made to enter his new prison.

First, the ropes were cast off from two of the lead elephants, passed through the cage, and re-hitched to their former wearers, this operation being then repeated with the ropes of the other leaders; then the two rear elephants closed in upon the captive tusker, and all six of the guardians pulled and pushed at once. With all their efforts they could but get the tusker's head abreast of the opening; not another inch could they move him. So word was sent for Moti Lal—champion Koomkie of the State. On his arrival the two lesser lights cleared away from behind, and with an irresistible rush the redoubtable Moti charged in, and with his enormous impetus fairly lifted the great tusker into the cage. Here for the moment we may leave him.

As soon as the tusker had been led out of the Kheddah, roping operations began on the rest of the herd, and within forty-eight hours of their capture the whole mob had been secured and led away, in the tracks of the old bull, to the prison camp. Only the very largest had escorts as strong as the party which had had so much trouble with the tusker; others were led away by one, two, three, or four elephants, and the quite little ones were hitched by the

neck to the big frame of a tame guardian, and dragged away struggling vigorously but vainly. One little baby, whose mother was missing, and who was hardly bigger than a large pig, was shepherded by a small Koomkie to whom he was tied, and it was delightful to watch this mite enjoying himself in the river, and to note how, while he submerged himself and rolled this way and that under the water, the big fellow stood patiently over him to see that he should not drown, and then helped him along up the fast-running stream with his trunk.

The herd was now definitely captured and secured to trees or confined in cribs in the prison camp; the ferocity that its members developed at this juncture was in violent contrast to their behaviour during the earlier stages, when they had been animated by fear only. Even quite young ones became savage and dangerous, and as for the big tusker, he developed into a perfect terror.

He had been fairly quiet during the first hours of confinement in his cage, but on the following morning, falling into a frenzy of anger, he had rapidly reduced to matchwood one side of the cage, built though it was of heavy timber fastened together by 1-inch iron "dogs." We saw him throw into the air with his trunk part of the wreckage that he had made, consisting of two beams lashed together and weighing perhaps a thousand pounds. He was in so furious a mood that "Moti Lal" and "Ram Pershad" (another hero)

were brought up and made to give him a hammering; after which they were left for the remainder of the day within a few yards of him, ready at any moment to attack him again should he try to wreck more of the State property. The sight of a man infuriated him, and catching a glimpse of one he would pick up a log of his broken cage and fling it at him with tremendous force, but fortunately with faulty aim; twice he picked up the double-beam already mentioned, and raised it aloft, only however to drop it again when he realised that he could not hope to throw it the necessary distance.

Confined in a cage not far from the tusker was one of the two cow elephants which, escaping on the first evening, had returned on the following morning to the stockade and there recaptured. She was in a very restless and excited state owing to the fact that she had lost her calf, and in order to soothe her the two babies who had been caught when she made her escape were brought along, and the smaller, perhaps a month old and no bigger than a donkey of the same age, was led towards her cage. A knowledgeable native judged by her voice or action that the smaller baby was hers; and the latter, which was hungry, thinking that he had found his parent, scrambled quickly through the bars. But instead of meeting with a maternal welcome, he was savagely set upon and mauled by the cow, and had a brace of spears not been at hand she

would have crushed and kicked the infant to death within a minute. Half stunned as it was, it was difficult to get the little creature out of the cage, for of course nobody could venture inside to extricate him; he was, however, rescued at last, and though he was much battered and bruised he survived, and a day later was playing with most of the human occupants of the camp.

Opinions differ widely with regard to elephants and their treatment of their young. Some hold that a cow will always try to kill her young when in captivity; others say that they will only maltreat those who do not belong to them. A third party say that the cow will cherish her young in confinement, but will never suckle them: this opinion was borne out by a cow who gave birth to a calf after being captured, for she refused to feed it, and the baby died. Whatever the truth may be, the cows were wonderful in the care of their young during the dreadful crush in the circular enclosure, for though the greater part of the herd was confined in this for forty-eight hours, not a single calf lost its life. Only one tragedy occurred, apart from the death of the five at the foot of the fatal slope and the eventual death of the tusker: after being successfully roped and led out of the enclosure, the mother of two calves found her exertions had been too great, and on reaching the river she collapsed and died. Her calves escaping crossed the river into freedom, but were said to be big enough to take

care of themselves, and would likely join one of the wild troops still at liberty in the neighbouring jungles.

The sight of this Kheddah, and of another which was carried out upon its conclusion, gives rise to certain reflections upon the economy or otherwise of such operations, and upon the amount of needless suffering which occurs during their course. Regarded from any point of view, whether of humanity or of mere business, this suffering is as wasteful as it is cruel.

A little forethought, a little difference in the arrangements, would, for instance, have obviated the hellish suffering inflicted in the panic that has been described, and from the point of view of mere economy would have saved the lives of five potentially valuable elephants. Very little was required to effect this, so far as forethought was concerned; and as regards the arrangements, the second Kheddah which we witnessed showed how needlessly bad were those of the first Kheddah.

In this second Kheddah the elephants, when assembled from the forests, were confined for some weeks in a natural jungle enclosure some three acres in extent; within the limits of this they had the opportunity of becoming accustomed to the sight, sound, and smell of men, as well as to the presence of a stockaded fence. The result of this was that when these elephants were driven, in order to be roped, into the circular en-

closure, there was an absence of panic which had caused such distress and loss in the earlier Kheddah; while, accustomed as they were both to men and to bars, the beasts were spared the needless agonies of fear, and, with one exception, the State suffered no losses by deaths among the animals collected from afar at so much expense.

And this one casualty might, indeed should, have been avoided but for needless cruelty perpetrated to obtain spectacular effect. The incident which caused this loss is perhaps worth recording, instancing as it does the vulnerability of an animal which, from its size and strength, gives one the impression of invulnerability, and illustrating the power of a wild elephant and the marvellous intelligence and obedience of tame ones.

As in the first Kheddah, so in the second, the captives, once in the circular enclosure, were subjected to the roping process. Again there was a tusker in the herd which towered above his companions. He was docile throughout the long roping process, and remained so until the time came for him to be attacked by the Koomkies. I have already explained why this form of combat is necessary—but it surely can be overdone, and certainly was so in this case, because, one imagines, it was spectacular. The captive was younger and bigger than the tusker of the first Kheddah, and the first Koomkie selected to give him battle “funked”

it. Instead of his going in to punish, it was the wild one which challenged, and, straining at his cables, dashed at the free one, and drove his tusks into the latter's mouth. As this did not do at all, a second Koomkie was set on to attack the captive in flank, and the poor fellow came in for a dreadful punishment, and finally seemed to give up the unequal fight. But when the time for his removal arrived, all his vitality and all his courage returned to him. Unlike his predecessor, he was far from being averse to leaving his prison, and instead of putting all his strength against the four mammoths pulling him out, he dashed out after them, wholly unchecked by the drag of the two rear elephants on his hind legs. Now, when an elephant is being taken out, the second or subsidiary gate is closed across the passage, so that in the event of another (unroped) wild elephant getting out of the circular enclosure with the roped one, he will not escape. Usually it works very well, as the captive drags back, and there is plenty of time after pulling him out of the round enclosure to shut the gate behind him, and then, if all is well, to open that in front of him in the passage. But this time there was no orthodoxy; the bull threw himself on to the heels of the four leaders, and in a moment he had driven them out through the enclosure gate, and full pitch against the subsidiary gate half-way down the passage, which there

had been no time to open, and which it would have been improper to open, as the gate behind was still unclosed. To add to the confusion, a big wild elephant got out of the circular place with the two hind elephants, and thus prevented these two latter turning round to pull the big bull backwards off the heels of the leaders, who were now bellowing and roaring at each thrust the wild one gave them with his tusks. So bad was the situation that the lead elephants could bear it no longer, and all four of them collaborated in a moment to smash down the gate that blocked their way. This they did successfully so far as it concerned themselves, but they omitted to tear away the top spar, which consequently would have swept off their Mahouts had not the latter, with extraordinary wonderful presence of mind and agility, vaulted over it and alighted on their elephants' necks again: one, as a matter of fact, was swept off, but was up again in no time—how, it is difficult to imagine, in the middle of the mad scene.

Crash they went through the gate, the two rear elephants being pulled along like flies (they have to turn right round and pull in the opposite direction when they want to stop a captive's forward progress). Fortunately the loose wild elephant took it into his head to return to the Kheddah, and the moment he was in the enclosure gate was shut. Had he followed the bull out he would have

made confusion worse confounded and escaped. Once outside the smashed gate (it should here be mentioned that for this second Kheddah the stockaded passage had been pulled down between the second or subsidiary gate and the top of the river slope, so that it was open jungle between these two points), the four leaders collected their wits with extraordinary quickness, and without hesitation they swept to the right, while the wheelers went to the left, and thus they pulled the great bull fore and aft till he was steady: then the four leaders again wheeled simultaneously to the left and made a rush to and down the old slope to the river, but in doing so two of the four ropes got round the bull's foreleg, and the enormous strain of four elephants catching him like this threw him over, and there he lay winded and pretty nearly played out. Next came a loose Koomkie, and taking him sideways with his tusks under the belly, lifted him off the ground: but the leaders were rather too quick to their work, and before he had properly recovered his feet and legs he was over again and being dragged sideways

down that infernal slope till his right tusk became buried in the soil and looked as if it must break before the leaders could be stopped. But it held, and then the free Koomkie got to work once more to heave the fallen bull straight, when off went the leaders again at such a pace that he was never fairly on his feet till he got right into the river. Arrived there, all the "stuffing" seemed completely knocked out of him, and after a long drink he went off quietly with his jailers to the camp—but, alas! only to die on arrival there.

The knowledgeable said that it was the fight against odds in the enclosure which had damaged him internally, and no doubt the injury there suffered was aggravated by the events of his progress to the river. The death of this fine courageous creature affected one much; why, it is difficult to say, for happy though a tame elephant's life may be when he is tamed, he has to go through purgatory to attain his happiness—and this splendid animal was, at any rate, spared the purgatory stage.

"LIGHT CAVALRY."

A L A D O R E.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER XLIII.—HOW AITHNE SHOWED YWAIN OF THE ENCHANTMENTS OF THE RHYMER, AND OF THEM WHICH DO THEREAFTER.

So in this wise Ywain and Aithne fulfilled their youth, and they entered into newness of life. And they endured no more the fear of time, for in Aladore are days and seasons, but no count of them: and there is there neither change nor perishing.

Now on a day it befell that they two stood together at dawn, looking upon the sea: and the sun rose out of the sea and went swiftly up the sky. And Ywain looked upon the sea, and he saw it bright and clear even to the farthest border, and there was neither land nor cloud upon it, but gold only and a void space above the gold. And thereat he was astonished, and he asked of Aithne: Where then is Paladore? for I came thence by no long voyage. And she smiled a little and answered him: Let be, dear love, for it is not far off: and as much thereof as was yours, so much is yours still, for so much you brought hither when you came. And this is the law of Aladore, that in it hath every man his own and nothing less: yea rather he hath more, for unto his own vision are added many great enchant-

ments. Then said Ywain: Which be these enchantments? And she answered: They are the enchantments of the Rhymer, that was a wizard indeed: and his magic he left to all such as are able for it, unto the world's end; and many there be of them.

Then she took Ywain up into a high tower, and so forth upon the battlements thereof, and she said: Look now and behold the sorrows of Gudrun, for she loved much and suffered many things, and her end was full of right piteous remembrance. And Ywain looked down from the battlements, and he saw a steep coast and a river which ran swiftly to a western sea. And there lay hard by the river a steading upon a knole amidst the vale, and it nourished plenteously both sheep and kine. And an old man he saw which dwelt therein, and five boys that were his sons, and one more that was his brother's son: and all they went among the cattle, and rode by hill and by dale. And Ywain looked further, by a seven mile, and he saw yet another steading amidst the grey slopes, and there also

was an old man dwelling, and five sons, and a daughter thereto: and these men likewise went among the cattle and rode by hill and by dale, and the maiden tended them within the hall. And Ywain saw how the folk would come and go between the steadings, and how in their dealing there would be love and strife among them.

Then Aithne asked of him: What see you? And he told her of that which he saw. And she said: Not so shall be your vision, for though by your deeming these are but country folk, and their land a little land and a barren, yet is your deeming vain, and their life is greater than you know. Look therefore again, and by enchantment shall your eyes be made clear to see them.

Then Ywain looked again, and as he looked a voice was in his ears, and his heart-strings rung deeply thereto, for they were plucked and quivering as beneath the hand of a strong harper. And now he saw that land after another fashion: for he saw it as a strange and awful land, and the folk of it as a folk beset with fearful things, yet fearing nought, as men in the hollow of God's hand. And as folk loving and beloved he saw them, and strong and uncomplaining and compassionate, yet also working wild deeds, after the manner of men. For he saw young Kiartan the Icelander, and Bodli that was his friend and fellow, and Gudrun that was beloved of them both: and the double skein of their

love was tangled and broken in his sight.

And first the voice showed him all the love of Kiartan and Gudrun, and how Kiartan came daily from Herdholt by moor and dale unto the house of Bathstead, wherein Gudrun dwelt: and how her heart fluttered joyfully at hearing of his footfall: and long they talked together, and at evening departed hardly each from other. And their very parting was sweet, for in that moment the veil of time would fall away from before them, so that they saw love whole and without cloud.

Then the voice bade Ywain see the pride of Kiartan, whereby he went adventuring over sea. And he saw how Kiartan came across the foam to Norrøway, and there lingered by the space of three good years, making pastime of another love. And that was the love of Ingibiorg, that was King Olaf's daughter: yet at the last he left her also and returned, howbeit he returned not till it was too late.

And the voice showed Ywain all the sorrows of Bodli, Thorleik's son: for he was of all her lovers the man which most loved Gudrun. And Ywain saw him come alone from Norrøway with tidings of Kiartan and of Ingibiorg: and thereby he wedded Gudrun and fulfilled his longing and his doom.

Then Ywain's heart trembled with pity and with terror: for he saw how Kiartan came again after three years, and found Gudrun gone from him utterly

and given to his friend. And upon Kiartan also came despair, as it had come before upon Gudrun: so that he turned him to Refna and wedded where he had no heart's desire. And thereafter fell great bitterness between Herdholt and Bathstead, and though there was love still between Bodli and Kiartan, yet was there death also by the custom of men.

For on a dark road among the hills came Kiartan riding with two more: and there met him all the five brothers of Gudrun, and Bodli with them. And Ywain saw how Kiartan fought strongly with Gudrun's kin, and Bodli stood apart: yet at the last he might not forsake the men of his own house. And he drew near the fighting and thrust his sword into the side of Kiartan whom he loved. And Ywain knew that he had slain therewith his own soul also.

Then said the voice to Ywain that he should look once more upon Gudrun, for that she lived long afterwards when the rest were gone their way. And Ywain saw her as an old and sightless dame, and she sat within her bower at evening. And it was summer, with hay

in field, and the carles sang as they went homeward: and the sea murmured below, and above was a chapel on the hill, with bells which rang therein. And Gudrun sat there with her son, that was the son of Bodli: and he asked her of those whom she had loved, which was most loved. And she told him in no plain words, but in a dark and sorrowful saying: for she that was blind and old saw again Herdholt and her youth, and the deeds that she had done therein.

Then the voice ceased, and the vision: and Ywain looked upon Aithne. And he would have spoken, but he could not, for his voice was choked within his throat. And she smiled tenderly upon him, as one that has understanding of pain, and therewith she gave her hand into his hand: and presently he spoke and said: What is this place, and whose is the voice which I heard?

And she said: It is the Rhymer's Tower, and the voice is the voice of one which had the Rhymer's magic. For there are here many voices, and all to your solace: and by them is the world re-made after the fashion of life enduring.

CHAPTER XLIV.—HOW YWAIN BEHELD HIS LADY SLEEPING, AND HOW HE DESIRED TO SEE THE CASTLE OF KERIOC.

So Ywain dwelt in a land of enchantments, and had his will thereof continually. And many things he devised for his joyance, and one thing beyond all other. For it befell him on

a day that he awoke at dawn, and thereafter came the sunrise and made light the chamber where he was. And he turned him and looked upon Aithne, thereas she lay

still sleeping: and her face was fresh and clear and tranquil as the face of a little maid in her flower of youth. And as Ywain looked upon her his heart was pricked through with a sudden pain: for he saw her as she had been aforetime, in the days when she was no lady of his. And the pain was sharp, for well-nigh he forgot that which he knew of her, and thought only on that which he knew not, and he perceived that he could never come thereto, except he should go behind the back of time.

Then Aithne awoke and saw him looking down upon her, and she said: O my beloved, why look you so darkly upon me? And he said: Great things have you given me, and great enohantments have you showed me, but one thing I lack that you have held from me. Then she asked of him: What have I held from you, or what will you ask of me that I will not give you presently? And he was glad of that word and made request of her, saying: I beseech you that you bring me into the Castle of Kerioo, wherein you were born and nurtured: for except I see the manner of your youth therein I am not wholly mingled with your life.

And when she heard him she laughed and loved him in her heart, for that which he asked was pleasing to her. And she said to him: Go now and have your will, for your request is granted you. And you shall go by the way of yesterday, and enter into the

garden close and come thence into the place beyond. And you shall stand therein, looking upon the ground and speaking no word save one word that is your name, and that you shall say aloud by a hundred times and one. So prove your adventure and come again to me; for until you come I am alone.

Then Ywain kissed her thrice and went out: and he went by the way of the garden close and came to the place beyond. And he stood and looked downward upon the ground and spoke his own name aloud, and when he had spoken it but a score of times then his name was his name no longer, but a sound without sense and void. And he knew that the place was changed wherein he stood: and he looked up and saw the sea hard by him, and by the sea was a castle both great and ancient. And he went forward boldly and entered into the castle without help or hindrance.

Then he went spying out all things within the castle, and he found it rich and well beseen: and folk there were therein, but they took no heed of him, no more than if he had not been. And at the last he heard a voice singing and coming towards him: and presently there came to him a little maid. And she left singing, and looked curiously upon him, as one that knew him not. Then his heart was buffeted within him, for she was the maid which he sought, but he perceived that she had of him neither love nor knowledge.

And he said to her: Of a surety you are Aithne: but where is she which is my lady in Aladore? And the child looked upon him with clear eyes, and she answered him in a little voice and sweet: Sir Stranger, you come hither too late: for long ago she is grown up and gone away.

Then fear came upon him,

and he longed to be with his own again: and he woke as from a vain dream, and stood in his chamber whence he had gone forth. And before him was his lady in her own image, and her kisses were still upon his lips: and she lay looking upon him in the sunlight and her eyes were filled with love and with laughter.

CHAPTER XLV.—HOW YWAIN FOUND AGAIN HIM WHICH WAS FORGOTTEN IN ALADORE, AND HOW HE HEARD A RING OF BELLS AT MIDNIGHT.

Thereafter came Ywain many times into the castle of Keriooc, and Aithne with him. For she loved greatly to have him there, notwithstanding that she had good game at him when he went thither the first time: and in especial she would have him there in winter at the time of Yule. For that castle stands by the very margent of the sea upon a high rock; and it is in fashion like to an island, for on the one side it is set high above the land and on the other side it goes down steeply toward the shore. And the wind of winter goes over it from the land seaward: and on the shore is warm lying among the sand-hills which are beneath the castle. And above the sand-hills is a postern gate and steps of stone: and thereby came Ywain and Aithne many times unto the shore at midnight, that they might see the stars and hear the crying of the birds. For the sea-birds cry about that place with a sweet cry and a sad, and in the darkness they draw near

and are not seen, as it were the souls of the beloved.

So after this wise Ywain and Aithne came and went, and they took of all seasons such days as they would, and lived carelessly: for they were as those which have more than they can spend. And after certain times it was so with Ywain that he remembered no longer the days when he knew not Keriooc; for his life was changed and deepened as a river is deepened when twain flow together in one. And he desired no more, save that he might always so continue: for he forgot that the road of his pilgrimage was not yet passed beyond the gateway of death, yet at the last he remembered it perforce.

For upon a day he wandered alone in the castle of Keriooc, and by chance he came into a crypt that was thereunder; and in the crypt he spied a door, which was well looked and made fast so that he could not open it. Then he came to Aithne and said: What is this

door, whereof you gave me not the key? For all other keys she had given him save this one only. And she denied not, but answered him plainly, and she counselled him that he should forbear that door. But when she saw that he would not forbear then she gave him the key, and she said to him: Go now and take your way, for it is a man's way, and it may be that your heart shall be stronger than your head to serve you. And if not, then must I endure it, for I knew long since how this should be.

And Ywain perceived how she spoke to him; and she spoke with love and mirth, and in the mirth was a little sorrow: but he put by the sorrow and took hold on the mirth, and so kissed her and went his way. And he came to the door and opened it, and within were bare chambers of rock, in manner of dungeons. And in one chamber he perceived a dim light, and when he was come there he saw a lamp of bronze hanging, and beneath it an old man on a chair of black stone; and his beard was long and white, and it fell over his knees as a stream falls over a mountain side. And when he saw him Ywain trembled, for his heart misgave him who the old man should be.

Then Ywain said to him: Sir, forgive me, for I came hither unknowing. And the old man answered him: My son, this long time that you have been in Aladore, you do all things unknowing. And Ywain said thereto: Yet my

life I know, and my own gladness: for this a man cannot but know, and it suffices me. Then the old man looked hard upon Ywain, and his eyes were like grey stones, and the weight of them sank into Ywain's eyes and lay heavy upon his heart. And he said to Ywain: You speak also unknowing, for in Aladore is no substance of truth, but all is dream. And this for you is Kerioo, and the seventh winter that you are herein: but I tell you that all is dream. For since you forgot Paladore it is not yet seven days: and as for Kerioo it is there where it was aforetime, beside the forest of Broceliande.

Then Ywain hardened his heart, and he said to the old man: Sir, I have heard your saying and I understand it not: for I am here, and in my right mind, and therein is the substance of truth for every man. And the old man said: Not so, but you shall awake and know your dream. And I will give you a token: and the token shall be when you shall hear the bells of Paladore ringing midnight in your ears.

Then was Ywain angered against the old man, for he feared his saying: and he left him suddenly and went out, and locked the door fiercely upon him. And he came to Aithne and said no word: and she perceived how he was lost in trouble. Then she spoke gently to him: Tell me your thought, for I perceive that you have found again him that was forgotten. Then

Ywain told her of the old man and of his great beard, and of his eyes, and of his evil saying: and he told her with many words, for he was angry and afraid. And she also was afraid, for she had seen that old man aforetime, and found no force against him. But now she took her lute and made a song of him: and when he heard the song then was Ywain brought again into his former mind, as for that time, but Aithne doubted within herself.

Then within a while the day drew in and the sun set on Kerioo and on all the lands of Aladore. And Ywain and Aithne laid them to their rest: and Aithne slept deep and stirred not, but Ywain awoke suddenly. And he found darkness on all things and no light at all, for moon there was none, and the stars were hid in mist. And for a while he lay still and moved not, but his mind moved continually, and it led him hither and thither until he was perplexed and weary. And in an evil moment he thought on that old man which he had seen: and instantly he heard a sound of bells, and he knew

that they were the bells of Paladore, for they were sounding midnight. Then he started up in fear and went softly out of the chamber, for he said within himself that he would walk upon the shore and come again, and so ease him of his thought.

So he came to the postern and opened it, and went down upon the sand-hills, and he wandered to and fro thereon without respect of mind or body: and at the last he was fordome with weariness, and set him down to rest, and right so he fell to forgetfulness and sleep. And when he awoke the second time it was grey dawn, and the mist was still upon the sea: and he turned him about and looked up that he might see the castle of Kerioo. And he saw neither shape nor sign of it, nor any way of his returning: but he saw instead a high steep, grey and green, and walls and towers thereon. Then the mist began to depart from before his eyes, and he knew the place as a man knows again the face which he had forgotten. And his heart failed within him, and the sun rose on Paladore.

CHAPTER XLVI.—HOW YWAIN WAS COUNSELLED OF THE
PRINCE OF PALADORE.

Then Ywain came to the height of the steep, and there before the gate he stood in doubt, for he knew not whither he should go. And in his doubt his feet drew him unwittingly, and he looked up suddenly and

saw the Great Gard and the courtyard which was before it. And the courtyard was as it had been aforetime, with halberdiers before the door and men a-horseback in their armour: and the Rhymer's

Hall and the minstrels and all his dealings therein seemed but an old vision or a show which had passed into memory. Notwithstanding he doubted even of his misery: for he said within himself: Surely this also is a dream, and there beyond the garden close is my lady waiting until I come to her.

Then he went towards the door, and one came thereout to meet him: and Ywain perceived that it was Sir Rainald, and he would have passed by with such courtesy as might suffice. But Sir Rainald stayed him and took him by the hand, and he said to Ywain how that it was even he whom he sought and none other: for the Prince would speak with him of certain matters. And of these matters, he said, I will tell you this much, by way of friendship: and namely, that the Prince, which is your master and liege, takes it ill that he is so deceived in you. For you gave him assurance that you would dwell in Paladore, and do after the customs of the city: but now you deal otherwise and are gone continually from hence, and none knows whither.

Then Ywain was perplexed and knew not what he should answer: for he remembered how that it was forbidden in that city to speak the name of Aladore. Also he remembered the saying of the hermit, that he must return to Paladore and find his life among men and so come to the land of his desire. And Sir Rainald kept watch upon him slyly out of the side of his eye, and he saw

his perplexity and in part he knew the reason of it. And he said to Ywain: Go now, and follow the counsel of a friend; and say what you will unto the Prince, save only that you say not any thing which is outrageous against our custom. For even to utter such a word before a Prince is ungentle, seeing that he is not bred to hear villainy and hath no skill to answer thereto.

So Ywain went from him and came presently before the Prince; and the Prince was counting his money: for he was a careful man, and every month he counted his money from one great chest into another. And at the first he looked upon Ywain and gave him no greeting, but afterwards when he had made an end of his counting then he spoke to him. And he said as Sir Rainald had reported of him, how that he was deceived in Ywain: for he had looked to have him dwelling continually in Paladore, to fight and to do adventures, and not to go wandering elsewhere.

Then Ywain answered him courteously and said: Sir, I have done with my wandering, and except it be in Paladore I have no place of dwelling, as in this world. And when he had said that the Prince looked shrewdly upon him, as one that would pierce a covered thing, and he asked of Ywain: Whither then go you, and whence came you now? For you have been seven days in hiding, since that you were seen within the city. And Ywain answered: Sir, it is hard to

tell: for I have been in no place of the world, but in a land of dreams. Ha! said the Prince, I knew it well, for it is a common case and an evil. And I will deal patiently with you in this matter, seeing that you are an outlander born and not yet perfect in the custom of our city. Know then that in Paladore a dream is a thing of nought and a byword of folly, for we are lovers of truth, and in dreams is no truth at all. And we approve all such things as have substance, and gold the chief and sign of all: and thereby is the repute of them which are great among us. For to do and to have is the virtue of men, but they which dream do

nothing and gain no penny-worth.

And Ywain could well hear that which was said, for it was clearly spoken: but in the same moment he heard also his lady's voice and remembered him of her sweet fellowship. And his heart grew hot and his eyes were lightened: and the Prince faded suddenly from before him and the gold was turned to sunshine within the chest. And Ywain turned him about toward the doorway, and he saw there Aithne in the beauty of morning: and she smiled and said to him: Beloved, why went you from me: for I dreamed evilly of bells at midnight, and I awoke and found you not.

CHAPTER XLVII.—HOW YWAIN AND AITHNE HAD SIGHT OF HUBERT, AND RETURNED TOGETHER INTO PALADORE.

Now was Ywain again in Aladore and accompanied with his love: and for awhile he forgot the Prince and all his counsel, and went among divers delights as a honey-bee goes among a wilderness of flowers. And it befell on a night that he sat with Aithne beside a fountain, and in the pool of the fountain they looked upon the summer stars. And round about them were cypresses and shadows, and there was no wind in the hollow of the night nor any sound save a little silvery sound of the fountain.

And Aithne spoke softly to Ywain in the dark, and she said to him: Beloved, tell me of many things, for the night is still and secret, and this

fountain shall be your fountain of memory. And he asked her for asking's sake: Of which thing first shall I tell you? and she answered: Of your life in Paladore, and of those with whom you had your dealing, whether in love or in hate, for some of them I also have known and some never: and they shall be to me like them which are in a tale of faery, or a picture woven upon the wall.

Then Ywain leaned over and looked into the pool of the fountain, and he remembered the saying of the hermit, how that in all still water there will be visions. And true it was aforetime and true now: and in this water Ywain saw both Paladore and all that he

had done therein. And the faces of his friends he saw, and of his enemies, and he saw his own face and form among them, and he perceived all their love and their evil malice. And that which he saw he told it to Aithne as a tale out of live memory, for it was there before his eyes in clear colours. And he told her of those four which had been friends to him in Paladore: and namely of Maurice which had a merry wit, and of Dennis whose sayings bit like salt. Also of Bartholomy the religious and of Hubert that first of all named Aladore to Ywain by name: and Ywain made a more especial mention of Hubert, because that he was such an one as would give the world for a dream. And ever as he rehearsed of Hubert, Ywain saw his face more clear before him: and when he had come to an end of his tale then he saw him yet more clear. And Ywain fell silent and bent him down above the water, for he remembered the well of the hermit, and he thought to see not only that which had befallen, but also somewhat of that which should befall. But Aithne knew his thought and said to him: Look no more, for this is the fountain of memory, and though the memory be not ours but greater, yet in it are shown no deeds save those which are accomplished.

Notwithstanding Ywain continued looking, and as he looked he cried out in anger, for he saw in the vision Sir Rainald, and how he came with certain of his and laid hold on Hubert:

and they led Hubert away by force and so passed as it were out of the pool into the dimness of the night. Then Ywain started up, and told Aithne of that which he had seen: and she said: You do well to cry out, howbeit you cry too late, for that which you saw is surely done already. But Ywain stood staring into the darkness, for it seemed to him that he heard a going among the cypresses.

And as he stood there staring, and Aithne with him, there came one walking toward them in the thickest of the shadows: and when he was come nearer he lift up his face and looked steadfastly at them, and so passed by and was gone from them again. And Aithne said to Ywain: Tell me quickly, whose face was that which I saw. And Ywain drew in his breath and answered her: It was the face of Hubert, and though he spoke no word, yet with his eyes he called me. Yea, said Aithne, and methought he called us both: for he looked upon me also, and in his look was strong sorrow and entreaty. Then pity and anger went over Ywain like a river in flood, and he said to his lady: What must I do, for I have need of your help and your enchantments.

Then Aithne answered him not, but she took him by the hand and brought him to the margent of the fountain. And they held firmly each by other, and so stepped together into the pool: and Ywain felt the water cold about his knees. And he shivered and awoke as

it were from a sleep: and the fountain and the cypresses were vanished from him and he stood with Aithne upon a beach of the sea. And before

them was a high steep, shining with grey and with green: and above it was a grey and silver cloud, and a crescent moon, and the moon rose over Paladore.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—HOW YWAIN WAS AWEARIED OF PALADORE,
AND HOW HE WAS MISHANDLED BY THE GREAT ONES OF
THE CITY.

Then they climbed the Steep together and entered into the city: and Ywain brought Aithne home to his own house. And he made her a little supper, scant enough, and drew wine for her of the wine which the Eagles had given him: and sweet it was still, but the spirit was gone out of it. And when they had eaten and drunk, then a great weariness came upon Ywain, and he spoke, and uttered his complaint unto Aithne: for he was adread to hear ill tidings of Hubert, and in his heart he sighed after the peace of Aladore. And his lady comforted him and said: Beloved, think not to be alone in weariness, for to me also the business of Paladore hath been as dust upon the tongue. But this is the fortune of men, to dwell in two realms, until that our life is changed: and it may be that the time is not long. And what matter, if by our own magic we may come and go? and what grief, if we may be together?

So Ywain was comforted by means of those words, for they were more than wine to him: and the chime told midnight, and they twain laid them to their sleep. And in the morning before men were stirring

Ywain ran quickly to the house of Hubert and knocked upon the door: and there came to him Maurice and Dennis, and told him ill tidings of Hubert, how that he had been thrust forth out of the city, never to return under pain of life. And they told him further how that the Eagles were sworn to bring him in again: for he had done no wrong, but only to speak against them of the Tower. And Ywain had great indignation thereat, and swore instantly to be of their fellowship; but inwardly he groaned to be so bound again, for he saw no end to strife and no day of returning.

Notwithstanding he stooped him to his burden and shouldered it: and he went here and there throughout the city and spoke among divers sorts of men. And in general he found them to be of three sorts: and namely, there were some of good will toward the Eagles, and some which held by the Tower, for favour's sake: and yet more there were which were men of ease and loved nothing so much as to keep order and custom and to hear no questions. And these said to Ywain that they were neither of this side nor of

that, but would favour no man that should be a disturber of peace.

Then came one to Ywain and stayed him in the midst of the street: and he was a Summoner, and by his office he summoned Ywain to come before the Archbishop. So Ywain went with him, and as he went he marvelled within himself what manner of turn was this, for he had had no dealings with clergy, neither for them neither against.

And when he came to the palace then he was yet more astonished: for the Archbishop sat in no public place but in a little chamber set about with books, and with him were three or four great ones of the company of the Tower. And they greeted Ywain courteously and asked him to speak his mind unto them concerning Hubert. Then Ywain took the word and reasoned with them, that it was no good cause to banish a man, if he should have spoken against a company or against a custom. And when he had said that, he looked to be down-cried and angrily used.

Howbeit the game was otherwise played, as at this time, for none cried out nor used him angrily, but they of the Tower made a show to receive his saying courteously and to agree thereto. Then the Archbishop spoke to Ywain, and his eyes glowed like coals, and his voice was rich and sweet like strong wine softened with honey, and

he said: These are my friends and yours, and they would be friends to Hubert also, for there is no malice in them, but good will and free forgiveness. But Hubert would not, to my grief I say it: for he was taken with an ill mind and brought disease upon many. And his disease was this, that he became a dreamer of dreams, and would have others to be like himself: and thereby they were in danger to have perished.

Then said Ywain: My lord, I pray you pardon me: of what dreams do men perish? And the Archbishop answered him patiently and said: Surely of all such dreams as are not according to faith. Then said Ywain: I rejoice to hear my lord's saying, for Hubert is of all men most full of faith, as one that would give the world for a dream. And even as he does, so do I and mine: for we long after our own land, and go pilgrimage to find it. And in that it is a land of dream it is a land of faith: for by our dreams we make life new and ever during, and what else do all the men of faith?

And when he said that the Archbishop was some deal choked in his throat, and the red blood came into his face about his eyes. And he said to Ywain: What mean you, sir, for I fear lest I should understand your saying. And Ywain answered: Let me use plain words with reverence: for we are both of us men and the sons of men, and to each man his own magio.

And we all seek for the land of our desire, and we build therein a city and a house for our abiding. And you call your city Paradise, and ours we call Aladore, for of our own dreams it is builded and upheld.

Then the Archbishop rose up upon his feet, and he looked on Ywain with a stern countenance, and said: It is enough. And he went out in his wrath, and the great ones followed after him.

CHAPTER XLIX.—HOW YWAIN WAS EXCOMMUNICATE AFTER
THE CUSTOM OF PALADORE.

Little enough thought Ywain of the anger of those great ones, for he held himself to have outreasoned them, and he perceived not how by his cunning the Archbishop had entrapped him before witnesses of repute. But Aithne perceived it, and more, for Ywain told her some deal, and other deal she divined of herself. And when she had considered a little she bade him make haste and do those things for which he came, and look not to be long unharassed of his enemies: for that they had fastened an ill quarrel upon him by no chance but by intent, and they were such as would follow their craft.

So he went about the town busily, seeking out all those which were friends to Hubert and all those which were haters of evil custom: and he found some and persuaded other, and thought to have made good way. And this time also he perceived how he was favoured of the commons of Paladore; for he discoursed to them largely, and they were ever assorted on discourse and on a ready tongue.

And on a day he came down

to the door of his house, to go forth into the city: and there came to his ears a sound of a bell tolling and of a multitude of people going all one way. And he hastened and came to the end of the street and found them passing by; for they were going toward the market-place. And he perceived that in the middle was a train of some sort, walking by two and by two, and there went a great bell before them, and beside them the multitude ran and jostled under the walls of the street. And Ywain joined himself to them, for he was willing to know of their dealing: and for the thickness of the crowd he could not see what was to the forward, but only he perceived that in the train were many great ones of the company of the Tower.

Then he spoke to a man that was beside him in the crowd, and he asked of him what might be the meaning of the concourse and of the tolling: for the bell was of a right dolorous sound, but among the people was no sadness at all. And the man answered him: Well may you

that, but would favour no man that should be a disturber of peace.

Then came one to Ywain and stayed him in the midst of the street: and he was a Summoner, and by his office he summoned Ywain to come before the Archbishop. So Ywain went with him, and as he went he marvelled within himself what manner of turn was this, for he had had no dealings with clergy, neither for them neither against.

And when he came to the palace then he was yet more astonished: for the Archbishop sat in no public place but in a little chamber set about with books, and with him were three or four great ones of the company of the Tower. And they greeted Ywain courteously and asked him to speak his mind unto them concerning Hubert. Then Ywain took the word and reasoned with them, that it was no good cause to banish a man, if he should have spoken against a company or against a custom. And when he had said that, he looked to be down-cried and angrily used.

Howbeit the game was otherwise played, as at this time, for none cried out nor used him angrily, but they of the Tower made a show to receive his saying courteously and to agree thereto. Then the Archbishop spoke to Ywain, and his eyes glowed like coals, and his voice was rich and sweet like strong wine softened with honey, and

he said: These are my friends and yours, and they would be friends to Hubert also, for there is no malice in them, but good will and free forgiveness. But Hubert would not, to my grief I say it: for he was taken with an ill mind and brought disease upon many. And his disease was this, that he became a dreamer of dreams, and would have others to be like himself: and thereby they were in danger to have perished.

Then said Ywain: My lord, I pray you pardon me: of what dreams do men perish? And the Archbishop answered him patiently and said: Surely of all such dreams as are not according to faith. Then said Ywain: I rejoice to hear my lord's saying, for Hubert is of all men most full of faith, as one that would give the world for a dream. And even as he does, so do I and mine: for we long after our own land, and go pilgrimage to find it. And in that it is a land of dream it is a land of faith: for by our dreams we make life new and ever during, and what else do all the men of faith?

And when he said that the Archbishop was some deal choked in his throat, and the red blood came into his face about his eyes. And he said to Ywain: What mean you, sir, for I fear lest I should understand your saying. And Ywain answered: Let me use plain words with reverence: for we are both of us men and the sons of men, and to each man his own magic.

And we all seek for the land of our desire, and we build therein a city and a house for our abiding. And you call your city Paradise, and ours we call Aladore, for of our own dreams it is builded and upheld.

Then the Archbishop rose up upon his feet, and he looked on Ywain with a stern countenance, and said: It is enough. And he went out in his wrath, and the great ones followed after him.

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ask, as I also have asked but a moment since, for the like of this hath not happed within my memory. And the concourse is all to see and to hear the Archbishop a-cursing, and the bell also is part of the cursing, for it betokens that he which is cursed should be as it were buried out of sight and fellowship. Then Ywain remembered Hubert, and his heart rose and he asked again: Whom then will they curse and for what cause? And the man answered: He is one Ywain, and I know him well: and the cause is a true cause, for he is a blasphemer of the faith, a dealer in dreamage and all manner of sorceries.

And at that saying Ywain was astonished and said no more: for he had thought to hear speak of Hubert and not of himself. And he went forward strongly through the press, and came out into the market-place and stood upon a step under an archway and looked forth over the heads of the multitude. And he saw the train there before him: in the forefront were an hundred of the company of the Tower, wearing their livery of black with a golden tower thereon. And after them came an hundred of clergy, appavelled in black clothes and white, and an hundred doctors of the schools with gowns of divers colours: and the Archbishop was robed in a silken robe of crimson with a great hat of the same, and before him went

two with candles in hand, and one with a bell.

So they came upon the place in seemly order, and they halted there and departed into two lines the one over against the other: and the Archbishop passed through and stood upon the steps of the great Hall. And he held up his hand, and immediately the bell ceased from tolling, and they of the multitude were hushed from their babble. Then came seven clergy before the Archbishop, having seven great candles in their hands, and they stood and set light to them and held them aloft: and when all the people had perceived their dealing, then they threw down the candles upon the ground and trod out the flame of them. And as they trod them they cried against them: Out, out, accursed; until all were quenched.

Then the Archbishop stood forth with staff in hand, and he bade all men to know, and to make known, how that Ywain was thenceforth out off from the company of all men living, and from the company of all the faithful dead. And under pain of the like sentence he ordained that none should give him neither shelter nor speech, nor food nor fellowship, nor any means of life nor burial after death. And when he had so said he went solemnly out from the place: and all his train followed after him, and last of all went he that had the bell, a-tolling dolorously.

CHAPTER L.—HOW YWAIN AND AITHNE CAME TO ALADORE
THE LAST TIME, AS IN THIS TRANSITORY LIFE.

Now Ywain was known of none, for he was in a sure place and looked forth above the heads of the multitude. But he perceived all that was done, and none better, and he understood right well the evil malice and craft of his enemies, and his heart was pricked therewith as with the poison of wasps. And the tolling of the bell he regarded not, neither the treading of the candles, for he held such things to be shows to frighten fools: but the curses and the sentences, and all the words of the Archbishop, those stung his blood and made bitterness in his throat.

Then he thought to get some comfort of the people which were round about him, and he went forward a little and mingled with them and heard their talk. And at the first he had some pleasure of them, for there was not one in twenty but was making merry, with no saving of reverence, no, not of the Archbishop himself. But therewith came displeasure, that he also was but lightly accounted of: for the most part of the crowd made no distinction, but they cheapened the sin with the punishment. And the best that he could find was this, that the young and lean men were for him and the old and fat against him: for in Paladore the old dream not, save it be of gold and gluttony. And with this he was but ill content, for they which are

young in that city are no more than one in three, and they are of small account, seeing that the best of them are banished.

So he left that and came away covertly to his own house, and he found Aithne therein, and told her of all that he had seen and heard. And of the pain which he had in his heart, of this he told her not, but she perceived it by the manner of his speaking, for she knew his thought as it were by touch and not by words. And she said to him: It is no marvel if you are in pain: for there is no venom in nature like to the venom of speech, and many times it will work madness in the blood. But there is good magic against it, as I shall show you presently, for this is a woman's gift from the time out of mind. And be-think you also how their curses are no better than their ceremonies, and both alike folly: for they are but tokens and have in them no power to make good.

Nay, said Ywain, but they have this power, that they hurt where they are aimed: for in another man's case I had never regarded them, but when they struck my own name then they pierced and rankled. And thereat he cast down his eyes and fell into a weariness. And Aithne came to him and stood beside him where he sat, and she took his head between her arms and drew it in upon her breast. And immediately the

bands of his weariness were loosed, and his spirit was rooked in a sure hold as a young child is rooked by his mother: and he shut to his eyes and remembered no more the things which were done against his peace.

Then he opened his eyes again, and he saw how that he stood in a meadow of flowers, and the flowers were kingcups and lady-smocks and other such as are chiefly loved of children. And among the flowers there ran a little brook, and in the brook were minnows going all one way like boats upon a wind: and it seemed to Ywain that it were worth all other joys if he might take but one minnow in his naked hand. And not far off from him stood a little maid and called to him: and she called him to come home, for it was time. And he knew that she was his sister, that was his older by two years, and it was in his mind to obey her, but not yet. Then he stretched out his hand and stooped forward above the brook, and he snatched suddenly at a minnow that was there: and the sedge yielded beneath him and he fell with his arms upon the water. And immediately he came to his feet again and stood upon the meadow: but he was all bedabbled and bedrenched, and

he feared to be chidden, and his fear burst forth from him and he wept.

Then the maid that was his sister came to him and stood beside him, and took his head between her arms and drew it in upon her breast. And he shut to his eyes, and immediately his fear was stayed and the water was dried upon his arms and upon his feet, and his heart was comforted. And he opened his eyes again and looked about him, and he saw the place wherein he was: and the place was changed and was become *Aladore*, and he sat by the margin of the sea, where he had been aforetime, and *Aithne* was there beside him to his solace.

And he said to her: O my beloved, what enchantment is this that you have used? For I have been a child again, and in great grief concerning little things: and I have been comforted with the comfort of my mother and of my sister which are long since dead and gone from me.

And *Aithne* stooped over him and kissed him and said: Even so, beloved, and this enchantment is no marvel, seeing that it is common with them which are lovers of men: for it is the gift of a woman, and an heritage from the time that is out of mind.

CHAPTER LI.—OF TWO CITIES THAT WERE BUILDED DIVERSELY,
AND HOW YWAIN AND AITHNE HEARD A HORN BLOWN
OVER-SEA FOR BATTLE.

Then said Ywain: Doubtless your saying is true, and well have I proved the gift: yet I marvel notwithstanding, for a man may wonder in despite of knowledge. And

there is one matter concerning which I am still perplexed. And Aithne said to him: Say on. And he said to her: I am perplexed between two verities: for there is one truth of Paladore and another of Aladore, and though they be diverse yet they both have by seeming the nature of truth veritable. And many times my mind is in doubt concerning them: for in our life that now is we come and go between two realms, and I would that I might know which of them shall outdure other.

And Aithne asked him: After what manner seem these verities to you? And he answered: O beloved, now am I with you in Aladore, and all things else and all men and all places are but as shadows cast by this our life, and we move them as we will, and as we will we take away their being. But when I am alone and dwelling yonder among men, then have those shadows truth of substance and of touch, and the life of Aladore becomes an image in the mind, as it was aforetime when I saw it as a cloud in heaven.

Then Aithne was silent a space, and fear came into her eyes: and afterwards she spoke suddenly and said: O my beloved, keep innocency, for to a child these things are plain. And you were a child this moment past, and I with you: and wherefore now should we cloud our wisdom with a doubt? And she rose up and said to him: Let us play a game together, as children that play upon the shore. For here

is sand enough, and loneliness, and the tide returning: and we will build us two cities, and see which of the two shall best endure. And you shall build your city with your hands, and name it Paladore: and you shall make it in all things like to the city that you know, with a High Steep seaward, and a wall, and a gateway and towers thereon. And I also will make a city and name it Aladore, and I will make it after the same fashion, but not of the same substance: for I will not build it with hands but with a power of the spirit.

So Ywain took of the wet sand and of the dry, and he built him a great mound after the manner of children. And when he had made it strong then he carved it into the likeness of a city, with a high steep and a wall and towers thereon: and it stood upon the shere and looked out seaward, and he named it Paladore, for it was fashioned in no other wise, and the tide came running toward the edges of the steep.

Then Ywain said to Aithne: This is my city, O my play-fellow, and I marvel that yours is not yet a-building. But Aithne answered him not, for she was singing a song of witchery: and she sang in a low voice and sweet, and as she sang she weaved a witch-knot upon the air with both her hands. And immediately there came a little mist upon the shore, and the mist drew upward from the sand and hung in one place upon the air like smoke: and so it continued

the while Aithne sang her song. And when she had ceased from her singing then Ywain saw the mist no more, for it was clean vanished and in the place thereof was another mound and another city, in semblance like unto the first, and those two cities were nigh together upon the shore and the tide came about them both by little and little.

And Ywain and Aithne stood still and looked upon the tide: and it came running and lapping more fiercely, and the froth of it began to foam upon the edges of the mounds. And the water gnawed upon the sand of the one city, and that was Ywain's: and the walls and towers of it began to crumble and to craek, and at the last they were perished wholly as by ruin of time, and the tide flowed over them and they were gone. But with Aithne's city it was not so, for the sea bit not upon it nor overflowed it, but it stood above the water until the turn-

ing of the tide. And Ywain came near to touch it, but he could not, for it was but mist between his fingers. And he left it alone and stood and looked upon it again: and it endured as rock, notwithstanding it was builded of a song.

Then he said to Aithne: The game is nought, for you have played it by no fair hazard but by enohantment. And she answered him: Not so, for by this same enohantment is Aladore upbuilded and sustained, and that is the truth of it. And she looked into his eyes and her spirit entered into him, and they twain were one spirit. And the dusk began to fall about them and peace therewith, for they were in their own place beyond time and tide. But in that moment came change upon Ywain, for a sound was in his ears: and the sound was the sound of a horn blown over sea, and in the hearing of it all the blood of his body leapt furiously up to battle.

(To be concluded.)

IMPROVISED ARMIES.

Now and again through some emergency, or after a woeful disaster, nations have been forced to undertake the business of providing an army hastily. These emergencies and disasters come suddenly; they catch the nation unprepared; if they are not met the result may be complete ruin. It is instructive to see what steps have been taken in the past by nations left in this luckless position, and how far they have been successful.

Without going too far back the following instances may be taken:—

(1) The case of France at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

(2) The case of Prussia in 1813, when she declared against Napoleon.

(3) The case of the United States in 1861, on the outbreak of the War of Secession.

(4) The case of France in 1870 after the surrenders of Metz and Sedan.¹

Taking these four over again, let us see what is the general impression about them, and later examine a little more closely to see how far that general impression is justified by facts.

(1) At the beginning of the Revolutionary wars France was attacked by Austria and the Empire, by Prussia, by Piedmont, and a little later by Spain and by England. That is to say, every frontier was hostile, except her Swiss border. From Belgium along the Meuse and up the Rhine; across the Western Alps; along the Pyrenees; and all her sea-coast was menaced. Of her assailants Austria had the largest European army of the time, and Prussia's was thought to be the best. The army of France, on the other hand, was broken by fierce quarrels between royalist and republican, mutinous and ill-disciplined. Yet she was able to check the invaders at Valmy in 1792, to create army after army, till they reached the total of thirteen, to overrun Belgium, subdue Holland, drive off all invaders, and cross the Rhine. In 1794 her forces were victorious everywhere—except at sea.

These million soldiers who came to aid the regular army were raised in three ways: (a) by volunteers, (b) by the so-called *levée en masse*, (c) by requisition—or, in other words, by conscription. And their

¹ Other cases are those of Great Britain under threat of invasion in 1804; of Spain in the Peninsular War; and of France after the loss of the *Grande Armée* in Russia. Britain's levies, however, were never tested; in Spain the geographical conditions were altogether abnormal, and Napoleon in 1813 was not fighting to resist an invader. His defensive campaign in 1814 was conducted almost entirely by regulars.

efforts were brilliantly successful. Here then is, or appears to be, an instance where a nation, threatened for its life, springs to arms, improvises armies, and those armies are victorious.

(2) The next case is that of Prussia. After the battle of Jena in 1806, and the downfall that followed it, Prussia had hardly a soldier left. In company with Russia she went on with the war till June 1807; but when Napoleon and Alexander of Russia came to terms at the Treaty of Tilsit in 1807, Prussia had to accept what terms she could get. Besides losing territory, she had to submit to the condition that her army was not to exceed 43,000 men. In no part of Europe was Napoleon more hated than in Prussia, and consequently, after the Grand Army had perished in Russia in 1812, Prussia was the first to revolt against her French oppressor. Once again it seems as if a nation arises armed from the earth. In the campaign of 1813 Prussia was at once able to put 80,000 men into the field. She took a great part in the fighting of 1813, helped to win the great battle of the Nations—Leipzig—and provided over 100,000 men for the invasion of France in the spring of 1814. This, again, has the look of an army largely improvised out of civilians.

(3) When the American War of Secession began in April 1861, the Government of the United States had only

14,000 regular soldiers. In that same month of April 75,000 volunteers were obtained, and in May 42,000 more. In July two calls for half a million each were made. In all, during the war, the North put some 2,600,000 men in the field, and the Southern States gathered 1,100,000; both sides fought with a tenacity rarely equalled in war, and great leaders—Lee, Jackson, Grant, and Sheridan—were not lacking.

(4) The business of 1870 bears a different look. After the collapse of the Empire, the Republican Government made gigantic efforts. In all some 1,400,000 men—of sorts—were raised, which vastly outnumbered the German armies, but no success rewarded them. No victory of any importance was won. Paris was not relieved. France had to accept defeat.

It would seem, then, that we have here three cases where attempts to improvise armies have succeeded and one that has failed. It may be interesting to see in what way success—such as it was—was attained in the earlier cases, and why the last effort was a failure.

Set side by side two pictures. The first is the Argonne in the month of September 1792. On the one hand the Prussians under Brunswick had passed the frontier and its fortresses, with 42,000 men—and Prussian soldiery had still the halo of Frederick's greatness about them; they were to be supported on their right by an

Austrian detachment of 20,000, and on the left by an Austrian army moving from Belgium. To face them the French General Dumouriez had 13,000, and he was able to double this number by calling to him Dillen and Duval. Behind he had 30,000 National Guards at Chalons, but these could hardly be called soldiers. His position looked desperate. He could not hold all the roads through the Argonne: one was already forced. His men were not to be trusted; 10,000 of them under General Chazot had retired in hasty disorder before three Prussian regiments of cavalry. Napoleon himself said that he would not have ventured to fight where Dumouriez did.¹ Still there was one bright spot—only along the main road could guns be moved in such wet weather as that September provided. Brunswiok hesitated; Kellermann and Bournonville came up and raised Dumouriez' force to something over 60,000 men. On the misty morning of September 20, Kellermann faced the Prussians at Valmy and an artillery combat began. With that, however, it ended; the Prussian columns formed up for attack never advanced, never even fired a shot. Neither side budged from its position. The losses were a mere handful. Yet none the

less Valmy was long ago placed among the "decisive battles of the world," and recent criticism has not disputed the decision. The Prussians, discouraged, annoyed by the Austrian failure to co-operate, and suffering much from dysentery,² fell back—the Republic was saved.³

Now for the other side of the picture: this is the work of eighteen months. "Twenty-seven victories, of which 8 in pitched battles; 120 combats; 80,000 enemies *hors de combat*; 91,000 taken prisoners; 116 fortresses or important towns taken, 36 of them after siege or blockade; 230 forts or redoubts carried; 3800 guns, 70,000 muskets, 1900 million lb. of powder, and 90 colours captured." Such were the words of Carnot, at the head of the Ministry for War, rightly called the "Organiser of Victory." He might have added that not an enemy of France remained west of the Rhine.

It is a marvellous change from September 1792 to the end of 1794, but we must not lose sight of the fact that the period covers more than two years. It is tempting to assume that progress was as uniform as it was brilliant, that the French armies marched from victory to victory; but it was not so. The first half of the year of 1793 saw a complete breakdown.

¹ Perhaps Napoleon was, to use a vulgarism, "talking through his hat." He had one good reason to praise Dumouriez: Dumouriez was *dead*, and Napoleon could afford to be generous to dead commanders if not to living rivals. Compare his similar laudation of Sir John Moore.

² They had eaten too many grapes in the Champagne district.

³ On its birthday: France had, that very day, declared itself a Republic.

The French invasion of Belgium failed, her troops were driven from the Rhine, everywhere the Austrians were successful, the north of France was invaded, and in August 1793 the fortresses on the Belgian frontier were falling, the road to Paris being steadily forced, a fierce insurrection going on in La Vendée; the Austrians had reached St Quentin and Peronne. French armies were only a third of their paper strength, the men out of heart, commanders changing day by day, confusion everywhere. The crisis was more acute than when Brunswick turned back from Valmy. Yet once more the tide ebbed—or to put it more accurately, the flood was stayed.

If France's improvised army succeeded in 1792, why did it fail in the first half of 1793? What enabled it to regain the mastery? How far is it true to call it an improvised army?

Armies win through their own merits and through their enemy's defects. The defects of the Allies in 1792 were strongly marked. Austria and Prussia were the only two that need be seriously reckoned; the others could only make slight diversions in places which could exercise no real force in war. Even Austria and Prussia were not cordial allies, for they were at odds over the division of Poland. Prussia did not really put her weight into it, and yet she did far more than Austria. And the slowness of even the

Prussian movements was wonderful. France declared war in April 20, 1792; but Prussia and Austria had beforehand determined on the same thing, though they cannot be said to have prepared for it. It was not till the middle of June that the Prussians gathered at Coblenz. They did not enter French territory till July 30; reached Longwy on August 20; took it in three days, but dawdled for a week, "digesting the joys of victory"; invested Verdun on the 30th, took that also in three days, and were now within a day's march of the Argonne defiles. They allowed Dumouriez to hurry across their front to seize them, and did not move till September 12, when they covered about half a day's march to the Argonne. Re-operating after this effort for five days more, they moved again, got through the defiles, and Valmy was fought on September 20.

Thus it was five months to a day before the Prussians came in contact with their enemy. Yet their snail-like pace outstripped the Austrians, who were to co-operate on the Meuse. They did not embark on the siege of Lille till September 29; they failed in it, and withdrew from French territory on October 7. Thus the French were given the first requisite in the task of army-making—namely, Time.

How did France use it?—that is the next question. When war was declared she

set on foot four armies, one in Flanders, one in Lorraine, one in Alsace, and one to watch the Rhone and Pyrenees—each of them nominally about 50,000 strong. In reality their numbers were much less. Still 200,000 men—even on paper—is something, but it does not suggest that enthusiastic and universal arming of the nation which we are apt to suppose. Plainly Dumouriez could have had far more than 60,000 at his back if there had been anything approaching a real rising of the population. The fact is that he owed his victory in the main to the old regular soldiers of the French Army: for though this army had been damaged by the Revolution it had not been destroyed.

It is sometimes assumed that the French army on the outbreak of the Revolution was in the main loyal and not revolutionary in sentiment, but this is obviously untrue. Had it been so perhaps the monarchy would never have fallen. Yet when Mirabeau was endeavouring to moderate the storm he had helped to raise, his chief hope lay in the army. He wished to use it in the last resource against the people, but he found that he could not. It was deeply infected with the ideas of the Revolution. Distinctions, however, can be drawn. The

household troops were of course loyal: they were recruited from the noblesse. Even the privates were ranked as lieutenants in the regular army, the non-commissioned officers as captains, while the officers were all generals.¹ To be a private in the Gardes du Corps you had to show sixteen quarterings—unblemished noble descent for four generations. In this stronghold of privilege revolutionary ideas found little sympathy. But the household troops were few. Other parts of the army, in the main loyal, were the foreign regiments, of which there were twenty-three,² and the cavalry. For some reason or other cavalry have in general supported monarchy at all times. But the bulk of the infantry and all the gunners and engineers were no supporters of the old *régime*.

The truth is that even before the Revolution the army was discontented, ill-disciplined, mutinous. They resented attempts that had been made by St Germain to introduce a stricter discipline, which they denounced as "Prussian"; they were ill-paid, ill-fed, and worse housed.³ In name they were voluntary recruits, but in fact they were often "crimped" by a system of *racoleurs*, "bringers-in,"—a process resembling the working of the press-gang. Their officers were out of touch

¹ The army of Louis XVI. had a glut of generals. At one time there were 1295, and even after St Germain's reform there were 976—a proportion of 1 to every 157 throughout the army.

² Including 11 Swiss, 8 German, and 3 Irish.

³ They got 3d. a-day: often the soldiers had to sleep three in a bed.

with them, and they had their grievances, since no one, unless he belonged to the nobles, could rise above the rank of captain. When the Revolutionary doctrines of equality began to spread in the army, discipline gave way everywhere. The story of the regiment who mutinied because their officers did not ask them to dinner¹ is only typical of a number: things far worse happened. Bouillé had practically to storm the town of Nancy with some "foreign" troops to suppress its mutinous garrison, and over 400 men were killed and wounded. Little wonder that France's enemies thought that invasion would be child's play. "Do not buy too many horses," said Bischoffswader to some Prussian officers setting off in 1792, "the comedy will not last long; the army of lawyers will soon be annihilated in Belgium, and we shall be on our road home in the autumn." The last part of his prediction was true enough.

Yet neither the menace from without nor the hazard from within escaped the eyes of French soldiers. As early as December 1789 one far-seeing man had hit on a remedy. This was Dubois de Crancé.² In a speech in the Constituent Assembly he used these memorable words to press the need of conscription: "I tell you that, in a nation which desires

to be free, which is surrounded by powerful neighbours, and harassed by factions, *every citizen ought to be a soldier, and every soldier a citizen*, if France is not to be utterly annihilated." His ideas found at the time little support. "Liberty" was the cry of the day, and conscription was compulsion. None the less, he was listened to later, and from him dates one beginning of the modern European army.

For the time, however, only half of his memorable phrase was accepted. "Every citizen a soldier?" No! But every soldier a citizen? Enthusiastically, Yes! and with that the discipline of the army was perishing. Between July and October 1791, 30,000 men deserted; and a lieutenant of artillery took nine months of additional leave (without asking for it), and busied himself intriguing in Corsica.

All these deserters, however, were not in the end lost to the French army, any more than Napoleon. In the fierce heat of political contention men left regiments where their opinions were unpopular: the Royalists³ left for ever, but the others rejoined, or reappeared in the levies of volunteers of 1791 and 1792, or joined the National Guard. This fierce, irregular, ill-disciplined, and civilian in character to begin with, claimed in the republican spirit of the

¹ It was the Royal Champagne Regiment.

² Later, Dubois Crancé when *de* became dangerous.

³ Chiefly officers of high grade: France could afford to do without some of the thousand generals.

time to elect its officers; but it had the wisdom in the main to elect old soldiers, and having elected them, to obey them. So once again the stiffening of old soldiers came in useful.

Another point is to be noticed. Much of the old French army was beset with privilege, and offered in the famous phrase "no career to talents." But there were two branches where privilege did not exist,—where the officer who was not noble could rise to high rank. These were the scientific branches, the artillery and the engineers. These were in the main revolutionary in sentiment, and the armies of the Revolution retained their services—much to their profit. The battle of Valmy was entirely an artillery battle,¹ and the French gunners stood to their work. Thus while the Republic was always weak in cavalry,² it retained its full strength in artillery: and to make good gunners in a hurry is far more difficult than to train cavalry or infantry.

How great a part old regulars played in the long series of French victories is displayed in another way. Napoleon had twenty-four marshals. Of these, eight (Kellerman, Berthier, Serrurier, Perignon, Mac-

donald, Davout, Marmont, Moncey) had served as officers in the army before the Revolution; and ten (Augereau, Jourdan, Massena, Oudinot, Victor, Murat, Bernadotte, Lefebvre, Ney) had been in the ranks. Add Dumouriez, Pichegru, Hoche, and Napoleon himself, and once more we see how much France owed to the regular soldiers, as opposed to the later levies.

Summing this up, it becomes clear that the astonishing victories of revolutionary France were not won by an entirely "improvised" army. There was a stiff leaven of veteran soldiers. These, it is true, had been often mutinous at home, but enemies are always apt to underrate the speed with which factions perish and political dissensions cease in the face of an invader.³ They were, to begin with, unsteady: but if they broke, they came again. What they wanted was time, and in Bismarck's phrase, to be "shot at a little." They got both in plenty.

Yet if it is necessary to reckon much on the "old-soldier" element which drilled, trained, and offered an example to the new levies, one must also recognise the vigour with which new levies were made

¹ At Jemappes, Dumouriez' other great victory, the French guns, 100 to 50, had much to do with the result. Again, when Dumouriez turned traitor, and tried to take his army over to the Austrians, he half persuaded the line, but the gunners would not hear of it, and as they stood firm the line remained faithful too.

² And much later. Not only in 1796 were the French nervous of the Austrian cavalry. Even so late as the campaign of Jena Napoleon seems to have thought that the Prussian cavalry would outmatch his.

³ By 1792 most of the "opposition" (the Royalist party) had gone over to the enemy.

into soldiers, especially when at length Carnot, Dubois-Crancé and the Military Committee really set to work. Of course mistakes were made at first. The first suggestion of 1791 was to use the National Guards in the army, but the National Guard had no stomach for it. If they did not wish to go to the front, there was certainly nothing in France capable of compelling them, so on August 17, 1791, 101,000 volunteers were asked for. They gave in their names freely at first, especially in the threatened north-east, but it was another thing to get them to march. Out of the proposed 169 battalions only 69 were embodied by September 25, and they were totally out of hand, and plundered wherever they went. Even a year later only 83 were available. They contained some good stuff, however—much better than the second levy of volunteers invited in 1792. But this volunteering completely dried up the supply of recruits to the regular army, as the volunteers were better paid, and had all sorts of privileges, subversive of discipline.¹ Again, they were supposed to be kept a force apart, but La Fayette brigaded his with the regulars, and his example was followed everywhere. Otherwise the volunteers were at first comparatively useless.

However, the cry was for

more men, and on February 26, 1793, Dubois-Crancé was at length able to carry his plan of conscription. 300,000 men were looked for, but 164,000 was the yield. Many deserters, careless officials, the favouring of "good" (but timorous) Republicans, and the general dislike of any compulsion, accounted for the deficit. As the numbers had fallen short, and French arms were everywhere defeated that summer, a *levée en masse* was proclaimed in August. With some difficulty the saner heads of the time, Danton among them, limited this *levée* to those between the ages of 18 and 25. The first products were disastrous: either vast bodies of peasants, bewildered and starving, armed with pitchforks, scythes, and clubs; or the scum of Paris, pillaging and murdering on their way to their stations, red-hot with mutinous patriotism. There were no arms for them, no supplies, and no officers. The Convention did not then realise that what was wanted at the front was not more men, but more soldiers.

Bringing order out of this chaos was the work of the Military Committee under the lead of Carnot and Dubois-Crancé, with the vigour of the terrible Committee of Public Safety behind them. The conscription was systematised and made to bear fruit, so that by

¹ For example they were entitled to go home at the end of each campaign—campaigns being held to end on the 1st of December in each year—if they gave two months' notice to their officers.

the end of 1794 over a million men had in all been raised,¹ and 700,000 of them were actually assimilated as soldiers, and in arms. All distinctions between volunteers, National Guard at the front, and regulars were abolished: all became regulars. In 1794 the system of the demi-brigades—grouping one battalion of regulars with three of the new levies—was established by Dubois-Crancé. A regular system of requisition for food was begun. Promotions were made by merit, and incapable or unlucky generals retired.² Arms were turned out in huge quantities: nine great factories were set up in Paris, producing 1000 muskets a day. Four enormous forges in the Ardennes made 200,000 guns³ in a year. Grenelle's improved system of powder-making and Fourcroy's new steel kept the supply of ammunition and bayonets up to the incessant demand. And driving behind was the Committee of Public Safety—the dread of all—with the resources of France, its wealth, its manhood, at their mercy. To the ambitious and intelligent the one career of the day was the army—except politics. And if one came to reckon hazards, perhaps the latter was the more dangerous. So France won through.

The Treaty of Tilsit in 1807

robbed Prussia of half her territory, and left her only a population of some 4,500,000 souls, a land ruined by war, and a Government crippled with the task of paying off an enormous war indemnity. Further, lest she should rebuild an army of dangerous size, Napoleon had forced her⁴ to agree to limit her army to 43,000 men, with no increase for ten years. When he went to war with Russia in 1812 he demanded from Prussia the help of a Prussian contingent of 20,000 men—about half her army—and this contingent, under Yorck, surrendered to the Russians on December 30, 1812. That left Prussia nominally with some 23,000 men.⁵ Yet in 1813 she was able to put 80,000 combatants in the field at once, and not only to supply wastage, but to add to her forces. With the help of the Russians she bore the brunt of Napoleon's attack. Though defeated at Lützen and Bautzen the Prussians fought so tenaciously that Napoleon could not use his victories: he admitted that the Prussians were his most dangerous antagonists, and when the war ran through to Leipzig, Prussian troops had a big share in the Allies' victory.

Thus the "War of Liberation" of 1813 bears the look of a spontaneous rising to arms of a people in defence of their

¹ Including volunteers and the *levée en masse*.

² Sometimes to the guillotine.

³ Largely out of church bells.

⁴ 8th September 1808, by the Franco-Prussian Convention.

⁵ Of course she recovered Yorck's contingent. His surrender was a "put-up job."

homes. Dr Julius von Pflugk-Harttung puts it:¹ "This time, however, it was a question, not of kings and officials, but of the soul of a people. The Prussian nation had endured too much under the pitiless hand of the conqueror of Jena, and in the grim school of suffering had acquired a moral force which now revealed itself in its elemental power. The people were resolved to win back their highest possessions, their rights as men and citizens, by desperate combat, if there was no other way. The enthusiasm for freedom and fatherland swept through the country like a pent-up mountain torrent. All classes, all ages, flew to arms; mere lads and grey-haired patriarchs, even young girls, entered the ranks. Those who could not offer their own lives on the altar of their country gave what they had. In a few weeks the country, impoverished as it was, contributed in free gifts the value of half a million of thalers,² and thus lightened—one may even say made possible—the heavy task of the Government."

Plainly, as an explanation, this is unconvincing. Neither the enthusiasm of "a soul of a people" numbering 4,500,000, nor the free gift of £75,000, would have held Napoleon's armies. There must have

been something else—something great.

Was it that Prussia's exertions after all counted for little—that Napoleon was overthrown by Russia, Austria, Sweden, and Bavaria, with England finding money, and Prussia merely lending a hand? Doubtless, it is true that Prussia could not have done it alone: the triumph, when it came, was the triumph of the Allies. But Austria, Sweden, and Bavaria did not join till later; Prussia bore the heat of the day; in fact, had not Prussia been able to do so much the Russians would not have advanced to the line of the Elbe, where the matter was decided.

Unquestionably Prussia played a great part, but it did so because her king and statesmen had foreseen the emergency, and in spite of all obstacles *had deliberately prepared for it*. For six years men had been working; and when "the Day" came they were to a great extent ready.

Much of what was done in Prussia between 1807 and 1813 is to a certain extent outside our province. The teaching of Fichte to awaken Germany as a nation, the improvement of education, the efforts of the Tugendbund,³ the abolition of serfdom, the restoration of self-government to the cities, the

¹ 'Cambridge Modern History.' Chapter on the War of Liberation.

² £75,000: about 1s. 6d. per head of the population. Compare it with the Prince of Wales's Relief Fund. Prussia was very poor.

³ The statesmen despised its work. Stein spoke of it as the "rage of dreaming sheep."

freeing of land from restrictions: all these fall into these six years, and had their value. But of prime importance was what was done to refit the army. Just as France found a man in Dubois-Crancé with a new idea, so Prussia found Scharnhorst. A month after the treaty of Tilsit he was pressing the need of a small standing army of 65,000, which could be reinforced from a national militia: it was the duty of every man to share in national defence; and further (this is his great invention), he sketched a plan of "*short service*"—of passing men quickly through the ranks, and from there into a reserve.¹ Many reforms in the army were at once made: the "foreigners" (non-Prussian subjects) who had made up a third of the old army were lessened, the force filled with Prussians (no longer, as they had been, chiefly serfs), officers were promoted by merit, and privileges of the nobles restricted. But Napoleon quickly pounced on these schemes, and the Prussian army was restricted to 43,000 men, as has been stated. None the less, Scharnhorst set to work again, and by the *Krumpersystem* (the Shrinkage System) managed to introduce his plan of short service. The *Krumpers* (super-numerary recruits) passed into squadron or company and out again: the working of the system was kept as secret as

possible. Napoleon tried to check it, but in spite of him it went on. Here was the reason why Prussia in 1812, with an army nominally of 43,000 men, had in reality 150,000 men trained to arms. It was these men who stood so stiffly at Lützen and Bautzen—not volunteers. The system of *Landwehr* was not organised till March 1813, and no *Landwehr* were in the field till the second part of the campaign—till after Austria had come in to join. And the immediate response to the call for volunteers was hardly like a "pent-up mountain torrent." Only 10,000 came forward in the first six months of 1813. Yet Prussia, allowing for those actually with the colours, must have had well over 250,000 men of an age to bear arms. Still smaller was the response of volunteers from other German States: it only amounted to two weak battalions.

Least of all, then, can the case of Prussia be quoted as an illustration of improvising a successful army. The army was not improvised: it had been carefully built up. The nation did not spring to arms at an impulse; wary statesmen had quietly forced it to make ready. Its triumphs were won by regular soldiers. Its volunteers were at first neither useful nor remarkably numerous. Of course, they became valuable; they improved, and the volume of

¹ So between them Dubois-Crancé and Scharnhorst founded the modern Continental army.

them grew with the encouragement of success. Prussia was patriotic, and men filled with fierce patriotism fought their best. But the goodness of that "best" depended not on their patriotism, but on their previous training to arms. That was the work of Soharnhorst, Stein, Hardenberg, and the King.

The story of the War of the Secession in the United States is often quoted as a justification of the value of volunteer armies hastily got together, but it is singularly ill-adapted to prove anything of the kind. It only proves the value of volunteers against volunteers, for the regulars engaged were a mere handful. Even so, the North, with its huge resources and the ready response to its call for volunteers, could not win with them; it had to have recourse to forced service in the end. That after two or three campaigns volunteers fought as well as regulars would have fought does not prove that they were valuable from the first. Every general on both sides was incessantly hampered by straggling, lack of discipline, and the fact that in presence of the enemy there was no fire-control possible.¹ And it is well known that Lord Wolseley, after a careful study of the war, gave it as his deliberate opinion that 30,000

regulars, well found and ready, would have finished the war for either side in the first campaign. If this be so—and it has not been seriously disputed—the "volunteer" army stands condemned every way. Years of bloodshed and thousands of lives might have been saved. Napoleon said: "Quand l'ignorance fait tuer dix hommes là où il n'en devrait pas coûter deux, n'est elle pas responsable du sang des huit autres?" Nations may be ignorant as well as commanders.

The circumstances of the war in 1870 are remembered, but not always the dates. Bazaine's army was surrounded in Metz by the end of August. MacMahon, hemmed in at Sedan, surrendered on September 2. So France lost almost all her field troops, and by September 19 the Germans were before Paris. This, of course, had been garrisoned, thus devouring most of the few regulars left. Yet Paris was not France: much of the country was untouched: its resources were enormous: the spirit of patriotism was there, and when Gambetta escaped from the capital on October 7 there was the man to stir it. Now was the time to improvise an army: it had reasonable chances of success, for what with detachments on the lines of communication, and

¹ "The line bent like a cow's horn, each ragged rebel aligning on himself and yelling on his own hook"—thus a Confederate General on his own (veteran) men!

the armies left to besiege Metz and Strassburg, the Germans had only 147,000 to contain Paris:¹ the enceinte was fifty miles round, and help could be given by a sortie from the numerous garrison within. If France could raise the men, it was now—or never.

The men could be found, and were found. Dispersed through France were 600,000 of the Garde Mobile: behind them the Garde Nationale ready to fight in defence of their own districts, 700,000: more immediately valuable the *regiments de marche*, made up of dépôt companies of men who had been late in going, or who were untrained or partially trained. One need not reckon the Francs-tireurs under local leaders. But of the rest there was *chair à canon* in plenty. In six weeks Gambetta had created an "army" of 180,000 men at Tours; others were gathering at Lille, at Rouen, at Alençon, at Besançon, with arms and supplies and enthusiasm—but without training.

Through the autumn and winter these armies tried to thrust back the Germans and to relieve Paris, but they never met any success worth counting. The Loire army, 120,000 strong, did for a time push Von der Tann with 20,000 from Orleans, but they could get no farther. D'Aurelle de Paladines brought 50,000 men against 9000 Germans at

Beaune la Rolande, and five days later flung 80,000 against Mecklenburg's far inferior force at Toury. Both attacks failed: it was not for lack of valour. 10,000 French were killed and wounded at Beaune. It was lack of leading, of experience, of training.

It was the same tale with Chanzy, with Faidherbe in the north, with Bourbaki near Belfort, with the vast garrison of Paris under Trochu, 300,000 strong. Everything failed; everything was lost—except honour.

What were the reasons? Not want of men, nor of arms, nor of money, nor of supplies; simply that civilians could not be made at such short notice into soldiers.

"Ask me," said Napoleon, "for anything but Time." The French in '70 were given no time. The Republic began to organise the national resistance directly after Sedan (September 2), but by the 19th of that month the Germans were outside Paris. Gambetta gathered his army of the Loire by November 20, but it was called on to fight a week later. The Germans were too quick; they knew that to wait would give these hasty levies the chance to grow into soldiers. So, in spite of slush and snow and bitter frost, they never gave that chance. They kept their covering armies well pushed out, and if the French levies were to do anything *they*

¹ Here was the tragedy of Bazaine's surrender on October 27. It set 200,000 men free for Paris. Another fortnight would have been invaluable to the French.

had to take the offensive: and they could not do it. They had not the skill to manoeuvre. For once again Napoleon may be quoted. "With a raw army it is possible to carry a formidable position, but not to carry out a plan."

This paralysis in manoeuvring was due partly to inexperience, largely to the lack of transport and supply, but principally to the lack of old soldiers. When the garrison of Paris had been provided, there remained of regular units only these crumbs of an army: twelve battalions of infantry, nine regiments of cavalry, and one single complete battery of guns. Thus there was no stiffening for the new levies; no officers to lead, no non-coms. to drill, and no veterans to steady the raw men, to teach them how to make the best of discomforts, to fend for themselves, to bivouac, to hang on in the face of fire, to rally in case of reverse. There was no one to give confidence, and so the new levies never got confidence. They fought bravely, but sacrifice their lives as they would, they seemed to get beaten, and henceforth they expected to get beaten.

Thus the new levies had no time, no officers, and no stiffening of old soldiers. Yet there was something else which helped to make a difference between the days of the First Republic and of the Third. It was not the number of men: France found them in each

case. It was a change in the nature of war itself. War had become so much more complicated, so much more scientific, so much more difficult, the strain on the moral of troops so much more intense, the demand on the intelligence of officers so much greater, the operations on so much wider a field, the central control so much less easy and effective. Compare, for example, the artillery of 1792 with that of 1870: the field-piece of 1792 could be cast with the greatest ease, its carriage made in the simplest fashion, and repaired with any wood, by any wheelwright. Shrapnel was unknown;¹ the business of range-finding rudimentary guess-work; the gunner (and he was the scientific man of the service) mostly a rule-of-thumb man. It was not so in 1870. True, artillery had not reached its modern accuracy and range, but it had progressed hugely since 1792, and the shell-fire to which it could subject infantry was infinitely more trying, and this, too, at a range where the soldier could see no prospect of retort. Take, again, the soldier himself. He had little to learn in the way of shooting; he never fired on a range; in battle

"he loaded his primitive firelock as our musketeers had done theirs at Sedgmoor, and, like them, fired it straight to his front at any enemy within 150 yards distance. No long and careful training in attack forma-

¹ First used at Vimiero.

tions was necessary to teach him to face clouds of shrapnel bullets and the hail of close rifle-fire which the assailant has now to advance through. . . . The regimental officer then had himself little to learn beyond what came naturally to the [English] country gentleman. The tactics were of the simplest sort. Fire discipline was then as unknown as the art of photography, and the officer's chief duty was to lead his men straight upon the enemy."¹

Here, then, is another reason for the failure of the improvised armies of 1870; the gap between the civilian hastily enlisted and the trained man was so much wider.

What the past shows would seem to be (1) that the instances where, in common belief, a people have sprung to arms to save their nation and

attained success are very few; (2) that where success has been won it was with a considerable stiffening of regulars; (3) that time is absolutely necessary; (4) that the prospect of success was greatest where the business of war is simplest. On the other hand, warfare tends to become shorter, sharper, and more immediately decisive, the conduct of it more and more technical, and the last attempt of a people in arms was a tragic failure.

In resisting the indiscriminate *levée en masse* of 1793, Danton said, "*Il faut mourir pour la patrie, mais il faut mourir utilement.*" It is not so easy as it looks; it is not so easy as it was.

G. T. W.

¹ Wolseley: 'The Decline and Fall of Napoleon.'

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE MARCH OF "CULTURE"—THE FOLLY OF THE GERMAN PROFESSORS—"OUR GOOD GERMAN CONSCIENCE"—THE BLIND HATRED OF ENGLAND—A CAMPAIGN OF LIES—THE CUNNING OF THE STONE AGE—MR BURNS'S FAMOUS SPEECH—A BID FOR ENGLAND'S FRIENDSHIP—THE SUPPORT OF THE EMPIRE—THE FIDELITY OF THE INDIAN PRINCES—ONLY THE RADICALS DISLOYAL—THE WAR CORRESPONDENT—"THEIR ARMY THEY PAY FOR"—A LETTER FROM LORD RAGLAN.

THE Germans have continued their march of "culture" through Belgium and France. They have carried wherever they passed the gift of spiritual enlightenment at the sword's point. Ruined homes, ravished women, pillaged farms, attest everywhere the line of their progress. They have laid waste, always in the name of culture, well-nigh the whole of Belgium, whose neutrality their pledged word guaranteed, and they have laid it waste with a vindictive ferocity. There is no law of civilised warfare which the Germans have not outraged. They have shot non-combatants and murdered defenceless women and children, or used them as a shield between them and their enemies. They have fired upon the Red Cross, and bombarded hospitals. They have dropped explosives from their air-ships upon peaceful homes. At last, wearied with these callous sports, they, the champions of learning, the noisy professors of culture, have waged war upon libraries and churches. The destruction of Louvain is a disgrace from which the German name will never be cleansed. So wild

was the anger of the Kaiser's soldiers against the learning, which within their own borders they affect to worship, that they tore books and manuscripts into little pieces before they flung them into the flames. Not one, if they could help it, should escape, and all the while they have protested that they are the kindly benefactors of the earth.

Moreover, at the very moment of committing these outrages, the Germans were zealous to assert the superiority of their own civilisation. Two distinguished professors of Jena—Häckel and Eucken—permitted themselves to publish an unparalleled piece of petulant folly before the world. "What is happening to-day," said these bombastic philosophers, "will be inscribed in the annals of history as an indelible shame to England. England fights to please a half-Asiatic Power against Germanism. She fights not only on the side of barbarism, but of moral injustice; for it is not to be forgotten that Russia began the war because it was not willing that there should be a thorough expiation of a wretched murder. It is the fault of England that

the present war is extended to a world war, and that all culture is thereby endangered. And why all this? Because she was envious of Germany's greatness, because she wished at all costs to hinder a further extension of this greatness." That these professors should describe Russia, incomparably greater than Germany in the arts, as barbarous and morally unjust, is pitiful enough. But the passage we have quoted contains not a statement about England which a reference to the famous White Book could not have corrected. It seems as though a sudden gust of passion had deprived the Germans of their reason. Even so sober a scholar as Professor Wilamovitz Möllendorff speaks like an illiterate junker. "If the French had not reached the point," says he, "at which their soldiers avoided assassination, international law could not make them. If the German soldier spared women and children, it was not because international law demanded it, but because his heart dictated it. It was terrible how much spiritual and material property of the intellect had been destroyed. And they were only at the beginning. They could, however, dream of another state of things in the future. If Germany and Austria were victorious, the day would come when they would have the power to enforce, if need be, morality and peace upon the world." These words were spoken after the brutal devastation of Belgium, after the infamous destruction of Louvain,

and perhaps even Professor Wilamovitz Möllendorff has discovered by this time that it is not from Germany in the future that the world will accept either its peace or its morality.

The modern German, indeed, is a psychological puzzle. We know not which are the worse, his foolish boastful words or his infamous deeds. Never since the world began has there been such an amazing explosion of cant. With a self-righteous Pharisaism the Germans thank God that they are not as other men, and then set briskly about them to butcher women and children and to set the laws of nations at defiance. Their sin seems to proceed from a semi-intellectual arrogance. They have followed false prophets and sham historians. They have taken the extravagant ravings of Nietzsche, a madman, as a solemn guide of life. They have accepted the childish generalisations of Houston Chamberlain as an expression of profound thought. They have waved away with a stern gesture of displeasure all facts and every process of reasoning which have not ministered to their vanity. Above all, they have confused an iron-bound discipline with education. What one does and thinks they all do and think, until vanity and foolishness have become universal. They still admit the initial wrong of invading Belgium, but that they insist was dictated by the necessity which knows no law, and since then they pretend that their every step has been guided by mercy and

justice. What after the interference of Great Britain incenses them most bitterly is the base attempt which Belgium made to defend herself. With the utmost diligence they have sought to excuse this wickedness, and can find no palliation. The mere suggestion that the Belgians should feel anything but a sensation of honour at being invaded in the interest of Pan-Germanism is monstrous to their candid souls. They meant nothing but kindness, and were overwhelmed with grief when the Belgians presumed to resist their brutal invasion. "Have we not declared again and again," exclaims the 'Cologne Gazette,' in pious accents, "that we would redress the wrong and touch no hair on a Belgian head if the passage of our troops were unopposed? The Belgian Government willed otherwise, arranged its game with our opponents, and did not even warn the population that war must only be carried on between soldiers. The blood-guiltiness for the punitive measures that have been taken falls on the Belgian Government alone." It is a new and amiable doctrine, whose ingenuousness will make little progress in a hostile world. Even if Pan-Germanism were a benign theory of life, instead of the shameful perversion that it is, Belgium and France, England and Russia, would still be justified in repelling it. We love not the brotherly-kindness which is driven into us by machine-guns.

The Germans, indeed—and

here is another puzzle of character—claim the last freedom themselves, but whine when their enemies retaliate upon them. They want the fight to be all on one side. It is not in their nature to take a sportsman's view of life and death. "Was it humane," asks the 'Cologne Gazette,' "that England should let loose this tricky shopkeepers' war by cutting us off from foreign countries, undermining the conditions of our existence, while holding back her Fleet in cowardly battle and making prizes of our merchantmen? Is that the way to show humanity and love of mankind?" This from the butchers of Belgium and the devastators of Louvain would be humorous were not its occasion the direst tragedy. Obviously the Germans believe that everything is permitted to them, and that all who hinder their progress are transgressing the laws of God and men. They may break through the just ordinances of warfare; but if England ventures in self-defence to make a proper use of her overwhelming sea-power, the Germans cry like spoilt children, and murmur "We won't play." In brief, they cannot do wrong; they can even endure the wrongs which others put upon them. "We can bear all this," they say, "because our good German conscience speaks for us." We do not think that hypocrisy has ever been carried higher and deeper than this.

The emotion which most fiercely consumes the Germans

is hatred of England. When England is mentioned they give way to an uncontrolled violence. They had made up their minds that the English would watch with indifference the destruction of Belgium and France and Russia, and then accept without resistance the punishment which Germany might think fit to inflict upon them. Why the Germans cherished this illusion we do not know. For many years they have boasted that England is their enemy. For many years they have assailed us wherever it was possible by their favourite method of "peaceful penetration." Yet they convinced themselves that we should submit to the last injustice, the worst insult, without a protest. And now that they have discovered their miscalculation, they cannot hide their fury. That they should openly display the smallness of their spite is the best possible augury of our ultimate victory. The army which will allow its campaign to be affected by the desire of a personal vengeance is likely to suffer profoundly for its malice. It is said, doubtless with truth, that the Germans attacked our expeditionary force with their best troops and in overwhelming numbers, not because the tactics of the moment dictated the compliment, but in a passion of anger. It is not thus that battles are won, and before the end our enemies will sorely regret their animosity. And from every corner of Germany attacks

upon England are announced. "England is the only renegade brother," says Professor Lemprecht, a shining light of 'culture,' "up and at him!" We hear of acceptable terms offered to France, of course in vain, that she may join Germany in an attack upon England. "It is so much desired," says a Berlin correspondent, "to inflict heavy blows upon the Englishman! He is the most hated of all enemies. The feeling is the same among the people as in political circles. . . . Whether you speak with a politician or a porter or shoemaker, the same wish will always be expressed." The Emperor is at one with his people in this matter. He has sold his English orders, we are told, and returned his English uniforms. For us it is easy to accept the subtle flattery. The study of the White Book will show how little we deserve it. The memory of our complaisant behaviour for twenty years past was no warrant that we should permit the Germans to tear up the most solemn treaties without a protest.

So Germany, not permitted to reserve the conquest of England until she had dealt with France and Russia, has determined upon an eager campaign of lies. What she tells her own citizens matters not to us. We may be sure that for every deception she practises now upon Berlin she will be asked to pay tenfold presently. No people likes to be duped. The warmest patriotism cannot bear the strain of

discovering suddenly a concealed disaster. The crowd which waves flags in Berlin to-day will demand a victim to-morrow, when it knows that a trick has been put upon it. That is an affair of policy which the Germans must settle for themselves. For us it is interesting to note the falsehoods which are found suitable for home consumption. On paper a severe defeat has been inflicted upon our British ships. The Germans are victorious in the West as in the East. They admit no reverses, and but small losses. The tale of their prisoners grows in a night, like a vast mushroom. The guns and the flags that they have taken are like the sand for number. But it is not only of the home markets that they think. They have established in Berlin a vast factory, whence they distribute lies over all the world, and whence they fondly hope to pervert the East and to stir up in Mohammedan countries a war against Great Britain.

As they are children in diplomacy, so the Germans are children in the kind of intrigue which they practise with the greatest zeal. Here again their inordinate vanity befores their brain. They hope that other countries are as docile and as foolish as their own, and they are overtaken by a pained surprise to discover that men are not yet dragooned into credulity beyond the borders of Prussia. They should remember that the reptile press is their own invention, and that it

has never been imitated by the free peoples of Europe. Indeed, what surprises us unfailingly in these bold pupils of Nietzsche is their ingenuousness. "The magnificent blonde brute, avidly rampant for spoil and victory," exercises the infantile cunning of the Stone Age. He thinks it worth while to tell the world that "some German prisoners who have been brought over from France are being publicly exhibited in England." He declares that "all Germans in England who are under forty years of age have been placed under arrest." Sometimes his childish fancy takes a wider sweep. A gentleman who purveys the official lie to the '*Frankfurter Zeitung*' longs for a cloak of invisibility. He would like to witness unseen "the shivering fear of the French statesmen." We only wish his desire might be gratified. "It would be better still," he thinks, "to stray through the official rooms in Downing Street and to be able to listen to Mr Edward Grey's conversations with his friends." It would indeed. "The clear, cold calculations crossed through with red lines, torn by splinters of hell! The gentlemen over there are in the way of being great historians. Has there not risen before them in these serious days, when the *élite* of their troops are being chased like sheep by the German heroes, when German cruisers and submarines dash gallantly round the coast, when even England's pedestal, the Bank, began to reel and bankruptoy after bankruptoy devastated

the business world, while over here German discipline and self-sacrifice were able to meet all needs, does there not rise before them a soul-harrowing picture—Carthage?" We are sorry that we cannot invite the young gentleman of the 'Frankfurter Zeitung' to witness our composure. As he is never likely to cross the North Sea, we would only urge him to take closer counsel with his colleague of Cologne before he talks and writes nonsense. The lion of Frankfurt proudly asserts that German submarines and cruisers are dashing gallantly round our coast. The lion of Cologne complains of our inhumanity in "letting loose a tricky shopkeepers' war by cutting us off from foreign countries, and undermining the conditions of our existence." If what Cologne says be true, where are the dashing cruisers of Frankfurt? They cannot both be telling the truth, and perhaps it doesn't matter much. Their poor dupes seem simple enough to believe anything.

Germany's masterpiece, however, was the speech delivered by Mr John Burns on August 14 at the Albert Hall. As a parody of Mr Burns's style it is nought. It is not in such terms that the once adored of Battersea was wont to address his fellow-countrymen. As a performance of the reptile press it is not without merit. No doubt it is nicely calculated to "meet a want." Mr Burns is represented as explaining that if England had only remained neutral she might have forced her exports upon both France

and Germany! A happy dream, indeed, for a nation of shopkeepers! Thereafter he discoursed profoundly of Prussian history with the true accent of Potsdam. He recalled the Emperor William's famous visit to Tangiers, and assured an expectant audience that England's influence in the East was now destroyed. Such stuff as this may well be believed in Prussia. In Constantinople, whither it was sent hot-foot, it has already met with the ridicule deserved by an impudent forgery. Yet the Agency which pretends to have circulated it still clings to it with a teaching faith. It affects a lofty indignation that its word should be questioned. "The Times' reports," thus it writes, "that the text of Burns's speech, which we published, is an invention. We comprehend that 'The Times' should feel an urgent wish to wipe away the impression of Burns's speech. . . . Burns made the speech in one of the many meetings of protest. It will probably not be very agreeable to 'The Times' if people in Germany learn that, besides many other prominent Englishmen, the Lord Mayor of London also declared himself against the war. Perhaps 'The Times' will deny that also." We like "the many meetings of protest." And we do not suppose that 'The Times' cares what falsehoods the people in Germany learn. But that long-suffering people must indeed be crushed savagely beneath the boot of the Junker, if it believes that

the Lord Mayor of London stands side by side with the phantom John Burns upon a platform invented in Berlin.

This perhaps is the happiest achievement of the German Press, though another ingenious thought of the tireless 'Frankfurter Zeitung' lags not far behind. It appears to this inspired journal that the English soldiers are not at all popular in Paris. "The Parisians jeer at them," says our familiar friend, "and despise their lack of courage in comparison with the bravery of the French soldiers. The Parisians say of the English, 'they are always the victors, but they do nothing at all, except run away and smoke their pipes.'" It is a simple story which has already received the contradiction, which it did not need, on many a stricken field. But the lies and their sedulous manufacture are but an expression of the hatred against England, already noted. And here we may thank the crudeness of German diplomacy for our escape from the pit that was dug for us. Readers of the White Book will remember that on July 29, when it was important for the Germans to exclude us from the conflict, the Chancellor gave Sir E. Goschen many assurances of friendship. "He had in mind," he said, "a general neutrality agreement between England and Germany, though it was of course at the present moment too early to discuss details." That was said when something was to be

gained by England's friendship. Germany, victorious, as her pride told her she would be, over France and Russia, thought that she might settle her account with England a year or two later. But to separate friends, and then to demolish them one after another, requires more diplomatic subtlety than "the blonde brute" has ever possessed; and now he blunders into an open confession of the hatred which he has never ceased to cherish. We have already cited many proofs of Germany's crass, unceasing hate; we will conclude our summary with Vice-Admiral KirohhoFF's amiable and flattering tribute. After admitting that France and Russia must be beaten in the cause of peace and Pan-Germanism, he declares aloud that "the most pernicious of political enemies" is the perfidious Albion. "To crush England," says he, "is our main task; to reduce her influence would be a blessing to the culture of the whole world. England must not be allowed to keep the influential position which she has held up to the present. The first steps to destroy her harmful influence in every direction have already been taken. . . . The task is not an easy one, but is a task worth all the sacrifices it will demand. England *must* be crushed! But is it possible? Indeed it is!" Thus Vice-Admiral KirohhoFF, ranging himself on the side of the professors, and vying with them in talking nonsense. Nor do they see, these excited Pan-

Germans, that every lie they tell is a sign of weakness, a proof that their nation is exhibiting all the immoral qualities of war. It is not in the spirit of the braggart that battles are won; not wanton cruelty and contempt, but humility and faith are the best attribute of the soldier; and the German progress through Belgium and France has shown that he who likes to think of himself as a modern Attila dishonours the Huns by the comparison.

The Pan-German excuse for brutality is simple. It is necessary, we are told by the apostles of culture, to strike awe into an invaded people. The necessity is not apparent, and the effect is far other than the Germans expected. If anything were needed to inspire the Allies with intensity of purpose, to convince them that they were fighting not merely a just but a holy war, it is the conduct of the German Army and the German People. The world would be a base place to live in if they who put women and children as a shield in the forefront of the battle, who destroy peaceful cities, who burn defenceless libraries and cathedrals to the ground, were permitted to assert a universal over-lordship. Even the Germans themselves have discovered by this that their tactics have been unwise: they are not likely to take a higher view than that. And they are not merely circulating their carefully compiled falsehoods wherever the telegraph can take them: they are sending

forth the bagmen of Pan-Germanism wherever they think they will gain a hearing. America and the East are the favourite objects of their attack—the East because they expect, these missionaries of ill-omen, to stir up Egypt and India against the British rule; America, because they hope to obtain money and countenance from the citizens of the great Republic. That they have been disappointed in the East as in the West was preordained. The magnificent patriotism of India is the answer they have received from the one side; on the other they must find what consolation they can from the ridicule poured forth upon the ineffable Count Bernstorff.

For the achievements of the British Army, for the dash and courage of the French, we can feel daily a thrill of pride. The Allies have given of their best in the cause of freedom and of justice. They have fought like men, they have died like heroes, and the sacrifices they have made have not been made in vain. The official reports, issued by the War Office, have been perfect in concision and dignity, and at last we can recapture the old enthusiasm which our forefathers knew when the news of victory was carried from end to end of England by the mail-coach. We may know again the fervour of the ten years which stretched from Trafalgar to Waterloo. And there is a glory added to us that our ancestors did not share. It is not a country which goes to

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war; it is an Empire. From all parts of the globe come generous offers of help. The great dominions overseas, whose imagined rebellion the Germans fondly hoped would dissipate our strength, have proclaimed their friendship with a practical eloquence. Canada, Australia, South Africa stand by our side ready for any service that is required of them. The splendid loyalty of the East is a conclusive answer to the Germans, who thought to corrupt it by the careful dissemination of false news and forged speeches. "The Rulers of the Native States in India," says the Viceroy's message, "who number nearly seven hundred in all, have with one accord rallied to the defence of the Empire and offered their personal services and the resources of their states for the war. From among the many Princes and Nobles who have volunteered for active service, the Viceroy has selected the Chiefs of Jodhpur, Bikaner, Kishan-garh, Rutlam, Sachin, and Patiala, Sir Pertab Singh, Regent of Jodhpur, the Heir Apparent of Bhopal, and a brother of the Maharaja of Cooh Behar, together with other cadets of noble families. The veteran Sir Pertab would not be denied his right to serve the King Emperor in spite of his seventy years; and his nephew, the Maharaja, who is but sixteen years old, goes with him." How is it possible to read these great names, and to think of the willing service of those who bear them,

without a just and tranquil pride?

Nor is this all. The Aga Khan has displayed the fine patriotism which we expect of him, and the larger States, which maintain Imperial Service Troops, shared the zeal of the Native Chiefs. Twelve of them have offered contingents of cavalry, infantry, sappers, and transport, besides a camel corps from Bikaner, and most of them have already embarked. In all this touching generosity there is no thought of self or of policy. The Indians, in coming to our aid, ask for no reward and expect no gain. Their loyalty stands high above the sordid thought of a profitable bargain. Would that all those at home breathed a like spirit of patriotism! The Radical Cabinet and Mr Redmond have openly repudiated the obligation of selflessness. They alone have insisted upon obtaining some gratification from the war in which the whole Empire is engaged. They have demanded a definite advantage in return for the service which they bring to the country. They have haggled about conditions; they have chaffered with patriotism. The Lama of Thibet, who has offered a thousand men to serve the British Empire without any hope of profit or advantage, is a better patriot than Mr Asquith or Mr Redmond. The British Cabinet and the leader of the Irish Nationalists stand by themselves upon a grim eminence, and we hope they are proud of their achievement.

We had hoped that the Radicals had enrolled themselves as Englishmen and patriots, as our brave men enlist in the Army, for the duration of the war. We did not expect more. No man becomes suddenly honest. But we did expect so much, and Mr Asquith, always cunning of speech, gave us some ground of hope. That the hope was fallacious we all know now. The Home Rule Bill and the Welsh Church Bill are passed. The loyalists of Ulster are to be placed under the heel of Mr Redmond, and the Church of Wales is to be despoiled. The only concession which the Prime Minister makes to the opponents of these measures is the concession of a time-limit. To fulfil his compact with Mr Redmond he has broken three separate pledges. When the war broke out he spoke these words: "We should inevitably, unless the debate was conducted in an artificial tone, be involved in acute controversy in regard to domestic differences. Such a use of our time, at such a moment, might have injurious, and lastingly injurious, effects on the international situation." These words, if they mean anything, mean that the Irish question should be suspended until the war is over. The need of unity is greater to-day, when our armies are fighting in the field, even than it was at the outset. And that is not all. Mr Asquith gave an undertaking to Mr Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson that "in the meantime, until they re-

sumed the discussion of the Amending Bill, no controversial legislation should be taken." To make assurance doubly sure, the Ulster Unionists drew up a resolution "that, in view of the grave situation in European politics, we approve of the policy of Sir Edward Carson that, on behalf of the Irish Unionist Party, he should agree to the adjournment of the debate on the Amending Bill until such date as the Government and the Leaders of the Opposition may, in the interests of the United Kingdom and the Empire, determine." To the publishing of this resolution Mr Asquith gave his assent. Furthermore, he declared that "by the adjournment no party to the controversy would be placed in a worse position." Can he say that to-day, when the Home Rule Bill is passed without amendment? But previously he had given another pledge to the effect that "he would not present the Home Rule Bill to his Majesty for assent until the Amending Bill had been finally disposed of in the House of Commons." And he has taken advantage of our war with Germany to put the Home Rule Bill on the statute book unamended.

Having broken these several pledges, what does he give us in exchange? Yet another pledge, which is of the same value as its shattered predecessors. "The Home Rule Bill," he now asserts, "will not and cannot come into operation until Parliament has had the fullest opportunity by

an Amending Bill of altering, modifying, or qualifying its provisions in such a way as to secure at any rate the general consent both of Ireland and of the United Kingdom." The assertion is not worth the air which wafted it to the benches of the Opposition. It is Mr Asquith's own fault that none but a stiff-necked partisan will attach the smallest importance to his pledged word. The floor of the House of Commons is thick strewn with Mr Asquith's broken promises and unpaid "debts of honour." And the worst of it is that Mr Asquith and his henchmen have taken advantage of the Unionists' loyalty to put a trick upon the country. As Mr Bonar Law said with perfect truth, "They counted on the public spirit and the patriotism of the Unionist Party here and of the people in Ulster. They said to themselves: 'Whatever we may do, they are bound in a crisis like this to help their country. Whatever injustice we inflict upon them, we can count upon them.' It is not a pretty calculation, but I am glad to say, with the full authority of our party, that it is an accurate calculation. They can count on us." Indeed, so long as they conduct the war with energy and determination, they can count upon the support of every Unionist in the country. Their reckoning will come later and their shame. At present the name of Pitt, whom, father and son, they would resolutely have opposed had they been contemporaries, is ever upon

their tongues. We know precisely what chapters they dream they are composing for their own biographies. There is not one of them, down to Mr M'Kenna and Mr Harcourt, who does not pretend that he has saved England by his exertions and Europe by his example. As each one of them stands before his mirror in the morning he sees before him another saviour of his country. But they are tricksters, not statesmen, after all, and it is their own fault that Lamlash will never be forgotten in the North Sea.

Some men there are who forget everything and learn nothing. Although the harm that has been done by war correspondents in the past cannot be disputed, we are still urged to let loose a band of busy journalists in the firing line. The advocates of the war correspondent are convinced that he could not possibly be of the smallest danger to the State, but we see no reason to believe that in the last ten years he has entirely changed his nature and his ambition, and we know that he has never followed an army in the past without doing it a signal mischief. The advantages which he is said to confer upon the community are few and problematical. He is an incentive to recruiting, we are told; yet recruiting progresses marvellously well without his aid; and suppose he does persuade a few laggards to join the colours—we doubt even this—the loss which he may occasion by inculcating

indiscipline and by giving the enemy information easily counterbalances the imagined profit. The argument is then turned from usefulness to right. "Our Army," we are told, "is more than that of any other nation the people's Army, the popular Army." And the truth is that our Army is aristocratic, from the rank and file to the Commander-in-Chief. The men who serve in it do so because they are proud to fight and to die for their country. They do not think that the duty of man begins and ends at the ballot-box. Gladly they undertake the duty of defence, a duty which the politicians for their own purposes forbid the "people" even to discuss. But the Army, though it volunteers for service, does not support itself, and the democracy scents a privilege at once. "The people have a right," it has been said, "to know what their Army they pay for is doing." A pretty sentence, truly, in shape and sense! "Their Army they pay for!" It is a huckster's argument too. So we are all bound one to another in the great cash nexus. The people sits in its stalls, with a fat cigar between its lips, and bids the curtain go up on fire and sword. It pays for it, mind you, and let nothing be hidden from its greedy eye. It is an expert in the cost of courage. It will tell you to a fraction the price per pint of heroes' blood. It will measure you the length of human endurance by the ell. And since it pays

for the courage and the spilt blood and the endurance, it verily believes them to be its own. And if in the present, as always in the past, the indiscretion of untried reporters causes more bloodshed, what does it matter? The soldiers are hirelings—remember that. It is the people that pays. Yet after all it is the soldier who dies, which is perhaps a sound reason for protecting him, even at the expense of a little patience, against the possibility of danger.

The argument by first principles, then, does not persuade us to advocate the risk. The experience of warfare, moreover, is the clear condemnation of war correspondents. They were already a nuisance before they were organised by the late Mr Russell into a public scandal. There was no general, and few monarchs, to whom that great man could not give a *belle presse*. Matthew Arnold's description of him preparing to mount his war-horse is hardly exaggerated. "You know the sort of thing, —he has described it himself over and over again. Bismarck at his horse's head, the Crown Prince holding his stirrup, and the old King of Prussia hoisting Russell into the saddle." There is the comedy of war correspondence. Its tragedy is wider and deeper. Russell, at any rate, had no pity for the poor devils who died of cold and wounds in the trenches before Sebastopol. Doubtless they were paid to die by somebody.

"Throughout the long winter," says Kinglake, "Mr Russell was sending home vivid accounts of the evils that obstructed supply, and of the hardships, the sickness, the mortality afflicting and destroying our troops; and his narratives being given to the world with the sheets of 'The Times,' all this priceless intelligence, by means of the telegraph wire, was carried swiftly into Sebastopol." Mr Russell, in brief, was careful to do his duty to himself and his paper, and what did it matter if he brought comfort and help to his country's foes, death and starvation to his country's soldiers?

There is indeed no more pathetic document in the records of history than the letter addressed by Lord Raglan to the Duke of Newcastle from Sebastopol in January 1855. And now that we are asked to run an equal risk, it is well to remember the wanton hindrances that then were thrown in the path of our army:

"I deem it my duty," thus wrote Lord Raglan, "to send you a copy of 'The Times' newspaper of the 18th December, and to draw your attention to an article, or rather letter, from its correspondent with this army.

"I pass over the fault the writer finds with everything and everybody, however calculated his strictures may be to excite discontent and encourage indiscipline; but I ask you to consider whether the paid agent of the Emperor of Russia could better serve his

master than does the correspondent of the paper that has the largest circulation in Europe. I know something of the kind of information which the commander of an army requires of the state and condition of the troops opposed to him, and I can safely say that during the whole of the war in the Peninsula the Duke of Wellington was never supplied with such details as are to be found in the letter to which I am desirous of attracting your attention.

"Some time ago the correspondent stated for general information, and practically for that of Prince Mentschikoff, the exact position in which the powder for our siege batteries were deposited, and he now suggests the ease with which the ships in Balaclava harbour could be set on fire.

"He, moreover, affords the Russian General the satisfaction of knowing that our guns stick in the mud and our horses die under their exertions. But as regards intelligence to the enemy, the mischievous parts are so obvious that I will not further trouble you with a recapitulation of them.

"I am very doubtful, now that the communications are so rapid, whether a British army can long be maintained in presence of a powerful enemy, that enemy having at its command, through the English Press and from London to his Headquarters by telegraph, every detail that can be required of the numbers, condition, and equipment of his opponents' force."

To this cry from the heart no satisfactory reply was ever given. Russell was still free to write as he pleased. 'The Times' was unhampered in its desire to give its readers the latest news. Nor let it be supposed that Russell was an ignorant scribbler, writing of what he did not understand. He was an accomplished man of the world, profoundly versed in military affairs, and all the more dangerous on account of his knowledge. And he set a fashion. Henceforth it seemed impossible that brave men should go into battle without a gallery of onlookers. Until the correspondents were in the field the fighting could not begin, and the successors of Russell at last claimed as a right what was in its inception a mistaken privilege. The country, in brief, refused to take warning by the awful example of Russell and the Crimea. When Kruger declared war against Great Britain the war correspondents saw another chance. For them, and for them alone, was the battle being fought. They did what they chose, and showed a bitter resentment at the mere suggestion of control. They abused the British Army; they ridiculed the British officers; they generously helped the enemy; they fed the fuel of hostility to Britain which raged upon the Continent; and they marvellously strengthened the venom of the Pro-Boer cannibals who prayed at home that our enemies might make a meal of the British Empire.

In South Africa, indeed, we witnessed our own last experiment in war correspondence, and there are those who ask to-day that it should be repeated!

But it was left to the Japanese to put an end, we hope for ever, to that which, after all, is a mere parasite upon warfare. When Japan came to grips with Russia, she was determined that her plans should not be disturbed by the camp-followers of the press. From those whom she admitted to the front she concealed whatever was capable of concealment, and she subjected what they wrote to so severe a censorship that few of them persisted long in their useless office. The result was that the war progressed without the risk of inconvenient disclosures, and that England was forced to depend for its news upon the gossip of Tokyo, the official reports of Oyama, which, as 'The Times' confessed, "did not err on the side of proximity," and accounts of battles two or three months old. It was not much, but it was sufficient and innocuous. The correspondents did not accept their discomfiture easily. In the first place they threatened Japan with unpopularity in Europe; in the second they "were betrayed," said 'The Times,' "by their own chagrin into believing reports which would not have supported a moment's investigation." Japan, indifferent to censure, persisted in her policy and was justified. She even carried her love of secrecy so far as to look without approval

upon Military Attachés. Sir Ian Hamilton, in 'A Staff Officer's Scrap - Book,' has sketched the situation with a lively pen. "It is easy to understand," he writes, "that whilst this [secretiveness] is unpleasant to us [the Military Attachés], it is gall and worm-wood to war correspondents, spoilt as they are by the amazing want of reticence which characterises the British, who not only wash all their dirty linen in public, but implore all passers-by to take a hand in the process. I know, of course, that the criticisms of a free Press are supposed to be like the East Wind, very unpleasant, but salutary enough to those who are strong. We, however, carry the thing a bit too far. Upon my word, I believe it is healthier to live in a fool's paradise than to swim complacently on the surface of dirty water into which foul linen is constantly being flung in full view of all the nations. I therefore sympathise a great deal with the Japanese. One lot are fighting for the country; the others would be the first to admit that they are working for the gallery."

In the last sentence Sir Ian, we think, underrated the pretension of the war correspondent, who would never admit that he is working for the gallery. Long ago he persuaded himself that he was the very lord and arbiter

of the fight, and he cannot readily recover from that vain superstition. We had hoped, after the antics of South Africa and the severity of Japan, that in condemning the war correspondent we should be flogging a dead horse. Alas! the horse is still alive, and kicks. While the Frenchman complains that he is forced to get his news from London, the Englishman is furious that he must assuage his curiosity in Paris. And all the while either capital supplies us with the restrained and dignified record which should satisfy us all. The generals commanding in the field happily avoid rhetoric. They do not perplex us with foolish imagery or common metaphors, and if we follow their reports, with a map to aid us, we can understand the purpose and the plan of the battles which still rage far better than if we had to rely upon the highly-coloured prose of the picturesque reporter, who knows only what is happening in his own corner of the field. If disaster comes upon us, let us hear of it in the plain terms of the soldier, not in the ill-considered wailing of the journalist. "I hate croaking," said Sir Walter Scott; "if true, it is unpatriotic, and if false, worse." And we may be confident of one thing, that in the admirable despatches which the Commander-in-Chief sends us from the front there will be no croaking.

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TWO SKETCHES FROM FRANCE.

BY CHARLES OLIVER.

A MESSENGER OF WAR TIDINGS.

THE lord of an old but solid bicycle and of much enforced leisure, I have been appointed by Monsieur le Maire purveyor-in-general to our commune of authoritative war news, and spend most of my time awheel in the quest of headquarter telegrams. My mandate has been widely enlarged with time, and extends now semi-officially to a considerable section of Northern Burgundy. The canal lock-keepers waylay me for the latest information: masters of barges bawl down eager questions from tillers high above greeny waters: labourers leaning on fork or rake shout for details across fields of stubble fast dimming from gold to grey. The countryside is one large note of interrogation on my track, and I fancy that the very cows and barge-mules regard me with inquisitive eyes.

At one village in particular I play Mercury on a quite magnificent scale. My importance dates from the day on which the disquieting news had been allowed to trickle through that the Enemy was well across the frontier. As I went out of the commune, leaving something like consternation behind, I met my particular friend, Père Biard, stumbling over his sabots towards the communal house.

The Père Biard is a charming old Burgundy farmer in his late seventies, shaky of leg but sound of head, with a handsome wind-and-weather-tanned face and a snowy ambassadorial beard. That handsome face of his was once fairly irresistible; and if he were a Red Indian and hearts were scalps, his wigwam would be richly adorned with trophies. He has a

quaintly ceremonious manner, and talks like a handbook of polite conversation. When we separate after a chat he always says—

"It only remains for me now, monsieur, to thank you——"

But all his grand manner had gone to the winds that evening. Red as a turkey-cock and bubbling as ferociously, he hobbled along at his maximum speed of two miles an hour.

"Oh, les ohameaux!" he ejaculated. "Oh, les coohons!"

Camels! Pigs! What had become of the polite manual?

"Oh, les ohameaux! Bubble-bubble-bubble! In France, are they? We'll soon arrange that! Oh, les coohons! Bubble-bubble-bubble! Just let me—— Nom de——"

"Good evening, Père Biard," I put in, and timely hung up the pen of the Recording Angel.

"Ah, 'tis you, monsieur?" he cried. "You have heard? *They* are in France."

"I know. I posted up the telegram myself." This coolly, but with thumping heart.

"What have we got an army for?" he went on in a shrill old quaver. "And what are my boys doing? Bubble-bubble-bubble! In France! Coohons de coohons! We must stop *that*, quoi!"

And away he tottered, as if his arrival at the communal house would stop *that*, quoi!

"Don't fuss, Père Biard," I said. "It is all right, quite right. Our retreat is a strategical movement, you'll see."

The technical phrase was like the dash of cold water in the boiling saucepan. My old friend pulled up.

"Strategical movement!" he exclaimed. "Why, of course! With Joffre there—and Pau—and your great Fraunch—of course—of course. But those Prussians! Chameaux, quoi!—saving your respect, monsieur——"

Then grandly—

"It only remains for me now, monsieur, to thank you——"

From that hour the Père Biard never faltered. The enemy came farther and farther down towards us, and the barometer of his tranquil optimism went farther and farther up. He was quite sublime, seated on his bench in the sun, exorcising pessimism with the magic wand of "strategical movement." On the great day when the tide of invasion began to ebb he grasped my hand.

"Vous permettez, monsieur? You were quite right. Strategical movement. The English are a great nation. And it only remains now for us——"

"Us," if you please! The village, France, Europe!

"——remains for us, monsieur, to thank you——"

And thus I am Sir Oracle, and no dog barks.

My position pleases me not less by its picturesqueness than by its importance, which latter indeed exists only in the amiable imagination of my friends. I often go late of an evening to the Great Farm to acquit myself of a commission, for the offices of express

messenger and small goods delivery agent have worked themselves in with my main function, and some of my errands have a twenty kilometre carry, so to speak. They are pleasantly various. I have even tried to sell a calf for a man, and have realised that selling a calf for a man is not my strong point. "Non omnia possumus omnes"—even in the State of Siege.

The Great Farm is an old hunting-box of Admiral Coligny's, and in the "Salle des Gardes" the farmer's threshing hands take their supper. It is a vast low room with massive, smoke-browned rafters and a huge cavern of a hearth where a mighty cauldron simmers over a piled log-fire. In the far corner you see dimly the first steps of the stone staircase that corkscrews up to the seigneurial apartments. They are abandoned now to the bats and owls, those princely rooms where the High Admiral and his friends sat over their sedate cups and, in the intervals of grave discourse, listened to hunting songs and soldiers' choruses mounting up from the merry guard-room below, as the clatter of crockery and the talk of the threshers mount up these evenings.

The light of the fire and of two or three murky lamps illuminates spasmodically the long table and touches the two-score rough-bearded faces over it into strange pantomime masks.

"Any news, monsieur?" asks Madame of the Great

Farm, when I have delivered the errand of the day. She is standing, white-aproned, by the mighty soup-cauldron, her plump bare arms akimbo. The expectant grins on the two-score pantomime masks bisect them horizontally.

"The news? Not much. Listen. On the right——"

"Ah!" It is a cry of satisfaction, almost cruel. But they have seen, have handled, a jigsaw bayonet!

"On the centre——"

"Dieu!" Jaws clenched. A groan, you would say.

"On the left, the English——"

"Oh, the brave English!"

Two-score glasses are reached out to clink with mine.

My last halt is at the communal house, where I touch the zenith of my temporary importance. The mothers and daughters of the village come tearing down the street, their check aprons flapping in the wind. With mighty clatter of sabots the groups of corduroyed labourers unite into a semi-circle round the notice-board and roar the children into silence. The schoolmaster takes his stand by me, a leviathan of a man, towering away into an upper obscurity from the basis of a huge pair of blue jean breeches. Madame, his wife—our Gulliver has married a Lilliput lady,—tiptoe, with outstretched arm, manages to get a fluttering candle just up to the level of my shoulder.

"The news? Not much. Listen. On the right——"

"A-a-ah!" . . .

The village, as a rule, thanks greatly to the Père Biard, is confident and cheerful, and it is not often that I have to exercise my secondary, self-imposed function of purveyor-in-general of optimism. But on the grim morning when the seat of Government was transferred to Bordeaux, I felt it my duty to be very emphatic and somewhat ungallant.

"Voilà! We're dished!" exclaimed a young woman in a pink dress, when I had read out the Manifesto of the Ministry to the Nation.

She was very pretty, and so was the pink frock. But even pretty girls in pretty frocks have no right to use the verb "dish" in the passive at this hour.

"Madame — or mademoiselle!" I said warmly, "we are not dished. We are not going to be dished. I will

wager that this day three weeks we shall not be dished, and that the Kaiser will not have ridden down the Champs Elysées in his cocked hat and all the rest of it. Come, madame—or mademoiselle,—anything you like. A franc—a hundred sous—a louis——"

"A brace of kisses on the Jour de l'An," put in Monsieur l'Instituteur, the schoolmaster. His height sets his ears out of range of boxes.

The pretty girl blushed, on account of her inconsiderate remark, of course, for kisses on the Jour de l'An are simple conventions, mere underlined forms of "How d'ye do?" With a nice smile, madame—or mademoiselle—forgave me. And Père Biard closed the incident satisfactorily with the standing formula—

"It only remains for us now, monsieur, to thank you——"

A BURGUNDY YEOMAN STOCK.

The Hohenzollern red pencil, they say, has traced one boundary of the new world-empire round Champagne and Burgundy, among other delectable lands. At the moment when our heroic armies are erasing those presumptuous lines with the nobler red of their blood, it has interested me, standing on the edge of battle, all but within hearing of it, to glean some records of an old Burgundy race of farmers and vintners, many of whose descendants are to-day with the Flag. They have the insult of that mad pencil to wipe out,

the men of Burgundy and Champagne. And those that fall guard in death each his six foot of precious paternal soil.

The forebears of Madame my hostess have lived under this roof for three hundred years. But acre by acre their lands have passed away; stride by stride the village has closed in on the modest manor, engulfing barns and stables in a rising flood of cottages, and there is left now to Madame only the old ancestral house, that serves her as a summer residence.

The manor, roof and all, is

solidly constructed of shallow lava stone, and the whole is a neatly lined-out study in warm grey, splashed with purple lichens. It occupies two sides of a sunny quadrangle, chosen haunt of birds and lizards. A stone staircase, somewhat decrepit, leads to the upper storey, which Madame has rented to me. It is composed of four pieces, to wit: a spacious bedroom, papered in a design of flowers or maybe vegetables, and decorated with an amiable plaster bust, a porcelain pipe, and a broken thermometer; a dressing-room, with vague appurtenances; a stone-paved passage, to be had and held as a bathroom; and a vast attic, at the free disposal of the tenant provided that he do not molest or otherwise disturb the owl who has taken the roof on a ninety-nine years' lease, similar obligations with regard to the human lessee being laid, it would appear, on venerable Maître Hibou.

Our common living-room is the great kitchen, the cradle of the race. On one side are two mighty alcoves, where the original ancestors might have slept by their tribes. The huge open hearth has a marvellous fireplate, on which a plumed morion, heraldic enigmas, and triplets of fleur-de-lys detach themselves indistinctly from their sooty background. It smacks of a raid, this knightly relic in bourgeois surroundings; it hints at a revolutionary ancestor who knew a fine piece of ironwork when he saw it, and annexed it on his opportunity. Madame's

lips are discreetly closed on the subject.

Suggestions of a milder sort cluster about initials of forgotten dead carved on wooden beams and stone lintels: hooks to which the Nimrods of the race hung their guns, the warriors their swords: marks indicating the growth of children who have long outgrown mortality; a wall that some Balbus of the stock built and inscribed with the grand, misty legend, "*I constructed this wall in 1604*": and on a red hexagonal floor-tile a rudely scratched heart, illegible posy and epitaph of an old, old love affair.

Madame is a charming young lady of seventy-five: active, though she complains of failing powers: strikingly handsome, though she labels herself a "*vieux tableau*." I tell her that beautiful pictures have nothing to fear from age. She credits me with politeness and also with insincerity. But indeed Time is her ally, rather than her foe; he has not taken up arms against her, for she has not made war on him. He has set picturesque wrinkles about the corners of her sweet mouth and gentle eyes and prettily stranded her black hair with grey. He has had nothing to do with her slight forward stoop from the hips, which she has adopted voluntarily, for propelling purposes. His "*memento mori*" in her case is but the mild touch of a slight dimness of view, an inability to do exactly as much as she would like. But she cannot quite realise that she

has arrived at the point when existence is less a right than a privilege, and there is a Burgundian obstinacy in her refusal to accept her age.

A true daughter of Burgundy, Madame keeps an excellent table. To be a good cook, she declares, one must be something of a "gourmet." I run a risk here of becoming something of a "gourmet" myself. For Madame outdoes Providence: she not only knows my necessities before I ask, but she tells me them. Thus "*bene pransus*" to-day, I am informed that my to-morrow's need will be a delicious "*ragoût*" after a Burgundy recipe. It gilds the future in a most demoralising way . . . your "*ragoût à la mode de Bourgoyne*."

The shrewd humour of the Burgundy yeoman comes out quaintly in Madame's conversation and certain of her dealings. Referring, for instance, to the theft of plums, that seems here to be semi-officially excepted from the sins of the Decalogue, she says that people who have no plums have more than those who have, and she happily describes an apple-cheeked white-headed village infant as a tomato in cotton-wool. Again, when the war broke out, Madame mounted to my room, and after some discourse on the gravity of the situation and the obligation it lays on us all to be nice and unselfish, she levied on me a forced loan of a hundred francs. I could plead no moratorium, for in the trip of her tongue, as in

her manner, Madame has some vague touch of Irish, and ten times a day wafts me free of charge to the pebbly shores of Foyle. I look upon the hundred francs as arrears of transport fees.

Autumn has sent out his Uhlands, gloom and storm and snaps of damp biting cold. He will call them in again, for the main army of summer still holds the field, and we shall see many a calm brilliant day before the Ahriman of the seasons vanquishes their Ormuzd.

These bleak hours have given our evenings a tone of winter. The lamp is lighted early. The fire that has smouldered all day upon the hearth is fanned up into a merry blaze under a fresh pile of logs, behind which the heraldic emblems of the enigmatical fireplate play a kind of murky hide-and-seek with the flame and smoke. Random rays from the hearth are caught and held for a moment by the rows of highly burnished copper culinary utensils, the tall brass candlesticks, and the old warming-pan, pierced in diminishing concentric circles by holes suggesting microbes that increase in gruesomeness as they approach the supreme central horror.

It is pleasant to shut door and window on the pale, cold, yellow light of a watery sunset; the wet purple of the drenched hills, and the plain pallid with a blue-white vapour, in which the late-grazing cows move ponderously, headless and legless,

weird flotsam on a lake of mist. It is pleasant to forget here, in "the hour between dog and wolf," the terror that stalks the North.

Madame has a tendency to dwell on German atrocities. It is of no profit to her or me to discuss this grim topic, and I diligently shift our conversation on to the subject of her ancestors.

A hardset, valiant race, those forebears of Madame: God-fearing after their lights; toilsome, free-handed, free-tongued; great eaters and intrepid drinkers: mighty hunters before the Lord, the men of them.

There was great-grandfather Pascal, who figures large in the family legend. He stood six-foot-three in his stockings, and was as handsome as he was tall. His vintages were illustrious all over the Government. In those days the juice of the grape was so plentiful that the horses drank wine in their stalls, and would, says the pleasant myth, look at none but the best. The phylloxera has come here now: Ceres has largely supplanted Bacchus: and the horses of Burgundy are total abstainers.

Behind the iron exterior of great-grandfather Pascal there beat a just and generous heart, and his people adored him. But it must be owned that he was a terrible domestic tyrant. He spoke in snapped monosyllables that summed up into crude blood-freezing language. If his way with vintages was renowned, his way with broken vine-props was yet more

famous. For great-grandmother Leah was deaf, and her husband piled those fragments of props by his bed, to waken her therewith of a morning. From alcove to alcove he is said to have made very pretty practice.

Great-grandmother Leah took it as a matter of course and recorded the most successful shots in her diary. She was an unequalled housewife: a stern but excellent mother to her children. Her seven handsome giants of sons had all a fair spice of devilry in them: "*furia francesca*" which is salting the old world to-day. One of them was drowned in swimming his horse for a wager across a swollen ford. Great-grandmother Leah gave her eldest boy to the king and the second to the Church: and herein was no disrespect towards God, for the Abbé Raphael was the flower of the flock. The sergeant son fell gloriously in the Low Countries, saving the colours of his regiment. The good looks of the Abbé Raphael might have opened him the road to high preferment. But he was no carpet-priest. His way was not to lead souls daintily into the fold, but to drive, hale, even kick them in, and of such was not in those days the ecclesiastical hierarchy. So he died obscure.

Children of all generations were regarded in the household of great-grandfather Pascal as essences without desire or voice, mere names attached to small negligible personalities; and a great-uncle Robert re-

alised this when, on his eighth birthday, he rode over to early dinner with his grandparents. That morning great-grandfather Pascal was entertaining the "gros bonnets," bigwigs of the state, the faculties, and sport: Monsieur le Gouverneur, Monsieur le Juge, Monsieur le Notaire, Monsieur l'Archiprêtre, with a dozen local Nimroda. I have been able to rescue only one family name—but how magnificent!—from the limbo in which the rest are buried—that of a certain Doctor *Cœurderoi*. I salute in his dust the man who bore it, the grand old Burgundy name: I salute the kingly heart which has never died out of France, and beats to-day under a million torn and dusty tunics.

So great-uncle Robert found the ancestral board set out with the finest family silver, glass, and napery; and great-grandmother Leah tied a napkin round the child's neck, put him at a side-table, and, distraught with much serving, clean forgot him there. It was a Gargantuan repast of a dozen courses, and the most famous of the famous vintages beshowered it. There was mighty clatter of forks and crockery, mighty clinking of glasses, Olympic shouts and laughter. Great-grandfather Pascal had the way, supposed to be good for little boys, of not seeing them. So great-uncle Robert got nothing at all to eat, sat small and disconsolate at the Barmecide feast, and, untying at last that mockery of a dinner-napkin, rode empty away. "I didn't

cry though," he said to his mother when he got home, and with that brave remark he passes out of ken.

Great-aunt Rachel, the handsome Abbé's sister—"frater pulchro pulchrior"—was, as we should say, the toast of the county. The young chevaliers of the district took very long short-cuts on the chance of a smile from the "Jolie Vendangeuse." She died young, the vintner's lovely daughter, and an artist cousin made a posthumous picture of her. It was a portrait of a family rather than a family portrait: an essay in collectivism: for all the great-uncles and great-aunts sat to the cousin for their individual strong points. If, as the doctors write, the absolute in beauty is unbeautiful, that picture should have been a gigantic failure. But the method was heroic, and indeed the race was ever intrepid in all its enterprises.

With grandfather Michel and his generation, family legend passes into family history, with tangible personal souvenirs in it. It was at this period that the stock attained and declined from its zenith, for grandfather Michel kept open house and open purse. Physically and mentally he was the ideal type of the Burgundy yeoman, and his old age was splendid. He was tall, spare, upright: a fringe of snowy whisker framed his leonine bronzed face. I can see him as Madame represents him in his garments of ceremony: high white choker, narrow-waisted blue coat with

silver buttons, flapping nankeen trousers, and a tall flat-brimmed beaver. He made frequent visits to Paris, often taking Madame with him, and, when they walked in the Palais-Royal or on the Boulevards, his way was to draw the short black Burgundy villager's blouse over his coat. He was so extravagant, flinging his louis right and left as if he had a Fortunatus purse in his pocket, that I can hardly think he wore the blouse for economical reasons, but rather that it was the proud bombazine ensign of his yeomanly estate. They would have made a charming pair—the beautiful child and the splendid old gentleman-farmer: and it was probably not merely the rustic blouse over the fine broadcloth that turned all heads their way.

Grandmother Giselle observed the convention as to petticoats, but they would not seem to have been the right wear for her. A determined, fierce, outspoken old dame. When the Prussians came here in 'seventy, she pursued with loud clamour and menacing tongs a foraging party who had raided her wood-store. Luckily for her the invaders were less "cultured" than than they are to-day, and instead of shooting her off-hand the Herr Kaporal saw to it that her property was restored. She evinced her gratitude by giving her champion a dinner of horse-meat and her patriotism by mislaying the salt-cellar. The inhabitants were forbidden to leave their houses after six;

but grandmother Giselle, defying the regulations, went abroad at all hours of the night to carry food and consolation to her starved, trembling neighbours. She always wore a high-mounting white apron and the tall white peasant cap, and it is said that the Prussian sentinels did not fire on her because they took her for a ghost. They would have got nearer the truth if they had taken her for an angel.

The old lady had magnificent teeth, and the family appetite: she was known to her generation for both reasons as the "Dame aux Belles-Dents." One night Madame came back from the village fête with a huge open apple-tart, the tough speciality of the festival. Grandmother Giselle sat up in bed and demanded and devoured her share of the tart, a generous third, enough to lay a strong man low. But it did not lay Dame Belle-Dents low. She was then ninety-six, and quite resolved to score her century against Time; after which, she used to say, her children might send for the "garde-champêtre" to round off her existence. At ninety-eight, however, to her great vexation, she tripped up over an outstanding ridge of the floor-tile with the heart scratched on it. She was alone at the moment, but her exclamation of annoyance, not addressed to heaven, was heard by the neighbours through a three-foot wall. That is good carry—at ninety-eight. She

lived on for a month, and Dogberry had not to be called in.

The picturesque figure of Uncle Camille shall close the record. Uncle Camille went away to seek his fortune at Paris, and found it in the carriage-building line. The Beau Carossier—he evidently kept up the family average of good looks—was always much of an “elegant,” and passed by easy-natured stages from the young exquisite to the old dandy. He was devout rather of convention than conviction, typifying the religious standpoint of the stock, which seems always to have been that your duty towards your neighbour is your duty towards God, that the Church is to be supported as a fine aristocratic and yeomanly institution, but that intolerance is illogical and incorrect. Uncle Camille was a staunch Bonapartist, for he held an imperial patent, and stood high in favour with the great seigneurs, his clients, who called him “mon vieux,” and liked him none the less because his linen was of the finest and his clothes most fashionably cut. Wonderful were his boots: he looked after them himself and varnished the insteps.

One day, at the time of the Commune, Uncle Camille heard a noise in his warehouse. Entering he found a dozen panic-stricken Communards hiding in his coaches. A Versailles detachment had followed on his heels. He was taken with his uninvited guests and with them put

up against the nearest blank wall.

The Beau Carossier faced death with a calmness that was not feigned. As a man who had always done his duty to his neighbour, he had no doubt that his balance with heaven would be found correct. The last thing he did before the rifles went up, he said, was to shift his position a trifle, to save his boots. For at his feet there was an ugly pool of blood, wet on the pavement.

Uncle Camille was not put to death, for a passing officer, a friend and customer of his, saved him. He lived to a good old age: it is the way with Burgundy men: and, when he died, he left to his heirs among more valuable property a large selection of beautiful cravats and a long row of elegant boots with varnished insteps.

As Madame turns these pages of her family story, the troop-trains roar eagerly by in the valley, one on the tail-lamps of the other. They carry our soldiers to the north and east, and my thoughts go with them.

Not many days ago, William of Hohenzollern—that title of “Kaiser” seems already desuete—stood on the heights above Nancy. Behind him were ten thousand of his guards in parade uniform, the escort of his purposed triumphal entry into the French city. Below him, on the plain, his legionaries advanced to clear his passage.

They advanced: they hesitated: and then, before a rush of bayonets, they broke. Moody, unspeaking, the grim watcher turned away.

"He understood," was the newspaper comment. But if he only realised that his Prussians could not face the cold steel, he but half understood.

For every Frenchman, it has been said, is a "campagnard" at heart, living for the day when he shall call a plot of land his own and "cultivate his garden." An infinity of such modest ambitions go to make up the burning national love of the Patrie. Take France's milliards: to-morrow she will give you her hand. Take her Alsace-Lorraine: and it is life or death for her and you.

Sons of Alsace-Lorraine, sons of Champagne and Burgundy, sons of the sterner North, they are in arms with their brothers from every corner of France to win back the lost soil, to guard the menaced, to cleanse the polluted. And in them, unseen, called up from the earth like the warriors of the old fable, their ancestors do battle, who redeemed from the waste and tilled and fruited their beloved Patrie.

Shades of great-grandfather Pascal and countless forebears of many a sturdy yeoman stock, you are with your sons' sons now on the stricken field! The forceful character that is their heritage from you—generous, just, gay, valiant—that is what the dim-visioned Hohenzollern did not see.

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

MUHAMMAD YUSUF, NASR: HIS CRIME AND ITS REDEMPTION.

MUHAMMAD YUSUF, Nasr, was a lad of sixteen when his father met his death in a fight with Mahsud raiders who had attacked the strung-out Nasr "kafila" on its way down the Gomul. His only property was a grey Punjabi mare which his dead parent had given him some days before the foray, thus forestalling the grasping hand of the elder son which seized all the dead man's property. Much as Yusuf regretted the loss of the camels which he knew were his by right, it was as nothing to the loss of the rifle which had been promised him next year. That he could not now receive from his father's hand, and he doubted whether he would ever be the proud possessor of one: they cost a lot of money on the Indo-Afghan border, and his grey Punjabi mare, even if he could make up his mind to part with her, would go but a short way towards the purchase. In the meantime the mare, far from being a help, showed signs of becoming a burden, as he knew well that his brother, who was pining to own her himself, would be the last person to provide her keep while she belonged to some one else. His own food he would easily get either from his

brother or by doing odd jobs for other people in the "kafila," but the subsistence of a proud pet such as his mare was no light thing. For long days after his father's death he debated the point, while he knew that his brother was only waiting for a fair excuse to stop feeding her. Meanwhile the "kafila," which was on its way from Afghanistan to India, arrived at Anambar, where it halted for two days while rifles were numbered and licensed by the civil officer of the district, and advance receipts for "turani"¹ were given.

In his wanderings through the place Yusuf met several native horsemen riding animals of their own—so he judged from their manner—and he was struck by the fact that they looked no more prosperous than himself. If he had not been so absorbed in his own affairs he would have known that they belonged to a mounted service of some sort: he questioned a Kakar of his own age and got the reply that he belonged to the Yaghistan Militia. In conversation he learned that there was a Ghilzai squadron in which he could enlist, and also a number of facts about the conditions of service. He remembered that a Nasr

¹ Turani = grazing fee. Receipts are given to prevent the fee being collected twice: they are given in advance because "powindahs" on the way to India have no ready cash, but give instead security for payment on the return journey.

friend of his served in the Yaghistan Militia, and he asked the lad if he was then in Anambar: but the Kakar could tell little about the Ghilzai squadron beyond the fact that it was their tour of duty in the lines, and as Yusuf knew that his friend was not at home on leave, the probability was that he was somewhere near.

The idea of enlisting had never occurred to Yusuf in his more prosperous days, but now it appeared to offer a solution of all his troubles. He would be able to feed his mare as well as himself, and although he would not own a rifle, he at least would have the use of one, and, who knows,¹ some day he might become a Native Officer and be allowed to buy a rifle for his private use. Ali Muhammad, his Nasr friend, was soon found, and painted the delights of life in the Yaghistan Militia: possibly he over-painted them, for he was in the position of the fox that had lost its tail, and he was keenly alive to the advantage of having as his protégé the brother of one of the chief "maliks" of his own particular section of the Nasr tribe.¹

The result was that Yusuf had little doubt as to what was the best thing for him to do; but in the meantime the mare's feeding hour was drawing close, and he could not miss that, so he asked his friend to accompany him to

the camp and admire his darling while she was being fed. Ali Muhammad, anxious to secure his prey, and shrewdly suspicious that Yusuf would encounter considerable opposition from his elder brother, suggested that he should bring the mare to the lines and spend the night there, to get an insight into life with the Yaghistan Militia. Yusuf was delighted at the idea, and, after being introduced to the troop officer and getting permission to return to the lines for the night, the pair set off. Ali Muhammad arranged that their road to the Nasr encampment led past the range where recruits were doing musketry, and the interest which his friend betrayed convinced him that his bird was successfully taken.

The night in the lines was a gloomy affair, and the thinness of the other ponies in comparison to his own well-rounded mare might have given Yusuf cause to think; but it never occurred to his pride that under the same conditions of work and feeding she might one day present a similar appearance. In the morning he was still burdened with the moodiness of the night before, but, although he would not confide the reason to his friend, he cheered him by asking to be immediately brought up for enlistment. He was duly paraded, approved, and sent to the doctor for examination. By representing

¹ Yusuf belonged to some sub-section of the Bangi Khel section of the Nasr tribe. The Nasrs in turn belong to the race of Ghilzai, who again are Afghans.

that his "kafila" would move on next day, and that he wanted to know his fate for certain before it went, he got inspected at once, and he was presented at the Militia office the same day for formal enlistment. The routine part was quickly over, and after what seemed to him the extremely futile performance of signing his heir-roll in favour of his brother, whom he hated, and trusted would get nothing but debts; and having had his signature attested by a British officer, he propounded the question that had been on the tip of his tongue all morning: Would he be allowed to keep his mare? The officer had a good look at him, and leant back in his chair to think before replying. The mare had been shown to him in the lines, so he knew her value roughly; but this new point had not occurred to him before. After consideration, he pointed out to Yusuf that if the mare remained his property the risk would be his, and the risk was pretty considerable. He explained roughly the application of the "silladar" system, under which Yusuf, by making a nominal sale of the mare and paying a small subscription every month, would ensure having the full price of the animal when he took his discharge. He could then buy her back if he wished and have some money over, and he would have had the use of her without any risk to him-

self. It was all rather over Yusuf's head: the chief point he gathered was that he would have to sell the animal, and this he objected to. Even a promise that the mare would never be taken away from him did not seem sufficiently to ensure his ownership. The Yaghistan Militia was an irregular corps, consisting of four squadrons of cavalry and eight companies of infantry; and, although each branch had its own officers, as the commandant was over both, it sometimes happened that infantry matters had to be dealt with by a cavalry man, and *vice versa*. When Yusuf joined an infantry man was commanding, and had to deal with his somewhat unusual case, which was brought up with the recommendation that, both to avoid complications in accounts and for his own good, he should be made to sell the mare and have the price credited to his "assami."¹ This parading before the succession of "sahibs," first for one thing and then for another, was rather a terrifying experience for a young Nasr. Moreover, his friend, who had up to then accompanied him, was not allowed within the sanctum of the commandant. Poor Yusuf was ready to agree to anything long before the commandant propounded his ultimatum either to sell the mare to the corps or to get rid of her elsewhere. He made no resistance, and

¹ Assami = the sum a recruit joining a "silladar" cavalry regiment pays on joining, or makes good by monthly instalments afterwards.

did not even insist on the promise that had been given by the other "sahib"—the cavalry adjutant—that the mare should never be taken away from him. A note to this effect was made in his sheet-roll, but the lad never knew it.

He was ushered out of the office and felt much more himself when he got into the bright warm sun once again; but his main trouble was still before him, and he had little to say to his talkative friend as they wandered through the bazaar together on their way back to the lines. All the vaunted delights of service in the Yaghistan Militia weighed very little in his thoughts compared with the interview in front of him, but he was inwardly pleased with the inevitableness of what he had done, and he appreciated the strength it gave to his position. He suddenly stopped and dismissed Ali Muhammad with the excuse that he must go to the Nasr camp to say good-bye to his brother. The parting with his brother was soon over, and was greatly to their mutual satisfaction, for, although the elder was chagrined at the loss of the mare, which he had expected to pick up for a song, he considered it more than balanced by the relief from the continual reproach of Yusuf's presence. The latter then made his way to the tent of his uncle, the head "malik" of the "kafila," and there he found Vera, his aunt by marriage, and Karima his cousin. Vera was an

Australian bush-girl: she had lost her mother early in life, and had received no care and hardly a thought from her heart-broken and indolent father: she had grown up quite wild, and when by accident she met Muhammad Akbar there was no one to prevent the intimacy which grew up between her and the wandering Ghilzai camel-man. Her father raised a feeble protest when she announced that she was going to marry a "nigger," but he had long before forfeited all claim to control her actions, and she never regretted the step she had taken. Karima was extremely like her, but she had a treble dose of minx in her composition when her trembling cousin presented himself in the tent to tell what he had done. The "purdah" customs that obtain with a Ghilzai "kafila" are nothing like so strict as those which rule other Muhammadan communities, and added to this was the free influence introduced by Vera's early life, so it was not surprising that Karima made no pretence of hiding her face in the presence of her cousin. He sat down and drank a bowl of lussée (sour milk) while he determined how he should break the news.

"How is the mare?" queried Karima.

"She is well," was Yusuf's non-committal reply.

"I shall never forgive her making you lose the tent-pegging to fat Peeroo's father, and I hate you too," she added as an afterthought—

"you shamed me before all the girls."

"I did my best, and you said at the time you were proud of me," replied Yusuf weakly.

"I had to say that," retorted Karima blushing as she remembered something more than the words, "you looked as if you'd die of disappointment. You are not looking very proud of yourself now," she continued. "What have you been doing?"

Poor Yusuf felt as if his guilty knowledge might proclaim itself without any words on his part.

"I have come to say goodbye. I joined the Yaghistan Militia to-day," he jerked out defensively.

Karima's remark — "And you'll have to come here and go there just because a dog of a Sulieman Khel¹ tells you to" — leapt out without a thought, and then a gloomy silence settled on both.

"I have taken the mare with me and sold her to the corps, but I shall always be allowed to ride her, and she will never be taken away from me," was Yusuf's next attempt at conversation.

Karima's rejoinder — "And what does that 'bad zat' of a brother say to losing her?" — was even less effective, touching as it did a point which interested neither of them. Vera was the person who seemed best pleased at the turn affairs had taken:

she was very fond of her nephew, and felt he might do much better than remain a dependant on his brother's bounty, not that he would get even that without working for it.

"I think you have done very wisely," she said, "and I hope you will not be hard on us when you are commanding the fort at Charsadda and we are poor wayfarers on our road to Hindustan."

Under her guidance the conversation brightened and kept in safer channels. Karima made a weak attempt to put some fire into her contribution, but it came to nothing, and when Yusuf left the tent she ran after him with a long triangular knife of her father's as a parting gift.

Yusuf was a bright lad, and his previous experience both as a horseman and a rifle-shot made his time as a recruit pass with pleasant swiftness. His financial position, too, with all his "assami" paid up by the purchase-money of his mare, was much better than that of his compeers: this allowed him to spend more money on his food and dress, which added to his smartness both physically and sartorially: he early established his reputation as a tent-pegger, and when at last he became a full-blown soldier his petition to be taken on as a drill-instructor was at once acceded to, and he attained a position where his ambition would have

¹ Although they both belong to the race of Ghilzai there is a standing feud between the Nasrs and the Sulieman Khel.

a chance to manifest itself even if not to fructify. He was ambitious. He only discovered it himself the day he joined the Militia. The causes were two—Karima's present, and Vera's suggestion that he might one day be in command at Charsadda. He decided that that day should come as soon as possible.

He proved a great success in the drill, and he was promoted lance-dafadar out of his turn; but his personal charm and the glamour of his good birth prevented his popularity being affected. His lot certainly seemed to have been cast in pleasant lines, and for three years his happiness in the Yaghistan Militia was without a blot.

At the end of this time the Risaldar commanding the Ghilzai squadron was told he must go on pension: the same suggestion had frequently been made before to Fattah Khan, but he had always resisted and managed to hang on: he tried the same game once more, but it was of no avail—go he must, and he consented with the best grace he could muster. Yusuf was interested, as the promotions resulting would leave a "dafadari" vacant, and he might get that: he was also pleased that the Risaldar was going, as he was no friend of his; but, when one morning before stables the latter sent him on an errand, he had no suspicion of evil. On his return he found the old horse that had belonged to Fattah Khan tied up where his mare should have been, and decked

with all the adornments which he had delighted to make for her. He demanded what had happened, and was told by his sympathising friends that the Risaldar had been given his mare to take away on pension with him. This is not uncommon, and the usual procedure is for the native officer going on pension to ask for his own mount or one bought by the commandant "*iadasht de para*" (as a remembrance). In the present instance he had asked for the best horse in the squadron; but the infantry man, who was still commanding, could not be expected to appreciate that without expert advice, which happened to be wanting, and in any case he was so pleased to be rid of the old man that he would have given him almost anything.

Yusuf was too clever a lad to run any risk by bandying words with Fattah Khan. He insisted on being taken before the commandant, and he reminded him of the promise that he had been given; but what had appeared a matter of such world-moving importance to Yusuf could hardly be expected to have made the same impression on a busy officer like the commandant. He had forgotten, and the cavalryman who had brought up the case had left the Militia, and no one thought of consulting Yusuf's sheet-roll. The native officer, who was enjoying the scene, put in an evil word or two, and Yusuf's petition was refused: he insisted, but it was of no avail, and he had to

turn about and march out of the commandant's office. He had only one day more, but it happened to be "darbar" day, which made it easier. He came up again and stated his case as fully as he was allowed to, and respectfully demanded the restoration of his mare. This was refused, as he had expected, and he asked for his discharge. There was just the chance, he thought, that the commandant would be unwilling to lose him, and would let it weigh even a little against the decision already given. As the petition for discharge was apparently made in "pique," the commandant refused even to consider it, and ordered Yusuf to "about turn." Instead of doing so he again asked for his discharge.

"You cannot obey an order, and are therefore unfit to be a non-commissioned officer," was the reply; "you are reduced to the ranks."

The wordie-major stepped forward and removed Yusuf's stripes of lance-dafadar.

"Now go," said the commandant.

Yusuf had done all he dared without endangering his liberty: he saluted, turned about, and went while the commandant entered the sentence in his sheet-roll: as he did so he noted the written promise about the ownership of Yusuf's mare, and he put the document aside to go into the matter after he had disposed of the other cases which were waiting. There would be no harm in Yusuf being taught the meaning of discipline, and in any case he wanted to think

the question over before re-opening it. For the present he contented himself with privately telling Fattah Khan that the mare was not to leave the lines without his express sanction.

Meanwhile Yusuf wended his way along the road. He had been quite cool when he left the office, but he had not reckoned on what it would be like to return to the lines with no stripes on his arm. Whether or not he had wanted his discharge before, he was quite certain he did so now. His ambition, as far as it was connected with the Yaghistan Militia, was at an end: he would never have the patience to work himself back to the position he had gained so easily: moreover the primary cause of his enlisting was gone with the loss of his mare. This thought took him back to the plan he had formed before presenting himself at "darbar."

That night he lay awake for long fretful hours after roll-call, until he felt that every one in the lines except the sentries was asleep. He then boldly made his way to the stable behind Fattah Khan's quarter: his mare whinnied gently as she felt his approach, and he quickly put on the saddle and led her out by the back of the lines. It is easy for the footprints of man to escape detection on the stony "terrain" round Anambar, but with a horse it is different, and after considering every possible way of giving himself a good start by concealing the road he had taken, Yusuf decided

that his best plan was to throw subtlety to the winds and trust to hard riding and good horsemanship for his escape. The road he chose, although not the shortest to the Frontier, led away from the part which was most thickly studded with outposts, and there would be little chance of his being out off in response to a telegram from Anambar. It would be a straight race between him and his pursuers, and he was now ready to ride the mare to death rather than lose her again.

As soon as he felt sure that the sound of her footsteps would not be heard from the lines, he mounted and set off at a steady pace: when the first grey light of dawn was in the sky he was twenty miles from Anambar, and the mare was quite fresh. He gave her a bite of grain and started off again, walking by her side: when he watered and fed her two hours later he was already half-way to the border: his only danger now would be just before crossing it, and for that last dash he must husband the mare's strength.

As a matter of fact there was no real pursuit: the commandant was extremely sorry to lose Yusuf, and hated the thought of his being run down and possibly killed: if he had taken a rifle the pursuit would have been pressed as hard as possible, but as he was absconding with what was really his own property, the case was different, especially in view of the great provocation he had received.

Two days later Yusuf ar-

rived at the camp of his tribe. The first person he conversed with was his brother, and the meeting on the whole was a pleasant one: the brother asked no inconvenient questions, and Yusuf had decided to let bygones be bygones. He then presented himself at the tent of his uncle, and here, after the first kind greetings were over, he had to submit to a severe examination. At last Karima was in possession of the fact that he had deserted. At the word she held up her hands in real pain.

"It was no place for me," he said weakly. "As you told me, I had to obey the word of a Sulieman Khel dog."

"Then why did you go there?" she replied.

He hung his head, metaphorically if not physically.

"What else could I do?" he queried. "There was nothing for me here worthy of a man," he continued, "and I hoped there to gain honour and wealth, perhaps sufficient to purchase a wife."

"Wives are sometimes obtained," she replied, "without purchase, but they never go willingly to a man disgraced."

Poor Yusuf fairly broke down: the despair of Karima he might have borne, but he could not face the look of real sorrow on the countenance of the silent Vera. He told his whole story, all his hopes, and how near they had seemed to fruition, and at last he aroused the sympathy, and perhaps more than the sympathy, of Karima. Her judicial way of putting it was, "You went to the Militia for my sake, and

you left it in disgrace for the sake of your mare. How I hate her!"

Having delivered herself of this, she became much brighter, but insisted that Yusuf's first care should be to get rid of her equine rival. This might have taken some time—short of the ruinous method of parting with her for next to nothing to Yusuf's brother — had not Karima, with the delightful inconsistency of her sex, persuaded her father to buy her, and ever after, although Yusuf was not allowed near, the mare never missed her daily lumps of "goor" from hands daintier than his.

Karima next embarked on the fascinating task of mapping out Yusuf's life for him. His first care must be to reinstate himself with the master whom he had broken faith with: Yusuf could see no way to effect this.

"Think, lad," she was growing patronising — dangerously so for herself—"think what the English most want. Give them that, and they will forget what you have done."

"To round up a gang of raiders," he replied after a brief thought, "is the dearest wish of every 'sahib' I ever knew in the Militia."

"Can you help them to that?" queried the maid.

"I can join a gang myself," he began.

"And break faith with them," she interjected.

It was at last settled that he should try to get on the tracks of the Ghazni outlaws the next time they went on a raid. If he succeeded in giving

effective information about them, he would be in a position to have far greater offences forgiven than the one he had actually committed, even in the magnified form it appeared to Karima's eyes. But it was a difficult and dangerous game. The Ghazni outlaws were a gang of Mahsuds who had made even their own country too hot to hold them, and to the natural aptitude of a Mahsud for ambushes and forays, they added the skill that can only be gained by constant practice: they were expert freebooters of a very high order, and homicide was with them merely a trifling means to an end. Their road from Ghazni led through Suliman Khel country to the British border, and Yusuf would be in greater danger in the former as a Nasr than in the latter as a deserter. The outlook was not bright, but it appeared Yusuf's only chance, and additional attraction lay in the fact that by securing the punishment of the Ghazni Mahsuds he would be avenging his father, for it was in a fight with them that he had lost his life.

Muhammad Akbar proved a valuable ally: his influential position made him friends all over Afghanistan, and he soon put himself in a position to know every move of the Ghazni gang, whom he was anxious to bring to book on several counts. He was not revengeful, but he believed in the justice of "an eye for an eye," and his brother's blood was still unappeased: moreover, the destruction of such a band of pirates was devoutly to be hoped for by every honest trader. And had

not Karima an interest in it too?

Yusuf was soon warned that a raid was contemplated, and he lay in readiness to move immediately he received information of the direction it would take: his scheme was to get on the tracks of the gang directly they arrived in British territory and try to find out their plans. The information came, and he started off as hard as he could: for the Ghazni band do not let the grass grow beneath their feet once they begin a raid. He came on the tracks near Warsakh, when they were a day old, and now his greatest danger began. He dare not follow them openly, as the raiders might be lying up near, and they would look upon him with almost equal suspicion if they found him wandering objectless about the hills. He went along the tracks far enough to determine what particular cluster of hills they led towards, and then he lay up for the day. That night he stumbled painfully to the top of the highest hill in the clump, continually bruising his shins and ankles against the sharp boulders, and nearly always at a loss for his way. He knew that he was quite likely to tumble on to the gang, and that if they caught him they would hold no debate as to what they should do with him; but some risks had to be taken, and he would have a fair chance of escaping in the dark. How many times he felt some one moving on the hillside near him! At last he got to his hill-top, and when morning broke he found he could see the

whole countryside for miles in every direction. For fifteen weary hours of sunlight he lay motionless, except for an occasional movement of his hand carrying his water-bottle or a piece of "chupattie" to his mouth: he saw no one save in the far distance where people were moving about in the vicinity of a Militia tower whose name he did not know: some "oorial" grazed up towards his post in the early morning, and spent the heat of the day beneath some olive-trees not far below him: they were useful in the evening, as they showed him the direction of the water, and of that he was badly in need long before nightfall released him from his vigil. After he had slaked his thirst and filled his water-bottle, he hid himself away in a tumbled mass of rocks, and slept the sleep of utter weariness: except for his troubled daylight slumbers near Warsakh, he had been continually on the stretch for nearly forty hours, and his mind was depressed by the failure which seemed imminent: his chupatties were sufficient for only two days more, and after that he could carry on for another day on dates, a parting gift from Karima, but if he waited till then so far from safe country, his only course would be to give himself up with the prospect of being imprisoned for his desertion. He had not expected to be successful straight away, but in his tired state he forgot this.

Before the next day had broken he was back on his hill-top full of spirits and hope,

and he did not have to wait long before his interest was aroused. A party came out from the distant tower and made its way in his direction: he wished he had not chosen quite such a prominent hill feature, for even if he slipped away unseen they might follow his tracks, and in any case they would disturb his watch: then they disappeared in a nala, and with miraculous swiftness they appeared again on a distant hill: he rubbed his eyes, and wondered whether he had been asleep, for he had never before seen any one move quite so quickly on a hillside. Soon he realised that there were two parties below him, and that one was conscious, and one was unconscious of the other's presence: the latter set the pace and direction, while the former kept as far as possible on parallel ridges: twice they got very close, and Yusuf felt that a fight was going to begin on terms to the advantage of the aggressors, but apparently the odds were never quite good enough, for they slipped away on both occasions just when the battle seemed almost joined. Still they kept making for Yusuf's hill, and he became convinced that he would be caught by one of them when, long before the sun was at the meridian, the party from the tower halted, and after posting a sentry ensconced themselves in the shade for the heat of the day: soon they were all asleep, excepting the sentry, and Yusuf imagined he could see him nod. The other party

crept close, then they divided, and the larger half went down the far side of a ridge parallel to that on which the sentry was posted, and facing the side on which the party below him were resting: the remainder advanced slowly through an olive wood towards the sentry, who appeared more drowsy every moment. It was all happening too far away for Yusuf to take any part, but he had just decided to rush down on the off-chance of being in time to warn the Militia patrol, when the party in the olive wood put up a herd of "oorial," who clattered down the ridge in sight of the sentry, who, now thoroughly awake, shouted down the information to the patrol commander. The latter came up and had a look around: he decided that they had done sufficient patrolling for the day, and started back towards the post, still keeping an eye on the movements of the "oorial."

The other band meanwhile thrilled Yusuf by making for the spring where he had filled his water-bottle the evening before, and he had reason to congratulate himself on the way he had approached and left the place, for there were apparently no footmarks or other signs of recent disturbance to arouse suspicion; they posted a sentry and rested till the cool of the evening set in, when they once more collected by the spring and sat about smoking and talking while the Kaks¹ were being made. They were apparently

¹ Kaks = Pathan loaves of bread.

expecting some one, and Yusuf was not surprised when another gang of about the same strength arrived just before nightfall. As soon as it was dark enough Yusuf crept down, and, by making use of his knowledge of the mass of rocks in which he had spent the previous night, he succeeded in getting near enough to hear the end of what had apparently been a general council of war. Mahseedibagh was to be attacked the next night, when, as they knew from the "jarukush,"¹ there would be only six men in the post: the details of the plan he did not hear, but he learnt the "rendezvous" where they would re-assemble in case they were disturbed.

Yusuf retired to think over what he should do. If he warned the post he would most probably be taken for a spy himself, and, even if he were believed, the movements of the patrols would be changed and the attack would not come off, so that eventually he would be discredited, and certainly he would be no farther on than he had been that morning; if he let the patrols go out and gave his information to one of the commanders there would be the same difficulty about his credentials, and there would be little chance of the patrol commander trusting him sufficiently to risk the post a little in order to make a bigger bag. His reasoning was not guided purely by selfish motives, for he knew that the guiding

principle of the Yaghistan Militia was to inflict rather than to avoid loss, cheerfully to lose two men to ensure killing one of the enemy. He eventually decided to leave Mahseedibagh to its fate for the present, and putting up a devout prayer to Allah that nothing might happen to cause the post commander to change his plans, he spent the remainder of the night on the road to Mia Khan Killa, where he hoped to find in command a Native Officer of the Ghilzai squadron.

Mahseedibagh presents a solitary patch of verdure in the midst of a wild waste of broken rock and unbroken precipice, stretching ten miles in every direction, climbing in parts to regions of long winter snows and falling away in others to elevations that are not too cold for the orange. It is a pleasant spot, with its spring surrounded by a jungle of grape-vine, willow, and wild fig, and its small patch of level studded with "schnee"² and olive trees. The name is still expressive of the nature of the place, although its halcyon days for the border freebooter are at an end with the establishment of a Militia post over the water. In former times the robber could there indulge in a rest-cure and still be handy to his hunting-grounds: the climate is perfect at all times of the year, and a couple of sentries on two prominent peaks pre-

¹ Jarukush = a Mussulman sweeper, who will not, however, touch anything considered defiling.

² Schnee = a kind of ash with an edible berry.

vented all chance of surprise by day, and at night a troublesome patrol could easily be slipped in these wilds. The very terror of the raider kept the "oorial" tame, and they fell an easy prey to his ready rifle: "atta" was the only trouble, but few gangs were without a man sufficiently presentable in looks and speech¹ to visit the bania at Mia Khan Killa. It was a good place, too, for a reconnaissance preparatory to a raid, for three posts could be watched from neighbouring peaks, and, by comparing the methods of the patrols sent out from each, it was easy to decide which would fall the readiest prey. The "bagh" (garden) may now be considered to describe the amenities of the place, while "Mahseed,"² besides keeping green the old memories, pleasant or unpleasant as the case may be, has a grim sound which fairly indicates the towering summits and general rocky boldness which encloses the spot.

The post consists of two three-storied towers placed together in echelon: it is well sited and built of stone, and it is strengthened with all the aids of modern engineering such as machicouli galleries, steel loopholes, &c.: the approaches to the water are commanded, and there is no dead ground within close range: it is decidedly a strong post, but

it has one weakness and one fault. Like all posts in that rugged country, it lies between the evils of being commanded from the surrounding hills or of being far from its water, but the compromise chosen is a fairly successful one, and both evils are considerably diminished, in the first case by overhead cover and internal traverses, and in the second by the provision of large water-tanks inside the post. The fault is more serious and could have been avoided: it is a real error in construction. The door, which should have been on the first, is on the ground floor, and although it is three feet above the ground outside this is not enough: nor was the door at the time I speak of sufficiently strong to make up for its faulty position, which was further accentuated by an outside ledge conveniently placed to hold a charge of gun-cotton or dynamite. The post was designed for forty men, and it was thought to be so strong that six were deemed sufficient to hold it, in case of emergency, long enough for help to arrive.

In August, 19— a band of Ghazni outlaws was known to be in the hills round Mahseedibagh, and patrols were kept out constantly without discovering anything more useful than cold camp-fires and old resting-places: tracking was of no use in those rocky fast-

¹ Mahsud Pushtu would at once betray a man's tribe.

² Mahseed is the plural of Mahsud, the name of a race for long the terror of the Derajat and Northern Baluchistan, and of "powindahs" travelling between Afghanistan and India. Under another designation Mahsuds figure as the ogre or goblin of Pathan fables. "Goblin garden" would be a fair rendering of "Mahseedibagh."

nesses, and the only chance of a meeting was to sight the prey. In the morning of August 15 two patrols went out leaving six men in the post, with a warning that they would have to spend the night by themselves: everything went well until eight in the morning, when they found that the telephone with Mia Khan Killa was interrupted: it was too late to send in news, even if they could have spared a man from the meagre garrison of six. It, however, put them on the alert, as, although the breakdown might be due merely to a mischievous shepherd-boy having hit an insulator with a stone, it might equally mean that they had been isolated preparatory to an attack. They made certain the door on the ground floor was properly secured, and, taking with them all the water and "atta" they were likely to require, they retired to the first floor and drew the ladders after them. The night was dark as pitch. At ten o'clock the sentry on the roof imagined he heard some one moving below: he hailed, and received the answer "Friend."

"Advance one and give the countersign," he called.

Apparently he was understood, for a small patch detached itself from a larger lump of blackness which he could now make out: as it betrayed no intention of giving the countersign he ordered it to halt, and the man, panting violently, shouted something in soft Kakar Pushtu. He was now within the angle formed at the junction of the

two towers and close to the door, but as the sentry covered him easily from above he allowed him to advance, ready to drop him at any moment. He placed what looked like his rifle along the ledge outside the door, and still panting hard leant against the wall of the fort. He explained that the men outside were the jemadar's patrol, who had had a sharp brush with the Ghazni outlaws, in which the jemadar had been killed, and no one else knew the countersign. The sentry had been joined by the havildar in command, who asked the man to give his name: he did so, and although both knew it, neither recognised the voice, but as it was a mixed detachment this was not altogether surprising. The havildar told him to send Naik Baramat who had gone out with the jemadar's party, and the man replied that the naik was still behind, but he would send him when he arrived: he then retired apparently dead weary, so weary in fact that he forgot to take his rifle.

The men in the fort could now make out the rest of the party: one man lay prone in the centre—the dead jemadar they supposed: the remainder were huddled up in crouching attitudes, probably owing to extreme weariness. Suddenly the sentry nudged the havildar's arm, and pointed to the rifle along which a spark appeared to be travelling: the havildar rushed down to the first floor to bring up what water he could, but he was too late: there was a

blinding flash, and the sentry was hurled to the far wall. The door was gone, and with a howl of glee the raiders scrambled in: the sentry was back in his place just in time to shoot the last man who tried to get through.

The ground floor was in the hands of the raiders, but they found nothing there that they wanted, and there were no ladders to take them farther: but they had come prepared for this, and soon a ladder of their own was introduced, not, however, without the loss of another man to the rifle of the sentry, who was doing what he could to repair his previous error. The ladder was placed against the lid of the trap leading to the first floor, and a few volleys from the gang beneath blew to bits the door which closed it, and incidentally killed the havildar who was placing sacks of "atta" upon it: under a covering fire one bold raider rushed up the ladder, but he was sent back at once with a hole in his back. That game was too risky, and another must be tried. There were two traps leading from the ground floor to the one above, and, as they were in different towers, the same people could not defend both. The raiders collected all the sacks of "atta" they could find, and under the other trap they built a ramp up which a man could scramble with ease: but a shot through the door warned them they were not unobserved, and, abandoning all attempt at surprise, they smashed this door as they had the first. The defenders were

now divided and reduced to five. Creeping up the ladder and ramp the raiders prepared to complete their victory: the advantage of position was against them, but on their side were numbers and the initiative: meanwhile the supporting party were not idle: they knew roughly where the defenders stood, and they kept trying to get at them through the floor, which was not thoroughly bullet-proof at so short a range. There were two defenders in the room over the ladder, and three, including the sentry, who had come down from the roof, in the other room. It was here the greatest danger lay, but the other approach could not be neglected. Suddenly the men crouching on the sacks stood up and took snapshots at the defenders, but the latter were well scattered, and their converging fire proved far more effective: then a man put his rifle up without showing himself, and had a shot at where he knew a defender was posted: it was without effect, and the next time a rifle appeared a sepoy rushed forward and wrenched it from the raider's hand.

So the fight went on at both traps, and still the firing from below continued, while the floor seemed every moment to grow less resistant: then a lucky shot from the trap brought a sepoy down: he could still use his rifle, but the lower part of his body was powerless: the place of his fall was easily marked from below, and, as the men on the sacks reported him still active, it was there

that the covering fire was concentrated. He felt the bullets getting gradually closer, yet he continued his share in the defence: he could not move, and he would not ask his comrades to help him: a bullet touched him: still he fought: then the direction of the fire was changed: he no longer required it.

The small room was getting dreadfully hot from the continual discharges, and the sickening smell of cordite and black powder made the defenders reel and almost faint, while with the thinning of the floor it grew harder every moment to keep a steady watch on the fatal trap, and the blasts of smoke from the raiders' rifles made it increasingly more difficult to see. Only one defender was now left on the floor over the sacks, and a yell of triumph from the other tower told him that there too the raiders were gaining: but a shout from the next room proved that a man was still on guard over the trap, yet he expected every moment to feel a shot in the back telling him that his last mate was gone. The powder smoke was hurting his eyes terribly, and he had great difficulty in keeping them open: bullets came through the floor quite freely now, and there were few sound places where he could take refuge: he felt, rather than saw, a man half-way through the trap, and a dull thud in response to his shot told he was right: it cheered him for the moment, but he knew the

end was near: then a whistle was blown without: the firing suddenly ceased, and the weary defendants could hear the sound of horses galloping along the road below the fort. The raiders disappeared as mysteriously as they had come, and not another shot was heard around the fort that night.

Many hours later the raiders were still retreating before the squadron from Mia Khan Killa: they had lost heavily, with no gain to show, and their leader would have a nasty time at the "rendezvous" in the morning: all were dog-weary, and perhaps they moved with less precaution than usual: the meeting-place was near water, of course, but there was no absolute reason why they should all be around it at the same time, and of all bad times for carelessness just when day was lighting up the valleys: there was a lot of weary talk about a new leader, accompanied by a considerable amount of cursing the old one—although they did not know it he had already paid the price, he was the last man shot in the tower. Then a whistle sounded, not a whistle they knew, but the effect was similar: it was the old, old story, slackness and a surprise, but the initiative in this case was not with the raiders. It did not last long: these things never do, and no prisoners were taken. Muhammad Yusuf had expiated his offence.

E. L.

THE MEDIEVAL BOY.

BY L. F. SALZMANN.

It has long been my intention to write a book on the 'English Kings that Might Have Been,' the royal princes who, through their premature death or other causes, failed to ascend the throne which should in the ordinary course of events have fallen to their lot. The number of them is surprising, ranging from the Conqueror's eldest son, Robert of Normandy,—for the pre-Conquest period is too complicated, its dynasties too evanescent, for treatment,—down to that unlucky cricketer Frederick, Prince of Wales, of whom, "since it was only Fred, there's no more to be said"; in spite of which fact he has not managed to escape the universal fate of a voluminous biography. Amongst these abortive kings are William, who perished in the White Ship, and Stephen's two sons, that belligerent ruffian Eustace and his in-offensive brother William. Of William, the eldest son of Henry II., there would be little to say, and still less of that monarch's grandson William, whose stay on earth was confined to the limits of a week. Whether this same William's father, the popular star of chivalry, "the young King" Henry, should rank as a king that might have been, or as a king that was, is a nice problem; he was duly crowned, and given the title

of king in his father's lifetime; but although to contemporaries he was Henry III., later writers have ignored his shadowy regality, and even in the thirteenth century there is only one chronicler who persists in describing the royal opponent of Simon de Montfort as Henry IV. While there were four Williams who failed to attain the throne, there were three Edwards—the Black Prince and the sons of Henry VI. and Richard III. Upon reflection, there were five Williams, if we count the little Duke of Gloucester, son to Queen Anne; what were the names of her other children, who, like their mother, were chiefly remarkable for being dead, I cannot remember. It is rather curious that we should never have been within measurable distance of having a king with the most English of all names, Thomas, though twice an Arthur stood in the direct line, and once an Alphonso.

This Alphonso, son of Edward I., was for me, as I suppose for most people, nothing but a name, until I chanced to come upon a record of his being given a present of a little gaily painted cross-bow. Somehow this little incident makes the boy much more real to the imagination than, say, the pious moralisings of Archbishop Peckham in his letter of condolence to the King

on the occasion of the death of this "hope of the nation." Alphonso's elder brother Henry was given a little cart, costing sevenpence, to play with, and also a model of a plough, which cost fourpence. Even allowing for the difference in the value and purchasing power of money at that time, the fourpence being equivalent to something like five shillings, the expense of the toys used in the royal nursery compares favourably with the cost of those expected by the ordinary modern child, as any Christmas-ridden father or conscientious uncle will admit. That the toys were strongly made we may well assume, but it is clear that they met with much the same treatment then as now, for it was not long before Prince Henry's cart was broken and required mending, at a cost of twopence. His mug also had to be repaired and regilded. As for what was put into the mug when it was mended, the accounts show that milk was bought for the prince and his sister, but there is also an entry of "ale bought on many occasions for the use of the children and their nurses." Henry being at this time in his sixth, which was also his last year, and his sister being some years older, it may be assumed that they took their share of that universal English beverage; but with the memory of immortal Sairey Gamp in our minds, we may be excused for thinking that most of it was for the benefit of the nurses, and stood about in tall substantial jugs on the

medieval equivalent of the "chimbley piece," so that they might put their lips to it when they felt so disposed. If such a proceeding seems too undignified for those exalted ladies Dame Amice and Dame Cicely, the chief nurses, it may be held to apply to the humbler members of the royal nursery, the rockers, such as Alice de la Grave, who was given a pair of slippers, possibly because her own squeaked or made too much noise. To Alice, no doubt, fell the work of superintending the preparation of the bath on the rather rare occasions on which the royal children indulged in such a luxury. The bath appears to have been a quarterly affair, mention being made of its preparation on the eves of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday, and it entailed something of the elaboration of a ceremonial. That it was even as frequent as this outside the royal household may be doubted; nor did the Church consider that cleanliness had such kinship to godliness as to justify any endeavour to make the performance popular. At best the bath was to be tolerated for reasons of health, if we may accept the observances of the Austin Priory of Barnwell as evidence; for they lay down the rule that "a bath should be by no means refused to a body when compelled thereto by the needs of ill-health. Let it be taken without grumbling when ordered by a physician, so that, even though a brother be unwilling, that which ought to

be done for health may be done at the order of him who is set over you. Should he wish for one, however, when not advantageous, his desire is not to be gratified." Prince Henry's Whitsun wash would seem to have been partly, if not entirely, medicinal, as a gallon of wine was bought for his bath; and a later entry of payments to a man seeking herbs throughout the neighbourhood, and purchases of earthen pots for cooking the herbs, and of a "tancard" for carrying water into the chamber, suggest the making of such a "bathe medicinale" as that for which John Russell in the fifteenth century gives elaborate instructions. "Holyhokke and yardehok, peritory and the brown fenelle, walle wort, herbe John, Sentory, rybbewort and camamelle, hey howe, heyriff, herbe benet, bresewort and smallache, broke lempk, Scabiose, Bilgres, wild flax, wethy leves and grene otes," are the strange and complicated ingredients recommended by Russell, and most or all of these, no doubt, having the traditional authority of Saxon leechdom behind them, were tried upon the young prince, but in vain. The boy seems to have been ailing for some time. His elder brother, John, had died in 1272, about the same time as his grandfather King Henry III., and Queen Eleanor, who was with her husband in France, had more than once written anxiously for news of the children's health. Shortly after his father's coronation,

on which occasion he attended the banquet wearing a chaplet of roses and other flowers, young Henry fell seriously ill. Master Hugh of Evesham dosed him with "Letwar," "Diaboriginal," "Triasandal," and other mysterious concoctions; his appetite was tempted with larks, partridges, pears, and other delicacies, but to no effect. Then the aid of the saints was invoked; wax candles as tall as himself were sent to burn before the shrines of St Thomas at Canterbury and St Edward at Westminster, and also before the tomb of Henry III., as well as to the less famous altars of St James at Reading, St Fromund at Dunstaple, and St Momartre outside Guildford; but the saints proved of as little avail as the doctors, and the boy died.

In the complete absence of statistics it is impossible to get any accurate idea of the infant mortality in medieval times, but some hint of its terrible nature can be gathered from the fact that five children of Henry III. died in infancy, as did four of Edward III., and no fewer than seven of Edward I. If the children of kings died off in this way the losses in humbler homes must have been great, even if we admit that the children of those parents who were too poor to employ the medieval medicine man had a better chance of surviving. If the possession of a baby is a responsibility and a cause of anxiety to a modern mother, what must it have been in those days? The in-

security of infant life is one of the arguments advanced by a monastic writer in favour of the adoption of the holy and peaceful vocation of a nun. After dwelling upon certain obvious disadvantages of the married state, this upholder of the monastic ideal continues: "there cometh from the child thus born a wanting and a weeping that must about midnight make thee to waken. . . . And consider his late growing up and his slow thriving, and that thou must ever have an anxiety in looking for the time when the child will perish and bring on his mother sorrow upon sorrow." The logical futility of such arguments when addressed to a woman are proof enough that the writer was a man, and the first sentence which I have quoted suggests that he might himself once have been a married man, though perhaps he spoke only from the hearsay evidence of married friends; in any case it is also evidence that babies have not changed greatly during the past six or seven centuries. Boy nature, indeed, seems to have remained much the same ever since the days when the ungodly little ruffians mocked at the bald and irascible prophet. Young Lydgate, about the time that Richard II. came to the throne,

"Ran into gardyns, applys ther I stal,
To gadre frutys sparyd hedge nor wal,
To plukke grapys in othir mennys vynes
Was moor reedy than for to say
matynes,
My lust was al to scorne folk and jape,
To skoffe and mowe lyk a wantoun
Ape."

Like the child in one of Stevenson's songs, and a good many other children,—including those whose tongues I can hear at the present moment still clacking, though they ought to have been asleep this hour or more,—Lydgate was "Loth to ryse, lother to bedde at eve," regardless of the maxim of the good boy of a generation later,—

"Ryse you earely in the morning
For it hath propertyes three,
Holynesse, health and happy welth,
As my Father taught mee."

Lydgate was by no means the only boy who "hadde in custom to come to scole late, nat for to lerne but for a countenaunce with my felawys, reedy to debate, to jangle and jape." The same description would seem to have applied, a century later, to Robert Barbour and Robert Fayred, who with others "accompanied in a scole to lerne their gramer withinne the towne of Aylsham." They do not seem to have learnt "Howe to behave thy selfe in going by the streate and in the schoole," or at least they failed to follow its admirable precepts, which set forth how—

"When to the schole thou shalte resort,
This rule note well, I do thee exhort:
Thy master there beyng, salute with
all reverence,
Declarynge thereby thy dutye and
obediencie;
Thy felowes salute in token of love,
Lest of inhumanitie they shall thee
reprove.
Unto thy place appoynted for to syt,
Streight go thou to, and thy setchel
unknyt,
Thy bokes take out, thy lesson then
learne,
Humbly thy selfe behave and governe."

When from the schoole ye shall take
your waye,
Orderly then go ye, twoo in aray,
Not runnyng on heapes as a swarme of
bees,
As at this day every man it now sees ;
Not usynge but refusynge such foolyshe
toyes
As commonly are used in these dayes
of boyes,
As hoopynge and halowynge as in
huntyng the foxe,
That men it hearynge deryde them
with mockes."

Had the two young Roberts borne this advice in mind they would have spared themselves something worse than mockery, as it befell that through their "negligent Japyng and disport in the seid scoole" Robert Fayred received an injury of which, or at least so his friends surmised, he "in long tyme thereafter" died, "wherthorowghe, of grete malice contrary to all faith trowth and conscience," the unfortunate Barbour was thrown into prison. Naturally it was not often that schoolboy pranks resulted so seriously; more often the punishment was brief and of short duration, though painful while it lasted. There were plenty of "tyrannical, impatient, hare-brained school-masters, *Ajaces flagelliferri*," who believed in forcing knowledge into their scholars "by the Grecian portioe," and they were encouraged by such parents as Agnes Paston, who expressed the hope that if her son had not done well his master would "truly belash him till he will amend," and put her own precepts into practice by beating her daughter once or twice a-week, and even breaking her head. The parents of Lady Jane Grey

expected her to do everything "even so perfitelie as God made the world," and if she failed to come up to their rather excessive standard, punished her "with pinches, nippes, and bobbes." Children in medieval England seem to have run little risk of being spoilt through the sparing of the rod, which was kept pretty constantly before their eyes as a deterrent, and employed behind their backs as a corrector of wickedness. The Prioress of Nuneaton in 1460, being annoyed at the intrusions of impudent boys into the convent grounds, issued general orders to her tenants that they were all to whip their children, so that in future they should not trespass within the convent precincts. Little use was it for the truant to protest or even to explain that he was late because his mother had sent him to milk the ducks!

"My master lokith as he were madde :
'Wher hast thou be, thou sory ladde?'
'Milked dukkis, my mother badde.'
Hit was no mervayle thow I were
sadde.
What avaylith it me thowgh I say
nay?"

Over the master's proceedings it would perhaps be kinder to draw a veil. Suffice it to say that it was not unnatural that the boy, sore at heart,—and not only at heart,—should give vent to his feelings:—

"I wold my master were an hare,
And all his bookis howndis were,
And I my self a joly hontere ;
To blowe my horn I wold not spare !
For if he were dede I wold not care."

In these days of Montessori, when only a duke's son may be

thrashed or an earl belted, and the whipping of a cook's son may lead to an action for assault, it would be rash to uphold the ancient belief that a rod "may make a chyld to lerne welle hys lesson and to be myld." Most men in these milder times incline more to the view of our duck-milking truant that "the byrohyn twyggis so sharpe" tend to make the scholar faint-hearted and to check his enthusiasm for learning, however fain he may be to become a clerk. There must have been many others than this "sery ladde" who found the attainment of the desired benefit of clergy "a strange werke"; for in those days, when the Church and the Schools were truly democratic institutions, when every cobbler's son and "beggeres brot" might become a prelate, when the butcher's son might rise to be Cardinal Archbishop and administer the affairs of the nation, when the son of a humble dependant of St Alban's Abbey might attain the Apostolic throne and issue his orders to kings and emperors, there must have been a plenty of incompetent and unfit candidates. In the fifteenth century we find one Nicholas Glover complaining that whereas he had entrusted his son to William Bokenham, chaplain to the Clerk of the Rolls, to educate, upon the death of Master Bokenham his executor refused to give up the young John Glover to become a man of Holy Church, but intended to make him a pedlar. It is not im-

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possible that the executor had a clearer conception of the boy's capabilities than had his father, but he might at least have combined the two professions by making him either a "pardoner," hawking pardons "come from Rome al-hot," or else a "chop-church," one of those priests who raised simony to a fine art and gained their living by its practice.

If Nicholas Glover was annoyed at his son being refused admittance to the ranks of the clergy, Thomas Taverner of Walsingham, about the same time, was equally annoyed because the prior of the Carmelites at Norwich insisted upon detaining his twelve-year-old son Alexander. There are a sufficient number of such complaints against the friars to show that they were not averse to recruiting their forces in this way, and that they were quite prepared "to take a fellow eight years old And make him swear to never kiss the girls." Their opportunities of so doing arose from the custom of entrusting children to members of religious orders for purposes of education. Although modern research has disproved the legend that in the Middle Ages all education was derived from the monks, it remains quite clear that boarders were taken and educated in many religious houses, often, no doubt, with a view to their becoming inmates, but not always. As early as 1260 John Aguillon, shortly before

his death, arranged that his son Godfrey should be boarded at the little Sussex priory of Shulbred for seven years and educated to take orders of clergy; to pay for his cost a certain rent was assigned to the priory, on condition that at the end of the seven years they should either receive Godfrey as a canon in their house or else give up the rent. The prior, however, stuck to the rent and refused to receive Godfrey. It was not, however, always the laity who got the worse of the bargain. William Patynden of Benenden sent his three sons, John, William, and Thomas, to Combwell Priory "to be lerned and taught to rede and syng" by the canons, agreeing to pay eight pence a week for each of them for board and teaching. After they had been there about a year he died, owing £4, 19s., which Thomasyn his widow refused to pay, although he had left her "gret substaunce of moveabilles." Similar, but still worse, was the case of Laurence Knight, gentleman, who put his daughters, Joan aged ten and Elizabeth aged seven, to school at the nunnery of Cornworthy, agreeing to pay twenty pence a week for them. The nuns appear to have been singularly long-suffering in the matter of fees, as when he died five years later he had apparently paid nothing at all, for he owed £21, 13s. 4d., which his widow declined to pay.

Private tutors and governesses in some cases seem to

have been employed in the houses of the greater nobles from early times, but the majority of those who possessed any book-lore—and their number was far larger than most people realise—obtained it elsewhere than in their own homes; either at the daily grammar schools, or more rarely at boarding-schools, monastic or otherwise, and in the case of the sons of the gentry and lesser nobility, in the houses of their patrons, secular or religious. Every bishop and every great lord had in his household a certain number of boys acquiring courtesy and the rudiments of learning. As some modern writers have condemned the loss of home influence due to the custom of sending children to school when they are eight or nine, so the Italians in 1500 condemned the lack of affection shown by the English of the trading classes in putting their children out to strangers as apprentices at the early age of seven or eight. Whether it was due to lack of affection or not, it was certainly the fact that as the children of the middle class were sent away thus early to learn trades, so those of the upper class were sent to learn manners and all that is implied in the term courtesy. Nor can it be denied that they had much to learn, if we may judge from the various works and books of rules published for their instruction. From these same books and rhyming manuals of nurture, with their elaborate and comprehensive rules of conduct, a very

good idea can be obtained both of the standard of behaviour set up as an ideal, and also of the common slips and mistakes which the uninstructed child might be expected to make. Some of the advice given is as much for all time as anything that Shakespeare ever wrote.

"Make cleane your shoes, and combe your head,
And your cloathes button or lace :
And see at no tyme you forget
To wash your hands and face."

Surely there will never come a time when these simple and excellent admonitions on the subject of getting up in the morning will seem old-fashioned or out of date, although the hour of rising has moved on from "syxe of the clocke, without delay." Buttons and laces will remain perennially averse to being done up, nor will it be within the power of any reasonable child *never* to forget the bothersome process of washing. On the other hand, it should not be necessary to warn the average boy who has attained an age sufficiently advanced to be acquainted with the worthies of ancient Greece against copying one of the least pleasing habits of the most amiable and ugliest of the philosophers.

"Nor imitate with Socrates
To wipe thy snivelled nose
Upon thy cap, as he would doe,
Nor yet upon thy clothes."

Some of the instructions also for behaviour at table should be superfluous in a well-conducted English household; I say English, for horrid

memories of Continental hotels suggest that members of at least one great nation might well be taught in their youth some of the precepts of that good old Devonshire worthy, Hugh Rhodes; as for instance—

"Burnish no bones with your teeth,
For that is unseemly ;
Rend not thy meate asunder,
For that swarves from curtesy.
Dip not thy meate in the Saltseller,
But take it with thy knyfe.
And sup not lowde of thy Pottage,
No tyme in all thy lyfe.
Defyle not thy lips with eating much,
As a Pigge eating draffe;
Eate softly and drinke mannerly,
Take heed you do not quaffe.
Scratche not thy head with thy fyngers
When thou arte at thy meate ;
Nor spytte you over the table boorde ;
See thou doest not this forget.
Pick not thy teeth with thy knyfe
Nor with thy fingers ende,
But take a stick, or some cleane thyng,
Then doe you not offende."

There are other directions, such as not to throw bones under the table, and various injunctions as to the cleansing of the fingers and the handling of meat, which are now superfluous, owing to the introduction of forks, of plates, instead of trenchers of bread or of wood, and of carpets which necessitate a certain decency and restraint not always observed in the days when floors were covered with rushes or straw. Also there are instructions for general behaviour apart from table manners; for instance, not to claw your head or back "a fleigh as thaughe ye sought," and if spoken to by a superior not to "lumpisehli caste thine head a-down, but with a sad cheer loke him in

the face," or, as Richard Weste puts it—

"Let forehead joyfull be and full,
It shewes a merry part,
And cheerefulnesse in countenance
And pleasantnesse of heart.
Nor wrinkled let thy countenance be
Still going to and fro:
For that belongs to hedge-hogs right,
They wallow even so."

Having borrowed an image from the hedgehog, whose cousin "the fretful porpentine" Shakespeare called in aid in a famous passage, good Master Weste protests against breathing heavily "like a broken-winded horse," and continues with a triple-zoological similitude—

"Nor practize snufflingly to speake,
For that doth imitate
The brutish Stork and Elephant,
Yea and the wralling cat."

The accuracy of the comparisons may be questioned, for in spite of the length of their noses it is hardly correct to speak of either the stork or the elephant as having snuffling voices. On the other hand the unpleasantness of the cat's voice must be admitted, even if we take a more charitable view of its general character than did most medieval writers, one of whom writes as

follows: "The mouse hounter or catte is an onolene beste that seeth sharpe and byteth sore and scratcheth right perylously and is a poyson enemy to all myse, and whan she hath gotten one she playeth therwith, but yet she eteth it. And ye catte hath longe here on her mouthe, and whan her heres be gone then hath she no boldnes, and she is gladli in a warme place, and she licketh her forefete and wassheth therwith her face." No wonder, therefore, that it was forbidden at meal-times to stroke a cat or that other "onolenly beste" the dog, and that the last duty of the young gentleman-in-waiting when, in his office of chamberlain, he had seen his lord safely in bed and drawn the curtains round him, was to "dryve out dogge and catte, or els geve them a clout." Having performed this office with the same zest and skill with which earlier in the day he had laid the table, waited upon his lord and possibly taken part in the complicated ceremonies of carving and serving, the youthful student of courtesy might take his leave with a low bow—"and thus may ye have a thank and reward when that ever it falle."

THE NEW CYTHERA.

I.

FOR the adventurous spirits of to-day there abides no longer a forbidden land. We scamper with impunity on the roof of the world; we trap the mysteries of darkest Africa and hale them to our cirouses; we split the rocks for mica in the middle of Australia; our pæan has even shattered the wide silences of the Poles. The geographers greet coldly the tale of fresh waterways, and are reluctant to make addition to the maps they thought complete. Forest and fever, sand and drought still guard the ordinary loneliness of certain spaces: but their virginity has long been ravished, and Earth has kept for herself no penetralia we have not long since or lately trodden.

But that old coiling serpent Oceanus continues to defy our rude familiarity, and is bruised as yet by no track, no shaft, and no furrow. Still he seems to guard inviolate a green, quiet, unspoiled land, not shocked or stained by the sooty riot of civilisation: only, for us the gardens of the western sisters are drifted shyly down into the south. For us, the romance of discovery and solitude is centred in that other watery hemisphere, in those great wastes of the Pacific upon which the gallant Bass and the indomitable La Perouse set forth to

make no haven; most of all in those tiny constellations of dry land (where earth seems the more beautiful that she is the more rare) that were the last "harbours" of old Magellan, the Spaniard, and our English Captain Cook.

Thus the imagination of mankind has been very powerfully affected by the legend of the South Seas and the South Sea Islands. "Here," the returning travellers have cried, "is all the quiet elegance of the Cold Countries, and an abiding summer sunshine too; here is all the luxuriance of the Tropics and none of the Tropical beasts and bacilli." So that it has seemed oftentimes even a disappointment that neither ill-health nor ill-fortune has at any time ordered us or driven us South. And there are several reasons for the peculiar glamour that among these enchanted archipelagoes attaches to the Society Group and to Tahiti in particular. Though far better known and explored, for instance, than the comparatively central (and yet obstinately inhospitable) Solomons, they are commercially and geographically the most remote of the considerable islands, and perhaps on this account preserve a reputation for romantic mystery and pastoral charm long lost to Hawaii, to Samoa, to Fiji. The trim little Spreckels

boats hustle across between Sydney and 'Frisco by the shortest route, and can spare no time for the detour which would bring Tahiti and her satellites into the busy welter of the fast passenger traffic. The Australians, if indeed they do not at once hurry northward to Vancouver and the "Imperial Limited," make neighbouring Suva their utmost goal; similarly the New Zealanders, when they have wearied of their Rotorua, seek only Raratonga. The French Republic has found it easier and more profitable to subsidise a foreign service than to establish a national line plying in their sphere, nor can it be denied that unless the vested interests that now delay the economic progress of these islands were dethroned, there would be little for such an establishment to do. So that it remained for the boats of the Union Company of New Zealand, that ply a roundabout course between Sydney, the Cook Islands, the Society Group, and San Francisco, to keep the little Latin Colony at Papeete in touch with the world outside. And only when, in the early days of July in each year, the Fête Nationale draws all the Frenchmen (and many that are not Frenchmen) from the Pacific Islands and from the Californian slope to celebrate at Papeete (somewhat irrelevantly, one is bound to think) the fall of the Bastille, is the accommodation thus provided to any notable degree embarrassed.

This may change. While the Californian ports were the eastern focus of the Pacific trade, the Society Islands, between 16° and 18° S. and 198° and 155° W., were affected neither by the traffic making N.E. from Sydney and Auckland, nor by that coming round the Horn or through the Straits of Magellan. But with the perforation of the Isthmus of Panama, by which New Zealand will be brought nearer to Great Britain by 900 miles, and Tahiti from five to ten days nearer to France, there will result a possible increase in commercial traffic, and a more probable development of passenger traffic along an interesting route, which would include the West Indian Islands and Panama as well as the Society Group. It has even been suggested, in view of the changes to be wrought by the new geography (changes strategical as well as commercial), that Britain should acquire from France the little islet of Rapa or Oparu, the most southerly of the French possessions in these seas. Oparu, a member of the Austral Group, depending on the Society Group, has in Ahurea, it is pointed out, a harbour of some note. But it is worth remarking, in this connection, that Louis Becke, "Becke of the Islands," who died last year in Sydney under somewhat sad circumstances, devotes a rather jolly essay in his volume on 'Wild Life in the South Seas' to "Rapa the Forgotten," in which he mentions that the

harbour of Ahurea is a treacherous spot owing to "the sudden squalls that come humming down from the grim mountain passes" for eight months out of twelve.

A further consideration will commend Tahiti to the fugitive and to the Theocritean. The race in possession has, in contrast with the Americans at Hawaii, the Germans in Samoa, and the British in Fiji, disturbed singularly little the ancient, lazy, playful life of the aborigines. Partly is this due to the fact that the Latin temperament is more nearly akin to that of the lotus-eating natives than is the hustle and energy of Teutonic and Yankee intruders into other groups. Here the somnolent concessionnaires pursue less hotly the almighty dollar. Partly it is due to the fact that the essentially local and territorial nature of French patriotism, in the first place, makes the Frenchman exiled in Tahiti (whether in an official or a commercial capacity) a sojourner for all his time, thinking only how he may best and most quickly compass his return to the dear soil of France, to the slow, poplar-crowned rivers of Picardy, or the sunny, stony, vine-clad hills of the Midi; secondly, disinclines him to effect a metamorphosis of the native scenes and people, to adapt and school it to his own colonial needs, and leads him to colonise intensively (like the old Dutch and English in their Eastern factories), building on certain circumscribed

sites little reproductions of the cities of his fatherland. A certain "nostalgie" forbids the Latin to go half-way to meet his new surroundings (or environment), and his colony remains a cleruchy long after the Englishman's has become a State. A Gallio Coreyra or New York is an unthinkable proposition. True, Honolulu is an American city just as Papeete is a French one. But Honolulu is the fit centre of Hawaiian life (as the Americans have transmogrified Hawaiian life), grafted into the new system, metropolis of the whole. But Papeete is just a little French town, having no earthly relation to island life at all; not jarring with it as under similar circumstances an American city would jar, for it is Latin, and, as was remarked above, akin; but there has been no adaptation—no grafting—no schooling of Tahitian to Latin standards. For instance, you will find in and about Papeete to-day that if a Tahitian knows any language beside his own, it is not French: most probably it is a few words of English, which he supposes, moreover, to be American.

But it is for its historical and literary history that Tahiti, "*la délicieuse, cette reine polynésienne, cette île d'Europe au milieu de l'Océan sauvage, le perle et le diamant du cinquième monde,*" is principally distinguished among the green oases of the Pacific. Indeed its older label, "*Otaheite,*" may almost be called a literary name:

certainly it is one full of traditional interest.

Of all the metropolitan islands, it lies nearest to that most entirely mysterious (and entirely inaccessible) little rock called Waihu, or, more commonly, Easter Island, though it does not itself boast any colossal or archaic remains. Its own most ancient interest for English folk is its connection with many of the most famous of the Pacific explorers, and with what is one of the most famous sea-stories of all time. It has been remarked that the Spaniards, the earliest navigators in these seas, made curiously few discoveries—though the Philippines, the Solomons, the Marquesas, and the New Hebrides (Quiros' *Austrialia del Espiritu Santo*) lie to their credit. Like Drake and Cavendish, after passing the Magellan Straits, they were accustomed first to hug the west coast of Patagonia closely, and then, relaxing it, to dash quickly across to the Spice Islands. Quiros indeed, in 1606, sighted a piece of low land which he named *La Sagittaria*, and which was once supposed to have been Tahiti, but M. Caillot¹ has concluded *Sagittaria* to have been among the *Paumotus*, and we must consider his opinion definitive. Long after Hawaii and Fiji and the not-very-far-away Marquesas were already well known, then Tahiti was at last sighted by an Englishman in 1767. Captain Wallis in the

frigate *Dolphin* had left England in the previous year, and having coasted Patagonia and passed the Straits of Magellan, he sailed doggedly on W.N.W. and came at length among the *Paumotus* (which are "low islands," that is of coral, not volcanic origin). Among these he scattered the names of divers contemporary royalties, and when at length he sighted the great sugar-loaf of Tahiti, decided that here indeed was the pearl of greatest price, for which he had reserved the most dignified of the titles at his disposal and joyfully dubbed it King George the Third's Island. The gallant seaman's account of the first disembarkation at Tahiti, preserved in Kemp's '*Voyages*,' is not uninteresting. "About two o'clock the boats landed without any opposition, and Mr Furneaux (2nd lieutenant of the *Dolphin*, and afterwards an able lieutenant of Cook in Tasmanian and New Zealand waters) stuck up a staff upon which he hoisted a pendant, turned a turf, and took possession of the Island in His Majesty's name. . . . He then went to the river (the *Tautira*), and tasted the water, which he found excellent, and mixing some of it with rum, every man drank His Majesty's health." During the following night, it appears, this pendant was removed by the Islanders, and a later visitor to Tahiti was horrified to observe it playing a prominent part as an item

¹ In his definitive history of the Society Group (Paris, 1910).

of the ceremonial upholstery at a rite of human sacrifice which he chanced to witness. Wallis remained five weeks in Tahiti, received several visits from a frail and dusky princess called Oberea, and departed after bestowing the name Duke of York's Island upon the mountain-mass across the Strait.

Less than a year subsequently, came a French expedition to Tahiti, consisting of the frigates *La Bondeuse* and *L'Etoile*, under the command of the distinguished Bougainville, who was then achieving the first French circumnavigation of the world. He carried away with him a Tahitian, Aotomou, the first of his race to visit Europe. Aotomou eventually learned to speak a little French, to find his way about the streets of Paris, and to cultivate an extreme fondness for the opera. On his way home to his native island, the unfortunate exile fell a victim to that most hateful of all ills to the South Sea Islander, phthisis.

In 1789 there arrived the second party of English visitors, with Captain Cook in the *Endeavour*. The objective of this momentous voyage, the great achievement of which did not occur till Tahiti had been left far behind, was to convey a party of men of science to view under the most favourable circumstances the Transit of Venus across the sun's disk. Accordingly there were with Cook on the *Endeavour* Sir Joseph Banks (then Mr Banks,

afterwards to become the Father of New South Wales), Dr Solander, the distinguished Forsters, father and son, and other scientists. Cook reported that "the whole scene recalled the poetical fables of Arcadia," and that the natives shewed "an intelligence and an influence (*sic*) which would do honour to any system of government however regular and inspired." After which very generous tribute it is a trifle disconcerting to read that "the people of this country, of all ranks, men and women, are the arrantest thieves on the face of the earth." Apparently the dusky Cleopatra hastened on ship-board to inquire (no doubt) of her Cæsar, and to accord a welcome to her Antony, and the visits of herself and her courtiers were invariably the occasion of petty larceny of a most open and industrious kind. The Englishmen's embarrassment at these genial depredations reached a climax, we are told, when, preparations for the observation being afoot, the quadrant was discovered to be missing, and the expedition was likely for a while to have come vainly on that rather distant excursion. Eventually the expropriator was persuaded into reason; no doubt he (or she) preferred a more intelligible booty; and the observations of the Transit were, in the end, successfully conducted. Near the lighthouse on the Point Venus of to-day a monument originally erected by this expedition is

kept in perpetual and reverent repair. At length Cook sailed westward to discover New South Wales.

During the following year he paid a second visit,¹ and came for the last time (with Clerke) in the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* in 1777: in '79, during the same voyage (a visit to Noot Sound had intervened), the great Captain met his tragic end at Karakara Bay, in Hawaii.

One of Cook's lieutenants in 1774 had been a certain William Bligh, and in 1788 this officer arrived in Tahiti with the *Bounty* on that famous voyage to fetch bread-fruit trees for transplantation to the Antilles. Bligh stayed six months collecting plants, and left in April 1789. The *Bounty* had been but a few weeks at sea when the mutiny broke out: the leader of the insurgents, who rejoiced in the respectable and even distinguished name of Fletcher Christian, put Bligh and eighteen stalwarts into the launch and despatched them upon what proved to be a voyage of 3613 miles to Batavia: while the *Bounty* was put about for the delectable island once again. Some of the crew settled here permanently: others fearing the long arm of Justice, sought a more remote fastness at Pitcairn. One of the former, having become a kind of Mayor to the Palace to the chieftain of Tiarapu,

Veiatua III., succeeded him in due course as Veiatua IV., was recognised by his fellow-chieftains, and reigned until the interesting career of this South Sea Clovis was cut short by another *Bounty* man who was jealous of his shipmate's good fortune.

Justice pursued the mutineers in 1791 in the shape of Captain Edwards of the frigate *Pandora*, and a few months later arrived Vancouver in the *Pacific* and the *Chatham*, and pushed onward toward the north-east and the region where his name is to-day so clumsily perpetuated. Six years afterwards the first English missionaries came upon the scene, and the age of discovery was ended. Then ensues a rather doleful story of civil war and missionary intrigue, until the arrival of Catholic Church in the person of a priest, who bore the auspicious name of Laval, in 1836, inaugurated a period of rivalry between the religious, and at length the civil and military emissaries of England and France, which culminated in the once famous "Affaire Pritchard" in 1844. In 1842 a French protectorate was established, and in 1847 the Islands were annexed. Internally, the history of the Island of Tahiti has been largely the record of the attempts of the dynasty of the Pomares to establish a hegemony: and of the intrigues of the Pomares

¹ Following Cook, in 1772 came the Spaniards from Lima. They called the island Amato, after the then Viceroy of Peru, and retired. They paid a second visit in 1775, but returned after losing their Commadore, Bonechea.

among themselves, and with the Europeans. The story is not unique in the South Seas, nor, considered as native royal-

ties, are the Pomares as interesting as the Thakombaus, the Kamehamehas, the Mataas of other groups.

II.

Attention was attracted to this New Cythera by the generally famous voyage of Cook and his scientists for the observation of Venus: and when the news of the *Bounty* affair reached London the island became again a favourite topic. Otaheite (as it was called at this time) was first celebrated in English literature by a poem which Byron published under the name of "The Island," in 1823, when the enterprise of Fletcher Christian and his followers was still fresh in the ears of English people.

It is not a great poem: but it contains many passages of charm, and some few of brilliance, and herein for the first time the peculiar atmosphere of the languid island paradise was communicated to the folk at home, and the love of Torquil and Neuha seems to foreshadow the later story of Loti and Rarahu.

A land so individual and so magic that the accounts of rough mariners could inspire afar, was not likely to remain long unvisited save by navigators and by missionaries. Nevertheless the next appearance of Tahiti in work making claim to literary quality was the result of an ocean truancy. Hermann Melville, an American, ran away to sea at the

age of eighteen, and after being imprisoned for some time among the Marquesans, an experience related afterwards by him in 'Types' (1846), he visited Tahiti. That visit is described at length and often with great charm in 'Omoo,' which appeared in 1847. At this time he says Tahiti was the most famous of the South Sea Islands, owing to the peculiarly full accounts of it composed by the early visitors, whether mariners, like Cook and Turnbull, or religious emissaries like Wheeler and Russell. "A variety of causes," says Melville, "has rendered this island almost classic." Written in the early days of missionary endeavour and foreign interference, 'Omoo' presents an interesting view of the early effects of the contact between the European and the Pacific civilisations.

Three years after the publication of 'Omoo,' there was born in the old stranded seaport of Rochefort a boy named Julien Viand, who was destined to write the principal monument of that old Tahitian life, which ended, according to him, with the death of Queen Pomaré in 1877. Several influences drew the imagination of the young Pierre Loti to the South Seas. The little municipal

museum of Rochefort, it has been remarked, is full of corals and shells and island bric-a-brac—the bequests of townsmen returned from their long voyages round the Horn. His elder brother had been a sailor before him, and had visited the Pacific station; and, finally, during his naval training we find him on the *Bougainville*, a vessel that commemorated the first French visitor to Tahiti. In 1870, at any rate, any inclinations the boy may have had were gratified, for he is found a naval cadet on the *Flore* (Pacific station), and soon afterwards himself a visitor to the enchanted island. The fruit of this visit appeared in the 'Nouvelle Revue' of J. M. Calmann-Levy as 'Rarahu,' and in 1882 was re-issued under its present title, 'Le Mariage de Loti.' The writer had already published a volume called 'Aziyade' as a result of a visit to the Near East, and, curiously enough, both 'Aziyade' and 'Rarahu' have as their hero a young English officer—the one a soldier in the Turkish service before Kars, the other a midshipman visiting Tahiti with his ship. The name Loti (that of an island flower), which, in 'Le Mariage de Loti,' is given to Harry Grant by the natives who cannot manage "Grant," is said to have been bestowed in reality upon the sensitive young Viaud by his fellow-officers, and was henceforward

adopted as the pen-name of this writer. 'Le Mariage de Loti' is an exquisite little idyll of the kind that are only born in France, pulsing with an almost autobiographical fervour, and conveying better than any other published work the very scents and sounds of the Islands. Most true of all is the sorry little confession at the end:—

"J'ai vu Tahiti trop délicieuse et trop étrange à travers la prisme enchantée de mon extrême jeunesse . . . En somme, un charmant pays, quand on a vingt ans : mais on s'en lasse vite et le mieux, peut-être, est de ne pas y revenir à trente." . . .

It is the tale of all Arcadias—places to play in when one is young, to escape from when one is discreet, to remember sadly when one is old and when the scented vapours of the teeming valleys warm one in recollection better than the present hearth.

But for the English, the South Seas recall especially one great figure in literature: and it is disappointing that Stevenson, who lived for several months in the island, and two of whose acquaintances there, Ori¹ and Tati Salmon, are yet living, has left us no description of it in 'In the South Seas,' although the Marquesas, which he visited before Tahiti, and the Gilberts—which he visited afterwards—are there figured in detail.² Those who would wish to learn something of the life of the

¹ "Of all the chiefs Stevenson knew in the Pacific, . . . probably the one for whom he had most affection."—Graham Balfour, 'Life.'

² 'From Saranac to the Marquesas.' Ed. M. C. Balfour. Methuen: 1903.

"Casco" party in Tahiti are recommended to Mr Balfour's 'Life,' to Stevensen's Letters, and especially perhaps to the letters of his mother, Mrs M. I. Stevenson, during 1887, and to her sister, Jane Whyte Balfour. I think that, outside the letters, the only appearance of Tahiti

in the writings of R. L. S. occurs towards the end of the story called "The Bottle Imp" in 'Island Nights' Entertainments.' A last resident on Tahiti, who should perhaps be mentioned, is the unhappy impressionist painter, Gogain, who died in the Marquesas.

III.

There rose a cheery clamour on the Union steamer as we passed under the lee of Moorea, and, coming into the Strait between the Islands, met the full vigour of the breeze that rushes headlong through that narrow channel. The lonely fore-deck was suddenly populous with bustling seamen, the donkey-engines woke and stirred, the winches creaked and groaned, the great derrieks swung slowly out into position. Down on the forward well-deck the weary-eyed circus horse for 'Frisco whinnied excitedly as his straining nostrils caught across the water the good, rank smells of land. Even the hundred and thirty tousled cockatoos, hardier relics of the two hundred odd luckless fowls that had set sail from Wellington in such excellent feather, greeted the new development with raucous shouts of unintelligent indignation. But our approach wrought the most surprising metamorphosis in the native ladies, who by long-established precedent had accompanied the coolies from Raratonga. These, to speak frankly, had hitherto been less distinguished for their attire than for their physique,

nor had the slender proportions of their baggage boded any exuberance of shore-going trousseau. But Papeete is the Paris of the Pacific, and, in spite of the fact that the little tarpaulin marquee that had sheltered them during the voyage had long since been packed away, their men-folk discreetly gazing the while over the bulwarks at the approaching shore-line, hey presto! the thing was done. The soft brown contours of neck and breast and arm and ankle were smothered in a generous drapery of brightly-printed Manchester cotton, the flowing tresses were hastily gathered up beneath vast canopies of billowy straw; a field of flowers surmounted each of these; yellow, pink, and green parasols, the fields of flowers, and lo! when son and husband turned timely from the bulwarks there needed but their aid for the adjustment of a plaquet here, of a garter there, and the complete and ravishing vision confronted their delighted eye in its exuberant entirety. Raratonga might now, without shame, descend the gangway in the eyes of all Papeete.

On the port-bow Moorea, the Duke of York's Island of Captain Wallis, the Eimeo—generally speaking—of the Cartographers, offers to the voyager from the westward, as he approaches the northern roadstead of Tahiti, a spectacle only less beautiful and even more wildly fantastic than is Raratonga. Indeed, to the European, accustomed to the gentler contours of our slowly-moulded landscapes, the prospect of Moorea from this point is wellnigh incredible. Hurl a mess of Alps into the sea—anyhow, into the sea—and they will not present half the *bizarrerie* of aspect that have these crumpled, riven hills, like nothing else in human experience, and nothing in human imagination, unless perhaps it be the sheer blue pinnacles in the backgrounds of the Quattrocenti. How to convey to those accustomed to the solid, sober standards of down and alp the image of this fairy *étalage* of peak and precipice, escarpment, cleft and chasm, on which giddy, laughing, verdant nature swings as upon a trapeze, of this whimsical freak of Vulcan, whose roof is a hallowed cavern and its crown a pierced and perforated lantern, poised beyond the caprice or the daring of any Gothic builder.

Wrapped in a silence only broken by the dull booming of the surf as it dashes white and high over the loftier sections of the coral wall, set in the still, aquamarine girdle of the lagoon, ringed about with the green forests of the coastal

coco-palms that crowd upon the talus, the great hulk of the island, rising sheer, is quickly split and sundered into a tangle of cool and scarp and summit—the ridges so ragged and so steep that you might easily imagine them the ornelated curtain-wall of a medieval fortalice; the scarps interrupted every now and then by tiny plateaux, swung between sea and sky; the foothold of grove or lawn; the peaks so spare and so lofty that they seem the fangs of some Gorgon-hindered monster, straining yet to rend the Cope of Heaven. An incredible picture, beautiful for its volcanic energy, its unending variety, its bright drapery of clinging verdure, but grim also in its abiding suggestion of the frightful tumult that fretted and disturbed those lonely seas at that tempestuous nativity.

To starboard, the great cloud that had lain for a long time over against Moorea and was now become Tahiti, offers in contrast a welcoming prospect of a quiet, sloping European character. They are like a hedgehog and a tortoise lying side by side. Here, a great green hillside heaves gently toward the sky; over the central peak of Orohena hangs a cloud; and no chine or coombe would seem at that distance to interrupt the soft expanse of scrub with which these seaward slopes are covered. So that, after Raratonga and Eimeo, Otaheite the renowned appeared a little tame and customary, nor until we had passed through the

reef and were awaiting in the lagoon the little yellow-flagged launch of the Medical Officer did the first slight disappointment wear away. For there among the shadows of the late afternoon lay Papeete, and above the town, beyond the groves of cocoanut and banana, the eternal green slope was at last interrupted, and the hills on either side the gap drew back for the little stream of the Fataauna to leap gaily over its precipice out of the interior fastnesses and chatter down the gully to the sea. But you must walk a little way out of Papeete towards the east, along the white causeway of crushed coral, and take your stand upon the little bridge that spans the Fataauna torrent, if you are to see the great glory of Tahiti, the Diadem. Here across the head of the valley is drawn a great wall of perpendicular rock, so jagged and so dented where it cuts the sky, and withal so level and so sheer, that it seems like a great radiated crown, set ready at the feet of Orohena. So they call it the Diadem of Tahiti; and, with the Coronet of Normandy at Rouen, there are thus preserved to the Republic the loveliest regalia in the wide, wide world.

Beautiful, shy little Papeete! She lay between the hill-slopes and the lagoon, deep hidden for the most part in the coco-palms that fringe the beach and the acacias that shade her boulevards. Her tiny monuments peered out at us over the tree-

tops at long intervals: a little red spire proclaiming the native mission church, and a blue one—not much larger—the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame, headquarters of the Catholic Bishop. Over the old Palace of the Paumarés, now the residence of the Governor and the seat of the *Administration des Etablissements d'Océanie*, the tricolour swam idly in the evening wind. From the flagstaves in the gardens of the Consulates waved the Stars and Stripes and our own homely Jack. Little grey plumes of smoke were mounting into the air from a hundred chimneys, and, among the tree-trunks, the scanty traffic of the late afternoon bustled cheerily to and fro.

We passed the long black rows of the catamarans, drawn high and dry upon the beach, and, where a great space of wharf lay empty for us among the company of little white island schooners, we came at last to land. All Papeete, so far as the small affairs of that community permitted, was assembled in festival attire to greet the *Aorangi*; for the arrival even of a tiny clipper-bowed steamer of four thousand gross tonnage is an event of importance in that remote quarter of the globe—an event to be celebrated by a variety of extravagances, according to the race and station of the citizen, from the rare assumption of trousers to the purchase of clean ducks and a new straw hat. The upshot was a varied and effective pageant.

Here were the Chinese, blue-trousered, pink-shirted, immobile, smoking together, squatted upon the bales. There, a more considerable crowd, the natives, male and female—the elders decently but hideously clad in prints and hollands, according to the strict standard of missionary decorum; the boys as yet conceded the charming and healthy national costume of the *pareu* or kilt that, girt loosely about the middle, reveals the magnificent physique of the Tahitian race.

It is common to suppose that black and brown men must all exhibit either the stubbly hair, the squat nose, the calfless leg of the Negritio type, or else the spare degenerate frames of the Bengalis. Not so these Indonesians of Tahiti. The women, when they are not yet run to fat or wasted by disease, are shapely of form, graceful of movement, and, if they cannot be described as fair of face, have eyes for the most part well calculated to make an ass of any European of common susceptibility. The men, however, exhibit best the singular grandeur of this island race. While they, too, run somewhat early into corpulency, and are too often marred by a white strain that has crept into their blood, the pure-bred island mountaineers—clear-eyed, clean-limbed, light of complexion, with their thick and long black hair, their bright and active eyes, their gay and reasonable dress, their wreaths of gardenia or stephanotis—realise as well as

reality can ever realise imagination, the Arcadians of our dreams.

The assemblage was completed by two smaller groups, aloof from the natives and the Chinese, and from each other. At one end of the pier were the French officials and residents with their families, smartly attired as befitted the ruling race, attended by their *bonnes* and their children, barelegged boys and girls that might, so far as their appearance went, have been snatched a few moments since out of the gardens of the Luxembourg. Somewhat aloof, at the other end, and brown, nearly, as the natives under their solar topees, the American and English traders preserved a dignified and unruffled calm, but were betrayed into a recognition of the considerable character of the present occasion by the festive appearance of their immaculate white ducks.

The day was rapidly falling as we made fast. Among the acacias the lights had begun to twinkle. Out on Point Venus the white beacon leapt out of the gathering dusk. Behind us, in a great arc of saffron sky, Moorea lay, a great grey cloud upon the evening sea. The sky deepened slowly into sapphire; above the town, the hills were already gone. At the great Lavina's, it was evident, they were making ready the salads.

We hastened down the gangway to the shore.

The new arrivals sipped their coffee by the dim verandah

lights in Lavina's garden. Lavina! Can it be that the name of that august and famous lady was till now unknown to you, Reader? Lavina, the Muse of Entertainment, or, the better to suggest her portly presence, I will call her Goddess of Hospitality to the Eastern Pacific! The great aristeia of Mme. Lavina will not be adequately sung till a poet arises to the task as much beyond old Skelton as she herself excels, transcends, outshines, eclipses the immortal Mistress Elynor Rummynge.

In the boulevards the evening diversions of the townsfolk were lit by great arc-lights swung between the acacias every fifty yards. Bicycles darted hither and thither decorated, each of them, with the swaying Japanese lantern that does duty in Tahiti for a lamp. Down the "Rue de Rivoli," a narrow, primitive, and not too clean little thoroughfare, came a quaint little procession of a boy with a drum (a highly vigorous exeoutant), a Chinaman with a sandwich board, and lastly a tall native with a torch to illuminate the notice in the ill-lit byways. This was to the effect that the Cinema would function that evening—an intrusion of civilisation that surprised and annoyed me a little. But it appeared that there were eighteen picture palaces in the Society Group alone; and the newest films are displayed to the Tahitians before ever they have reached the myriad "picture palaces" of Sydney. The proprietor of

the Society Island "circuit" told me that the natives were especially fond of the pictures that displayed the strange active "cow-boy" life that must be so singularly difficult for their lymphatic temperament to understand.

A cheerful clatter of dishes and glasses sounded from the verandah of the Cercle de Bougainville, where the *élite* of the officialdom were sitting late over their dinner. There needs apparently a *corps d'administration* of five hundred and ten to look after this miniature establishment, and it seems that the multiplication of petty officers, the resulting exiguity of the salaries, and the enormous difficulty experienced in France of getting civil servants to accept posts in such remote latitudes,—all these circumstances prejudice the good conduct of the colony. The chief justice (*procureur*), for instance, is not a pure-bred Frenchman at all, but a half-breed from San Domingo. This was not by any means, so far as I could learn, to the prejudice of justice in Tahiti, but it is an interesting illustration of the difficulty that exists in persuading born Frenchmen to leave the land of their birth, even to occupy positions of distinction in distant lands.

Altogether, however, so far as it is the handiwork of man, Tahiti, even on that festival night, seemed but a half-hearted little town. Of its two finest buildings, neither is the work of modern French enterprise. Government House

is the old palace of the native dynasty. The American Consulate was erected by the Mormon missionaries. I glanced at the Hospital, and hoped that I might never be sick there. The Post Office was only redeemed from insignificance by two gigantic sentinel palms that stood on either side of the doorway, and suggested an architectural distinction that the wooden building itself entirely lacked. There are no statues, no fountains, no public gardens. Social life is listless and rather petulant, limited in its scope by the apathy and the poverty of the inhabitants. It was whispered that there was but one butler and but one set of plate in the whole of this metropolis. These belong to the American Consul, who lends them out for his neighbours' entertainments with unfailing generosity.

A disappointing little town. We left the streets and, crossing the esplanade, walked down on to the beach, at a point where, upon a jutting tongue of land, three tall and lonely palms, clear out in the starlight, leaned gracefully out over the lagoon. Thousands of little leaping fish, glimmering like so many fire-flies in the dark, splashed and rippled the starlit surface of the water. Under the palms we heard the land-crabs rustling in the herbage. Out on the reef, the torches of the natives as they speared the too-curious fish, come to meet their fate in the quiet shallows, like moths to a candle, bobbed incessantly up and down. Above, the

canopy of heaven was lit with the cold, clear lights of a myriad stars.

A lurking figure in greasy whites stepped up to us as we returned toward the town. "Say, pardon, mister, I should like to ask you, if you *will* be so kind, but are you by any chance a Suffolk man? I came out of Suffolk thirty-five years ago. Sometimes when the boats come in I try to find a Suffolk man."

I was forced to disappoint him. The figure stumbled away in the direction of the native huts. Suddenly we were hailed again. The novel experience of this conversation with his kind tempted our questioner to prolong it for a moment.

"Say, have you read the 'Earl and the Doctor,' mister? D'ye remember the broken-down Englishman? That's me, mister. D—n his bl—dy hide. That's me. Would you believe it? Do I seem broken down?"

He drew himself up defiantly, recollections of old self-respect surging upon him. But the experiment was not very successful, and as he lurched away into the gloom, he tripped on a root and fell headlong. We heard him go off cursing.

"The beach-comber," moralised my friend, "is never an attractive specimen; but of all the riff-raff of the islands, the educated English wastrel gone-native is the beastliest spectacle."

The invaluable Lavina had chartered me a catamaran for

six-thirty in the morning, that I might go out over the corals in the lagoon and watch the dawn come up out of the sea. But by five I was escaped from my cabin, where the innumerable smells and noises incidental to the unlading and loading again of the vessel had compelled me to close the ports, and the heat had been, in consequence, intolerable. In the market-place at that early hour the cheapening was in full swing. Lithe, immaculately clothed young half-castes chatted and spat in the entries. Corpulent old ladies squatted crooning over their baskets. Fishermen, butchers, market-gardeners cried their wares in stentorian tones. And all the available space on stall and floor was crowded with goods: the fish (fresh from the reef), and meat, new slaughtered, upon the stalls; and the fruits piled high upon the floor in great plaited baskets—oranges, plantains, bananas, coconuts, melons, grape fruit, fœ from the hills, and the curious bamboo tubes of liquid sauces that have become an emblem of the island, and are figured in the Tahitian house-wife's arms upon the paper currency. Dozens of great electric lights rendered the scene as light as day, hundreds of raucous voices rendered it noisy as Pandemonium, and I was glad to escape through the silent streets to the deserted beach. With some delay I discovered my Charon—who knew scarcely a word of English, and was of the opinion that only a born fool does not step naturally and

easily for the first time into a catamaran sixteen inches wide. My own linguistic equipment consisted of a knowledge of this gentleman's name, which was undoubtedly *Miaow*, and a Tahitian word (of which I was extremely proud)—viz., *Maitai* (which means nice). When I was pleased (as when he waded among the corals and fetched me the one I indicated) I smiled and said "*Maitai*." When I was displeased (as when he filled the bottom of the boat with octopods which should certainly have been moribund, since he had just bitten out their entrails, but which maintained a disconcerting vivacity in that distressing condition) I shook my head with the maximum of vigour and the minimum of effect. I have since wished that these primary gestures had a cosmopolitan significance. My waggings of the head may even have lent ardour to his pursuit of the wretched, but in the very article of death, still formidable squid.

Rain was falling when I embarked in my catamaran. In the east the dawn was grey, a little shot with saffron. Over Moorea hung a bank of threatening cloud; the heights above were misty, and all around, as we put out from the shore, spread the dull opaque green of the troubled waters. The transformation wrought presently in that gloomy prospect of mist and water was the most amazing I have yet observed in nature. Out of the east sprang the red beams of the sun. Out of the

mist sprang the vivid green of the hill-slopes. Out of the morning cloud-bank leapt into view the peaks of Moorea. The rain ceased. The sky grew pale and deepened into blue. . . . And the lagoon . . . here was the greatest miracle of all. First, as the water cleared we saw the fish—plumed some of them, striped others, all dressed in the brightest colours, electric blue and verdant green, and red, and black, and silver. Then, as the lowest depths were stilled, the curtain was, in a single moment, drawn aside and we were floating over the garden of the coral.

There was no red—that is best seen at Suva,—it is not found so far to the south as this. But yellow, and brown, and lily-white, and mauve there were—all painted with a far, far greater variety of design than any garden of the land could show. This brilliant, whimsical, delicate display spread far and wide beneath our keel at a depth of some five to some fifteen feet, the lagoon growing shallower as we neared the reef. . . . When I looked up it was a glaring summer, tropic day.

We drove into the silences of the interior.

Ours was an undistinguished equipage, which nevertheless had this about it of the remarkable, that the harness was chiefly composed of brown paper. So that every now and then—about fifteen times, I think, during the excursion—the mules would saunter composedly on along the track and

leave us, gesticulant but immobile, in the rear. More efficient, certainly, was our charioteer—a dark-eyed native boy of fifteen or so, who spoke English well and claimed to be English by birth, by which he was ultimately understood to mean that he was born of Hindu parents out of Bombay! His principal defect was an unselfish one. Charitable to a fault, every five minutes he would pull out, from Heaven knows where, a ceremonial gift which he tendered with an abundance of words and gestures. The seventh such offering was a centipede which got loose in the draperies during the ceremonies attendant at its presentation, . . . and the series ceased abruptly.

We drove into the silences of the interior.

At the first, while the valley floor was fairly wide, there were plantations on either side of us—vanilla, coffee, cotton,—and in the midst of each, hidden among the banana-trees and the cocoa-palms, a native habitation, with its women in their bright print dresses looking shyly out from the verandah, and its naked children laughing in the yard dust among the poultry. Once our driver turned and pointed to a wretched shanty in a small enclosure, where among the trees two men were digging. "Lepers," he said; "it is a father and his son. The old man is very ugly to see." Down the road from the hills came a coolie in a pareu. He was heavily laden, and the beautiful muscles ebbed and

flowed across his chest and limbs as he strode along. In his hair was plaited a wreath of the scarlet hibiscus, the "pureau." At his heels trotted a tiny youngster in a cotton shirt, hugging a cocoanut. By a slip-rail gossiped three maidens of Tahiti, respectably but hideously clad in pink and blue, and balancing enormous straw hats on their heads. On a heap of stones rested a man in a soiled shirt and trousers. His one foot was ordinary; his other, thickly swathed, was the size of a coal-scuttle. This was elephantiasis—not common in the island.

And then the valley floor contracted. There was room only for our track and for the little Fataauna, which hurried down toward the sea on our left with an odd noise of many voices calling in panic. The cries of the town were now left far behind us, even the barking of the homestead dogs. And since the hills were gathered round, save for the eerie sound of the waters below, there hung a heavy, heated silence in the air. There is no song of birds in these islands. Even the fierce-eyed mina bird which we saw dumbly perched upon the fruit-tree branches is an importation from New Zealand—introduced that it might prey upon the hornets.¹

The road degenerated into a cart-track—a couple of ruts in that soft and teeming soil. The Lantanas caught the

wheels of the waggonette and delayed our progress. The narrow slopes of the hills that now rose steeply from the side of the path were thickly grown with flowering scrub. We got out at last and walked to the tree-hung hollow where the Fataauna rests a while in a round, clear pool. Here was imagined the retreat of the island lovers, Loti and Rahahu, and this, here at our feet, lay the spot described so passionately in the idyll.

"O les heures délicieuses, O les heures d'été, douces et tièdes que nous passions là, chaque jour au bord du ruisseau de Fataauna dans ce coin de bois, ombreux, et ignoré, que fut le nid de Rahahu, et le nid de Tiahoui. Le ruisseau courait doucement sur les pierres polies, entraînant des peuplades des poissons microscopiques, et de mouches d'eau. Le sol était tapissé de fines graminées, de petites plantes délicates, d'où sortait une senteur exquise, rendu par ce seul mot Tahitien 'poumirairai,' qui signifie une suave odeur d'herbes. L'air était tout chargé d'exhalaisons tropicales, où dominait le parfum d'oranges, surchauffées dans les branches par le soleil du midi. Rien ne troublait le silence accablant de ces midis d'Océanie. De petits lézards, bleus comme des turquoises, que rassurait notre immobilité, circulaient autour de nous, en compagnie des papillons noirs marqués de grands yeux violets. On n'entendait que de légères bruits d'eau, des chants discrets d'insectes ou de temps en temps la chute d'une goyane trop mûre, qui s'écrasait sur la terre avec un parfum de framboise. . . ."

Alas, they are harnessing the little Fataauna at the point where, a few miles above the pool, it plunges from the cliffs.

¹ The new arrival, however, found locusts more to its taste, and leaves the fruit-destroying hornet alone.

The powers of the tiny waterfall are to serve for the electric light supply of Papeete. Poor little Fataaau! Your slender volume is little likely to survive that burden, and so will pass away the nest of Rarahu, and for later pilgrims the pool become a shallow, muddy puddle.

At length we left the hot recesses of the hills and bathed from the beaches out toward Point Venus. The coco-palms lined the little cove, leaning out over the white dry sand from the low red cliffs that fringe the island in this part. With a wary eye for sharks, we stripped and swam among the little coloured fishes midway between the snow-white fringe of the surf and the golden rim of the shore, our bodies silvery in the green, transparent water. At the mouth of a sea-cave, its recesses full of the restless stirring and the bright eyes of a thousand crabs, we lay and watched the mellowing afternoon, my only anxiety the recollection of Leigh Hunt's science-master at Christ's Hospital (a shipmate of Captain Cook's in '73), whose nether garments, so ran the tale among his schoolfellows, had been unfairly stolen by the natives as he bathed in Otaheite. The spell of the islands was stealing quickly over us, and a lazy yearning that the warm breezes in the groves upon the shore, the dull boom-

ing of the angry surf upon the coral, the soft cushions of the sand, the blue sky, the green water, the crabs, the broken shells and corals might go on, go on . . . for ever.

The syren sounded and the dream was gone. On went those preposterous trousers. Out came those despicable watches. In a less remote locality the situation would unquestionably have meant a taxi. Past the great hollow cairn in which sleeps Paumare V., past the little cabin of Prince Hino, his last descendant, panting, helter-skelter, Europeanwise, and to the panic of the islanders that such energetic men should exist, we raced back to Papeete, to the wharf and to the ship. The third and last syren sounded as I scrambled on board, the hawsers splashed into the water, the rested timbers creaked again, and as we passed slowly through the coral barrier the lights of another evening were springing up among the acacias. Across the strait, Moorea again was grey, the hills were wrapped once more in the shadow of the deep tropic night. . . . The noise of the surf died gradually away. . . . In the south-west the light upon Point Venus hung low, like a setting star. The dawn would see us among the atolls: in twelve days we should be knocking at the Golden Gate.

ALADORE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER LII.—OF A SHIP THAT WAS FULL OF LADIES AND
LOVELY KNIGHTS, AND HOW YWAIN AND AITHNE DEPARTED
WITH THEM OVER SEA.

THEN Ywain looked upon Aithne, and in one moment he remembered all her love and her kindness, and pain was mingled with his joy. And his heart was filled with a tumult past bearing and he groaned aloud and cried: Ah! my beloved, what is this that has come upon us? For here is the land of our desire and the land of all loveliness and all delectable enchantments, and herein we might have had life enduring. But now I see well that there is no such fortune: for the horn has sounded, and the sound of it has power upon body and blood. And peace is gone from me suddenly, and I can by no means keep me from the fight: for the cause is a right cause and one that must be ransomed, yea, though all else be given and lost for it.

But Aithne regarded him out of the depth of her eyes, and she said: Grieve not, dear heart, for how shall that which is given be lost? And as for the life which dureth, that is of the spirit and not of the body: for consider them which were great lovers of old time, how that they all are perished, as in the world

transitory, yet their souls dwell not in death nor forgetfulness.

And when he heard those words Ywain's heart was made strong again and his eyes were lightened; and he saw his life as it were a tale that shall be told. And he turned him about suddenly, for he was aware how there came somewhat from the seaward. And that which came was a ship, going slowly under stress of oars: and Ywain perceived that the ship was builded after the fashion of old time, and her sails were furled upon the yards, and she came by her oarage landward against the wind. And upon her deck stood many goodly persons: and they were all in silk or else in armour richly beseen, and they bore them gently and with a joyful courage.

Then Ywain was astonished, and he asked of Aithne: Who be these? for I know them not: yet their faces are like faces out of childhood. And Aithne answered him: You say not amiss, for these are they which are known of all men, howbeit none hath seen them, that is now on live. For yonder by the prow is

Helen, fairest of women, and Paris, by whom Troy fell: and there is great Achilles that was loved both of maid and of man, and Prince Troilus that had double sorrow in loving of Criseyde, and Duke Jason that won the Fleece Perilous, and Medea that for his sake forsook her father's house. And hard by them is Sigurd of the Volsunga, and Brynhild the Queen, for whom he rode the Wavering Fire: notwithstanding they came never together, but they were proud lovers until death. And other two queens there are beside Brynhild, and they are Isoud and Guinevere; and with Isoud haunteth Sir Tristram, which drank with her the cup of sorrow, and with the lady Guinevere is that Sir Lancelot, that was never matched of earthly knight's hand.

Then Ywain looked, and he saw all those which were named, and other beside: and his heart was stirred with the sadness and the glory of them, and he asked again of Aithne: Tell me yet more of these lovers and of their renown, for of their loveliness is no need to tell. And Aithne spoke again, and she showed him where there stood a lady with a face like a flame of beauty, shining marvellously. And she said: Behold then Deirdre, that was born to be a death to many and a tale of wonder for ever. And with her is Naoise, son of Usnach, that loved her greatly. For when he saw her the first time, there and then he gave her the love that he never gave

to living thing, to vision, or to creature, but to herself alone. Notwithstanding she has a little grave apart. And there also is Niamh, that Cuchulain loved, and with three kisses she sent him to his death. And there is Ailinn, daughter of Lugaidh, and Baile of the Honey Mouth, that died each for other, upon false tidings of their death. And there is Nicolette the slave girl, that was by rights the daughter of a king, and had twelve princes to her brothers. And beside her is her lord, that was her lover through all, and Aucassin he was called, and Count of Beaucaire thereafter. And they four which haunt apart, by two and by two together, they are Leila and Majnun, whose love is the song of Araby and the mirror of the East, and they are Valeh and Hadijeh, that were parted by land and by sea, yet at the last they came together by the secret road of dreams.

So Aithne made an end of her telling, and Ywain moved not but continued looking upon the ship and upon them that were therein. And his heart rejoiced in those mighty dead and in the grandeur of the dooms that he had heard told of them. And the ship came onward and was driven of the oarsmen upon the beach, and they called to Ywain and Aithne that they should come aboard. So they took hands together and went aboard, and they were received joyfully of all those knights and ladies. And the ship was thrust strongly out from off the

beach, and so turned seaward, and the sails were hoised upon the masts, and the wind filled them roundly, and all they that were aboard began to sing.

And Ywain knew not the song which they sang, but he perceived that it was a song of the Rhymer's making, for when he heard it he was mightily comforted, and he felt the springs of life leaping up within him. And the ship drave onward over foam and furrow and came swiftly upon a coast that was no strange coast: for upon it was the High Steep of Paladore, and the horn was blown again from the topmost of the city.

And by seeming that sound was well known of the lovers

that were in the ship, for when they heard it they smiled and looked kindly one upon another, as remembering old sorrow long since lightened. And they brought Ywain and Aithne to land, and kissed them and bade them be of good courage, and so to meet with them again, for they said how their fellowship was an ever-during fellowship, and might never be broken. Then the ship put off from shore and went slowly to the westward; and it was no more seen, for it became as it had been a wreath of mist upon the water. And Ywain and Aithne climbed the steep together, and came into the city: and the dusk was falling round them, and a great star stood over Paladore.

CHAPTER LIII.—HOW YWAIN AND AITHNE CAME TO PALADORE
THE LAST TIME, AND HOW THE SNOW FELL ALL NIGHT
LONG.

Then they looked upon that star, and as they looked they marvelled and were dismayed, for a great cloud came up and took the star from them utterly. And with the cloud came a wind, exceeding cold and bitter, and they perceived how that in one hour the year was turned to winter; and the wind got hold upon their bones and shrunk them, and their hearts were sick with silence and foreboding. Then the wind fell again suddenly, and the snow began to come thickly down the air, and it came upon their faces now driving and now feathering, in manner as the wind was still or gusty.

So they bent down their heads and went through the city at speed, devising whither they should go and of whom they should seek counsel. And as they went they met one which passed them by: yet by seeming he knew them as he passed, and he stayed and turned him about upon the street. And he called not to them, but he made haste and followed after them, and when he was come near he looked about him warily and came nearer yet. And Ywain peered at him through the darkness and the snow falling, and he perceived that he was Dennis that had been friend and fellow

to him: and for all the pains and curses that were against him Ywain misdoubted not of his faith. And as he trusted, so it was: for Dennis took him and pressed his hand, and he pressed it strongly in token of friendship, but he spoke no word. Then Ywain thought on danger and remembered him of his enemies, and he bade Dennis go before, in manner of one that had no knowledge of any beside himself, and so bring them to some place where they might speak together. And Dennis went quickly before, and brought them into Aithne's own house, that was long time deserted and out of mind of all men. And when they were come there they entered in full silently, for they spoke no word, and their feet were dumb with snow. And they climbed the stairs groping, and came into the upper chamber, that was Aithne's, and made fast the door: and they darkened the window and kindled a little fire upon the hearth. And the fire took hold and grew, and they had joy of it, for in a fire there will be comfort against misery, as in a thing that hath life and fellowship.

Then they began to speak together and Ywain asked of Dennis what should be the meaning of the horn which he had heard blowing. And thereat Dennis was astonished, as one that understands not what is asked of him: and at the last he said to Ywain: Whence are you come hither, and by what error deceived?

For there has no horn been blown in Paladore this year. Then he said again: It is a marvel: for the blowing of the horn is for to-morrow, and it is agreed among us that at the sound of it the Eagles shall draw together and make war against them of the Tower.

Then said Ywain: So be it, and good end thereto: yet without doubt I heard the horn, and for that sake only did I come hither. And Aithne said: I also heard it, and no marvel: for there is a hearing of the spirit, and many times one friend may perceive another's counsel, and as well far as near, and as well before as after.

And to that Dennis gave assent, for he had heard the same of certain others: and he told Ywain and Aithne of the counsel of the Eagles. For their purpose was to bring in Hubert and all other banished men, and they would have no more such banishing henceforth, but all to live and let live. And they devised to go upon their enemies by two ways and so come against them unaware: and namely that one party should take the gate and the other party the great Hall. For that Hall was the chief place of the city, where was ever the concourse and the government: and there should be their stronghold and the blowing of the horn. And at the sound of the horn should come Hubert and his before the gate, and so to break in with force. And though their emprise was hazardous, yet they looked to achieve it, see-

ing that the Prince of Paladore was suddenly departed out of this life without survivors to inherit him, and by likelihood the great ones would be in confusion.

So all these counsels Dennis showed unto Ywain and Aithne, and it was long before he made an end of speaking. And when he had made an end they three sat silent, looking upon the fire; and the logs crumbled upon the hearth and the fire began to fail. And Ywain

rose up and unbarred the window to behold the night: and the snow fell without ceasing, and it lay in a great crust upon the sill. Then Ywain sighed and shut to the window, for he was a-weary of the darkness, and he took wood and kindled the fire again, blowing upon the ashes with his breath. And they three outwore the night together, speaking of old things and things to come, and watching for the dawn.

CHAPTER LIV.—HOW THE HORN WAS GIVEN INTO YWAIN'S HAND, AND HOW HE SOUNDED THEREON A MORT ROYAL.

And when it began to lighten towards dawn, then they went forth out of the house and made to go by the way of the market-place. And the snow had ceased from falling and it lay upon the ground before them deep and white, for it was yet untrodden. So they drew their cloaks about their faces and went quickly, to the intent that they should be known of none: and at the first there was no living soul that met with them. But afterward they had sight of three or four which came towards them, and by seeming they were the servants of some great one, accompanying with their master homeward.

And Ywain saw the lord of those men coming behind them, and he knew him well, for all that he was wrapped against the cold. And they drew near to pass by one another, for there was no avoidance: and the lord gave Ywain greeting

and would have stayed him, but Ywain muttered somewhat and so passed on, and Aithne and Dennis with him. And in truth this was Sir Rainald, that was ever busy against other, and more especially against the Eagles: and when he saw Ywain, though he saw not his face, yet he misdoubted him who he was. And Ywain looked after him as he went, and he saw how he stood staring upon the foot-prints in the snow: and when he had considered them he followed them backwardly, that he might find the house from whence they had set forth.

Then Ywain turned him to Dennis, and he said: What now? for we must make short work. And Dennis stayed not, but ran quickly towards the great Hall, and Ywain and Aithne followed after him. And with a key Dennis opened the door of the Hall, and they three entered in: and there

was no man within, but upon the wall was a great horn hanging, and Dennis took down the horn from the wall and gave it into Ywain's hand.

But Ywain said: How shall I blow for war that know but the hunter's notes? For be-like you have another manner for war, or else you are agreed among yourselves.

And Dennis answered him: Not so, but the sounding of the horn is enough, and no matter the music. For this is an ancient horn and a magical, and there is none among us that is able to sound it, save Hubert only: but it may be that you also are able, for there was a power upon you from the beginning.

Then Ywain went forth and stood before the door, and looked out over the city, and he saw it as a town of faery, for it was new and soft with snow. And he set the horn to his mouth, and blew therein with all his strength, and the note that he sounded was a most royal: for he said within himself: God willing, we have hunted an evil thing to death.

And the sound of the horn blared out and went wide upon the air, and it came loudly into all the quarters of the city and into every street and every house, and there was no man in Paladore that heard it not. And they which heard it were awoke out of sleep, and the most of them groaned and turned them to their sleep again: but upon others came fear and hatred,

and they got them quickly to their armour. And the Eagles also heard it and were glad, and they did on their swords which they kept in hiding, and issued forth to go upon their enemies.

But Ywain stood upon the head of the steps that were before the Hall, and he looked out over the city and saw no man stirring, nor he heard no sound of feet. And fear came upon him and loneliness and he thought upon Aithne and said to her: O my beloved, I have brought you to your death. And she answered him proudly: Nay, not yet: for you have sounded but once, and there are many faithful.

Then Ywain took the horn and blew it the second time; and all they which were his began to run towards the place where he was, and they ran quickly, as men that thought not on danger, for joy that the time was come. And Ywain saw them how they came running, and his heart was uplifted with their joy and their fellowship, and his blood within him became like wine. And he set the horn to his mouth and blew it yet a third time, louder than before, and the sound of it smote the walls of Paladore, and the gates and the towers and the houses great and little, and all the whole city rang therewith, and the air trembled and the sky was filled with echoes.

Then the desire of battle came upon the Eagles and they ran together to Ywain and thronged upon the steps

before him: and they lifted noise of their shouting went up their swords and shouted up mightily and was mingled as it were one man, and the with the echoes of the horn.

CHAPTER LV.—HOW THE EAGLES FARED IN FIGHTING, AND
HOW SIR RAINALD WOULD HAVE DEALT WITH YWAIN.

Then when the sound of the horn had ceased Ywain held up his hand and stayed the noise of the shouting, and he spoke and said to the Eagles how they should go with him to take the gate of the city, and so to bring Hubert in. And they all assented thereto and made them ready. But Ywain turned him about and looked upon Aithne, and a sharp pain went through his heart and he said to her: I am distressed, O my beloved, because of you: for to-day by the space of an hour we must be parted one from other. And I know not how to leave you, for I fear the great ones of Paladore. And Aithne answered him lightly, and she said: Go now, and have no fear: for there is a chapel beside this Hall, and it is long time forsaken and forgotten, and there shall I be in sanctuary, until you come again. Then Ywain looked sadly at her, and she said to him: And if so be that you come not again, then in some other place shall you and I be met together. And she took him by the hand and led him in, and he went throughout the Hall and found the chapel as she had said: and they came by a bailey from the Hall into the Chapel, and there they kissed and parted in the best manner

that might be, as of lovers parting in dread.

Then Ywain came forth again to the Eagles, and he took a sword naked in his hand and went before them: and they came swiftly to the gate and looked to find it open, for they were agreed with the porter and with the guard. But they found it right otherwise, for the porter lay there slain upon the snow, and before the gatehouse was no guard, but a great company of spears. And Ywain perceived the malice of his enemy and he cried out to Dennis: This is that Sir Rainald, and he has outrun us by his craft, for I saw him running eounter upon our trail.

And right as he was speaking there came a noise from without the gate, and Ywain and his shouted together and called on Hubert by his name. And they which were without heard them shouting, and they cried the war-cry of the Eagles, and battered with axes upon the gate. And Ywain called his company to rescue, and he went before them and they set on fiercely upon the spears, and the men of the Eagles and the men of the Tower hewed and thrust on this side and on that and were mingled furiously in battle. And for the space of half an hour they had

no mastery either of other, but they swung back and forward like two wrestlers, seeking their advantage in great grips together.

Then at the last their breath began to fail them, and they drew a little apart and stood looking one upon another. And they of the Tower perceived how the Eagles were minished, for they were fewer from the beginning, and though they had slain each his man, yet were many of them dead upon the spears. And when the spearmen saw that they called each to other to go forward and make an end, and they came thrusting heavily upon Ywain and his, and by their weight they drove them backward. And more especially they thrust upon them by the right hand and by the left, that they might close them in on every side: but they prevailed not, for the street was narrow. Notwithstanding they continued thrusting, and Ywain perceived their intent, and feared it, for he saw how it should be when they were come into the market-place. And he gathered his strength together and shouted loudly to the Eagles; and they strove as men desperate, and lopped their enemies both spear and spearman, and so stayed them from their thrusting. Then when Ywain saw that they were stayed, he commanded the Eagles to be gone suddenly: and they ran back and escaped over the market-place, and came to the great Hall and were gathered together upon the steps before the door.

And Ywain looked down from the steps and saw his enemies before him, and they were strong men armed and armoured, and they came running to the foot of the steps like the sea-tide upon the beach. And he looked back upon his own men and saw them few and faint, and it came into his mind that the end was not far off from them.

Then the spearmen made them ready again for battle, for they were strictly commanded that they should assault the place and stint not till they had taken it. So they came upon the steps with spears all thick together, as it had been thorns in a quickset hedge, and they began to push the Eagles upward from step to step. And Ywain saw their dealing, and he perceived the vantage which they had thereby, and the danger: for they were clumped so close that they could not move, except it were to go forward all together. Then he ran and stooped quickly, and he loosened a great stone of the flags which were before the Hall, and he came forward again upon the steps and cast it down upon the spearmen: and it fell like death among them, and they cried out piteously and went backward, and in their fear they trampled one upon another. And Ywain and his made haste and took up other like stones, for there was there no lack, and they stood ready to hurtle them down after the same manner: but the spearmen gave ground and would not abide their coming. And

some among them clamoured that they should send for archers, to shoot safely upon the Eagles: and when the Eagles heard them clamouring they bade them good speed, for they knew how the archers were a free company, and favoured not the Tower. So the battle stood still on this side and on that, until that some new thing should fortune.

Then with watching the day began to pass over, and the great bell of Paladore rang noon above them. And in the same moment there was a stir among the spearmen and the throng of them was parted in the midst and one came forth and began to go upon the steps. And Ywain was astonished, for he which came was Sir Rainald, and he came courteously and without fear. And he gave Ywain greeting, and looked cheerly therewith; and he demanded to speak with him privily, and truce to be had between them while they continued one with the other.

So they went into the Great Hall, they two alone, and the door was shut to behind them. And Sir Rainald began to speak with Ywain as one that found no fault in him, but he blamed only the Archbishop and his, and he named their curses witless and unlawful. And Ywain answered him: All

this I have forgotten, for I only am accursed: but to-day our fighting is against a more evil custom, and there is nothing shall stay us except death only. Then Sir Rainald looked kindly upon him and said: A pity of your fighting, and of your friends: for there are few of them which are not slain or hurt. And the pity is this, that if you would, the weak should be the stronger.

Now when he had said these words he looked fixedly upon Ywain, and he took his hand and set a great ring upon his finger: and Ywain saw the stone of the ring, and in it were the arms of Paladore engraven. And Sir Rainald said: The Prince hath left none to inherit him, save you only: for there is none other that hath power in Paladore.

Then Ywain's heart fluttered like a bird in his bosom, and for a moment he thought to have escaped the death. Then his eyes were lightened and he remembered him of the Prince, how he had seen him in his chains. And he said to Sir Rainald: Take the ring again: for your princes have no power against your customs, else had they never been so bound. Then Sir Rainald took the ring and went out: and he spoke no word, nor he let no sign be seen upon his face.

CHAPTER LVI.—HOW YWAIN BEHELD A DEAD MAN LAID ON BIER.

Now when Sir Rainald was departed the men of the Tower made no more show of fight-

ing, but they drew off a little space and set a watch upon the Eagles: and they fetched

wood and kindled them a fire, for the day began to darken and the snow was cold about their feet. And the Eagles kept their guard upon the steps, for they durst not move therefrom, but their hope was that Hubert and his should presently break in and rescue them.

And the dusk fell, and Ywain looked forth over the market-place, and he saw a child which walked alone and made to come from the one side to the other openly. And by his going Ywain knew him without doubt, and he was the boy by whom he had gone forth on pilgrimage. And he saw how the boy passed through the midst of the spearmen and they perceived him not: and though he trod downright upon the snow, yet he left behind him no footprint nor any mark of his going. And as he had passed through the spearmen so also he passed among the Eagles, and he came to Ywain and took him by the hand: and he led him through the Hall and through the bailey, and brought him to the chapel.

Now the chapel was dim with twilight, and Ywain entered within it and stood still; for he looked to see Aithne, and at the first he saw her not. But the child that was with him drew him by the hand, and he went farther, and came before the altar. And there upon the north side of the choir was a tomb beneath a canopy of carven stone, and the tomb was by seeming empty, for there was upon it

no effigy, nor arms nor words memorial; but beside it was Aithne in sanctuary, and she was fallen asleep upon the floor of the chapel. And Ywain regarded her lovingly, and he had great comfort of her beauty, seeing how she lay as one at rest and upon her face was no care but only the softness of sleep. Then the child left holding of Ywain's hand, and he went apart and kneeled upon the step which was before the altar, and there he folded his hands together and bowed his head: and when Ywain saw him so kneeling, then upon him also fell peace and quietness of heart. And he bowed his head after the like manner, and when he lifted it up he saw the child no more.

Then he heard above him the sound of a bell that was tolling stroke by stroke, and the door of the chapel was opened behind him and the sound of the bell came in clearly, and with it came a wind as cold as death. And Ywain turned and saw how there entered in six men in white clothes and black, with hoods about their faces: and they bore upon their shoulders a bier, and that which lay thereon was covered with a pall. And the three which were on one side were all in black, and the three which were on the other side were all in white: and they set down the bier before the altar and kneeled beside it. And there came in after them a great company of knights, and they were all armed and vis-

ored, and their surcoats above their armour were of black or else of white. And with that company the chapel was fulfilled from end to end and from side to side, and in every knight's hand was a candle burning; and the flame of the candles was clear and bright, and wavered not for any wind.

Then one stood forth between the altar and the bier, and prayed aloud; and the words which he prayed were old words, yet was their sound stranger than an unknown tongue. And thereafter he began to sing a solemn chant, and all the company of knights made their response: and the sound of their chanting went over Ywain as it were the deep sea closing up his eyes. And he strove with all his force, whether to move from that place or to cry out, for he was in an agony: but neither his body moved nor his tongue gave utterance.

Then he that said the office made a sign of blessing, and the knights fell down upon their knees. And afterwards they rose up altogether and chanted again right joyfully, and they went forth singing, and the sound of their voices came back out of the night. And they left there the bier before the altar, and at the head of it were seven candles burning.

Then Ywain was loosed from his bondage and his spirit returned into his body, and he wept silently because his agony was past. And he longed to

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find the meaning of that which he had seen, for in his life-days he had seen many visions and dreamed many dreams, but none like to this, neither for dread nor for deliverance. And as he thought thereon he cast his eyes upon the bier, and when he beheld it he knew that the vision was not yet ended, seeing that this also was part of it.

Then he went forward, for his feet drew him; yet he trembled also and his heart was shaken, and he had great need of hardihood. And he came trembling and stood beside the bier and looked down upon the pall: and under it was the semblance of one lying alone. And Ywain put forth his hand and took hold on the edge of the pall, and he drew back the pall upon the bier and looked and saw the face of him which lay thereon. And when he beheld it, in that same instant there came into his mind remembrance of all deeds that ever he had done, and he saw them afar off, and some of them were as lights which flare up and fade again, and other of them were as fires which smoulder and will not be put out. And in like manner he remembered all men and all women whomsoever he had known, and he saw them afar off and had pleasure in them all: for he saw them not as doers of good and of evil but as pilgrims only, and every one walking by the light that was in him.

Then he stretched out his hand and took the pall again

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to cover the face of the dead. And when he had covered it he stood a long time question-

ing: for the face which he had seen was his own face, and it was secret as silence is secret.

CHAPTER LVII.—OF A BATTLE BY FIRE AND HOW YWAIN AND AITHNE WERE NO MORE SEEN IN PALADORE.

Then Ywain heard a voice which called him by his name, and it was the voice of Aithne, and she came to him and stood beside him. And he said to her: Come not nigh the bier, for there is one thereon which hath a secret in his face. And she said: I also have seen that face, for I saw it in a dream. And for the secret, be not troubled over much, for the end is coming when all things shall be made plain. Then said Ywain: O beloved, I doubt not: but when I looked upon the dead I trembled, and I tremble yet, for the face will not be gone from me.

Then Aithne came near to him and stood before him, and she laid her hands upon his forehead and closed up his eyes. And immediately his care went from him, and he was covered round as with soft wings of peace. And afterwards Aithne drew down her hands from off his face, and he looked before him: and the bier was vanished and that which lay upon it, and the place was void. Howbeit the seven candles were not vanished, but they stood burning in seven great candlesticks, and the flames of them were like seven spearheads of gold.

So they two stood hand in hand and looked upon the light: and in the same instant

there came a noise of shouting from before the Hall, and they ran hastily and came forth upon the steps. And there beneath them was the whole place filled with torches and with spears, and they heard their enemies shouting fiercely against them. And they heard also the sound of bowstrings, and the arrows came thick about them: and upon every arrow was a pennon of quick flame, and they came through the night like fiery serpents flying. And some of the arrows entered into the Great Hall and lit upon the beams and upon the carven wood: and the flame licked upon the wood, and there was no force to stay it. And Ywain saw well that the end was come, for there was no rescue, and the fire began to roar among the timbers of the roof: and in his heart was no more care, but he rejoiced with a new joy, such as he had not known in all his days. And he came forth before his people, and in his right hand he took his sword, and in his left hand he took the hand of his beloved. And he looked down upon the faces of his enemies and he laughed aloud and oried to them: Come near and take what is left of the night, for to-morrow is ours and all that is to come.

Then the arrows flew more thickly, and the torches came onward with the spears, and the place was filled with flame and death. And Ywain and Aithne went swiftly down, and all their people with them: and the battle swayed about them heavily, and they were no more seen.

CHAPTER LVIII.—OF A TOMB THAT WAS FOUND IN PALADORE,
AND OF DIVERS SAYINGS THAT WERE HEARD CONCERNING IT.

In the same hour came a noise of shouting from the West, and Hubert and his broke in upon the battle. And they struck upon the spearmen as the wood-knife strikes upon the ashlings, so that there was neither resistance nor recovery, but all laid to length upon the ground. And when they had made an end of their enemies, then they sought busily to find their fellows, if there might be any with the life yet in them. And they found of them one here and another there, for they were buried beneath the slain: but Ywain and Aithne they found not, neither sign of them, neither report.

And when it was morning light then they made search again: and they came into the chapel wherein Aithne had been in sanctuary. And there also they sought, and when they came before the altar and saw the tomb that was thereby,

then they found that which they sought not. For upon the tomb were two lying in semblance of a man and a woman: but they were fashioned of black bronze after the manner of the tombs of kings. And the faces of them were the faces of Ywain and Aithne, and they lay there as they had been sleeping.

And they which saw them marvelled: and one said: They are here sleeping, and belike they will come again from their sleep. And another said: Nay, how shall this be; for they were but man and woman, like unto ourselves. But Hubert rebuked them both, for he said: They are not here but elsewhere, and their sleep is but a semblance. And doubtless the pilgrim hath achieved his pilgrimage, for he learned of his lady: and she came and went of her own magic, and had from her birth the Rhymer's heritage.

THE END.

WITH LIVE BEEF BY LAND AND SEA.

BY JOHN PIRIE.

IN the wide, sumptuously grassed solitudes of the American West, representing more square miles and fewer mile-stones, more fertility and fewer farms, more cows and fewer milk-cans, than any equal-sized scope of country I ever saw, there were, and still are, vast quantities of beef cattle. To facilitate the moving of these to within knife-and-fork distance of the eastern world's maw, the railroads have equipped themselves thoroughly with highly convenient rolling-stock, loading pens, and feeding and watering arrangements. The quadruped excursionist of to-day has been catered for in a manner undreamt of by his parents in their wildest ruminations. On the outskirts of the little towns along the western lines, and at intervals on the prairie, are track sidings where substantial corrals have been erected. On wonderfully short notice by a stock-shipper, the railroad company sends the necessary number of cars to any of these pens, and along with them a "prod-pole" crew, or party of employees who follow the vocation of putting the animals on-board and off-board the cars. Each car having to be packed full enough to make it inconvenient for the beasts to lie down, and they, when of the undomesticated, prairie-ranging kind, being refractory and opposed to enter-

ing the cramped, cage-like quarters, the loading is sometimes no easy task. Hence the need for the specialist adepts and the prod-poles. For these men's safety and convenience there is, near the top of the enclosure rails, a run-around footboard. In the case of the crowding in of the last two or three wide-horned wind-sniffers, however, the latter arrangement is not of much assistance to the loaders, and deeds of derring-do are frequently done by these unplaudited chulos, rivalling those of the Spanish Plaza de Toros.

Unless there be enough of them to make up a complete train of themselves, the cars, in the course of their long journey to Chicago, St Louis, or other big beef-packing centre, may in turn be a component part of a dozen different mixed freight trains. By legal enactment all stock on long-distance transit must be unloaded, nourished, and well rested in roomy pens at stated intervals of so many hours. The humane person might judge those rest spells to be set cruelly far apart, but it must be remembered that the animal sufferers' nature is four-footed and cud-chewing. All of this shifting and tending business the railway people see to, and the representative of the stock-owner who goes along

as caretaker has really little to do except to keep an eye on the treatment meted to his charges, or to supplement their fare, if he so desires, in the feed racks which are generally to be found in the cars.

Attached to the freight train is the caboose, or guard's and brakemen's coach, and here the stockman rides, looking after his stock at the stoppages. Caboose and trainmen change at the end of each "division," which is somewhere about an eight hours' run; then the stockman has to hunt up the next caboose that is to be attached to his cars. In many instances his best plan at changing time is to climb on top of his cars, for the trainmen are sometimes hurried and ungracious, and don't help him with information that might save his being left behind. When he does lose his cars, which he sometimes cannot avoid in shuntings and switchings at busy junctions at night, he can, by making disturbance enough, manage to get sent on by the next passenger train, and will likely overtake them in course of a day. Stock, generally getting the preference of other freight, make wonderfully fast time to market.

Once arrived at the terminus yards, a commission firm, to whom the stock are usually consigned, sees to everything else. Thus, so far as the owner or caretaker is concerned, all is rapid, simple, and automatic, from the grassland to the packing establishment, where cattle are handled with that

same marvellous celerity and business economy which metamorphoses the hog into fifteen different marketable products in fifteen minutes and utilises "everything but the squeal."

The duties of stock-car curator being so much of a sinecure, and the lounge-fitted caboose quarters being clean and comfortable, the travelling fairly expeditious, and a passenger-train ticket back to your destination being given for shipments of any considerable size, the stock train, after one knows the ropes, furnishes a not unpleasant means of moving through the United States. For a mere bagatelle of work in the way of rousing up a few recumbent animals, you can often travel thousands of miles.

Should you start upon this kind of a trip, it is well to forward your scrip by express, and take nought in your hand save prodstaff, and perhaps a lantern. Your insignia of office is this proder, which is a sort of overgrown alpenstock with a metal peg set in the end, and of a length neither too short to interest the animal nor too long to wound him seriously. The most approved style for use on the cars has, besides, another metal pin set in it at right angles. This last is for emergency cases, when animals have lain down or otherwise got down while in the car, and cannot be induced to get themselves erect by mean of the straight prioker. Through the bars of the car or from above you insert the business end of the pole,

and having got it among the long hairs of a tail, you can apply a torsion exorcising enough to elevate seismically a prostrate brute, though half a dozen others be standing athwart him. It is a most efficient persuader, but a tool that would be quite out of place in the hands of a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Stock-train travelling affords a fine opportunity to get an insight into the practical working of the American railroads. Their systems are fine in most respects, but from the freight caboose and from the top of the box-car you view them in other perspective than that of the passenger-coach window, and they strike you as more hazardous in their running arrangements than they should be. The tense, nervous strain, for instance, of the freight conductor when he is putting his train through, for all she is worth, in what he calls a "wild-catting" run, and his all too evident relief when he "makes" his siding five minutes before the express thunders by, is a thing that should not be. Brakesmen's risks, also, are very often too great, and these men's lives and limbs are somewhat needlessly exposed to danger. Still another interesting study the passenger on the freight train has a chance to follow up is the "dead-head" or "fare-beating hobo,"—a very numerous class of the congenital tramp order of America. It is surprising how many this

class embraces. Feeling with the poet that "to give space for wandering is it that the world was made so wide," and believing that, money or no money, the way to wander its wideness is per rail, these free trippers put in a quite appreciable part of their dangerous life—including sometimes its accidental closing scene—in stolen riding in all sorts of antic, awkward, and irksome positions on, in, under, and between, the train cars. One of their most favoured haunts is the stock car, where they may be discovered secret-ing themselves amongst its legitimate occupants despite heavy risks of contusion and goring. The word travel is but a modification of the older word travail: the dead-beat is an inveterate travailler, the painful mileage he puts in being enormous. So much for the tastes and habits of the individual: but why such numbers of him, and why is he not exterminated? The railroad company train-men are a bit to blame. Although at times they may use him with great roughness, even making him take bone-breaky departures from trains moving at an ugly speed, they are oftentimes pretty indulgent with him. For if there be one thing that characterizes the American railroad man, from the lowest-waged to the road president keeping the wolf from the door to the tune of a hundred thousand dollars a year, it is that he is keenly, commercially practical: and his eye—also at times his

palm—is apt to be open for the main chance. If the ticketless traveller have any odd change about him, or even any other trifle of portable property that a freight conductor or “brakey” has a fancy for, he may ride quite a long distance.

While the stock transit superintendent commonly has the smoothest of times, there is one hazard to which carelessness on his own part may expose him. In looking over his charges while a train is stopped, he may find himself, by reason of its length, a great way from his caboose when the locomotive whistles the start. Should he not reach the caboose steps in time, his only course is to swing himself up on one of the passing cars and do a precarious walk back to his quarters over their swaying, bumping tops.

With the speed those trains sometimes get up, this walk may resolve itself into a hands-and-knees crawl, then to a sit-down, and even to a lie-down, holding on for dear life. In severe weather this is an aerial experience most trying to nerve and sinew.

In spite of the best of care bestowed upon them during transit, Western cattle straight off the range, and unused to man and his go-ahead, brain-crazing works, suffer much from the strain and excitement, and hourly fall away in condition and weight. For this reason the sleekest of ox beauties that knew not his master's corn crib, but merely a prairie grass diet, when his

journey to market has been of any length, finds himself graded as a humble “canner.”

Having on one occasion taken advantage of the stock-train stipendiary's post in travelling the overland breadth of the States, and having fetched up at New York, I bethought me to continue in bovine society across the Atlantic Ocean. After some slight difficulty I succeeded in getting a billet on a Britain-bound cattle carrier. The shippers, having some reasonable doubt as to a prairie-hailing man's qualifications for the work entailed, I was only taken on at reduced rate of pay, and on contract conditions further setting forth that in the event of my proving at all unfit their monetary obligations were to be considered null and void. These things arranged, morning's dawn found me at the dock assisting, amid a scene of confusion, to lead up the stock. The animals were great well-fed oxen in prime condition and reasonably gentle of mien, and we had not much trouble in crowding them on board the barges, from which craft we transhipped them to the liner. On board the latter each had to be tied up by head or horns to strong single-beamed enclosures which had been rigged all over the ship. This task was hard, and productive of a deal of abrasion of the men—particularly the green men—engaged. By the time we finished it the ship was under way.

Now, when one goes down

to the sea in ships and does business in great waters in the practical capacity of representing *one* in the list of *all hands*, among the first rudimentary lessons to be learnt is prompt, tumble-up obedience to the bo'sun's whistle. That musical instrument, which this functionary carries day and night slung around his weather-beaten neck, plays a tune beside which the awe-inspiring whistle of the land-lubber policeman dies into nothingness. At the sound of its first tootle you are instinctively impelled in its direction, as though for all the world you were a follower of the Pied Piper. If you are a seasoned and well-disciplined tar, it elicits from you an involuntary "Aye, aye, sir," and a hitching readjustment of the waistband of your nether garments. For, though it is capable of emitting one note only, that note always plays the unmistakable air of authority.

As an artistic figure study it was a picturesque but motley group that mobilised at the whistle's summons for inspection and roll-call. At a glance you would have been reasonably safe in assuming we were not, as a body, conspicuously associated with the Y.M.C.A. It so happened that the day prior to our date of sailing had been some public holiday, and many of the "signed men" not having turned up, it had been necessary to take on "anything" at the last moment. All the varied rig of nondescript riff-raffdom, and

most of the varied physiognomy of the offscourings of East Side New York, were represented. Taking us altogether—albeit there was a sprinkling of respectable sailors and a scattering of passable "ocean drovers"—we were an assortment that merited the disgusted captain's indignation. His post-inspection verdict he gave us rather candidly. Its concluding passage was impressive: it ran—"About the swabbest lot that ever left port." A skipper's critical enunciations on his own quarter-deck being as eminently a monologue as the allocution of His Lordship on the Bench or His Reverence in the Pulpit, nobody for the moment seemed to recollect anything appropriate to offer in reply. A very Teufelsdröckh would have had no cause to complain of any of us on the score of dandyism. Many were questionably sober, and the few who laid claim to respectability of apparel and appearance bore a certain air of lonesomeness. That at least some of the *sailor* members of the ship's company were "swab" was manifested pretty soon after we started by a trifling comedy which is maybe amusing enough to be recorded. The ship's bell and the regulated ringing thereof are, as most people know, a great feature of sea life. To record the flaps in the winging flight of time, and to register and arrange some maritime domestic matters connected with dog-watches and things, a chrono-

metrical authority stationed on the bridge discreetly strikes, at intervals, two, six, or whatever be the precise number of beats necessary to indicate the current epochs. The "look-out forrad," on duty in the bow, in order to show he is not asleep, has to repeat the dose accurately on his bigger Ben. Now it chanced that one of the first A.B. seamen on the forward look-out was either utterly a longshoreman, or had been too recently "splicing the main brace," and in response to the four staid strokes sent him from the bridge, the ship was startled by a wild bell-ringer's peal of prolonged intensity, with variations thrown in, that might well have inspired another tintinabulating verse from Mr Poe. The consternation of the skipper could not have been greater had the good ship been in a sheet of flame. Very much more in anger than in sorrow, the swab culprit was summoned aft, and having been duly consigned to all sorts of hotness for a future existence, was for the present voyage consigned to a preparatory course in the Tartarean interior of the vessel, handling coal.

We of the live-stock department were distinctly the less presentable of the crew; and indeed, when we squatted down *en famille* on our fore-deck to eat our first meal, I daresay we were as rascally-looking a bunch of Belial's buccaneers as ever masticated salt cow on the high seas. "Weeds" of a noxious variety, near-criminals of the crafty and brutal pre-

dominated, the humanly wholesome amongst us being mostly dull-witted chaps of the sort the sailors describe as "wooden from the ohin up." If ours was anything like a sample bunch of ocean drovers,—which I am forced to believe it could scarcely have been,—I would say, that of all brands and brotherhoods, *per mare, per terras*, of bull-whackers, cow-punchers, steer-shovers, prod-polars, and other tenders of cattle creation, commend me least to the seagoing denomination.

Given a body of the Anglo-Saxon rougher element—in lumber-camp, ore-diggings, or other scene—of life semi-barbaric and wholly unsophisticated, no matter how reprobate be the crowd at large, agriology will discover for you a considerable per cent of fellows of genuinely good stamp and sense of right, even companionable men who cause surprise as to how they got there and why they stay. Leaven of that description was sadly lacking here. One did not expect to run across people born and bred in the purple, but there might have been something better than there was. The type was mixed, the mixture was bad, and hard for a self-respecter to swallow; for in the corporal and psychical it was alike unwholesome. Some few savoured of the Bowery under-world "bad egg," and were not even, like the curate's egg at the bishop's table, good in spots. Conversation was marked to a somewhat unintelligible extent

with the slang of the U.S. crook, and matters forensic pervaded it.

It is said that most of us, by the Protean which is in man, can talk in some degree with all; and many of us, scorning the prosaic joy of refined comforts, can find some edification in *outré* society. Being myself one who "loves to talk with mariners that come from a far countree," it was in my expectation to educe some refreshment from my companions. But, alas! no. They were neither of the salt of the sea nor the salt of the earth, being a group of themselves, I expect, of amphibious reptilia. They were willing to accept me as one of them, but somehow I couldn't feel myself much congeneric or fraternal, and their *bonhomie* I could only partake of in broken doses. Among the least unattractive was a negro. It is, by the bye, quite interesting, while passing through different latitudes and longitudes, especially in "the land that screams of freedom's equal rights," to note the different treatments accorded by the white man to his dark-skinned brother. The present coloured specimen was as incorrigibly dusky as a black cat in a coal-cellar: a few degrees farther south in the U.S.A. his name would have been nigger anathema, and his social status indicated by decimal points. A few degrees farther west in many localities, had he offered to desecrate them with his shadow, he might have shortly

been seen leaving the scene hurriedly for parts unknown with a righteously indignant populace close enough behind to make sure he was doing so; for even such is the unwritten law in certain ultra-select districts. As an illustration of this:—I was in a one-street "city" in a nigger-prohibitive neighbourhood, on the ruder side of Mason and Dixon's line, when a coloured visitor happened along. He was, of course, accorded the usual invitation to remove himself, but, contrary to custom, his time-limit for itinerary arrangements was extended to half an hour: he was one-legged. In such districts, too, it is the case that the lower be the social plane of the white American, the higher he holds himself above the black. Here, however, in our crowd of ostensibly American nationality our coloured gentleman had been allowed to "feel the heart within him climb to the awful verge of manhood," and to such an extent that he was raised to the elevation of second boss, and could sling his orders about with an arrogance as though to the manner born. (There was a lot of human nature about this nigger.) He was one of the few of us who followed the calling of ship-board stock-tending steadily, most of us, from what one could gather, being rather more diligent in business of more or less doubtful character on shore. The ocean drovers on board our packet were held in low esteem by the sailors. It would seem

that often they are so esteemed, for my friend the negro told me that on a recent trip one of his men had gone overboard into a rough sea, and that though there had been a chance of picking him up, because he was "only a cattle-man" he was allowed to "sink into its depths with bubbling groan" alike unworried about or unhunted for.

On board the proletariat kind of ship there are too often disharmonies among her fellow-voyagers; and indeed, after a taste of home on the rolling deep on these lower-class types of shipping—tramp-steamer and cattle steamer, both of which I have tried,—a landsman sees well enough why the old sailor sighs over his choice of a career. Besides the physical hardships of the "prison with a chance of drowning," there are so oft heartburnings and backbitings — somebody all down along the line, from captain to cabin-boy, bullying and nagging somebody else. And if you will observe the cabin-boy right closely, you'll more than likely find he is taking it out on the cat. A thing of exceeding many kicks and exceeding few halfpence, an acid and bitter cup of salt water sorrow, little edulcorated with the common sweetenings of humanity, is your "swab" life at sea.

As we were a scratch outfit and short-handed, the work imposed on us was extra heavy. The hay and grain provender for the animal passengers was kept in the holds, and their drinking water, which was

provided by the vessel's condensers, was kept in large butts standing at quite a distance apart. When not engaged in packing heavy loads of the feed and great buckets of water along dangerously heaving, slippery decks and gangways, we were hoisting reserve stuff up through the hatches. From the start we met with boisterous weather, and hardly had we got into the open sea when up "the south wind came, and he was tyrannous and strong." This doubled the hardness of our work, and I began to feel sick, very sick. Not altogether, understand, the visible and violent sickness that people have when undergoing *cessio bonorum* in the ladies' cabin. I mean rather the heart-sickness of the fellow who has marched into unknown spheres and burned his bridges behind him, or of the man who has got into a bit of a hole and pulled the hole in after him. Gladly would I have thrown up the job, but nothing short of mutiny on the high seas or a dive over the gunwale offered as a means to that end. Shortly after leaving port a search by all hands had been instituted for stowaways. From the vigour with which the hunt was carried on, these animals were apparently highly prized. The hunt was unsuccessful for the time being: two days later, however, two lean and an-hungry ones calmly crept out of some mysterious hiding-place, of their own accord. One of these I had thought to have maybe got to take my place, but both were straight-

way interviewed by the captain, informed that they would have the opportunity later of meeting shore authorities on "business," and were set to work, like the delinquent bell-ringer, in the nethermost depths of the ship.

Everything on board the steamship had been arranged for the carrying of cattle, of which we had hundreds, enough to have made a respectable range round-up. We had steers here, there, and everywhere, on different decks; in fact (if the medieval iniquity of a pun will for once be pardoned), we were steerage throughout. The boat was one of those interesting, old, slow-going, deep-rolling craft classified by the impatient landsman as "tub," that by means of partitions, carbolic, and paint, blossoms, when need be, into a third-rate passenger liner to whose berths ever clings a humming reminiscent bouquet of chemical and bovine, much to the additional woe of *mal de mer* sufferers.

Had I been born one of those carefully methodical persons who hold that as to-day becomes yesterday so fast, and that tabulated recollection is a great source of edification, and who constantly keep a private daily record of the little doings and impressions of "the earth-visiting Me" throughout the journey from the cradle to the other place, my journal pages along about this date might have read something as follows: — Monday. Slept brokenly, felt nostalgically. Weather still dirty, myself still

ditto: bathed inadequately. Breakfasted abominably, dined disgustingly, supped putridly. Slaved incessantly for brute creation all day. Meditated suicidismally. Tuesday. Ditto, ditto, plus. Wednesday. Ditto, ditto, plus, plus. And so, *ad nauseam*, my pocket ledger might have run for about twelve days, which was the duration of our storm-retarded trip. All the available space of our *S.S. Noah's Ark* being monopolised by the brute and human sailor creation, we of the lower, drover sphere had, perforce, to put up with some makeshift accommodation in the unfashionable vicinity of the anchor chains. The sleeping quarters allotted us were confined cubicles neatly holding six men of medium dimensions, sardine-box style.

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole,"

trilled Coleridge's Ancient Mariner after undergoing various seafaring tribulations—not, however, be it remarked, after spending the night in a cattle boat sardine-box. The first spare minute, after sampling one such, found me negotiating with the steward for the use of a hammock, which thereafter I slung nightly in a corner among some rope coils and tarry and greasy odds and ends of sea furniture. There I might have done very well, had it not been for rats, a number of which made a practice of using me for a jumping on and off place in their midnight steeplechasing, and also for a careless trait the seamen of the

night watches had of tossing their wet oilskins across me. For dining quarters we had nowhere in particular apportioned, but just humped ourselves about on the deck, free and easy. In rotation two of us were the appointed "Biddies" for the day, with the duty of conveying steaming cans of salt horse, lobscouse, and other delicacies from and to the cook's galley. A tin plate and fork and spoon, which we secreted where we could between meals, we rubbed off or not, each for himself, as and how he saw fit. Our table etiquette was of the early barbaric or root-hog-or-die mode. Over its particulars, as over the particulars of cannibalistic and similar rights of savagery, it is best to draw a veil about as non-diaphanous as a tarpaulin. Much skirmishing strife went on between us and the cooks, raids being even made on their greasy strongholds, and extra food at times procured. The "Biddy" who could not intimidate a cook or purloin a dish reserved for the officers' cabin, was reckoned of little account. Having among us some expert annexers and some intrepid spirits, captain's pie for a few happy days materially helped two or three of us. Then there was a row—a regular old inglorious, roaring-forty, marlinespike-and-skull row (over whose details again the tarpaulin), and one of us was temporarily put in irons: then there was a great peace, and for the future we victualled on what the galley served out.

Soon after getting to sea I discovered that our prospective

roast beeves of Old England, like seasoned sailors and babies of tender years, were immune to sea-sickness. The heavy weather that lightens the appetite of so many bipeds hardly diminishes that of oxen at all. In this respect they are disappointing to him whose duty it is to feed them. They acquire their sea-legs in a very short time—the easier, perhaps, because they have four of them; and as the ship rolls and pitches, their long ranks automatically swing on these legs in rhythmic unison. In passing it might be pointed out that among the numerous suggested preventives of sea-sickness the cattle's all-fours swing has not yet been recommended for human voyagers. For perhaps a day the creatures put in some time gazing wistfully into the green water as its slopes and valleys rose and fell over and under them. With a far-away gaze their eyes would follow these undulations as though their optic faculty were at work with their mnemonics, and they were again seeing the sweet grassy ridges of their nativity: then they speedily got down to their wonted grain and hay voracity again. I had hoped otherwise of these cattle.

In the case of steers getting anything really the matter with them while on the water, which they are liable to do by being crippled, or from some cause other than the sea motion, there is little diagnosing or prognosing, doctoring or nursing of their complaint by their caretakers. The treatment

adopted is simplicity itself. Ere anything has time to develop we open a side door in the vessel and step the patient or bunch of patients through it to find euthanasia in the great deep. The animal traveller on the North Atlantic carries a very high insurance policy; and it appears that it signifies little to the shippers whether his arrival be at the port abattoir or at the nearest land—to wit, the sea bottom. And as regulations demand that imported live-stock be slain at the landing dock, the difference of destination can signify but little to the poor doomed brute either. On our stormful voyage, owing to breaking away of stanchions and knocking about of deck properties and of the animals themselves, we opened the side door for sundry half-dozens of them. What with hard work, loss of sleep, hard living, and the unpleasantness of the whole thing, I more than once felt I should not much have minded joining one of those sea-going parties.

Others swab-savoured episodes

of our voyage could be given. We had them. Lest, however, the reader's jaws tend to widen in the wearied act of oscitation, the narrative shall here close. What appeared a not inappropriate final scene was a thorough individual examination we were each and all of us submitted to by a bevy of Scotland Yard detective men who boarded us just before we reached the London docks.

The tenets of the old monks had it "*Laborare est orare*," Work is worship: and sages, such as Goethe, enunciate to the effect that "there is a perennial sacredness in work." Carlyle thunders and reiterates that "All work is noble." As an authority on this subject he stands very high, and we scarcely dare dispute his statement. I have myself revolved the point and given it some very hard thinking, arriving at the definite, final conclusion, *I don't know*. Meseems his preliminary word *all* is too comprehensive. "There are some things, and then again there are other things."

A GREAT PILGRIM ROAD.

THE part which the Pilgrim Roads — Christian, Buddhist, and Mahometan—have played in the history of the world has hardly been sufficiently recognised. We do them less than justice if all we remember is that Europe was loosened from its foundations and hurled upon Asia in the Crusades, for the protection of the Pilgrims who went to worship at the Sepulchre of Christ. Before the Crusades began, and after they had degenerated and ceased, the routes to the great shrines were used not only by the worshippers, but by the trader, the soldier of fortune, the artist, and those reciters and chanters of verse who were the distributors of literature for many generations.

Three Christian Pilgrimages were meritorious above all others—to Jerusalem, to Rome, and to St James of Compostella, in Galicia. The third was, in the time of its greatness, neither the least frequented nor the least important in any of its aspects. Its fame lasted long. All Europe was beginning to seek it in the tenth century. In 1456 William Way, Fellow of Eton, whose Itinerary has been published in the Roxburghe Club, travelled to Saint James in "Galice" for his soul's sake, and a little perhaps because he loved wandering. His adventures were not notable, but such as they were they have a certain interest. They show,

for one thing, that if a man kept to the medieval equivalent for the regular tourist round, he could travel in the midst of the fifteenth century as easily as he could in the eighteenth. Mr Way, be it observed, sailed from Plymouth in the *Mary Whyte* on the 17th May, and landed at Corunna on the 21st. When Southey sailed on an almost identical voyage to the north coast of Spain in 1796, he took a day more. It is true that he made his voyage in December and not in May, and that he was a passenger in a Spanish packet. Yet when we have allowed for the allowances, it appears that the seafarer of the late eighteenth century was not sure of reaching his destination less slowly than his predecessor of the fifteenth. In the sixteenth century that great lady of the Renaissance, Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua, included "Santiago" among the places she might see if she could accept the invitation of the French Queen Anne of Brittany to visit Paris. The Marchioness was not free to go, but seventeen years later Castiglione (he of The Courtier), being then the Pope's ambassador in Spain, told her that her son Ferrante had gone on the pilgrimage, and urged her to come also, for the sake of seeing the many beautiful places on the way. That was not the most orthodox reason for approaching the shrine, but it was one which had weight with

many ladies before the days of the Marchioness of Mantua.

Gibbon thought that "the long romance" by which "a peaceful fisherman of the lake of Gennesareth" was "transformed into a valorous knight who charged at the head of the Spanish chivalry in their battles against the Moors," deserved to be mentioned "for its singular extravagance." He did it too much honour. The whole story of the "translation" of the body of the son of Zebedee to the north-west of Spain, of the seven disciples who brought it, of the Roman matron Luparia, and of the bridge which fell miraculously for the confusion of their pagan enemies, has not even the merit of being original. It was simply the much older story of the fortunes of the seven apostolic men sent to Spain by Saint Peter and Saint Paul.

The very names were conveyed with all the simplicity of an age which saw no sin in plagiarism. Medieval men had a childlike love of hearing the familiar old story in the same old words. They all wanted to have the same miracle as their neighbours, and better relics. We can believe that in or about A.D. 830 a Roman tomb with a sarcophagus was found in a wood at Amace in the diocese of Iria Flavia, in Galicia. Charters of Alfonso, surnamed the Chaste; of Ramiro and Ordoño, kings of "the Goths" in the Cantabrian mountains, who ruled at Oviedo, affirm the "invention." It is true that the charters are of

dubious authenticity. But they are better than the numerous documentary proofs of the truth of the legend accumulated by the industry of later ages. Mgr. Duchesne, in his implacable way, has dismissed the whole of them as being "the equivalent of nothing." Imaginary Popes, writing atrocious Latin, certify to the truth of the legend, and are themselves confirmed by false chronicles and fictitious witnesses.

It is not quite true that nothing can be made out of nothing. On a minus quantity of historical evidences, certain persons unknown, working in the tenth and eleventh centuries, did in the first place found three successive churches, and in the second place establish that Pilgrimage to St James in Galicia which was a substantial fact in European history. A church poor and small was built at Compostella, which, say some, is the Campus Stellæ, but according to others, who find no star in the tale, is the Campus Apostoli. Be that as it may, the Bishopric of Iria Flavia became the Bishopric of Santiago de Compostella. The first church was pulled down and a finer one put in its place. The second was ruined by Almansur Billah, the Hagib of the Caliph at Córdoba. When Christianity rallied as the great Reconquest began, the third church—that romanesque cathedral which now stands, and is one of the glories of Christian architecture—was built. In the twelfth century Pope Calixtus

II. revived the Archbishopric of Mérida which had been destroyed by the Moors, and gave it to Santiago. He was moved thereto by the stirring Bishop Diego Gelmirez, who aimed at nothing less than securing the Primacy of all Spain for his see, which possessed the body of an apostle. This pretension so provoked the Archbishop of Toledo, Diego Jimenez de Rada, that he pronounced the whole story of the translation of St James to be an old wife's tale. Some Papal diplomacy and devices of the face-saving order were needed to adjust the relations of the two.

The pilgrimage began to become European in the tenth century, and reached its highest in the eleventh and twelfth. The Pilgrim Road was fixed. It would be more accurate, by the way, to use the plural. *Mi Señor Santiago*, *Monseigneur Saint-Jacques*, the "good baron," reached out his hands overseas to England and the North, and also over Southern and Central France. The seafaring Pilgrims might come to Corunna or neighbouring ports. If they feared seasickness, and wished to see as little as possible of the Bay of Biscay, they would land at Bordeaux. Then they fell into the most westerly of the four French routes of Saint James. These four began respectively at Saint Martin de Tours, Ste. Madeleine de Vezelay, Notre Dame du Puy, and Arles. The first, second, and third joined at Ostabat in French Navarre. Then the

Pilgrims crossed the Pyrenees to Roncesvalles, and so by Pamplona to Puente la Reyna, the "Queen's Bridge" over the Agra, built for them by Doña Mayor, wife of Sancho of Navarre. Those who started from Arles came by Toulouse to the pass above Canfranc, and then westward to Puente la Reyna. From thence the road ran always westward to Santiago. There were thirteen halting-places between "the gate of Spain" above Roncesvalles and the shrine—Biscarret, Pamplona, Estella, Nájera, Burgos, Frómista, Sahagun, Leon, Rabanel, Villafraanca del Vierzo, Triacastela, Palas de Rey, Santiago. For the Pilgrims who came afoot the resting-places were far more numerous.

The pilgrimage was at its highest in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, not because it was then most frequented, but because it was most heroic. When the tenth ended Spain was still the land of the Moors. They held it up to the mountains of the north. Between 976 and 1002 Mahomet ben Abdalla, surnamed Almanсур Billah, the victorious in Allah, had raged along the line, beating down the Christian kings and counts of Leon, Castile, Navarre, and the *Marca Hispanica*, the Spanish March, on the eastern Pyrenees. We who look back at him at a safe distance can see that Almanсур was not really conquering. He was only commanding "aefas," which were summer raids, carried out to destroy

crops, burn churches, and collect plunder. His holy wars were akin to desperate cavalry charges made to hold back an advancing enemy. But to the Christian world of those years he was a menace and a horror. It knew that he had penetrated to the shrine of Saint James, had desolated his church, and carried off the bells in triumph to Córdoba. It did not know how purely personal the power of this Mayor of the Palace was, nor understood that when he was gone the Caliphate began to fall into ruin. He had been a menace to Christianity, and when he was dead the Moslem remained. Who could be sure that another Almansur would not lead other Holy Wars, and even cross the Pyrenees? To take Spain out of the hands of the Mahometans was a duty and a measure of just self-defence. The Pope promoted the good work by urging princes and barons to cross the mountains and conquer. There was a little too much "real politik" in the Papal methods. Hildebrand, when urging the Christians forward, was careful to make it a condition that the land should be held for the chair of Peter—represented of course by the Pope. It was better, he thought, that it should remain as it was than that Christians should hold it to the peril of their souls. There was not much salvation to be obtained in this way. If the Crusades began in Spain, as we may fairly say they did, the glory of promoting them belongs to

the monks of Cluny, and to the Abbot Hugh the Venerable.

The order of Cluny took an early part in mission work in Spain. It organised the Pilgrimage, and raised the cult of Santiago—which might otherwise have been but one among many Spanish devotions—to European importance. After the death of Almansur, and the consequent disruption of the Caliphate, the Christian princes rallied. The leadership fell to the strong stock of the Kings of Navarre, who were probably Basques. The first Kings of Castile on one side, and of Aragon on the other, sprang from the Navarrese trunk. The monks of Cluny came to their aid, bringing with them those Burgundian princes and knights who were the true beginners of the Crusades. A Burgundian princess, Constance, married Alfonso VI. of Castile. Burgundian princes founded dynasties. The pilgrim road was the Christian line of advance, and then it became the base from which Christianity advanced to the conquest of Toledo and the whole central tableland of Spain. Those heroes of romance who won kings' daughters and kingdoms for themselves with the sword, had their historic originals in the champions who helped to deliver Spain,—in Henry of Burgundy, who married a natural daughter of Alfonso VI., and became the founder of the kingdom of Portugal, and Raymond of Bezançon, who married his legitimate daughter Urraca (i.e., Maria), and was the an-

cestor of later Castilian kings. Though the Christians of the north-west and of the *Marca Hispanica* used the name of Goth till the tenth century, the Gothic element had been long absorbed. The Teutonic leaders of the Reconquest, the blue-eyed men who brought the "blue blood" to Spain, were the Burgundians, Franks, and Normans of the eleventh and twelfth century crusades. Religion was not strictly necessary to instigate these adventurous spirits. It had little enough to do with the adventures of the sons of Tancred of Hauteville in southern Italy. But in Spain it dominated, because the whole movement was so largely promoted and so carefully directed by the order of Cluny.

When we see to what an extent the cult of St James was martial and crusading, "the holy romance," which turned "the peaceful fisherman of the lake of Gennesareth" into a leader of cavalry charges, becomes, if not less "extravagant," at any rate quite intelligible. Medieval men could express antiquity only in terms of themselves. To them there was no extravagance in the idea of a fighting Saint or Churchman. Nothing was to them more natural than that St James should appear on the battlefield of Clavijo to help the Christian king, Ramiro. The legend was unquestionably another product of the Pilgrimage, and the many-sided activity of the Clunian monks. It is very much to be feared that so was the notorious "Voto

de Santiago." The "vow of St James" has a pious suggestion, but the plain meaning was of the earth earthy. The "voto" was nothing more romantic or mystical than a tax levied on pasture and agriculture for the benefit of the see of Santiago. It was justified on the ground that the historical but withal misty monarch, Ramiro, had imposed it in gratitude for the timely help given him at Clavijo by the apostle. Now, whether the tax was suggested by an existing legend or whether the legend was concocted to be a shoeing-horn for the tax, is a nice question. The eighteenth century had very definite views about the craft of priests, and was in no doubt on the subject. We have been taught to take a more charitable view. So let us try to think that the ecclesiastical persons of the eleventh century, who forged sham letters for sham Popes, and wrote false chronicles, and who filled the "Book of St James" with puffs of the apostle's healing powers, in the style of advertisements of quack medicines, were innocent and childlike beings who had not yet learnt by experience that honesty is the best policy. If they did calculate that though Truth is great and will prevail, her victory is often long delayed, their estimate of the case does credit to their sagacity. The "voto" and the gifts of the Pilgrims were an opulent source of revenue for centuries.

The cult of St James produced better things than the forged letters of dubious Popes.

It is for the learned to decide what measure of truth there may be in the ingenious hypothesis of M. Bédier as to the origin of the *Chansons de Geste*. To the literary critic it would appear to be neither here nor there. The poetical merit of the *Chansons* is quite independent of their origin. They are what they are whether they are recensions of earlier chants, or were just fictions promoted by the guardians of shrines, and sung by "jongleurs" to an appreciative pilgrim public capable of distributing gifts to the bard. But to an unpre-occupied reader there is much probability in M. Bédier's thesis that the Spanish legend of Charlemagne, of which the Roland is in merit the chief, but in size a small part, was a product of the Pilgrimage to Santiago. No contemporary, no poet living in the next two generations, could have represented the Emperor as having spent years in Spain on a crusade. He came to Spain once, not as a crusader, but as the ally of an Arab enemy of the Emir Abdur Rahman I. He went out when his associate failed to keep touch, and his rearguard was cut up in Roncesvalles by the Basques. His Spanish adventure was a transient and insignificant episode in his reign. But that fact would weigh nothing in the estimate of a "maker" of the twelfth century who knew that the Emperor had once been in Spain, and who cared no more for historical accuracy

than the authors of the legend of Clavijo, or the pious forger of the letter of the unnumbered Pope Leo. He had his stories to tell, and some of them are pretty. M. Bédier quotes one which smacks rather of Sir Priest than of Sir Knight, but has a pleasant grace. The crusading French barons had camped near the shrine of Saint Fagon, and had planted their spears in the ground according to custom, blade uppermost. In the morning they found the spears had struck root, and some had blossomed. They cut them and marched against the Moors, who of course were at hand. All those whose spears had thrown out leaves earned the crown of martyrdom. The roots remained and grew miraculously into the wood of Sahagun, which is Saint Fagon made Spanish. It is a variation of some merit on a widely-spread legend—and there was a wood at Sahagun. What better evidence do men need that the story is true—or that the bard took the hint?

All the enemies of the Pilgrims were not Paynims. It was not for protection against the followers of Mahomet that the pious founder of the hospice of Saint Nicholas de Ortega founded his refuge in the Montes de Oca, to the east of Burgos. It was to shield them against the bandit and robber barons, who by day and by night murdered and pillaged the "seekers of St James." The first recorded brotherhood, "Hermandad," in Spanish

history was formed to protect the pilgrims against such enemies as these. The *Hermandas* were to play a great part in Spain. They were leagues of the towns formed to control robber knights and barons. The purpose of the *Hermadad* was not wholly charitable. The pilgrims brought more to Spain than their prayers and their offerings. The masters and masons who began the building of the long line of fine romanesque churches at Sahagun, at Frómista, at Leon, at Santiago itself, at all the chief halting-places in short, came into Spain by the Pilgrim Road. The trader came also, and the artisan. To go as a poor pilgrim, and to stay as townsman of some chartered Spanish town, was a way of escape from serfdom in France, and other countries too. The necessity for "peopling," that is to say, garrisoning, frontier towns and towns gained from the Moors, led to an early and very vigorous development of municipal life in Spain. There was no way of providing a garrison except by giving franchises and tempting men to stay. In the twelfth century the English were a recognised element in the population of Sahagun. And the process did not end in the early Middle Ages. In the seventeenth the Keepers of the Hospice at Burgos, which had been founded for the pilgrims by Alfonso VIII., son-in-law of our Henry II., reported that they entertained hundreds of seekers of St

James coming in every year, but that they saw nobody going out. No statistician will ever tell us how many good Spaniards there are to-day whose ancestors came by the Pilgrim Road, but they cannot be few.

The performance of the Pilgrimage was the preliminary to settlement for those who meant to remain, and of course it was the sole object of those who came for the good of their souls. The rich could pay their way. When perils from robbers had been escaped, or beaten off by the Pilgrims themselves or the archers of the *Hermadad*, or by the Knights of Santiago whose original function was the protection of the road, there remained the danger of extortionate hosts and dishonest livery-stable-keepers. Against these sinners the Church thundered and kings threatened punishment. Tariffs were fixed by authority. The mule-owner who contracted to carry the pious travellers to the next stage, and then tried to extort more money by threatening to leave them stranded in the middle of the road, was subject to fine for a first offence, and if that did not prove a deterrent, to public fustigation. For the poor there were free hospices. The accommodation was probably not luxurious for either, but they did not come for luxury. Yet, when we are tempted to think of the Middle Ages as times of stagnation, when men rarely wandered from their parish, it is useful to remember that great pilgrim

roads, which are now solitary, were then filled by poor as well as rich. The traveller who should take horse or mule at Irun now, and ride to Santiago, would find no fellow-traveller on the road. In many parts of his journey he would not even find a road. The small fragment of the old causeway, the "calzada," which survives, shows that it was well paved with flat stones. To keep it in repair, to make and renew bridges, was the function of religious brotherhoods. It was for its purpose quite as good as the king's highway—the "carretera"—to-day, and vastly superior to the ordinary local "camino."

For safety's sake, and because they were marshalled by the officials of the Hermandad and the Knights of Santiago, the Pilgrims came in caravans. When they reached Ferreiros they began to race for the Monte del Gozo—i.e., Hill of Joy—which in Galician is Monxoy or Manxoy. The first to climb the hill and catch a glimpse of the cathedral towers was counted "King" of that caravan. When they came down from the hill they stopped to pray at the Hermitage of San Lorenzo, where they adored the Holy Body, not of the Apostle but of the saintly Lorenes (i.e., Lorrainer), of whom it was recorded in chronicles quite as authentic as many others, that the Apostle had carried him on the croup of his white charger from the Pyrenees to this place in a single night. They washed in running water at the stream Lavamentula,

and being duly purified, approached the city. They began their good works by giving alms to a swarm of beggars who issued to meet them. It appears that the beggars paid a tax for the right to beg. Of the money thus given in charity eight pounds of silver went to the "mense" or table-money of the canons, and half a pound to the "maestrescuela" or Scholasticus of the Cathedral.

When once in the town the Pilgrim who had money in his purse could go to his inn. For the poorer sort there were hospices tended by the Brotherhood of St James—a class of persons who had ecclesiastical immunities and were probably tenuous, but were neither seculars nor regulars, for they were married people. The licenses were issued to man and wife. We ought perhaps not to make too much of that. Galicia was precisely the part of Spain in which the Papal discipline was least regarded, and the celibacy of the clergy was least enforced. Not only were the clerics themselves doggedly recalcitrant, but the parishioners obstinately refused to accept an incumbent who was not provided with a "baragana," since the Holy Father would not allow him to have a real wife. They did not think it was good for the peace of their own houses that the priest should live alone. And they said so in downright medieval phrase.

The devotions of the Pilgrims began by a night spent theoretically in prayer, round

the presbytery in the cathedral. These vigils, one regrets to learn, were the scenes of some sad scandals. The worshippers were posted by nations, and much rivalry glowed among them. Each nation, and each person in each nation, was piously intent on getting nearer than another to the sacred relics. Hence there arose much pushing and shoving, provocative of "profane oaths, cursing and swearing, to the derogation of God's honour and the corruption of good manners." In the earnest Middle Ages, strong feeling led swiftly to violent action. Pilgrim staves were used to break Pilgrim heads. The sanctity of the place was disgraced by free fights, clamour in half the languages of Christendom; women screamed, and men bellowed the imprecations of the north and the blasphemy of the south. These scandals rose to such a pitch, that in 1207 Innocent III., at the request of the Archbishop Pedro de Muñiz, ordered, not as a hasty judge might suppose, that the vigils should cease, but that in future any priest could "reconcile" the Church whenever it had been defiled by a murderous affray, by scattering over it a little holy water mixed with wine and ashes.

Hot from the fray the Pilgrims were summoned to very early mass in the cool dawn, by the bell of the Capilla Mayor. When mass had been sung the "Cardinal Mayor"—that is to say, the chief of the canons who were cardinals—

read out the "indulgences" earned by the merits of the Pilgrims, and priests touched them with a rod—that is, gave them the symbolical penitential scourging which atoned. The next step was the offering of gifts in kind and money by the Pilgrims. Cloth, spices, jewels might be given as well as money. A large box fastened to a pillar on the Gospel side held the offerings for the building fund. A priest stood on it and touched each giver with a long rod as his offering was made. Because of carelessness, or "the not entirely wholesome intentions" of those in charge, scandals came by way of that box, and in 1250 strict measures had to be taken to enforce the keeping of accounts by a cofferer. The inventories of gifts suggest the contents of a second-hand furniture shop. All seemingly was fish which came to the net of the "good Baron" St James. Wax, incense, candles, were mingled with iron candlesticks and swords. When the gifts were made, the treasures of the cathedral, and notably the crown of St James, which hung from a chain so that Pilgrims could put it on their head, were shown. It is flattering to learn from William Way that the *generosi angli*, English gentlemen, were allowed a pre-eminence over other Pilgrims in his time. But from of old "the noble German nation," which included all the men of the north, were counted the most honourable of the Pilgrims; because they came from afar, and had gone

through much to reach the shrine. Their devotions duly performed, they "took act" in the form of a certificate issued by the "Cardinal Mayor."

The Pilgrims were now free to become tourists, to wander through the cloisters, to see the sights, and to purchase silver scallop-shells and other curios in the shops of the square called the Azabacherea—i.e., of the jet works. The scallop-shell, which was the drinking-cup, was common to all pilgrims, but now peculiarly the sign of a "seeker of St James." The red sword cross of the Knights of Santiago is worn enamelled on a silver "venera" or scallop-shell.

We cannot well suppose that the mere tourist was to be found among the pilgrims of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But when the heroic age was over, then a devotion to a shrine was a very convenient excuse for a holiday. Antoine de la Salle, if, as the best authorities believe, he was the author of the graceless 'Quinze Joyes de Mariage,' is illuminative on that point. In the fifteenth century when a lady must absolutely be gadding, it seems that she took a vow to go on pilgrimage to Notre Dame du Puy, in Auvergne, where she would be at the starting-point of one of the roads of St James. Her husband has no peace till he consents to let her go, and to find the necessary money. The lady would willingly leave him at home and go in joyous company of gossips. If he

prefers to see her on the way, he suffers. La Salle, who was himself a bachelor, and therefore an impartial observer of the wiles and vapours of women, chuckles audibly over the good man's sorrows. His wife punishes him well for making a bore of himself. Her stirrups are always either too long or too short, the horse is hard, and she feels ill. She is for ever dismounting and must be helped into the saddle again. Tired to death and more muddier than a dog, the henpecked man must run about to find food wherewith to tempt her queasy appetite, and she nauseates it when it is found. At Puy it is his function to shoulder a way for her through the mob of pilgrims at the shrine at the expense of much hustling for himself. It is also his duty to put his hand in his pocket for the corals, jet, enamels, and other jewels of a pious character which she must have. When they are home it will be a fortnight before she settles down to housekeeping, so busy is she running about to dazzle all her gossips with the wonderful things she has seen.

La Salle was an irreverent joker, but about the time that his imaginary lady was performing her pilgrimage to Notre Dame du Puy, a body of Spanish gentlemen held a "Pass of arms" at the bridge of Orbigo to the west of Leon. There is extant a 'Bell's Life' report drawn up by Pero Rodriguez Delena, notary to King John II. of Castile. It is a document of some signifi-

oance for the court chivalry of the fifteenth century, and it is an illustration of the pilgrim life when pilgrimage was declined from its early austerity. Tournaments were condemned by the Church, and those who died in them were not to be buried in consecrated ground. Yet this "Pass of Honour" was held by Suero de Quiñones and his friends in the name of God, the Virgin, and St James, on the Pilgrim Road, because they were sure of finding gentlemen on their way to the shrine to take up their challenge. Ladies who passed were summoned to give a glove in pledge that they would find a champion to redeem it. The Pass of Honour was a famous sporting event of the year in which it was held, 1434; and the chronicle is worthy to be studied, if only in order to learn how very little the real thing was like the pass of arms at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Two ladies were

summoned to surrender a glove—Doña Ines Álvarez de Biezma and Doña Mencia Tellez. The second, who had two young ladies of her family with her, would have none of these follies—filling the girls' heads with nonsense. But the due courses were run for Dame Agnes of Biezma, not by her husband, but by a gentleman who volunteered. Did the husband like it? or was it to be written of him that "*vivra languissant toujours et finera misérablement ses jours*" with the poor men of the 'Quinze Joyes de Mariage'?

It was a long way from the knights who planted their spears at Sahagun, and were graced with the crown of martyrdom, to Suero de Quiñones and his brother sportsmen of 1434. Pilgrimage had lost its dignity, and the day was at hand when Erasmus was to write the *Peregrinatio Religionis Erga*.

DAVID HANNAY.

NICKY-NAN, RESERVIST.

BY "Q."

CHAPTER I.—HOW THE CHILDREN PLAYED.

WHEN news of the War first came to Polpier, Nicholas Nanjivell (commonly known as Nicky-Nan) paid small attention to it, being preoccupied with his own affairs.

Indeed, for some days the children knew more about it than he, being tragically concerned in it—poor mites!—though they took it gaily enough. For Polpier lives by the fishery, and of the fishermen a large number—some scores—had passed through the Navy and now belonged to the Reserve. These good fellows had the haziest notion of what newspapers meant by the Balance of Power in Europe, nor perhaps could any one of them have explained why, when Austria declared war on Servia, Germany should be taking a hand. But they had learnt enough on the lower deck to forebode that, when Germany took a hand, the British Navy would pretty soon be clearing for action. Consequently all through the last week of July, when the word "Germany" began to be printed in large type in Press headlines, the drifters putting out nightly on the watch for the pilchard harvest carried each a copy of *The Western Morning News* or

The Western Daily Mercury to be read aloud, discussed, expounded under the cuddy lamp in the long hours between shooting the nets and hauling them.

"When the corn is in the shock,
Then the fish is on the rock."

A very little of the corn had been shocked as yet; but the fields, right down to the cliffs' edge, stood ripe for abundant harvest. I doubt, indeed, if in our time they have ever smiled a fairer promise of reward for husbandry than during this last fortnight of July 1914, when the crews, running back with the southerly breeze for Polpier, would note how the crop stood yellower in to-day's than in yesterday's sunrise, and speculate when Farmer This or Farmer That meant to start reaping. As for the fish, the boats had made small catches—dips among the straggling advance-guards of the great armies of pilchards surely drawing in from the Atlantic. "'Tis early days yet, hows'ever—time enough, my sons—plenty time," promised Un' Benny Rowett, patriarch of the fishing-fleet and local preacher on Sundays. Some of the younger men grumbled

that "there was no tellin': the season had been tricky from the start." The spider-crabs—that are the curse of inshore trammels—had lingered for a good three weeks past the date when by all rights they were due to sheer off. Then a host of spur-dogs had invaded the whiting-grounds, preying so gluttonously on the hooked fish that, haul in as you might, three times out of four the line brought up nothing but a head—all the rest bitten off and swallowed. "No salmon moving, over to Troy. The sean-boats there hadn't even troubled to take out a licence. As for lobsters, they were becomin' a winter fish, somehow, and up the harbours you started oatchin' 'em at Christmas and lost 'em by Eastertide," while the ordinary crabbing-grounds appeared to be clean bewitched.

One theorist loudly called for a massacre of sea-birds, especially shags and gannets. Others (and these were the majority) demanded protection from steam trawlers, which they accused of scraping the sea-bottom, to the wholesale sacrifice of immature fish—sole and plaice, brill and turbot.

"Now look 'ee here, my sons," said Un' Benny Rowett, "if I was you, I'd cry to the Lord a little more an' to County Council a little less. What's the full size ye reckon a school o' pilchards now—one o' the big uns? Scores an' scores o' square miles, all movin' in a mass, an' solid a'most as sardines in a tin; and, as I've heard th' old

Dootor used to tell, every female capable o' spawnin' up to two million. . . . No; your mind can't seize it. But ye might be fitted to grasp that if th' Almighty hadn' ordained other fish an' birds as well as us men to prey upon 'em, in five years' time no boat 'd be able to sail th' Atlantic; in ten years ye could walk over from Polpier to Newfoundland stankin' 'pon rotten pilchards all the way. Don't reckon yourselves wiser than Natur', my billies. . . . As for steam trawlin', simmee, I han't heard so much open grievin' over it since Government started loans for motors. Come to think—hey!—there ben't no such tearin' difference between motors an' steam—not on principle. And as for reggilations, I've a doo respect for County Council till it sets up to reggilate Providence, when I falls back on th' Lord's text to Noey that, boy an' man, I've never known fail. *While th' earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease.* And again," continued Un' Benny Rowett, "Behold, I say unto you, *Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are ripe already to harvest.*"

If pressed in argument he would entrench himself behind the wonderful plenty of john-dorys: "Which," he would say, "is the mysteriousest fish in the sea and the holiest. Take a john-dory or two, and the pilchards be never far behind. 'Tis well bekknown as the fish St Peter took when Our Lord told 'en to cast a hook, an' be shot if he didn'

come to hook with a piece o' silver in his mouth! You can see Peter's thumb-mark upon him to this day: and, if you ask *me*, he's better eatin' than a sole, let alone you can carve en with a spoon—though improved if stuffed, with a shreddin' o' mint. Iss, baked o' course. . . . Afore August is out—mark my words—the pilchards'll be here."

"But shall *we* be here to take 'em?"

It was a dark, good-looking, serious youth who put the question: and all the men at the end of the quay turned to stare at him! (For this happened on the evening of Saturday, the 25th—St James's Day,—and when all the boats were laid up for the week-end.)

The men turned to young Seth Minards because, as a rule, he had a wonderful gift of silence. He was known to be something of a scholar, and religious too: but his religion did not declare itself outwardly, save perhaps in a constant gentleness of manner. The essence of it lay in spiritual withdrawal, the man retiring into his own heart, so to speak, and finding there a Friend with whom to hold sweet and habitual counsel. By consequence, young Seth Minards spoke rarely, but with more than a double weight.

"What mean ye, my son?" demanded Un' Benny. "Tell us—you that don't speak, as a rule, out of your turn."

"I think," answered Seth Minards slowly, "there is going to be War for certain—

a great War—and in a few days."

Three days later the post-mistress, Mrs Pengelly (who kept a general shop), put out two newspaper placards which set all the children at the Council Schools, up the valley, playing at a game they called "English and Germans"—an adaptation of the old "Prisoners' Base." No one wanted to be a German: but, seeing that you cannot well conduct warfare without an enemy, the weaker boys represented the Teutonic cause under compulsion, and afterwards joined in the cheers when it was vanquished.

The Schools broke up on the last day of July; and the contest next day became a naval one, among the row-boats lying inside the pier. This was ten times better fun, for a good half of the boys meant to enter the Navy when they grew up. They knew what it meant, too. The great battleships from Plymouth ran their speed-trials off Polpier: the eastward mile-mark stood on the Peak, right over the little haven; and the smallest child has learnt to tell a Dreadnought in the offing, or discern the difference between a first-class and a second-class cruiser. The older boys knew most of the ships by name.

Throughout Saturday the children were—as their mothers agreed—"fair out of hand." But this may have been because the mothers themselves were gossiping whilst their men slumbered. All Polpier

women—even the laziest—knit while they talk: and from nine o'clock onwards the alley-ways that pass for streets were filled with women knitting hard and talking at the top of their voices. The men and the cats dozed.

Down by the boats, up to noon, the boys had things all their own way, vying in feats of valour. But soon after the dinner-hour the girls asserted themselves by starting an Ambulance Corps, and with details so realistic that not a few of the male combatants hauled out of battle on pretence of wounds and in search of better fun.

Nicholas Nanjivell, "moon-ing" by the bridge three paces from his door, sharpening his jack-knife upon a soft parapet-stone that was reported to bring cutlery to an incomparable edge and had paid for its reputation, being half worn away—Nicholas Nanjivell, leaning his weight on the parapet, to ease the pain in his leg—Nicholas Nanjivell, gloomily contemplating its edge and wishing he could plunge it into the heart of a man who stood behind a counter behind a door which stood in view beyond the bridge-end—Nicholas Nanjivell, nursing his own injury to the exclusion of any that might threaten Europe,—glanced up and beheld his neighbour Penhaligon's children, Young Bert and 'Beida (Zabeida), approach by the street from the quay bearing between them a stretcher, composed of two

broken paddles and part of an old fishing-net, and on the stretcher, covered by a tattered pilot-jack, a small form—their brother 'Biades (Aloi-biades), aged four. It gave him a scare.

"Lor sake!" said he, hastily shutting and pocketing his knife. "What you got there?"

"'Biades," answered 'Beida, with a tragical face.

"Han't I heard your mother warn 'ee a score o' times, against lettin' that cheeld play loose on the quay! . . . What's happened to 'en? Broke his tender neck, I shouldn' wonder. . . . Here, let me have a look——"

"Broke his tender fiddle-stick!" 'Beida retorted. "He's bleedin' for his country, is 'Biades, if you really want to know; and if you was helpful you'd lend us that knife o' yours."

"What for, missy?"

"Why, to take off the injured limb. Bert's knife's no good, since the fore-part o' the week when he broke the blade prizin' up limpets an' never guessing how soon this war'd be upon us."

"I did," maintained Bert. "I was gettin' in food supplies."

"If I was you, my dears, I'd leave such unholy games alone," Nicky - Nan advised them. "No, and I'll not lend 'ee my knife, neither. You don't know what war is, children: an' please God you never will. War's not declared yet—not by England, anyway. Don't 'ee go seekin' it out until it seeks you."

"But 'tis comin'," 'Beida persisted. "Father was talkin' with Mother last night—he didn' go out with the boats: and Bert and I both heard him say—didn' we, Bert?—'twas safe as to-morrow's sun. The way we heard was that Mother'd forgot to order us to bed; which hasn't happened not since Coronation Night an' the bonfire. When she came up to blow out the light she'd been cryin'. . . . That's because Father'll have to fight, o' course."

"I wish they'd put it off till I was a man," said Bert stoutly.

At this point the wounded hero behaved as he always did on discovering life duller than his hopes. He let out a piercing yell and cried that he wanted his tea. 'Beida dropped her end of the ambulance, seized him as he slid to the ground, shook him, and told him to behave.

"You can't have your tea for another hour: and what's more, if you're not careful there won't be no amputation till afterwards, when Mother's not lookin' an' we can get a knife off the table. You bad boy!"

'Biades howled afresh.

"If you don't stop it,"—Bert took a hand in threatening,— "you won't get out open till Monday; because 'tis Sunday to-morrow. And by that time you'll be festerin', I shouldn't wonder."

"—And mortification will have set in," promised his sister. "When that happens, you may turn up your toes.

An' 'tis only a question between oak an' elnum."

'Biades ceased yelling as abruptly as he had started. "What's 'fester'?" he demanded.

"You'll know fast enough, when you find yourself one solid scab," began Bert. But Nicky-Nan interrupted.

"There, there, children! Run along an' don't 'ee play at trouble. There's misery enough, the Lord knows——" He broke off on a twinge of pain, and stared down-stream at the congregated masts in the little harbour.

Polpier lies in a gorge so steep and deep that though it faces but a little east of south, all its western flank lay already in deep shadow. The sunlight slanting over the ridge touched the tops of the masts, half a dozen of which had trucks with a touch of gilt, while a couple wore the additional bravery of a vane. On these it flashed, and passed on to bathe the line of cottages along the eastern shore, with the coastguard hut that stood separate beyond them on the round of the cliff-track—all in one quiet golden glow. War? Who could think of war? . . . Nicky-Nan at any rate let the thought of it slip into the sea of his private trouble. It was as though he had hauled up some other man's "sinker" and, discovering his mistake, let it drop back plumb.

While he stared, the children had stolen away.

Yet he loitered there staring, in the hush of the warm afternoon, lifting his eyes a little

towards the familiar outline of the hills that almost overlapped, closing out sight of the sea. A verse ran in his head—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. . . ."

The slamming of a door at the street-corner beyond the bridge recalled him to the world of action.

On the doorstep of the local Bank—turning key in lock as he left the premises—stood a man respectably dressed and large of build. It was Mr Amphlett, the Bank-Manager. Nicky-Nan thrust his hands in his trouser-pockets and limped towards him.

"If you please, sir——"

Mr Amphlett faced about, displaying a broad white waistcoat and a ponderous gold watch-chain.

"Ah! Nanjivell?"

"If you please, sir——"

Nicky-Nan, now balanced on his sound leg, withdrew a hand from his pocket and touched his cap. "I've been waitin' your convenience."

"Busy times," said Mr Amphlett. "This Moratorium, you know. The War makes itself felt even in this little place."

If Nicky-Nan had known the meaning of the word, it might have given him an opening. But he did not, and so he stood dumb.

"You have come to say, I hope," hazarded Mr Amphlett after a pause, "that you don't intend to give me any more trouble? . . . You've given me enough, you know. An Ejectment Order. . . . Still—if, at

the last, you've made up your mind to behave——"

"There's no other house, sir. If there was, and you'd let it to me——"

"That's likely, hey? In the present scandalous laxity of the law towards tenants, you've cost me a matter of pounds—not to mention six months' delay, which means money lost—to eject you. You, that owe me six pounds rent! It's likely I'd let you another house—even if I had one!"

"Even if you had the will, 'twouldn't be right and I know it. Six young men, as I know, waitin' to marry and unable, because the visitors (damn 'em) snap up cottage after cottage for summer residences an'll pay you fancy prices; whereas you won't build for the likes o' we."

"Your six young men—if six there be——" said Mr Amphlett, "will be best employed for some time to come in fighting for their country. It don't pay to build cottages, I tell you."

Nicky-Nan's right hand gripped the knife in his pocket. But he answered wearily—

"Well, anyways, sir, I don't ask to interfere with them: but only to bide under my own shelter."

"Owing me six pounds arrears, and piling up more? And after driving me to legal proceedings? Look here, Nanjivell. You are fumbling something in your pocket. Is it the six pounds you owe me?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. And if it were, I should still demand the costs I've been put to. If you

bring me the total on Monday— But you know very well you cannot.”

“No, sir.”

“Then,” said Mr Amphlett, “we waste time. I have been worried enough, these last few days, with more serious business than yours. In the times now upon us a many folk are bound to go to the wall; and the improvident will go first,

as is only right. Enough said, my man!”

Nicky-Nan fumbled with the knife in his pocket, but let Mr Amphlett pass.

Then he limped back to the house that would be his until Monday and closed the door. Beyond the frail partition which boarded him off from the Penhaligon family he could hear the children merry at tea.

CHAPTER II.—CALL TO ARMS.

*nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos
ducit et immemores non sinit esse sui*

—The old Doctor (to whom we have made allusion) had been moved to write an account of his native place, and had contrived to get it published by subscription in a thin octavo volume of 232 pages, measuring $9 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Copies are rare, but may yet be picked up on secondhand bookstalls for six or seven shillings.

From this ‘History of Polpier’ I must quote—being unable to better it—his description of the little town. [He ever insisted on calling it a town, not a village, although it contained less than fourteen hundred inhabitants.]

“If the map of the coast of Cornwall be examined, on the south-east, between the estuaries of the two rivers that divide the Hundred of West from the Hundred of East and the Hundred of Powder, will be noticed an indentation of the littoral line, in which cleft lies the little town of Polpier. Tall hills, abrupt and rugged, shut in a deep and tortuous valley, formed by the meeting of smaller coombs; houses which seem dropped rather than

built, crowd the valley and its rocky ledges; a rapid rivulet dances in and out among the dwellings, till its voice is lost in the waters of a tidal haven, thronged with fishing boats and guarded by its peak of serried rock.”

The Doctor after this first modest mention of “a rivulet” invariably writes of it as “the river,” and by no other name does Polpier speak of it to this day. On the lower or seaward side of the bridge-end, where the channel measures some three yards across, the flank of his house leaned over the rushing water, to the sound of which he slept at night. Across the stream the house of his neighbour Mr Barrabell leaned forward at a more pronounced angle, so that the two, had they been so minded, might have shaken hands between their bedroom windows before retiring to rest. Tradition reports this Mr Barrabell (though an accountant for most of the privateering com-

panies in Polpier) to have been a timorous man: and that once the Doctor, returning home in the small hours from a midwifery case, found his neighbour and his neighbour's wife hiding together under his bed-clothes. Upon an alarm that Bonaparte was in the town, they had bridged the stream with a ladder to the Doctor's open window and clambered across in their night-clothes. It is reported also that, on the transit, Mrs Barrabell was heard to say, "Go forward, Theophilus! Th' old Doctor knows all about me, if he don't about you. You can trust en to the ends of the world." "That's right enough, ma'am," said the Doctor in his great way; "but you appear to have gone a bit further." A variant of the story has it that Mrs Barrabell was found beneath the bed, and her spouse alone between the bed-clothes, into which he had plunged with an exhortation, "Look after yourself, darling!" "And what do you think Theophilus found under that magnificent man's bed?" she asked her neighbours next day. "Why, naught but a cocked hat in a jappanned case; no trace of alarm, and yet ready there against any emergency."

The Doctor (I should say) had held a commission—wore a Major's uniform—in the local Artillery Volunteers during those days of the Napoleonic peril. They passed, and he survived to die in times of peace, leaving (as has been told) a local history for his

memorial. A tablet to his memory records that "*In all his life he never had a lawsuit. Reader, take warning and strive to be so good a man.*"

In his childhood Nicky-Nan had listened to many a legend of the old Doctor, whose memory haunted every street and by-lane and even attained to something like apotheosis in the talk of the older inhabitants. They told what an eye he had, as a naturalist, for any uncommon fish in the maunds; how he taught them to be observant, alert for any strange catch, and to bring it home alive, if possible; and how he was never so happy as when seated on a bollard near the quay-head with a drawing-board on his knee busy—for he was a wonder with pencil and brush—transferring to paper the correct dimensions of a specimen and its perishable exquisite colours; working rapidly while he listened to the account of its capture, and maybe pausing now and again to pencil a note on the margin of the portrait. They told, too, of his ways—how for a whole month he came forth from his front door in a crouching posture, almost on all-fours, so as not to disturb the work of a diadem spider that had chosen to build its web across the porch; of his professional skill, that "trust yourself to th' old Doctor, and he'd see you came to a natral end of some sort, and in no haste, neither"; of his habit of dress, that (when not in martial uniform)

he wore a black suit with knee-breeches, silk stockings, and silver shoe-buckles; of his kindness of heart, that in the *Notes of Periodic Phenomena*, which he regularly kept, he always recorded a midnight gale towards the close of August, to account for the mysterious depletion of his apple-crop.

But the old Doctor had gone to his fathers long ago, and the old house, divided into two tenements—with access by one porch and front passage—had been occupied for twenty years past by Nicky-Nan and (for eight or nine) by the Penhaligon family. Nicky-Nan's cantle overhung the river, and comprised a kitchen and scullery on the ground-floor, with a fairly large bedroom above it. The old Doctor's own bedroom it had been, and was remarkable for an open fireplace with two large recessed cupboards let into a wall, which measured a good four feet in depth beyond the chimney-breast. This bedchamber overhung the lower room somewhat; and once, in cleaning out the cupboards, Nicky-Nan had discovered in the right-hand one that one or two boards of the flooring were loose. Lifting one he had peered into a sort of lazarette deep down in the wall, and had lowered a candle, the flame of which, catching hold of a heap of dried cobweb, had singed his eyebrows and for a moment threatened to set the house on fire. It had given him a scare, and he never ven-

tured to carry his exploration further.

His curiosity was the less provoked because at least a score of the old houses in Polpier have similar recesses, constructed (it is said) as hiding-places from the press-gang or for smugglers hotly pursued by the dragoons.

The Penhaligon family inhabited the side of the house that faced the street, and their large living-room was chiefly remarkable for the beams supporting the floor above it. They had all been sawn lengthwise out of a single oak-tree, and the outer edges of some left untrimmed. From a nail in the midmost beam hung a small rusty key, around which the spiders wove webs and the children many romantic speculations: for the story went that a brother of the old Doctor's—the scapegrace of the family—had hung it (the key of his quadrant) there, with strong injunctions that no one should take it down until he returned—which he never did. So Mrs Penhaligon's feather-brush always spared this one spot in the room, every other inch of which she kept scrupulously dusted. She would not for worlds have exchanged sides with Nicky-Nan, though his was by far the best bedroom (and far too good for a bachelor man), because from her windows she could watch whatever crossed the bridge—folks going to church, and funerals. But the children envied Nicky-Nan, because from his bedroom window you

could — when he was good-natured and allowed you — drop a line into the brawling river. Of course there were no real fish to be caught, but with a cunning cast and some luck you might hook up a tin can or an old boot.

Now Nicky-Nan was naturally fond of children, as by nature he had been designed for a family man; and children gave him their confidence without knowing why. But in his early manhood a girl had jilted him, which turned him against women: later, in the Navy, the death of a friend and mess-mate, to whom he had transferred all the loyalty of his heart, set him questioning many things in a silent way. He had never been able to dissipate affection or friendship: and his feelings when hurt, being sensitive as the horns of a snail, withdrew themselves as swiftly into a shell and hid there as obstinately: by consequence of which he earned (without deserving) a name not often entered upon the discharge-sheets of the Royal Navy. But there it stood on his, in black upon white — “A capable seaman. *Morose.*”

He had carried this character, with his discharge-sheet, back to Polpier, where his old friends and neighbours—who had known him as a brisk up-standing lad, sociable enough, though maybe a trifle shy—edged away from the taciturn man who returned to them. Nor did it help his popularity that he attended neither church

nor chapel: for Polpier is a deeply religious place, in its fashion.

Some of the women-folk—notably Mrs Polsue, the widow-woman, and Cherry (Charity) Oliver, a bitter spinster—spoke to the Wesleyan Minister about this.

The Minister listened to them politely. He was the gentlest of little men and had a club-foot. Mrs Polsue and Miss Oliver (who detested one another) agreed that it would be a day of grace when his term among them expired and he was “planned” for some other place where Christianity did not matter as it did in Polpier. They gave various reasons for this: but their real reason (had they lived in a Palace of Truth) was that the Rev. Mark Hambly never spoke evil of any one, nor listened to gossip, save with a loose attention.

“The man has a wandering mind!” declared Miss Oliver. “It don’t seem able to fix itself. If you’ll believe me, when I told him about Bestwetherick’s daughter and how she’d got herself into trouble at last, all he could say was, ‘Yes, yes, poor thing!’—and invite me to kneel down an’ pray she might come safely through it!”

“You surely weren’t so weak as to do it?” said Mrs Polsue, scandalised.

“Me?” exclaimed Cherry. “Pray for that baggage? To start with, I’d be afeard the Lord ’d visit it on me. . . . An’ then it came out he’d known the whole affair for

more than two months. The girl had been to him."

"And he never told? . . . I tell you what, Cherry Oliver, it's my belief that man would set up a confessional, if he could."

"Don't 'ee tell up such things, Mary-Martha Polsue, or I'll go an' drown myself!"

"And why not?—he bein' so thick with Parson Steele, that sticks up 'High Mass' 'pon his church door and is well known to be hand-in-glove with the Pope. I tell you I saw the pair meet this very Wednesday down by the bridge as I happened to be lookin' out waitin' to scold the milk-boy: and they shook hands and stood for up - three - minutes colloquin' together."

When these two ladies joined forces to attack Mr Hambly on the subject of Nicky-Nan's atheism, presumed upon his neglect to attend public worship, the Minister's lack of interest became fairly exasperating. He arose and opened the window.

"Astonishing plague of house-flies we are suffering from this year," he observed. "You have noticed it, doubtless? . . . Yes, yes—about Nanjulian . . . it is so good of you to feel concerned. I will talk it over with the Vicar."

"God forbid!" Mrs Polsue ejaculated.

"One uses up fly-papers almost faster than Mrs Pengelly can supply them," continued the Minister. "And, moreover, she will sell me but two or three at a time, alleg-

ing that she requires all her stock for her own shop. I fell back last week upon treacle. Beer, in small glass jars, is also recommended. I trust that if you ladies see me issuing from the Three Pilchards to-morrow with a jug of beer, you will make it your business to protect my character. The purchase will not escape your knowledge, I feel sure. . . . But we were talking of Nanjulian. I have some reason to believe that he is a God-fearing—even a devout man—though his religion does not take a—er—congregational turn."

"H'mph!" Miss Oliver sniffed.

"The amount of disease disseminated by house-flies is, I am told, incalculable," pursued Mr Hambly. "Yes—as I was saying, or about to say—it's a pity that, in a small town like Polpier, two ministers of religion cannot between them keep a general shop to suit all tastes, like Mrs Pengelly." Mr Hambly's voice dropped as he wound up. "Ah, if—like Mrs Pengelly—we kept bull's-eyes for the children!"

"And for another year we have to sit under a man like that!" said Mrs Polsue to Miss Oliver on their way homeward.

Nicky-Nan had one thing in his favour. He came of an old Polpier stock. It had decayed, to be sure, and woefully come down in the world: but the town, though its tongue may wag, has ever a soft heart towards its own. And the Nanjulians had been of good

"haveage" (lineage) in their time. They had counted in the family a real Admiral, of whom Nicky-Nan had inherited a portrait in oil-colours. It hung in the parlour-kitchen underneath his bedroom, between two marine paintings of Vesuvius erupting by day and Vesuvius erupting by night: and the Penhaligon children stood in terrible awe of it because the eyes followed you all round the room, no matter what corner you took.

In neighbourliness, then, and for the sake of his haveage, Nicky-Nan's first welcome home had been kindly enough. His savings were few, but they bought him a small share in a fishing-boat, besides enabling him to rent the tenement in the Doctor's House, and to make it habitable with a few sticks of furniture. Also he rented a potato-patch, beyond the coastguard's hut, around the eastward cliff, and tilled it assiduously. Being a man who could do with a very little sleep, he would often be found hard at work there by nine in the morning, after a long night's fishing.

Thus, though always on the edge of poverty, he had managed his affairs—until four years ago, when the trouble began with his leg.

At first he paid little heed to it, since it gave him no pain and little more than a passing discomfort. It started, in fact, as a small hard cyst low down at the back of the right thigh, incommoding him when he bent his knee. He called it "a nut

in the flesh," and tried once or twice to get rid of it by squeezing it between fingers and thumb. It did not yield to this treatment.

He could not fix, within a month or so, the date when it began to hurt him. But it had been hurting him, off and on, for some weeks when one night, tacking out towards the fishing-grounds against a stiffish southerly breeze, as he ran forward to tend the fore-sheet his leg gave way under him as if it had been stabbed, and he rolled into the scupper in intolerable anguish. For a week after this Nicky-Nan nursed himself ashore, and it was given out that he had twisted his knee-cap. He did not call in a doctor, although the swelling took on a red and angry hue. As a fact, no medical man now resided within three miles of Polpier. (When asked how they did without one, the inhabitants answered gravely that during the summer season, when the visitors were about, Dr Jago came over twice a-week from St Martin's; in the winter they just died a natural death.)

At any rate Nicky-Nan, because he was poor, would not call in a doctor; and because he was proud would not own to anything worse than a twisted knee, even when his neighbours on the quay, putting their heads together, had shaken them collectively and decided that "the poor man must be sufferin' from something chronic."

Then followed a bitter time,

as his savings dwindled. He made more than a dozen brave attempts to resume his old occupation. But in the smallest lop of a sea he was useless, so that it became dangerous to take him. Month by month he fell further back in arrears of rent.

And now the end seemed to have arrived with Mr Amphlett's notice of ejection. Nicky-Nan, of course, held that Mr Amphlett had a personal grudge against him. Mr Amphlett had nothing of the sort. In ordinary circumstances, knowing Nicky-Nan to be an honest man, he would have treated him easily. But he wanted to "develop" Polpier to his own advantage: and his scheme of development centred on the old house by the bridge. He desired to pull it down and transfer the Bank to that eligible site. He had a plan of the proposed new building, with a fine stucco frontage and edgings of terra-cotta.

Mr Amphlett saw his way to make this improvement, and was quite resolute about it; and Nicky-Nan, by his earlier reception of notices to quit, had not bettered any chance of resisting. Still—had Nicky-Nan known it—Mr Amphlett, like many another bank manager, had been caught and thrown in a heap by the sudden swoop of War. Over the telephone wires he had been in agitated converse all day with his superiors, who had at length managed to explain to him the working of the financial Moratorium.

So Mr Amphlett, knowing there must be War, had clean forgotten the Ejection Order, until Nicky-Nan inopportunely reminded him of it; and in his forgetfulness, being testy with overwork, had threatened execution on Monday—which would be the 3rd: August Bank Holiday, and a *dies non*.

Somehow Nicky-Nan had forgotten this too. It did not occur to him until after he had supped on boiled potatoes with a touch of butter, pepper and salt, washed down with water, a drink he abhorred. When it occurred to him, he smote his thigh and was rewarded with a twinge of exquisite pain.

He had all Sunday and all Monday in which to lay his plans before the final evacuation, if evacuation there must be. The enemy had miscalculated. He figured it out two or three times over, made sure he was right, and went to bed in his large gaunt bedroom with a sense of triumph.

Between now and Tuesday a great many things might happen.

A great many things were, in fact, happening. Among them, Europe—wire answering wire—was engaged in declaring general War.

Nicky-Nan, stretched in the four-post bed which had been the old Doctor's, recked nothing of this. But his leg gave him considerable pain that night. He slept soon, but ill, and awoke before midnight to the sound—as it seemed—of sobbing. Something was wrong with the Penhaligon children!

Yet no . . . the sound seemed to come rather from the chamber where Mr and Mrs Penhaligon slept. . . . It ceased, and he dropped off to sleep again.

Oddly enough he awoke—not having given it a thought before—with the scare of War upon him.

In his dream he had been retracing accurately and in detail a small scene of the previous morning, at the moment quite without significance for him. Limping back from his cliff-patch with a basket of potatoes in one hand and with the other using the shaft of his mattock (or "visgy" in Polpier language) for a walking-staff, as he passed the watch-house he had been vaguely surprised to find coastguardsman Varco on the look-out there with his glass, and halted.

"Hallo, Bill Varco! Wasn't it you here yesterday? Or has my memory lost count 'pon the days o' the week?"

"It's me, right enough," said Varco; "an' no one but Peter Hosken left with me, to take turn an' turn about. They've called the others up to Plymouth."

"But why?" Nicky-Nan had asked: and the coastguardsman had responded:

"You can put two an' two together, neighbour. Add 'em up as you please."

The scene and the words, repeated through his dream, came back now very clearly to him.

"But when a man's in pain and nervous," he told himself,

"the least little thing bulks big in his mind." War? They couldn't really mean it. . . . That scare had come and had passed, almost a score of times. . . . Well, suppose it was War . . . that again might be the saving of him. Folks mightn't be able to serve Ejectment Orders in time of War . . . Besides, now he came to think of it, back in the week there had been some panic in the banks, and some talk of a law having been passed by which debts couldn't be recovered in a hurry. And, anyway, Mr Amphlett had forgotten about Bank Holiday. There was no hurry before Tuesday . . .

Nicky-Nan dropped off again into a sleep punctuated by twinges of pain.

Towards dawn, as the pain eased, his slumber grew deeper and undisturbed. He was awakened by—What?

At first it seemed to be the same sound of sobbing to which he had listened early in the night. Then, with a start, he knew it to be something quite different—an impatient knocking at the foot of his bed-chamber stairs.

Nicky-Nan shuffled out of bed, opened his door, and passed down the stairway.

"Who's there?" he challenged. "And what's your business? Hullo!"—catching sight of Bill Varco, coastguardsman, on the flat below—"the house afire? Or what brings you?"

"The Reserves are called out," answered up Bill Varco. "You'll get your paper later.

But the Chief Officer's here from Fowey with the fellow from the Customs there, and I be sent round with first news. I've two dozen yet to warn . . . In the King's name: and there'll be a brake waiting by the bridge-end at ten-thirty. If war isn't declared, it mighty soon will be. Take notice."

Bill Varco disappeared, sharp on the word. Nicky-Nan paused a moment, hobbled back to bed and sat on the edge of it, steadying himself, yet half-awake.

"It's some trick of Amphlett's to get me out," he decided, and went downstairs cautiously.

CHAPTER III.—HOW THE MEN WENT.

In the passage he found Mrs Penhaligon standing, alone, rigid as a statue. By her attitude she seemed to be listening. Yet she had either missed to hear or, hearing, had missed to understand Varco's call up the stairs. At Nicky-Nan's footstep she turned, with a face white and set.

"Sam's got to go," she said. Her lips twitched.

"Nonsense, woman! Some person's playin' a trick 'pon the town."

"They start from the bridge at ten-thirty. There's no trick about it. Go an' see for yourself." She motioned with her hand.

Nicky-Nan limped to the porch and peeked out (as they say at Polpier). Up the street the women stood, clacking the news just as though it were a week-day and the boats had brought in a famous haul. Feminine gossip in Polpier is not conducted in groups, as the men conduct theirs on the Quay. By tradition each housewife takes post on her own threshold-slate, and knits

while she talks with her neighbours to right and left and across the road; thus a bit of news, with comment and embellishment, zigzags from door to door through the town like a postal delivery. To-day being Sunday, the women had no knitting; but it was observable that while Mrs Trebilecock, two doors away, led the chorus as usual, her hands moved as though plying imaginary needles: and so did the hands of Sarah Jane Johns over the way.

Down by the bridge-end two men in uniform sat side by side on the low parapet, sorting out a small pile of blue papers. They were Mr Irons, the chief officer of Coastguard at Troy, and a young custom-house officer—a stranger to Nicky-Nan. The morning sunlight played on their brass buttons and cap-rims.

Nicky-Nan withdrew his head hastily.

"Where's Sam?" he asked.

"Gone down to Billy Bosistow's to fetch his sea-boots."

"I don't follow 'ee." Nicky-Nan rubbed his unshaven jaw

with two fingers. "Is the world come to its end, then, that Billy Bosistow keeps open shop on a Sunday mornin'?"

"'Tisn' like that at all. . . . You see, Sam's a far-seein' man, or I've tried to make him so. I reckon there's no man in Polpier'll turn out in a kit smellin' stronger of camphor, against the moth. Twice this week I've had it out an' brushed it, fingerin' (God help me) the clothes an' prayin' no bullet to strike en, here or there. . . . Well, an' last autumn, bein' at Plymouth, he bought an extry pair of sea-boots, Yarmouth-made, off some Stores on the Barbican, an' handed 'em over to Billy to pickle in some sort o' grease that's a secret of his own to make the leather supple an' keep it from perishin'. He've gone down to fetch 'em; an' there's no Sabbath-breakin' in a deed like that when a man's country calls en."

"'Tis terrible sudden, all this," said Nicky-Nan, ruminating.

"'Tis worse than sudden. Here we be, with orders to clear out before Michaelmas: and how be I to do that, with my man away? Think of all the great lerrupin' furnicher to be shifted an' (what's harder) stowed in a pokey little cottage that wasn' none too big for Aun' Bunney when she lived. An' sixteen steps up to the door, with a turn in 'em! Do 'ee mind what a Dover-to-pay there was gettin' out the poor soul's coffin? An'

then think of the size of my dresser. . . ."

"I can't think why you turn out, for my part. Amphlett's served me with notice to quit by to-morra. You don't catch me, though."

"Why, Mr Nanjivell, you won't set yourself up to fly in the teeth of the law!"

"Just you wait. . . . And Amphlett doesn' know all the law that's in the land, neither, if he reckons to turn me out 'pon a Bank Holiday."

Mrs Penhaligon stared. "Well, I s'wow! Bank Holiday to-morra, and I'd clean forgot it. . . . But with the Lord's Sabbath standin' 'pon its head, 'tis excusable. The children, now—out an' runnin' the town in the Sunday clothes with never a thought o' breakfast; and how I'm to get their boots an' faces clean in time for chapel, let alone washin'-up, I ask you!"

"Well, I'll go upstairs an' get a shave," said Nicky-Nan. "That'll feel like Sunday, anyhow."

"Poor lonely creatur'!" thought Mrs Penhaligon, who always pitied bachelors. On an impulse she said, "An' when you've done, Mr Nanjivell, there'll be fried egg an' bacon, if you're not above acceptin' the compliment for once."

When Nicky-Nan came downstairs again, clean-shaven and wearing his Sunday suit of threadbare sea-cloth, he found the Penhaligon children seated at the board, already

plying their spoons in bowls of bread-and-milk. As a rule, like other healthy children, they ate first and talked afterwards. But to-day, with war in the air, they chattered, stirring the sop around and around. 'Beida's eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed.

"War's a funny thing," she mused. "Where do *you* feel it, Mother?"

"Don't clack so much, that's a darlin', but go on with your breakfast." But Mrs Penhaligon heaved a sigh that was answer enough.

"Well, I wanted to know, because down by Quay-end I heard old Aun' Rundle say it made her feel like the bottom of her stomach was fallin' out. I suppose it takes people differ'n't as they get up in years."

"I know azackly where I feel it!" announced 'Biades. "It's *here*." He set down his spoon and pointed a finger on the third button of his small waistcoat. "An' it keeps workin' up an' down an' makin' noises just like Billy Richard's key-bugle."

"Then it's a mercy it ben't real," commented his brother.

"'Biades is right, all the same." 'Beida regarded the child and nodded slowly. "It do feel very much like when you hear a band comin' up the street. It catches you——" She broke off and laid her open palm on her chest a little below the collar. "An' then it's creepin' up the back of your legs an' along your arms, an' up your back, right into the roots o' your hair. But the funniest thing of all is, the

place looks so differ'n't—an' all the more because there's so little happenin' differ'n't. . . . I can't tell just what I mean," she owned candidly, turning to Nicky-Nan; "but it don't seem we be *here* somehow, nor the houses don't seem real, somehow. 'Tis as if the real inside was walkin' about somewhere else, listenin' to the band."

"Nonsense your tellin'," Bert interrupted. "Father's put on his uniform. How can you make it that things ben't differ'n't, after that?"

"An' *he* 's here!" 'Biades nodded, over his half-lifted spoon, at Nicky-Nan.

"Oh!" said Bert, "that isn' because of the War. That's to say Good-bye because he's turnin' out this week."

"For goodness, children, eat up your meal, an' stop talkin'!" Mrs Penhaligon returned from the hearth to the table and set down a dish of eggs and sizzling bacon. "Wherever you pick up such notions! . . . You must excuse their manners, Mr Nanjivell."

But Nicky-Nan was staring at young Bert from under fiercely bent eyebrows.

"Who told you that I was turnin' out this week?" he demanded.

"I heard Mr Amphlett say it, day before yesterday. He was round with Squinny Gilbert——"

"Fie now, your manners get worse and worse!" his mother reproved him. "Who be you to talk of the builder-man without callin' him 'Mister'?"

"Well then, he was round with Mr Squinny Gilbert, look-

in' over the back o' the house. I heard him say as you was done for, and would have to clear inside the next two or three days——"

"He did—did he?" Nicky-Nan was arising in ungovernable rage; but Mrs Penhaligon coaxed him to sit down.

"There now!" she said soothingly. "Take an' eat, Mr Nanjivell! The Good Lord bids us be like the lilies o' the field, and I can vouch the eggs to be new-laid. Sufficient for the day. . . . An' here 'tis the Sabbath, an' to-morrow Bank Holiday. Put the man out o' your thoughts, an' leave the Lord to provide."

"If I had that man here——"

Nicky-Nan was sharp set: indeed he had been hungry, more or less, for weeks. But now, with the eggs and bacon wooing his nostrils, his choler arose and choked him. He stared around the cleanly kitchen. "And on quarter-day, ma'am, 'twill be your turn. It beats me how you can take it so quiet."

"I reckon," said Mrs Penhaligon simply, looking down on the dish of eggs (which maybe suggested the image to her)—"I reckon as the hen's home is wherever she can gather the chickens under her wings. Let's be thankful we're not like they poor folk abroad, to have our homes overrun by this War."

"'War'?" Nicky-Nan recollected himself with an effort. "Seemin' to me you're all taken up with it. As though there weren't other things in this world——."

"If only the Almighty 'll send my Sam home safe an' well——"

But at this point Mr Penhaligon entered the kitchen, with the sea-boots dangling from his hand. He wore his naval uniform—that of an A.B., blue jumper and trousers, white cinglet edged with blue around his stout throat, loose black neck-cloth and lanyard white as driven snow. His manner was cheerful—even ostentatiously cheerful: but it was to be observed that his eyes avoided his wife's.

"Hullo, naybour!" he shouted, perceiving Nicky-Nan. "Well, now, I count this real friendly of ye, to come an' give me the send-off." And indeed Nicky's presence seemed to be a sensible relief to him. "Haven't ate all the eggs, I hope? For I be hungry as a hunter. . . . Well, so it's war for sure, and a man must go off to do his little bit: though how it happened——"

In the act of helping himself he glanced merrily around the table. "Eh, 'Beida, my li'l gel, what be you starin' at so hard?"

"Father looks fine, don't-a?" responded 'Beida, addressing the company.

"What I want to know," said Bert, "is why he couldn't have married Mother years afore he did—an' then I'd have been a man an' able to work a gun."

"Ho!" Mr Penhaligon brought his fist down on the table with huge enjoyment. "Hear that, my dear? Wants to know why we didn't marry years afore we did?" He turned to his wife, appealing

to her to enjoy the joke, but hastily averted his eyes. "Well, now, I'll tell ye, sonny—if it's strickly atween you an' me an' the bedpost. I asked her half a dozen times: but she wouldn' have me. No: look at me she wouldn' till I'd pined away in flesh for her, same as you see me at present. . . . Eh, M'ria? What's your version?"

Mrs Penhaligon burst into tears; and then, as her husband jumped up to console her, started to scold the children furiously for dawdling over breakfast, when goodness knew, with their clothes in such a state, how long it would take to get them ready for Chapel.

The children understood and gulped down the rest of their breakfast hastily, while their mother turned to the fireplace and set the saucepan hissing again. Having finished this second fry, she tipped the cooked eggs on to the dish, and swept the youngsters off to be tittivated.

Nicky-Nan and his host ate in a constrained silence. Nicky, though ravenous, behaved politely, and only accepted a fifth egg under strong pressure.

"Curious caper, this o' Germany's," said Mr Penhaligon, by way of making conversation. "But our Navy's all right."

"Sure," Nicky-Nan agreed.

"I've been studyin' the papers, though—off an' on. The Kaiser's been layin' up for this these years past: and by my reck'nin' 'tis goin' to be a long business. . . . I don't tell the Missus *that*, you'll understand? But I'd take it friendly

if you kept an eye on 'em, as a naybour. . . . O' course 'tis settled we must clear out from here."

"I don't see it," said Nicky-Nan, pursing his lips.

"Amphlett's a strong man. What he wants he thinks he's bound to have—same as these Germans."

"He won't, then: nor they neither."

"'Tis a pity about your leg, anyway," said Mr Penhaligon sympathetically, and stared about the room. "Life's a queer business," he went on after a pause, his eyes fixed on the old beam whence the key depended. "To think that I be eatin' the last meal in this old kitchen. An' yet so many have eaten meals here an' warmed theirselves in their time. Yet all departed afore us! . . . But anyway you'll be hereabouts: an' that'll be a cheerin' kind o' thought, o' lonely nights—that you'll be hereabouts, with your eye on 'em."

He lit a pipe and, whilst puffing at it, pricked up his ears to the sound of wheels down the street. The brakes were arriving at the bridge-end. He suggested that—his own kit being ready—they should stroll down together for a look. Nicky-Nan did not dare to refuse.

The young Custom-house Officer, as he caught sight of Penhaligon approaching in uniform, slipped down from the parapet of the bridge, and sorted out his summons from the pile of blue papers in his hand.

"That's all right, my billy," Penhaligon assured him. "Don't want no summons mere 'n word that His Majesty has a use for me."

"Your allotment paper 'll be made out when you get to St Martin's or else aboard ship."

"Right. A man takes orders in these days."

"But go back and fetch your kit," advised the Chief Officer of Coastguard, who had strolled up. "The brake 'll be arriving in ten minutes." He paid Nicky-Nan the attention of a glance—no more.

While Penhaligon was away, kissing his wife and family and bidding them farewell (good man!) in tones unnaturally confident and robustious, the brakes rattled up to the bridge-end with a clatter, and the population crowded out, a group about each cheerful hero.

It was a scene that those who witnessed it remembered through many trying days to come. They knew not at all why their country should be at war. Over the harbour lay the usual Sabbath calm: high on the edge of the uplands stood the outposts of the corn, yellowing to harvest: over all the assured God of their fathers reigned in the August heaven. Not a soul present had ever harboured one malevolent thought against a single German. Yet the thing had happened: and here, punctually summoned, the men were climbing on board the brakes, laughing, rallying their friends left behind—all going to slay Germans.

The Custom-house Officer moved about from one brake to another, calling out names and distributing blue papers.

"Nicholas Nanjivell!"

There was a shout of laughter as Nicky-Nan put his best face upon it and limped forward.

"Why, the man's no use. Look at his leg!"

The young officer scanned Nicky, suspiciously at first.

"Well, you'll have to take your paper anyway," said he—and Nicky took it. "You'd best see the doctor and get a certificate."

The two officers climbed in at the tail of the hindmost brake, and the drivers waved their whips for a cheer, which was given. As the procession started, all on board waved their caps and broke out singing. They were Cornishmen and knew no music-hall songs—'It's a long way to Tipperary' or anything of the sort. Led by a fugleman in the first brake, they started—singing it in fine harmonies—

"He's the Lily—of the Valley,
O—my—soul!"

So the first batch of men from Polpier were rattled through the street and away up the hill. The crowd lingered awhile and dispersed, gossiping, to Church or Chapel.

Nicky-Nan, seated on the parapet of the bridge, unfolded the blue paper which the young officer had thrust into his hand. He was alone and could study it at leisure.

It was headed by the Royal Arms, and it ran as follows—

R.V. 53.
Actual Service Form.



From
The Registrar of Naval Reserve,
Port of TROY.

To
Royal Naval Reserve Man,
NICHOLAS NANJIVELL,
Polpier.

**NOTICE TO MEN OF ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE
TO JOIN THE ROYAL NAVY.**

HIS MAJESTY THE KING having issued His Proclamation calling into Active Service, under the Act 22 & 23 Vict. c. 40, the ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE FORCE in which you are enrolled, you are required to report yourself at once in uniform and with your Certificate R.V. 2 at 12 noon o'clock on August 2nd at the Custom House, St Martin's, Cornwall.

You will be forthwith despatched to the Naval Depot and should bring with you any necessary articles.

Should absence from home prevent your receiving this notice in time to attend at once or at the hour specified, you should on its receipt proceed forthwith to the Mercantile Marine Office named.

Failure to report yourself without delay will render you liable to arrest as a Deserter.

NOTE.—Reasonable expenses incurred in travelling from your home will be allowed.

By command,

JOSHUA JOHNS, *Registrar.*

Dated this Second day of August 1914.

(To be continued.)

THE PYRENEES IN SPRING.

BY SIR ARTHUR F. HORT, BART.

THIS paper is not intended for those who would fain find some untrodden precipice on which to risk their lives, though in truth the Pyrenean chain affords many such eligible opportunities: nor yet for those who can take holidays at their will, nor those whose idea of rest is rapid motion petrol-borne. I am thinking rather of the deserving class whose times are fixed by circumstances, and in particular of those members of that class who are instinctively drawn towards mountains, but are professionally prevented from gratifying their longing at the times which they would naturally choose. Nothing can be said against the adorable 'Playground of Europe' in itself: yet how few are there, of those who best deserve to see the Alps at their best, that have the chance of doing so. The mid-winter Alpine excursion now in vogue is of course a different matter: it can hardly satisfy the desires which I have most in mind. Easter is too early: for most of us the only choice left is August, when we must perforce put up with crowded hotels, high prices, and a good deal of dust and heat—to say nothing of the 'operatic' aspect of much of Switzerland at that season: of that sort of 'scenery' one would rather read in the adventures of the immortal Tartarin than struggle for first places at the repre-

sentation. My own choice in August at least would always be the 'Celtic fringe' of our own islands, where the inhabitants do not wear their national costumes for the amusement of tourists (except perhaps in a very few fashionable hotels), and where the Southerner finds the summer renewed, when the greenery of his own county is turning to a dull uniformity.

To say that at Easter the Alps are impossible would be too sweeping: but at that time it is at least natural to regard them, as Hannibal and Napoleon did, rather as a means than as an end. The passage of the Simplon or St Gothard in April hardly suggests the wish to do more than admire the breaking up of winter from the windows of the train, and we 'slope to Italy,' hurrying south to spend strenuous days in staring at what the modern Italian has left or restored of his country's ancient charm. Well, such an Easter holiday has its points no doubt. But it cannot satisfy the mountain hunger, and I for one, in returning from such a tour, have usually stipulated for a day or two at Como or Lugano, to be spent, not in the study of Luini, but in Philistine tramping,—spoilt, alas! too often by a belated snowstorm. Having by this time probably alienated the sympathies of all cultured people, I will admit that, as I grow older, I find that the

desire for sight-seeing as such becomes weaker. I hope it is not that I am relapsing to primitive barbarism, but the fact remains that my idea of a holiday becomes more and more associated with wildness, although I am not at present pagan enough (in the original sense of the word) to refuse to see churches or pictures which come in my way, or even lie a little out of it. Have I not, in the course of the tours of which I wish presently to speak, made pilgrimage to Bourges with its noble cathedral and its unique 'Maison de Jacques Cœur'; Rocamadour, one of the most remarkable of medieval shrines (whose rocks, by the way, are covered with *Iris germanica Fontarabie* in countless thousands); Albi with its battlemented church; St Bertrand de Comminge, scene of one of the most enthralling of the "Ghost stories of an Antiquary"; Elne, the ancient Illiberis; Foix, a castled gateway of the Pyrenees; Carcassonne, the brilliant medieval restoration of Viollet le Duc; quaint fortified townlets like Mont Louis and Prats de Mollo?

But the point is this—that several years ago, after returning to work from a holiday at Florence, infinitely delightful and interesting, but as exhausting as most periods of work, it occurred to me that, if Switzerland begins to be at its best in May, a time which to most of us is useless, the Pyrenees lie several degrees farther south, and must surely celebrate their spring-time

about a month earlier. I consulted an old and well-travelled friend, and he said emphatically, "Don't; it will be horribly cold, and you won't be able to get to the big things, like the Lac d'Oo and the Cirque de Gavarnie." Now it is true that so far I have seen neither of the places mentioned: I have got within an hour or so of the Lac d'Oo, but there we paused, having snow in front of us and a ravine full of *Ramondia pyrenaica* close at hand; the Cirque de Gavarnie I have not even attempted. But, undeterred by this warning, we tried the experiment of a Pyrenean spring, and with such result that since that year we have six times repeated the experiment. The summer show-places above 5000 feet are doubtless mostly out of reach in April: and as to cold, it is true that, though we have generally found it hot enough in the sun, have loafed by and even bathed in many a mountain stream, and have occasionally been glad of a white umbrella, it has now and again been undesirably cold: one is apt, anywhere over 2000 feet, in April, to come in for such a 'tail of winter' as that with which the English May often presents us. Thus in our first trip we began modestly at 1500 feet: after a few days we tired of ground largely under cultivation and went on up to 2400 feet, where the cherry-trees were in blossom and daffodils waved from the cliff-ledges above the torrent: forthwith it began to snow and it snowed

for twenty-four hours: but in another twenty-four all trace of snow had disappeared up to a thousand feet above us, and there followed eight halcyon days of unclouded blue: our last day (April 30, if I remember right) we spent in wandering over acres and acres of *Narcissus poeticus*, studying that almost endless variety of form which seems to characterise much of the Pyrenean flora. That must, by the way, have been, in spite of the episode of snow, an unusually early season: I have never since seen *Narcissus poeticus* fully out. The seasons in fact are very variable, and one cannot predict in what stage one will find the spring at any given altitude. Nor, of course, is altitude the only factor: one would have to know also what the winter has been like, the prevailing winds, the aspect of the valley, and so forth. But all is well, if one is prepared to modify the programme at the bidding of circumstances: the obvious thing is to start fairly low down, enjoying the more or less 'Mediterranean' conditions, to make inquiries, and eventually to mount as high as circumstances permit. Thus, in our last tour, finding that it had not been a snowy winter, we spent three or four happy days at 5200 feet: true that a snowy day eventually drove us lower, but meanwhile had we not walked through open forests full of dog's-tooth violets and over moors covered with *Anemone vernalis*, surely the most subtly beautiful of all its dainty tribe? while in

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warm corners of the hills a few sapphire blooms of *Gentiana pyrenaica* were to be seen, earlier even than *soldanella*? This gorgeous little gentian is, I believe, peculiar to a few valleys of the Eastern Pyrenees, where the turf in places seems to be made of it: one who should a little later fish a certain seductive trout-stream that I know of, would console himself, if the fish rose short, by regarding the carpet of purple and blue over which he must pick his way up the river bank. The plant is, I fear, hardly possible to cultivate, and is probably little known even to omnivorous gardeners, though I have read recently that it is less perverse than *Gentiana bavarica*—which is not saying much: and how few but the "dull swains" who "tread on it daily with their clouted shoon" have ever seen it in its glory, since to the place of which I am speaking there come ordinarily no visitors till the middle of June.

It is then, at least for a lover of Alpine flowers (and, as to these, "who ever lived that loved not at first sight?"), worth while to get as high as you can, at all events for a day or two. I did once, almost without stepping on snow, attain in April to 8000 feet: a thousand feet lower *Anemone vernalis* was in full beauty, and the frontier peaks of Andorra on that, a cloudless, day, gave a view which I reckon among the three or four great mountain views of my experience—with that from the Alphübel-jöch at sunrise,

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or the sight of the serrated peaks of Taygetus from the sea, or of Greece in general from the Acrocorinthus. Such an occasional excursion into the higher regions brings in fact generally some uncovenanted reward: thus this year we crossed a col 7000 feet above the sea, and at almost that height came on bare knolls of grey stone starred all over with crimson cushions of *Petrocallis pyrenaica*, not to mention high pastures full of *Crocus vernus* and *Ranunculus pyrenæus*.

A more insidious enemy than the occasional and fugitive snowstorm of spring is mist, which in some seasons may seriously mar a day's walk even in fine weather; nor, I believe, are other seasons exempt: in such conditions of course one penetrates cautiously into an unknown country; and yet I connect with mist one unforgettable day on which we desperately plugged on up and up, a mountain path through a cold clinging vapour, till suddenly we emerged above it, and basked for an hour on the mountain-top in blazing sun, looking down on a perfectly flat sea of cloud, which transformed the peaks into islands and the upper valleys into fiords. Of course it sometimes rains; but the spring is not a specially wet season: indeed in this year (1914) in some of the eastern valleys at least there was a drought of six weeks in March and April, and in most years one can count on a majority of fine days: this year we enjoyed eighteen such out of twenty, and of seven Easter tours I

only recall one in which the weather was usually bad: in that year however we hardly gave the elements a fair chance, as we spent only ten days in the mountains.

So much for external conditions, to which it need only be added that in the Pyrenees, as in England, at this season one should be as to clothes *in utrumque paratus*. As to accommodation, it need hardly be said that French inns are in general good and unpretentious, while the Touring Club de France has made a wonderful improvement in the cleanliness even of some of the humblest village hostels. High Alpine hotels are not numerous, since most of the summer visitors go for baths and not for climbing: there is hardly anything corresponding to the Riffelalp or Grindelwald. Places where there are baths and a fashionable throng of bathers I personally should avoid, if I visited the mountains in summer: but many such places are delightful in spring: there is seldom dust, there are probably no other visitors, and the people are glad to see you and to house you in the best rooms at a moderate charge. One has of course to find out beforehand what houses are open, which is easily done with the aid of a recent edition of Bäder's 'Southern France' and a few post-cards. Then a little investigation on the spot may reveal unsuspected inns in the higher regions, to which one may migrate if it appears that the snow has departed. As I recall my experience of empty bath establishments,

there rises before me the vision of a vast dining-room with our own party and perhaps a stray bagman at one end of a long table, and at the other the landlady and her friends. They used to sit down to dinner as soon as we were well started—with a shrill 'bon appétit' from the landlady—and it was a daily joy to see the stately procession, composed generally of two ladies of advanced age, as they filed into the room preceded by a maid carrying a large parasol, an emblem whose significance or utility we were never able to determine. At this, as at other places built close to sulphur springs, when you ask for hot water, it is fetched, not from the kitchen region, but from a neighbouring spring: and a hot bath provided by nature is distinctly refreshing, in spite of the vapour, after a long day on tramp.

As to less sophisticated places of entertainment, places never vexed by *baigneurs* at any time, one would be surprised in England, but is hardly surprised in France, to find a little public-house in a small mining village, where at a few minutes' notice, two months before the tourist season, one can be served, not with a choice between 'eggs and bacon' and 'ham and eggs,' but with an excellent lunch of four or five courses, sardines, trout, omelette, outlets, etc. It was near such a place that we were discovered by a cowherd on a sleety day boiling a furtive aluminium saucepan of tea in his shed. He was entranced to meet people of the strange race of

which he had dimly heard: "Vous êtes Anglais; jamais je n'ai vu ces gens-là," and he studied us as if we were visitors from Mars. One would like to know what the mountain peasant's idea of 'Angleterre' is: at another village inn the landlady told us that she had once before seen English, and that she could understand them when they spoke French, but could make nothing of their 'patois': and a soldier whom I encountered worm-fishing for trout (he sat in full view of the pool and fished it down-stream), on hearing that there are trout in England, wished to know the name of 'the river.' Considering the eccentricity of the few specimens whom they see, people who climb their steep hills in order to come down again, or who dig up daffodil bulbs and yet do not propose to use them for soup, I marvel at their hospitable spirit. (I plead guilty to the daffodils: there was a field full of *Narcissus variiformis*—so-called with an appropriateness rare in botanical nomenclature—in marvellous variety of form and colour: I was trying to get a bulb or two of certain remarkable forms, when the owner appeared with a spade and offered to dig me up as many as I could carry: "Ah! les mauvaises herbes, vous pouvez les déraciner toutes, si vous le voulez.") The most romantic hospitality that I have received in my wanderings was from a smuggler on the frontier of the republic of Andorra: we had taken shelter from bad weather in a shed, when he

started into existence from a dark corner, candidly explained his illicit business, asking me not to mention it 'là-bas,' and insisted on my trying his contraband tobacco.

I have mentioned some of the less common floral sights of a Pyrenean spring; and it is perhaps needless to dwell on the glory of fruit trees in blossom, the young green of the larch and beech, the universal freshness and charm of promise. But some readers more than vaguely interested in such things might like to know what they would normally see in the way of flowers. To begin with, different valleys differ enormously, and in general the limestone is of course richer in variety than the granitic formations. One does not need to travel for twenty-four hours to see wood anemones; yet surely nowhere else are they so luxuriant, and there is more variation than one finds in most English woods: I have seen a blue form, not equal to *Anemone Robinsoniana* or *Blue Bonnet* or *Alleni*, but still very pleasing: while associated with the anemone may be seen the ubiquitous hepatica, white, blue, or crimson, or beds of delicate *Isopyrum thalictroides*. The common English primrose is very scarce and local: its place is taken by very abundant oxlips (the true *Primula elatior*), cowslips are also almost universal, and intermarry with the oxlips: of other members of that refreshing tribe *P. farinosa* may be found in flower along the moorland streams, and, often

with it, rich crimson sheets of *P. integrifolia*, while on the rocks *P. hirsuta* is beginning to show at about 3000 feet. The English 'bluebell' I have never come across, but it is replaced in damp woods by a squill, *Scilla liliohyacinthus*, which has very brilliant broad leaves and a beautiful head of flower, though the effect in the mass cannot touch that of our own *Scilla nutans* under young oak foliage in an English copse. With the squill often occurs the handsome *Dentaria digitata*: *Dentaria pinnata* I have seen but once. Of daffodils the Pyrenees are, needless to say, the chosen home; though valley differs from valley in glory, and their distribution is curiously local. *Narcissus pallidus præcox* has a wide range, and seems to love meadow and rock-face impartially: it is perhaps fairest where it clothes the narrow cliff-ledges above a torrent. *N. variiformis* I have not seen fully out, but I have seen enough to doubt whether our best seedling raisers could compete, in large trumpet forms at least, with the produce of a single field that I remember, sloping down to a rocky stream edged with *Fritillaria pyrenaica* and *Gentiana verna*. There is also the British 'Lent lily,' and many intermediate forms: and I know one haunt at least of the curious *N. abscessus*. These things are local, though, where they grow, one kind may cover a square mile: but a daffodil enthusiast, who knew exactly where to go, might pass from paradise to paradise for a month or more. The usual

form of *Gentiana verna* is, I believe, that distinguished as *angulosa*: it is extremely frequent, as in the Alps, and not uncommonly spreads into very large clumps: seventy to eighty flowers on a single plant is no unusual sight. Once, and once only, have I seen a pure white form setting off the intense azure of its companions. *Gentiana excisa*, the finest of the gentians which Linnæus lumped together under the not very happy name of *acaulis*, one may see beginning here and there, and with luck one may strike on a warm slope where it is at its marvellous best: there is one such slope of rich pasture over which you climb through sheets of daffodils and cowslips and spring gentian to higher Alps where *G. excisa* gradually replaces *verna*, and the grass is full of the young shoots of columbines and the iris which a singular accident has labelled 'English': that slope, when the iris is in bloom, must indeed be a spectacle: it is satisfactory to find that its colour is a deep peacock blue, as stately as the finest creations of Dutch cultivators. On the same hill I first saw *Pinguicula grandiflora*, the glory of the Kerry bogs, one of many interesting links between Southern Ireland and the Pyrenees.

So far we have been more or less among sub-alpines, and it is the time of year for many of them: some of these ascend, however, to far greater heights, and may be seen there later in the year. The botanical in-

terest of an April walk above, say, 4000 feet, is more limited as to actual flowers, but it is something to see a cliff full of the rosettes of *Ramondia pyrenaica* or *Saxifraga longifolia*, whose beauty is not confined to its spike of snowy flowers,—especially when the solitary crowns are found to have made alliances with *Saxifraga aizoon*, and the crevices are full of the hybrid offspring, rosettes several inches wide with offsets to continue the plant's life into future years. Or, again, a bare stony glen will be gladdened with splashes of *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, the vivid crimson of the fine Pyrenean forms set off against grey rock and patches of snow.

In such a spring excursion one falls victim to a pleasant illusion: it is difficult to believe that the peaks above you may be in many cases ridden up on a mule in a few weeks' time, when the cornices of snow will have disappeared. The highest point reached in the day may be only as high as Zermatt stands above sea-level, yet you seem to have been in the mysterious world of eternal snow and ice. There are indeed perpetual snows in the higher Pyrenees, and there is, I believe, one glacier: but these fastnesses are not for a vernal ramble, and I have looked on them only from a respectful distance.

To close with a practical hint: you may leave London at 10 A.M. on Monday, and, travelling second-class, eat your *déjeuner* on Tuesday in the heart of the Pyrenees.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE LAW OF NATIONS AND THE LAW OF NECESSITY—NIETZSCHE
AND PAN-GERMANISM—HIS VIEW OF GERMAN CULTURE—THE
OVERMAN—NIETZSCHE'S MEGALOMANIA—HIS MADNESS AND DEATH
—THE LAST WHIG HISTORIAN.

As the war unfolds itself in Europe with pitiless deliberation, it is impossible to overlook the Germans' contempt for International Law. For them the excellent Grotius has never existed. The painful deliberations of The Hague have been held in vain. They have accepted one law only—the law of what seems for the moment their own necessity. The Emperor proudly plays the part of Milton's Satan. He pretends that his heart "bled at Louvain," and then proceeds gaily to the butchery of Belgium—

"And should I at your harmless
innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and Empire with revenge
enlarged,
By conquering this new world, compel
me now
To do what else, though damn'd, I
should abhor.'
So spoke the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish
deeds."

On the plea of necessity, truly, the Germans have outraged the whole code which binds nation to nation, and once regulated the proper chivalrous conduct of war. The invasion of Belgium, a country whose neutrality they had combined with others to respect, was the first step in their

illegality. Since that piece of lawlessness, they have tortured and killed non-combatants of both sexes and all ages. They have burned to the ground peaceful villages. They have not refrained their hand from the destruction of ancient monuments. The destroyed University, the burnt library of Louvain, attest the rage of the Vandals. The shattered Cathedral of Reims, now a shell, proves the impotent rage of the foiled invader, and no excuse has been or can be adduced to cover the crime. Faithful to their policy of striking fear in the hearts of their opponents, they have dropped bombs upon un-leagued towns. Paris, which lies seventy miles outside the zone of their operations, has been attacked ruthlessly and without purpose. Old men and children have been infamously killed in the streets, though their death could not in any sense further the designs of the Germans. And in token of spite a shell has been flung upon the sacred roof of Notre Dame itself. A coward's sin, which will be punished presently as it deserves. On the battlefield the Germans have shown no greater respect for the ordinances of war than in

the country through which their armies have passed. They have masqueraded in the uniforms of the Allies, and thus degraded warfare into common murder. They have set up women and children in the front of their line, that they might escape, behind this pitiful shield, the fire of their adversaries. They have boasted that in war there is no "fairness," and there is nothing in their temper or antecedents which persuades them to hold themselves like gentlemen in the field. In the true spirit of the bandit, they plunder and pilfer as they go. They levy such fines as ruined cities cannot possibly pay. They make requisitions of food and of the material of war. They steal works of art—in this glorious game let it be remembered that the Crown Prince himself took a part—and send them home to adorn for a month or two their palaces and their museums. Thus they have prepared for the history, which will presently be written, as black a chapter as darkens the annals of any country under the skies.

When war is being waged, it is obviously within the power of combatants to stamp the law of nations beneath their feet. There is no policemen set over armed states. We cannot arrest the leaders of an army, well equipped and still fighting, and throw them into the lock-up to answer for their crimes. The reckoning will come later, and shall be exacted to the uttermost farthing. Meanwhile we can only

record the crimes for which, when peace comes, due punishment shall be inflicted. When the sword is drawn, good faith and honour alone persuade an invading army to fight humanely and in decent accord with the law and practice of civilised peoples. The Germans are lacking conspicuously in good faith and honour. They have boasted themselves Huns, and they have been guilty of outrages which Attila would have despised. Their brutality will avail them nothing. When they lay down their arms they will be treated, let us hope, not as honourable opponents, but as barbarians who have insolently despised the very basis of culture and civilisation.

In 1870 the Germans still obeyed the dictates of conscience and decency. They made war sternly, but without brutality. They showed themselves in France, not as savages, but as hard and rigorous opponents. When, after the siege, they entered Paris, they refrained their hands from robbery and destruction. We hear of the Bavarians wandering ill at ease in a city of the dead. But there was no riot, no looting—only a vast sadness and a humbled pride. What has induced the Germans thus in forty years to forget the policy of honesty and prudence? They have not forgotten; they have gone back merely to their own hereditary nature. The year 1870 was an interval of something that looked like man-

suetude. The Germans showed for the moment that they were not lacking in soldierly qualities, merely because the siege of Paris was the end of an almost unopposed war. They had had their own way from the beginning. The forged telegram of Ems had enabled them to choose the suitable moment for the campaign, and the plans of the General Staff had not been interrupted. Had it been otherwise, the Prussians would doubtless have revealed themselves as they have revealed themselves to-day, the legitimate heirs of Frederick the Great, who had as little respect for treaties as the Kaiser, who invaded Silesia without a word of warning, and in spite of a signature set solemnly to the Pragmatic Sanction. Indeed, the Prussian has never been eminent in honour or gentleness; yet never did he lift the national cynicism to the height which it has attained to-day. Preached everywhere as a gospel, and confused perversely with an absurd thing called "culture," a false ideal of cynicism has corrupted the whole nation.

And by a strange irony the doctrine of Pan-Germanism claims to be supported by the teaching of Nietzsche, who was its profound inveterate enemy. Proud of his Polish descent, Nietzsche waged war upon Germany and all her ambitions. He condemned in a single judgment the cooking of Leipzig and the idealism of its inhabitants. For him Germany was "Europe's flatland." The

mere presence of a German, he declared, "retarded his digestion." He professed a sovereign contempt for all that was called "Empire," "Culture," "Christianity," "Bismarck," and "Success." Never was he weary of directing an "onslaught against German culture, upon which," said he, "I looked down even in 1873 with unmitigated contempt. Without sense, substance, or good, it was simply 'public opinion.' There could be no more dangerous misunderstanding than to suppose that Germany's success at arms proved anything in favour of German culture, and still less the triumph of this culture over that of France." In brief, he believed only in French culture, and regarded everything else in Europe which called itself "culture" as a misunderstanding; he did not take the German kind even into consideration. Calling Schumann to witness, he declared that the Germans were incapable of conceiving anything sublime. He denied them the possession of any literature, save his own and Heine's. "Have the Germans ever produced a book that had depth?" he asks in derision. "I have known scholars who thought Kant was deep. At the Court of Prussia I fear that Herr von Treitschke is regarded as deep." Even Wagner, who once had been his nearest friend, disappointed him. After years of amiable converse, he turned and rent in pieces the author of 'Tristan.' "What is it,"

he asked, "that I have never forgiven Wagner? The fact that he condescended to the Germans, that he became a German Imperialist." And if he were furious against Wagner, ten times more bitterly did he despise the Wagnerite. It was at Bayreuth, at the first musical festival, that he first came to his sense. "It was just as if," said he, "I had been dreaming. At any rate, the awakening was complete." In confusion he asked, "what had happened." And the answer seemed clear to his mind: "Wagner had been translated into German! The Wagnerite had become the master of Wagner! German art! the German Master! German beer! . . . Poor Wagner! Into whose hands had he fallen? If only he had gone into a herd of swine! But among Germans! Some day, for the edification of posterity, we ought to have a genuine Bayreuthian stuffed, or, better still, preserved in spirit—for it is precisely spirit that is lacking in this quarter—with this inscription at the foot of the jar: 'A sample of the spirit whereon the German Empire was founded.'"

It is sound and fury, but it signifies a good deal. It signifies, in the first place, a scorn of the sentimentalism which ever since the first festival has hung about Bayreuth. The quick eye of Nietzsche saw instantly what would become of it all. It signifies, in the second place, that from the bottom of his

soul Nietzsche hated the cant of German culture and German Empire. And it is thus a paradox of history that so bitter an enemy as the author of 'Zarathustra' should have been an inspiration to the War Lords of Berlin. Even he himself, with a boastfulness which outstrips even the boastfulness of Germany, had a prescience of the future. "I know my destiny," he wrote. "There will come a day when my name will recall the memory of something formidable—a crisis the like of which has never been known on earth, the memory of the most profound clash of consciences, and the passing of a sentence upon all that which heretofore had been believed, exacted, and hallowed. I am not a man; I am dynamite." And dynamite he has proved to those who have swallowed his insults and fortified their own callous hearts with the strong spirit of his crude and fiery doctrine. After reading his works, you understand how it is that his disciples, however bitterly he humiliates them, have stamped under foot the law and comity of nations.

Though he despised the State, especially the State of Prussia, he preached the gospel of force and strength with an eloquent ferocity. He believed in war and in the great blonde beast. But his great blonde beast was to fight not for his country but for himself. There are phrases in his writings to which the General Staff have clung with an eager tenacity.

"I have expounded cruelty," he boasts, "for the first time, as one of the oldest and most indispensable elements in the foundation of culture." In these words you may almost hear the voice of the German soldier fresh from the butchery of Louvain or the reckless destruction of the Cathedral at Reims. "I am the first immoralist"—that is another of his exordia, which helps to explain his present influence. But this contemner of nationality, this outspoken despiser of Treitschke, did not "trans-value" all the "values" of life merely to support the hegemony of a Prussia which he detested. If he exchanged the common meanings of "good" and "evil," it was because he dreamed always of the Overman. He would have returned, if he could, to a state of nature, strengthened and exalted, not to the benign crawling on all-fours of Rousseau, but to the malignity of a nature still red in beak and claw. The Overman, indeed, though he knew the truth of all things, should be untrammelled by the rules of Society. He was Cæsar, he was Napoleon, he soared high above the morality of the herd. His end was not the "will to live," but the "will to power." So Nietzsche declared that "life is a state of opulence, luxuriance, and even absurd prodigality: where there is a struggle it is a struggle for power. Life is appropriation, injury, conquest of the strange and weak, suppression, severity, obtrusion of its own forms, incorporation at

the least, and in its mildest form exploitation. The criterion of truth lies in the enhancement of the feeling of power." In brief, life is a state of war, in which every man's hand is against his neighbour, and in which force alone may claim the privilege of happiness.

It follows from this amiable doctrine that war was Nietzsche's highest good. "Horribly olongs its silvery bow; and although it comes like the night, war is nevertheless Apollo, the true divinity for consecrating and purifying States." Here is the stuff in which the General Staff finds support. "You say, a good cause will hallow even war? I say unto you: a good war hallows every cause. War and courage have done greater things than love of your neighbour." That "a good war hallows every cause" is the mere blowing of a trumpet; and since the war, whose praise Nietzsche sings, must needs mean a war of state against state, his theory of impotent nationalities breaks down pitifully. How should "the heirs of Europe," whom he celebrates, "the rich, over-wealthy heirs of millennia of European thought," stoop to quarrel of boundaries or of the mastery of the sea?

The greatest Overman of them all, Napoleon, fought not for a state: the end of his ambition was the conquest of Europe; and it is the heaviest charge that Nietzsche brings against Germany that she has always stood in the way of the

Overman. "*Every great crime against culture for the last four centuries lies on her conscience.*" Nietzsche sets these words in italics lest they should escape our notice. It was Germany, with her Reformation, which caused Europe to lose the fruits, the whole meaning of her last period of greatness—the period of the Renaissance. "Finally," he asserts, and this is Germany's highest wickedness, "at a moment when there appeared on the bridge that spanned two centuries of decadence a superior force of genius and will, which was strong enough to consolidate Europe and to convert it into a political and economic unit, with the object of ruling the world, the Germans, with their Wars of Independence, robbed Europe of the significance, the marvellous significance, of Napoleon's life. And in so doing they laid on their conscience this sickness and want of reason which is most opposed to culture, and which is called Nationalism." The General Staff cannot get much comfort out of this tirade, which should leave them in no doubt towards which side Nietzsche would have been driven to-day by the logic of his ideas.

He believed, then, that the world would be saved only by the Overman, "one of nature's rarest and luckiest strokes," and he was simple enough to pretend that this hero might be produced by some kind of biological process, by the foolish

thing that sentimentalists call "eugenics." To dignify these vague aspirations by the name of philosophy is to exalt them too highly. Many others besides Nietzsche have recognised the plain truth that the world will be saved not by well-intentioned masses but by the exertions of great men. Flaubert,¹ who made no claim to found a system, arrived at the same conclusion as Nietzsche. He too believed in the Overman of his own choosing. "It matters little," said he, "whether a greater or smaller number of peasants are able to read instead of listening to their priest, but it is infinitely important that many men like Renan and Littré may live and be heard. Our salvation lies in a real aristocracy." There our salvation has always lain, and Nietzsche may claim no right in an obvious discovery. His originality consists in absolving his Overman from all the restraints of social morality. The Will to Power tolerates the stumbling-block of no convention. The overcoming of pity it counts among the noble virtues; it holds mercy and justice in contempt. Force, in brief, is the only law of Nietzsche's Overman, who at the top of his voice preaches the gospel of Jonathan Wild the Great, and it is fortunate alike for the peace and intelligence of the world that he is likely to remain a disordered dream.

Though a violent over-statement renders Nietzsche's theory

¹ See Friedrich Nietzsche. By George Brandes. London: Heinemann.

a mere curiosity of literature, it is not without value as a protest against democracy. The author of 'Zarathustra' was no worshipper of mere numbers. He had little love of, and no flattery for, the herd and herd-morality. "With preachers of equality," says he, "will I not be mixed up and confounded. For thus speaketh justice unto me: 'Men are not equal.'" It was, indeed, a hatred of the mob that persuaded him to the "transvaluation of values." He has set forth his opinion with his customary energy in 'Zarathustra': "To-day we have the petty people become master: they all preach submission and humility and policy and diligence and consideration and the long *et cetera* of petty virtues. Whatever is of the effeminate type, whatever originateth from the servile type, and especially the populace mish-mash — that wisheth now to be master of all human destiny—O disgust! Disgust! Disgust!" It is easy to accept these disjointed sentiments. But the mastery of "the petty people" can be overcome by a simpler method than universal lawlessness. If we could rid ourselves of politicians and their flattery, there would be no "populace mish-mash" and no need of the Overman. "It is not nobility and elevation of ideas," says Charles Maurras, "which make the people yawn with fatigue. It is overcome by panegyrics of itself. The good people asks for models, and we persist in

telling it to look at its own image in the glass." Let us treat the people with a better wisdom, and Nietzsche's fury will be disarmed.

But, in truth, it is idle to reason with Nietzsche. He is a scold, not a philosopher; an artist, not a man of science. It is not in his theory of violence but in the style of his writings that his highest merit may be discerned. He was never tired of putting himself in the same class with Heine. "Some day it will be said of Heine and me"—thus he writes—"that we are by far the greatest artists of the German language that have ever lived." And it is certain that they share the qualities of vigour and directness, to which very few of their countrymen have ever attained. But the delicate subtlety of Heine was as far beyond the reach of Nietzsche as were his wit and humour. Though he used a branding-iron, the hand of Heine was always light. Nietzsche's hand is heavy, like a sledge-hammer. Heine was the last of the *romantiques*, and Nietzsche is not romantic, even in 'Zarathustra.' Heine, the humane, will be read as long as men delight in that poetry, which is a divine plaything. Nietzsche's mood, on the other hand, is never playful. His inhumanity fatigues the reader at first, and involves him at last in an uneasy disgust.

Like many another German, Nietzsche was in his work, as in his life, the victim of megalomania. A megalomaniac is the Overman himself, and it is easy

to understand how Nietzsche became an inspiration to modern Germany and her braggart Kaiser. Moreover, like most megalomaniacs, Nietzsche paid the heavy penalty of his disease. The pœans of praise which he sang to himself are merely disconcerting. He asks in all seriousness "why I am so clever," and finds a satisfactory answer. "There is no prouder or subtler kind of books than mine," he boasts; "to capture their thoughts a man must have the tenderest fingers as well as the most intrepid fists." Again: "With 'Zarathustra' I gave my fellow-men the greatest gift that has ever been bestowed upon them." He declares that he was the first to discover what could be done with language; before him the art of rhythm was unknown. He thinks that if all the spirit and goodness of every great soul were collected together, the whole could not create a single one of Zarathustra's discourses. "This work stands alone"—here is his final judgment,—"do not let us mention the poets in the same breath." And not content with dazzling his readers, he must frighten them also. He must make their flesh creep. "I am by far the most terrible man that has ever existed." Such a one as he could have but one goal—the madhouse. The cause of his fury was its retribution also. The last letter which he wrote to his

friend, Herr Brandes, ran thus: "To the friend Georg. When once you had discovered me, it was easy enough to find me: the difficulty now is to get rid of me. *The Crucified*." In another letter, written the same day, he announced he would summon a meeting of sovereigns in Rome to have the young German Emperor shot there, and signed it "Nietzsche-Cæsar." Thus, says Herr Brandes, "his mind in its final megalomania had oscillated between attributing to itself the two greatest names in history." But in spite of his extravagances, he died the pitiful ruin of a writer and an aristocrat, and it is one of life's bitterest ironies that he who detested nationalism, and whose ambition it was "to be considered essentially a despiser of Germans," should be quoted to their purpose by the boastful War-Lords of Germany, intent upon a ruthless campaign of national aggrandisement.

Sir George Trevelyan¹ has at last brought to a close his history of the American Revolution. It is a work ambitious in scope and of a tireless energy. Not for nothing has Sir George written the life of Macaulay. He is the pupil as well as the biographer of that partisan, and he has let the Whig dogs have it all their own way. He is turned from his purpose neither by facts nor by documents. At all hazards he will sing the praises

¹ George the Third and Charles Fox. By Sir G. O. Trevelyan. Vol. II. London: Longmans.

of Fox and his friends, and unite in a common obloquy all those who dared to believe that their country was not wholly base in its policy and achievements. His own description of the war proves him incapable of discussing it with good sense and moderation. Lord North and his Ministers, he writes, "had committed the British nation to another Seven Years' War in order to punish a riot on the Quayside at Boston." A writer who poses the question of the American Revolution in terms so grossly fantastic as these has no right to attempt an answer.

Sir George Trevelyan, in fact, speaks like a mob-orator carried away by the emotion of the 4th of July. The air of Coney Island breathes in his pages. And his extravagance is the more to be regretted because the American historians have done their best to correct the false impressions of a hundred years. After the admirable researches of Professor Tyler, whose 'Literary History of the American Revolution' has swept away the mists of falsehood, there is no excuse for him who lingers in the fog of misunderstanding. But Sir George is implacable. He cares not what comes to light. It matters not to him that Tyler declares "that the side of the Loyalists, as they called themselves, or the Tories, as they were scornfully nicknamed by their opponents, was even in argument not a weak one, and in motive and sentiment not a base one, and in devotion

and self-sacrifice not an un-heroic one." When it is pointed out by the Americans themselves that the biographies of the heroes of the Revolution are to a large extent legends, that "the merchants of Boston were smugglers, the mob was ruffianly, and throughout New England no serious efforts were made by the mere respectable citizens to exact retribution for violence and cruelty committed against partisans of the Crown," he shrugs his shoulders. It may be all very interesting, he admits, but it is not of the smallest account as an argument for or against the wisdom of British policy. With the temper which underlies this admission and this argument it is useless to contend. Sir George Trevelyan is the sworn henchman of Charles James Fox; nothing that actually happened could disturb his settled opinion, and he is resolved to write not as a student who has examined the documents, but as a contemporary partisan who has shouted himself hoarse for Fox at the Westminster election.

The readers of this Magazine know well enough that we are no lovers of a grim impartiality, that we accept history as an art, not a science. But the material of the art of history, as of the other arts, is the facts of life. We must not, for the sake of effect, put our kings in the wrong century, or dress up George III. in the baggy breeks of James I. Nor must we, to prove a pre-arranged case, suppress the

truth or apply varying standards of right and wrong to men who lived at the same time and under the same sky. Had Sir George Trevelyan desired to lead an attack upon the Tories there was no lack of opportunity. In Lord George Germaine Great Britain was cursed with the worst Secretary at War that ever mishandled a campaign. It was bad enough that this discredited soldier should have been allowed to emerge from the obscurity into which he had crept after Minden. It was worse still that he was encouraged to direct from Westminster the battles which brave men were fighting in America, that he should hold others responsible for his own failures, and that he should be uniformly disloyal to the soldiers fighting in the field. Again, it would be hardly possible to find a single word in defence of Rigby, a cynic and a time-server, who, like the father and grandfather of Charles Fox, had enriched himself in the office of the Paymaster. But Sir George Trevelyan is no more content to impeach the conduct of the war than was Fox himself, who believed that the Americans were right in whatever they did, who rejoiced openly in the defeat of the British arms, and who gave what comfort he could to his country's enemies. So he has given us not a history, but an expression, in seven volumes, of his personal opinions.

If he writes of Fox, he drops at once upon the knee of adulation. If Fox appear guilty of indiscretion, it is merely because he has been led astray by evil companions. In opposition he knew no lower motive than "disinterested patriotism." It is this patriotism, no doubt, which explained his joy at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. Again, says Sir George, Fox, "coming straight from behind the scenes at Downing Street, and fresh from his intimacy with the Bedfords, was astonished and not over well-pleased by the indifference to place and salary which was observable among his new associates." We refuse to admit the indifference of his new associates. And the Bedfords had nothing to teach Fox in the art of place-hunting that he had not learned in the circle of his family. When Shelburne was no more than four-and-twenty, he received this engaging admonition from Henry Fox: "Ask for any place, Lord of the Bedchamber, or of the Treasury, with a promise of being of the Plenipotentiaries at a Peace, either at Augsburg or elsewhere. . . . It is in place that I long to see you; and it is the place-man, not the independent Lord, that can do his country good." The ease could not be more strongly stated, and a place for Shelburne, from whom he hoped much, seemed as important in the eyes of Henry Fox as that Lady Caroline, his wife, should be given a peerage.

Moreover, Sir George Trevelyan is never tired of protesting that Rigby had amassed a vast sum of money as Paymaster of the Forces. He tells us how the miscreant was obliged to face the combined attack of William Pitt and Charles Fox for his pains. Pitt's hands at least were clean. His father had resolutely refused to make a shilling out of the office. But a sense of humour might have silenced Fox as it should have silenced Sir George Trevelyan. The Foxes would never have held office had they not filled their pockets as Paymasters. It was as Paymaster that Stephen, the first of the line, came to affluence. It was as Paymaster that Henry, his son, repaired the fortune which he had frittered away at the gaming-tables. They followed the custom of the time, no doubt, and if they are held guiltless, it is absurd to fall furiously upon Rigby for walking in their footsteps. But Rigby was neither a Fox nor a Whig, and therefore he might not take those innocent freedoms with the public purse which were permitted to his betters. So it is that at every page Sir George demonstrates his prejudices. Richmond, in his eyes, is as fine a patriot as Charles Fox, and that is precisely what he was. He was a patriot in the Whig sense, and no more—eager as any of his colleagues to embarrass the Government and to cause dissension at home at the very climax of the war.

It is a strange perversity indeed which thus besets the Whigs and the Whiggish historians. They have the same faith in their partisans which the apostles of divine right have for their king. They are sure that, whatever happens, the Whigs can do no wrong. When the Tories dare to unbend, we hear grave tales of burgundy drunk in Lord Sandwich's parlour at the Admiralty. Charles Fox may drink and gamble where and as deeply as he choose, and be rewarded with the indulgent smiles of his kindly panegyrista. The Whigs, moreover, are free to side as noisily as they please with their country's enemies, and still be called by their henchmen "disinterested patriots." When a Whig Government makes war, it rallies to its aid all its opponents, as we know well to-day. If a Tory Government be forced to take up arms, it must fight not only Britain's adversaries in the field but the whole strength of the Whig opposition at home. And as for place and its profits, they are and have always been the end of every Whig's ambition. Fox, at a crisis of England's history, declared that he was a party man, and desired to hold office, if it were only for a month. But Fox did a far worse thing than this. He became the colleague of Lord North, whom for years he had persistently and most unjustly assailed. Having declared that he "would not for an instant think of a coalition with men who, in every public or private transaction as Ministers, had

showed themselves void of every principle of honour and honesty," he joined North as Secretary of State. It mattered not to him that he had demanded for the man who was now his colleague a tribunal of justice and expiation on the scaffold. As Pitt truly said, "because Mr Fox is prevented from prosecuting the noble lord in the blue ribbon to the satisfaction of public justice, he will heartily embrace him as his friend." Sir George Trevelyan breaks off his history before his

hero committed this great transgression. Yet to him it would present no difficulty. Sturdy champion of Fox that he is, he would lightly palliate even this dishonour. So we take leave of Sir George Trevelyan, not without a lively satisfaction that he is the last of his line. The days of the Whig historians are numbered, and with their disappearance will come a clearer and more courageous understanding of the present.

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

I. AB OVO.

"SQUAD—'Shun! Move to the right in fours. Forrm —fourrrs!"

The audience addressed looks up with languid curiosity, but makes no attempt to comply with the speaker's request.

"Come away, now, come away!" urges the instructor, mopping his brow. "Mind me: on the command 'form fours,' odd numbers will stand fast; even numbers tak' a shairp pace to the rear and anither to the right. Now—form *fours*!"

The squad stands fast, to a man. Apparently—nay, verily—they are all odd numbers.

The instructor addresses a gentleman in a decayed Hom-burg hat, who is chewing tobacco in the front rank.

"Yous, what's your number?"

The ruminant ponders.

"Seeven fower ought seeven seeven," he announces, after a prolonged mental effort.

The instructor raises clenched hands to heaven.

"Man, I'm no askin' you your regimental number! Never heed that. It's your number in the squad I'm seeking. You numbered off frae the right five minutes syne."

Ultimately it transpires that the culprit's number is ten. He is pushed into his place,

in company with the other even numbers, and the squad finds itself approximately in fours.

"Forrm — two *deep*!" barks the instructor.

The fours disentangle themselves reluctantly, Number Ten being the last to forsake his post.

"Now we'll dae it jist yinee more, and have it right," announces the instructor, with quite unjustifiable optimism. "Forrm—*fours*!"

This time the result is better, but there is confusion on the left flank.

"Yon man, oot there on the left," shouts the instructor, "what's your number?"

Private Mucklewame, whose mind is slow but tenacious, answers—not without pride at knowing—

"Nineteen!"

(Thank goodness, he reflects, odd numbers stand fast upon all occasions.)

"Weel, mind this," says the sergeant—"Left files is always even numbers, even though they are odd numbers."

This revelation naturally clouds Private Mucklewame's intellect for the afternoon; and he wonders dimly, not for the first time, why he ever abandoned his well-paid and well-fed job as a butcher's assistant

in distant Wishaw ten long days ago.

And so the drill goes on. All over the drab, dusty, gritty parade-ground, under the warm September sun, similar squads are being pounded into shape. They have no uniforms yet: even their instructors wear bowler hats or cloth caps. Some of the faces under the brims of these hats are not too prosperous. The junior officers are drilling squads too. They are a little shaky in what an actor would call their "patter," and they are inclined to lay stress on the wrong syllables; but they move their squads about somehow. Their seniors are dotted about the square, vigilant and helpful—here prompting a rusty sergeant instructor, there unravelling a squad which, in a spirited but misguided endeavour to obey an impossible order from Second-Lieutenant Bobby Little, has wound itself up into a formation closely resembling the third figure of the Lancers.

Over there, by the officers' mess, stands the Colonel. He is in uniform, with a streak of parti-coloured ribbon running across above his left-hand breast-pocket. He is pleased to call himself a "dug-out." A fortnight ago he was fishing in the Garry, his fighting days avowedly behind him, and only

the Special Reserve between him and *embonpoint*. Now he finds himself pitchforked back into the Active List, at the head of a battalion eleven hundred strong.

He surveys the scene. Well, his officers are all right. The Second in Command has seen almost as much service as himself. Of the four company commanders, two have been commandeered while home on leave from India, and the other two have practised the art of war in company with brother Boer. Of the rest, there are three subalterns from the Second Battalion—left behind, to their unspeakable woe—and four from the O.T.C. The juniors are very junior, but keen as mustard.

But the men! Is it possible? Can that awkward, shy, self-conscious mob, with scarcely an old soldier in their ranks, be pounded, within the space of a few months, into the Seventh (Service) Battalion of the Bruce and Wallace Highlanders—one of the most famous regiments in the British Army?

The Colonel's boyish figure stiffens.

"They're a rough crowd," he murmurs, "and a tough crowd: but they're a stout crowd. By gad! we'll make them a credit to the Old Regiment yet!"

II. THE DAILY GRIND.

We have been in existence for more than three weeks now, and occasionally we are con-

scious of a throb of real life. Squad drill is almost a thing of the past, and we work by

platoons of over fifty men. To-day our platoon once marched, in perfect step, for seven complete and giddy paces, before disintegrating into its usual formation—namely, an advance in irregular *échelon*, by individuals.

Four platoons form a company, and each platoon is (or should be) led by a subaltern, acting under his company commander. But we are very short of subalterns at present. (We are equally short of N.C.O.'s; but then you can always take a man out of the ranks and christen him sergeant, whereas there is no available source of Second Lieutenants save capricious Whitehall.) Consequently, three platoons out of four in our company are at present commanded by N.C.O.'s, two of whom appear to have retired from active service about the time that bows and arrows began to yield place to the arquebus, while the third has been picked out of the ranks simply because he possesses a loud voice and a cake of soap. None of them has yet mastered the new drill—it was all changed at the beginning of this year—and the majority of the officers are in no position to correct their anachronisms.

Still, we are getting on. Number Three Platoon (which boasts a subaltern) has just marched right round the barrack square, without—

(1) Marching through another platoon.

(2) Losing any part or parts of itself.

(3) Adopting a formation which brings it face to face with a blank wall, or piles it up in a tidal wave upon the verandah of the married quarters.

They could not have done that a week ago.

But stay, what is this disturbance on the extreme left? The command "Right form" has been given, but six files on the outside flank have ignored the suggestion, and are now advancing (in skirmishing order) straight for the ashbin outside the cookhouse door, looking piteously round over their shoulders for some responsible person to give them an order which will turn them about and bring them back to the fold. Finally they are rounded up by the platoon sergeant, and restored to the strength.

"What went wrong, Sergeant?" inquires Second-Lieutenant Bobby Little. He is a fresh-faced youth, with an engaging smile. Three months ago he was keeping wicket for his school eleven.

The sergeant comes briskly to attention.

"The order was not distinctly heard by the men, sir," he explains, "owing to the corporal that passed it on wanting a tooth. Corporal Blain, three paces forward—march!"

Corporal Blain steps forward, and after remembering to slap the small of his butt with his right hand, takes up his parable—

"I was sittin' doon tae ma

dinner on Sabbath, sir, when my front teeth met upon a small piece bone that was stickit' in——"

Further details of this gastronomic tragedy are out short by the blast of a whistle. The Colonel, at the other side of the square, has given the signal for the end of parade. Simultaneously a bugle rings out cheerfully from the direction of the orderly-room. Breakfast, blessed breakfast, is in sight. It is nearly eight, and we have been as busy as bees since six.

At a quarter to nine the battalion parades for a route march. This, strange as it may appear, is a comparative rest. Once you have got your company safely decanted from column of platoons into column of route, your labours are at an end. All you have to do is to march; and that is no great hardship when you are as hard as nails, as we are fast becoming. On the march the mental gymnastics involved by the formation of an advanced guard or the disposition of a piquet line are removed to a safe distance. There is no need to wonder guiltily whether you have sent out a connecting-file between the vanguard and the main-guard, or if you remembered to instruct your sentry groups as to the position of the enemy and the extent of their own front.

Second-Lieutenant Little heaves a contented sigh, and steps out manfully along the dusty road. Behind him tramp

his men. We have no pipers as yet, but melody is supplied by *Tipperary*, sung in ragged chorus, varied by martial interludes upon the mouth-organ. Despise not the mouth-organ. Ours has been a constant boon. It has kept sixty men in step for miles on end.

Fortunately the weather is glorious. Day after day, after a sharp and frosty dawn, the sun swings up into a cloudless sky; and the hundred thousand troops that swarm like ants upon the undulating plains of Hampshire can march, sit, lie, or sleep on hard, sun-baked earth. A wet autumn would have thrown our training back months. The men, as yet, possess nothing but the fatigue uniforms they stand up in, so it is imperative to keep them dry.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. *Tipperary* has died away. The owner of the mouth-organ is temporarily deflated. Here is an opportunity for individual enterprise. It is soon seized. A husky soloist breaks into one of the deathless ditties of the new Scottish Laureate; his comrades take up the air with ready response; and presently we are all swinging along to the strains of *I Love a Lassie*, *Roaming in the Gloaming* and *It's Just Like Being at Home* being rendered as encores.

Then presently come snatches of a humorously amorous nature — *Hallo, Hallo, Who's Your Lady Friend?*; *You're My Baby*; and the ungrammatical *Who Were You With Last Night?* Another great favourite is an involved compo-

sition which always appears to begin in the middle. It deals severely with the precocity of a youthful lover who has been detected wooing his lady in the Park. Each verse ends, with enormous gusto—

“Hold your haand oot, you naughty boy!”

Tramp, tramp, tramp. Now we are passing through a village. The inhabitants line the pavement and smile cheerfully upon us—they are always kindly disposed toward “Scotchies”—but the united gaze of the rank and file wanders instinctively from the pavement towards upper windows and kitchen entrances, where the domestic staff may be discerned, bunched together and giggling. Now we are out on the road again, silent and dusty. Suddenly, far in the rear, a voice of singular sweetness strikes up *The Banks of Loch Lomond*. Man after man joins in, until the swelling chorus runs from end to end of the long column. Half the battalion hail from the Loch Lomond district, and of the rest there is hardly a man who has not indulged, during some Trades’ Holiday or other, in “a pleesure trup” upon its historic but inexpensive waters.

“You’ll tak’ the high road and I’ll tak’ the low road——”

On we swing, full-throated. An English battalion, halted at a cross-road to let us go by, gazes curiously upon us. *Tipperary* they know, Harry Lauder they have heard of;

but this song has no meaning for them. It is ours, ours, ours. So we march on. The feet of Bobby Little, as he tramps at the head of his platoon, hardly touch the ground. His head is in the air. One day, he feels instinctively, he will hear that song again, amid sterner surroundings. When that day comes, the song, please God, for all its sorrowful wording, will reflect no sorrow from the hearts of those who sing it—only courage, and the joy of battle, and the knowledge of victory.

“——And I’ll be in Scotland before ye.
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonny, bonny banks——”

A shrill whistle sounds far ahead. It means “March at Attention.” *Loch Lomond* dies away with uncanny suddenness—discipline is waxing stronger every day—and tunics are buttoned and rifles unslung. Three minutes later we swing demurely on to the barrack-square, across which a pleasant aroma of stewed onions is wafting, and deploy with creditable precision into the formation known as “mass.” Then comes much dressing of ranks and adjusting of distances. The Colonel is very particular about a clean finish to any piece of work.

Presently the four companies are aligned: the N.C.O.’s retire to the supernumerary ranks. The battalion stands rigid, facing a motionless figure upon horseback. The figure stirs.

"Fall out, the officers!"

They come trooping, stand fast, and salute—very smartly. We must set an example to the men. Besides, we are hungry too.

"Battalion, slope arms! Dis—miss!"

Every man, with one or two incurable exceptions, turns sharply to his right and cheerfully smacks the butt of his

rifle with his disengaged hand.

The Colonel gravely returns the salute; and we stream away, all the thousand of us, in the direction of the savoury smell. Two o'clock will come round all too soon, and with it company drill and tiresome musketry exercises; but by that time we shall have *dined*, and Fate cannot touch us for another twenty-four hours.

III. GROWING PAINS.

We have our little worries, of course.

Last week we were all vaccinated, and we did not like it. Most of us have "taken" very severely, which is a sign that we badly needed vaccinating, but makes the discomfort no easier to endure. It is no joke handling a rifle when your left arm is swelled to the full compass of your sleeve; and the personal contact of your neighbour in the ranks is sheer agony. However, officers are considerate, and the work is made as light as possible. The faint-hearted report themselves sick; but the Medical Officer, an unsentimental man of coarse mental fibre, who was on a panel before he heard his country calling, merely recommends them to get well as soon as possible, as they are going to be inoculated for enteric next week. So we grouse—and bear it.

There are other rifts within the military lute. At home we are persons of some con-

sequence, with very definite notions about the dignity of labour. We have employers who tremble at our frown; we have Trades Union officials who are at constant pains to impress upon us our own omnipotence in the industrial world in which we live. We have at our beck and call a Radical M.P. who, in return for our vote and suffrage, informs us that we are the backbone of the nation, and that we must on no account permit ourselves to be trampled upon by the effete and tyrannical upper classes. Finally, we are Scotsmen, with all a Scotsman's curious reserve and contempt for social airs and graces.

But in the Army we appear to be nobody. We are expected to stand stiffly at attention when addressed by an officer; even to call him "sir"—an honour to which our previous employer has been a stranger. At home, if we happened to meet the head of the firm in the street, and

none of our colleagues was looking, we touched a cap, furtively. Now, we have no option in the matter. We are expected to degrade ourselves by meaningless and humiliating gestures. The N.C.O.'s are almost as bad. If you answer a sergeant as you would a foreman, you are impertinent; if you argue with him, as all good Scotsmen must, you are insubordinate; if you endeavour to drive a collective bargain with him, you are mutinous; and you are reminded that upon active service mutiny is punishable by death. It is all very unusual and upsetting.

You may not spit; neither may you smoke a cigarette in the ranks, nor keep the residue thereof behind your ear. You may not take beer to bed with you. You may not postpone your shave until Saturday: you must shave every day. You must keep your buttons, accoutrements, and rifle speckless, and have your hair cut in a style which is not becoming to your particular type of beauty. Even your feet are not your own. Every Sunday morning a young officer, whose leave has been specially stopped for the purpose, comes round the barrack-rooms after church and inspects your extremities, revelling in blackened nails and gloating over hammer-toes. For all practical purposes, decides Private Mucklewame, you might as well be in Siberia.

Still, one can get used to

anything. Our lot is mitigated, too, by the knowledge that we are all in the same boat. The most olympian N.C.O. stands like a ramrod when addressing an officer, while lieutenants make obeisance to a company commander as humbly as any private. Even the Colonel was seen one day to salute an old gentleman who rode on to the parade-ground during morning drill, wearing a red band round his hat. Noting this, we realise that the Army is not, after all, as we first suspected, divided into two classes — oppressors and oppressed. We all have to "go through it."

Presently fresh air, hard training, and clean living begin to weave their spell. Incredulous at first, we find ourselves slowly recognising the fact that it is possible to treat an officer deferentially, or carry out an order smartly, without losing one's self-respect as a man and a Trades Unionist. The insidious habit of cleanliness, once acquired, takes despotic possession of its victims: we find ourselves looking askance at room-mates who have not yet yielded to such predilections. The swimming-bath, where once we flapped unwillingly and ingloriously at the shallow end, becomes quite a desirable resort, and we look forward to our weekly visit with something approaching eagerness. We begin, too, to take our profession seriously. Formerly we regarded outpost

exercises, advanced guards, and the like, as a rather fatuous form of play-acting, designed to amuse those officers who carry maps and notebooks. Now we begin to consider these diversions on their merits, and seriously criticise Second-Lieutenant Little for having last night posted one of his sentry groups upon the sky-line. Thus is the soul of a soldier born.

We are getting less individualistic, too. We are beginning to think more of our regiment and less of ourselves. At first this loyalty takes the form of criticising other regiments, because their marching is slovenly, or their accoutrements dirty, or—most significant sign of all—their discipline is bad. We are especially critical of our own Eighth Battalion, which is fully three weeks younger than we are, and is not in the First Hundred Thousand at all. In their presence we are war-worn veterans. We express it as our opinion that the officers of some of these battalions must be a poor lot. From this

it suddenly comes home to us that our officers are a good lot, and we find ourselves taking a queer pride in our company commander's homely strictures and severe sentences the morning after pay-night. Here is another step in the quickening life of the regiment. *Esprit de corps* is raising its head, class prejudice and dour "independence" notwithstanding.

Again, a timely hint dropped by the Colonel on battalion parade this morning has set us thinking. We begin to wonder how we shall compare with the first-line regiments when we find ourselves "oot there." Silently we resolve that when we, the first of the Service Battalions, take our place in trench or firing-line alongside the Old Regiment, no one shall be found to draw unfavourable comparisons between parent and offspring. We intend to show ourselves chips of the old block. No one who knows the Old Regiment can ask more of a young battalion than *that*.

IV. THE CONVERSION OF PRIVATE M'SLATTERY.

One evening a rumour ran round the barracks. Most barrack rumours die a natural death, but this one was confirmed by the fact that next morning the whole battalion, instead of performing the usual platoon exercises, was told off for instruction in the art of presenting arms. "A" Company

discussed the portent at breakfast.

"What kin' o' a thing is a Review?" inquired Private M'Slattery.

Private Mucklewame explained. Private M'Slattery was not impressed, and said so quite frankly. In the lower walks of the industrial world

Royalty is too often a mere name. Personal enthusiasm for a Sovereign whom they have never seen, and who in their minds is inextricably mixed up with the House of Lords, and capitalism, and the police, is impossible to individuals of the stamp of Private M'Slattery. To such, Royalty is simply the head and corner-stone of a legal system which officiously prevents a man from being drunk and disorderly, and the British Empire an expensive luxury for which the working man pays while the idle rich draw the profits.

If M'Slattery's opinion of the Civil Code was low, his opinion of Military Law was at zero. In his previous existence in his native Clydebank, when weary of rivet-heating and desirous of change and rest, he had been accustomed to take a day off and become pleasantly intoxicated, being comfortably able to afford the loss of pay involved by his absence. On these occasions he was accustomed to sleep off his potations in some public place—usually upon the pavement outside his last house of call—and it was his boast that so long as nobody interfered with him he interfered with nobody. To this attitude the tolerant police force of Clydebank assented, having their hands full enough, as a rule, in dealing with more militant forms of alcoholism. But Private M'Slattery, No. 3891, soon realised that he and Mr Matthew M'Slattery, rivet-heater and respected citizen of

Clydebank, had nothing in common. Only last week, feeling pleasantly fatigued after five days of arduous military training, he had followed the invariable practice of his civil life, and taken a day off. The result had fairly staggered him. In the orderly-room upon Monday morning he was charged with—

- (1) Being absent from Parade at 9.0 A.M. on Saturday.
- (2) Being absent from Parade at 2.0 P.M. on Saturday.
- (3) Being absent from Tattoo at 9.30 P.M. on Saturday.
- (4) Being drunk in High Street about 9.40 P.M. on Saturday.
- (5) Striking a Non-Commissioned Officer.
- (6) Attempting to escape from his escort.
- (7) Destroying Government property. (Three panes of glass in the guard-room.)

Private M'Slattery, asked for an explanation, had pointed out that if he had been treated as per his working arrangement with the police at Clydebank, there would have been no trouble whatever. As for his day off, he was willing to forgo his day's pay and call the thing square. However, a hidebound C.O. had fined him five shillings and sentenced him to seven days' C.B. Consequently he was in no mood for Royal Reviews. He stated his opinions upon the subject in a loud voice and at some length. No one contradicted

him, for he possessed the straightest left in the company; and no dog barked even when M'Slattery said that black was white.

"I wunner ye jined the Airmy at all, M'Slattery," observed one bold spirit, when the orator paused for breath.

"I wunner myself," said M'Slattery simply. "If I had kent all about this 'attention,' and 'stan'-at-ease,' and needin' tae luft your hand tae your bunnet whenever you saw yin o' they gentry-pups of officers goin' by,—dagont if I'd hae done it, Germans or no! (But I had a dram in me at the time.) I'm weel kent in Clydebank, and they'll tell you there that I'm no the man tae be wastin' my time presenting airms tae kings or any other bodies."

However, at the appointed hour M'Slattery, in the front rank of A Company, stood to attention because he had to, and presented arms very creditably. He now cherished a fresh grievance, for he objected upon principle to have to present arms to a motor-car standing two hundred yards away upon his right front.

"Wull we be gettin' hame to our dinners now?" he inquired gruffly of his neighbour.

"Maybe he'll tak' a closer look at us," suggested an optimist in the rear rank. "He might walk doon the line."

"Walk? No him!" replied Private M'Slattery. "He'll be awa' hame in the motor. Hae ony o' you billies gotten a fag?"

There was a smothered laugh. The officers of the battalion were standing rigidly at attention in front of A Company. One of these turned his head sharply.

"No talking in the ranks there!" he said. "Sergeant, take that man's name."

Private M'Slattery, rumbling mutiny, subsided, and devoted his attention to the movements of the Royal motor-car.

Then the miracle happened.

The great car rolled smoothly from the saluting-base, over the undulating turf, and came to a standstill on the extreme right of the line, half a mile away. There descended a slight figure in khaki. It was the King—the King whom Private M'Slattery had never seen. Another figure followed, and another.

"Herself iss there too!" whinnied an excited Highlander on M'Slattery's right. "And the young leddy! Pless me, they are all for walking town the line on their feet. And the sun so hot in the sky! We shall see them close!"

Private M'Slattery gave a contemptuous sniff.

The excited battalion was called to a sense of duty by the voice of authority. Once more the long lines stood stiff and rigid—waiting, waiting, for their brief glimpse. It was a long time coming, for they were posted on the extreme left.

Suddenly a strangled voice was uplifted—

"In God's name, what for can they no come tae us? Never heed the others!"

Yet, Private M'Slattery was

quite unaware that he had spoken.

At last the little procession arrived. There was a handshake for the Colonel, and a word with two or three of the officers; then a quick scrutiny of the rank and file. For a moment—yea, more than a moment—keen Royal eyes rested upon Private M'Slattery, standing like a graven image, with his great chest straining the buttons of his tunic.

Then a voice said, apparently in M'Slattery's ear—

"A magnificent body of men, Colonel. I congratulate you."

A minute later M'Slattery was aroused from his trance by the sound of the Colonel's ringing voice—

"Highlanders, three cheers for His Majesty the King!"

M'Slattery led the whole Battalion, his glengarry high in the air.

Suddenly his eye fell upon Private Mucklewame, blindly and woodenly yelling himself hoarse.

In three strides M'Slattery was standing face to face with the unconscious criminal.

"Yous low, lousy puddock," he roared—"tak' off your bunnet!" He saved Mucklewame the trouble of complying, and strode back to his place in the ranks.

"Yin mair, chaps," he shouted—"for the young leddy!"

And yet there are people who tell us that the formula, O.H.M.S., is a mere relic of antiquity.

(To be continued.)

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1870-1914.

IN 1870 the war of France against Prussia and the Confederated German States was undertaken in the interest of a dynasty tottering to its ruin. To-day the war with Germany, in so far as France is concerned, is for the very existence of the country as a great power or even as a free state. The difference between the present situation of France and that of forty-four years ago is most striking. In 1870 defeat and disaster were inevitable; now ultimate victory seems assured, especially after that most important agreement signed by the Allies on 5th September, providing that none shall make peace without the assent of the others.

It is possible, and perhaps probable, that had it not been for the heroic for-ever-memorable opposition of the Belgians to the violation of their neutrality by the unscrupulous foe, the Germans would have

marched victoriously to the outer circle of forts surrounding Paris within the time fixed by their General Staff for the operation, but it is a question whether they would have effected their entrance into the city with the facility they seem to have imagined. Although it may be wrong to draw conclusions from the events of 1870, it is nevertheless interesting to remember that the resistance of Paris to the Prussians and their allies of the German Confederation lasted four calendar months and nine days, from 19th September 1870 to the 28th January 1871. On 2nd September Emperor Napoleon III. had been captured at Sedan with his Staff and army, and the only troops available for the defence of the French capital were a few regiments of the regular army escaped from the disaster of Sedan or coming from the camp at Chalons-sur-Marne,

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in all about 70,000 trained soldiers. In addition to that force, it is true, several thousand sailors were landed from the war vessels and sent to the capital with their heavy guns; and that numerous regiments of Mobiles from the provinces, the newly created Paris National Guards, and various corps of *Francs Tireurs*, made a total all told of some 400,000 men for the defence of the city. Of that heterogeneous force the Mobiles had received but little military training, and the National Guards none. No conditions, from a military point of view, could have been more unfavourable, and their adverse character was aggravated by the political situation. Two days after the capitulation of Sedan, Empress Eugenie, Regent in the absence of Napoleon III., had fled from the Tuileries Palace by the back door communicating with the Louvre, while the insurgents, having dispersed the Imperialist members of the Corps Legislatif and proclaimed the Republic, entered by the front gate. The Government of the National Defence, constituted on the ruins of the Empire, was far from homogeneous, and General Trochu, placed at its head with the supreme command of the troops in and around the capital, was well aware that the defence of Paris and the prolongation of the hostilities was, as he admitted, "an heroic folly." The hopes which were indulged in of the city being relieved by an army attacking the besieging German forces in the rear, in conjunction with a sortie of the troops inside Paris, were vain, because, after the capitulation of Strasburg and Toul, news of which was received in the beleaguered city on 2nd October, and the subsequent capitulation of Metz on 27th October, no French army existed in the provinces. It is true two weak members of the Government, MM. Glais-Bizoin and Cremieux, had been sent to Tours, before Paris was completely surrounded by the foe, with the mission to organise the defence of the country, but it was not till after 7th October—when Gambetta, with dictatorial powers, left Paris in the ear of a balloon—that any serious effort was made to raise armies to repel the invaders. That task was, as the world knows, performed with patriotic ardour, but the armies thus brought into existence were for the most part composed of raw recruits, who, notwithstanding their heroic valour, which enabled them to immortalise their memory, were quite unequal to the gigantic task of breaking through the circle of steel and bronze round Paris, and of driving the victorious foe out of the country.

Such was the deplorable military situation in 1870. The political situation was even more lamentable. Revolutionary clubs, frequented by the National Guards, had been created in all the working quarters of Paris, and every café was the centre of Communist agitation, which was fanned by the 'Reveil,' the 'Combat,' and similar revol-

utionary journals. Discord prevailed in the city from the very first day it was surrounded by the enemy to the moment when, after the capitulation, the German troops marched under the Arc d'Etoile to occupy the Champs Elysées, the Tuileries garden, and the courtyard of the Louvre. To show its intensity it will suffice to mention the three attempts made by the Communists to overthrow the Government.

So early as the 5th October the notorious M. Gustave Flourens, at the head of five battalions of National Guards, marched to the Hotel de Ville (the seat of Government), summoning General Trochu to order the *levée en masse*, and to distribute to the people the 10,000 Chassepot rifles he contended were hidden away in the military depots. He also demanded an immediate attack on the enemy. General Trochu, M. Dorian, the patriotic organiser of the defences and the provisioning of the capital, M. Jules Ferry, and other Ministers, sought to make M. Flourens understand the impossibility, at least for the time being, of engaging battle, with any hope of success, against a foe solidly entrenched, and capable of opposing 10, 15, or perhaps 20 cannons to one French gun. He refused to be convinced, and on leaving the Hotel de Ville, brandishing his drawn sword, he declared to his men and to all those people in the crowd who cared to listen, that "to save Paris it will be necessary to come to blows with those men" (the Ministers).

At that moment the Communists did not dare go further, but the capitulation of Metz soon offered them what they regarded as a more favourable opportunity. In the midst of the effervescence and discontent created by the recapture of Le Bourget, a little village outside Paris, by the Prussians, confirmation was received of the fall of Metz, the announcement of which by the 'Combat' had been officially contradicted. The effect of the terrible news on the irritated population can be imagined, as it deprived the Parisians of the only really valid reason for hoping the city might be relieved. The general dissatisfaction and tumult reached their climax when it was known proposals for an armistice had been made. At 2 P.M. on Monday, 31st October, the Place de l'Hotel de Ville and approaches were densely crowded with an excited mass of people from all parts of Paris demanding the resignation of the Government and the election of the Commune. General Trochu, Jules Ferry, and others attempted at various intervals to address the insurrectionists, but their voices were drowned in shouts of "Pas d'armistice!" "Guerre à outrance!" &c. Some of the mob, calling themselves a delegation from the people, forced their way into the Hotel de Ville, demanding explanations of the Government on the Le Bourget affair, the capitulation of Metz, and the proposal for an armistice. The self-constituted delegation were received by Jules Ferry, General Trochu,

and Jules Favre. Respecting Le Bourget, General Trochu repeated what he had stated in the 'Journal Officiel,' that it had been occupied by Francs Tireurs against his order, and that the position was quite untenable and wholly without value from a military point of view. As to the capitulation of Metz, he gave his word of honour the Government was ignorant of it, and disbelieved it when it was announced by the 'Combat.' With regard to the obnoxious armistice, he assured the delegates nothing was decided, nor would be, without first consulting the popular wish. The latter part of his speech was scarcely audible amidst the shouts of "Down with the Government!" "No Armistice!" "The Commune!" A few moments later some hundreds of revolutionists had forced their way into the building and from the windows of the first floor threw scraps of paper bearing the words "No Armistice!" "*Levée en masse* in forty-eight hours!" "Dorian, President of the Government!" At that time, either intentionally or accidentally, some one fired into the air. That act infuriated the rioters, who rushed about shouting: "To arms! the soldiers are firing on the citizens!" One sinister-looking ruffian, with the sleeves of his red shirt rolled up to the elbow, escaped from the crowd, and ran along the Rue de Rivoli brandishing a sabre, and shouting in a hoarse, drunken voice: "Behold the sword of him who fired on women and unarmed citizens!

With his own sword I have killed him!"

A general rush was made for the Hotel de Ville, the doors of which were forced open, and the people took possession of the great hall. Meanwhile the rappel was sounded in every quarter of Paris. Battalions of National Guards and Mables mingled with the crowd, but for the most part they carried their rifles butt-end up in token of their pacific intentions. At half-past four P.M. a red flag was displayed from one of the windows on the first floor, and it was announced General Trochu had given his resignation as President of the Government, and that M. Dorian had been nominated to take the vacant place. MM. Blanqui, Flourens, Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, Felix Pyat, Delescluze, and Dorian then appeared on the balcony, over which a red flag had been hoisted. Having intimated that they constituted the Government for the time being, they were received with acclamations from the people, but an hour later the names of Victor Hugo and Rochefort were substituted for those of Blanqui and Delescluze. At 7 P.M. the official list of the new Ministers was published and distributed to the crowd. From the commencement of the insurrection the real Government had been kept prisoners in one of the principal salles of the Hotel de Ville, watched by National Guards from the Belleville and Villette quarters. By 9 P.M. a strong

reaction in favour of General Trochu showed itself in the better quarters of Paris. The commanders of the forts refused to receive orders from any one but General Trochu, and a large body of Mobiles collected on the Boulevard in front of the new Opera House, which was not yet completed. They testified their sympathy with the General by shouting "Vive Trochu! A bas la Commune!" M. Ernest Picard, the only member of the Government of National Defence free at the time, did his utmost to restore public order and to release his colleagues. About 10 P.M. General Trochu and M. Jules Ferry, having effected their escape from the Hotel de Ville under the disguise of National Guards, arrived safely at General Trochu's quarters in Rue de Rivoli. There, showing himself on the balcony, the General was greeted with lusty shouts of "Vive Trochu!" Battalions of Mobiles and faithful National Guards were soon assembled, and at 2 A.M. M. Jules Ferry, escorted by some 60,000 troops, arrived at the Hotel de Ville and surrounded it. The building was quickly cleared of the insurgents, the Government reinstated, and MM. Flourens, Blanqui, & Co. driven into the street rather crestfallen. A sort of referendum having on 3rd November confirmed the power of the Government, the greater number of the leaders of the insurrection of 31st October were arrested, but M. Flourens succeeded in eluding the police. However, having

learned that the Francs Tireurs whom he had commanded had been sent to the front at Créteil, he could not resist the desire to join them. It was there he was arrested on 7th December by order of General Clement Thomas, and incarcerated in Mazas prison. But, during the night between the 21st and 22nd January 1871, he was liberated by his Francs Tireurs.

In the afternoon of 21st January the meetings of the clubs had been unusually stormy and seditious. General Trochu had resigned the command of the army, which had been given to General Vinoy. As, for weeks previously, flaring placards bearing the assurance "Le General Trochu ne capituera pas" had ornamented the walls of the city, every one understood that the withdrawal of General Trochu was the prelude to the entrance of the victorious enemy into the beleaguered city. The revolutionists heaped execrations on the head of the ex-Commander-in-Chief, and their rage was augmented by the fact that General Trochu still preserved the Presidency of the Government. It was a little past midnight when some 800 or 1000 revolutionists from Belleville arrived in front of the Mazas prison, where M. Flourens was incarcerated. Threatened with instant death in case of refusal, the Governor of the establishment handed the prison keys to the revolutionists, who at once liberated Flourens and eight other persons implicated in the insurrectionary rioting

on 31st October. Flourens was at large, and every one in Paris felt the day would not pass off quietly. In the afternoon of 22nd January the Place de l'Hotel de Ville was densely crowded, and revolutionary orators addressed the people, who raised the cry of "Vive la Commune!" At about three o'clock a detachment of National Guards, about 200 strong, led by M. Flourens, approached the Hotel de Ville from the Rue du Temple. Their intentions were soon evident, because, after dispersing into little groups, they commenced firing at the Mobile officers who, in front of the Hotel de Ville, were seeking to calm the crowd. Several persons were wounded, and a Mobile officer, Major Bernard, was killed. Thereupon the Mobiles received orders to fire in their turn. The fighting continued for a good half-hour, the insurgent National Guards firing from some of the windows of the surrounding houses, as well as from the streets. Almost all the windows of the Hotel de Ville were shattered, and the great door of the Salle du Trone was considerably damaged. The insurgents were driven off, but not more than twenty were captured. Some forty persons lost their lives on this saddest of battlefields, where fellow-citizens killed one another while the enemy's cannon was thundering in their ears. Is it possible to imagine a direr climax of social confusion?

What a contrast between that most deplorable situation in 1870-1871 and the situation

in France at the present time! The National army, strong and intact, is assisted in its struggle against the German invaders not only by the whole military and naval power of the British Empire and the valiant Belgian military forces, but by the huge Russian armies invading the Eastern provinces of Prussia, and at the same time, with the Servians and Montenegrins crushing the military power of Austria, Germany's ally. Turkey has now also espoused the German cause, but her intervention seems calculated to precipitate her own ruin without materially altering the situation between the Allies and their Austro-German adversaries. It is needless to insist further on those matters or the vicissitudes of the campaign, which are followed with such thrilling interest by all civilised nations, because whatever be the reverses which have been met with by the Allies, and any other reverses which may in the future have to be deplored, the champions of civilisation have sworn not to lay down their arms without complete victory.

However, it is interesting and important to note the attitude and sentiments of the French people, and especially of the Parisians. The outbreak of war has wrought the miracle of uniting all political parties to such an extent that the opposition to the Government may be said to be now composed of M. Clemenceau alone. He is as patriotic and as favourable to the war as any man in France, but when not

in power himself it would be impossible for that "demolisher of Ministries" to abstain from attacking those who hold it. With that exception M. Viviani's Cabinet, reconstituted into a Ministry of National Defence by the appointment of M. Delcassé as Foreign Minister, M. Millerand as Minister of War, M. Ribot as Finance Minister, M. Briand as Minister of Justice, M. Sembat as Minister of Public Works, and the Socialist leader, M. Guesdes, as Minister without a portfolio, has the unrestricted support of all political parties, including the Catholic minority, which is the only political party not represented in the Cabinet. That exclusion is not, however, entirely M. Viviani's fault. M. Denys Cochin, the ardent Catholic leader, was offered a seat in the Cabinet without a portfolio, but he declined it, because he considered he could render his country more service by remaining free than as a Minister with nothing but a consultative voice. Even before that reconstruction was effected, the French Parliament, on the 4th August, offered a most admirable spectacle of patriotism and union. Both the Senate and Chamber voted, without a dissentient voice, all the financial and other measures rendered necessary by the war, and then adjourned *sine die*.

If, of the three principles, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, proclaimed by the Great Revolution, and inscribed on all the public buildings of France, the first, Liberty, especially that of the press, is necessarily restricted

in the interest of the defence of the country, Fraternity and Equality are now realised to perhaps a greater extent than ever before. When on Sunday evening the mobilisation order was posted up in Paris, the denizens of the city seemed to be transformed as if by magic. Rich and poor, workmen and their masters, socialists and aristocrats, priests and free-thinkers, and people who would never have thought of speaking to one another in ordinary times, being summoned to serve their country together, chatted in the streets and cafés, approving the measure which placed them all, without distinction, on a footing of equality in the hour of danger. And all joined their respective regiments, determined to do their duty to the very last. If the Germans had counted on the often-threatened strike of the Socialist reservists, they must have been direly disappointed. They responded to the call to arm with the same alacrity as all the other citizens. Many scenes witnessed in the streets, amidst the bustle preceding the departure, illustrated the universally prevailing patriotic sentiment. A priest, shaking hands with a burly workman, bid him *au revoir*, saying he would meet him in a few days in the ranks of the same regiment. A member of the high French aristocracy, knowing he would be a common soldier in a regiment in which his chauffeur is sergeant, gave him the military salute. Thousands of similar incidents occurred during the days of mobilisation in France.

Not a single voice was raised against the war. Even M. Jaures, who in his ardent love of peace and the fraternity of peoples had so long indulged in the utopian hope of the abolition of frontiers, had, just before he was assassinated by a madman on 31st July, contributed a patriotic article to the '*Dépêche de Toulouse*,' and since then his journal, the '*Humanité*,' has unflinchingly recognised the necessity of crushing the military power of Germany. All the Socialist leaders, including those of the revolutionary General Confederation of Labour, have adopted the same attitude, and declare France must not be content with anything less than the dethronement of the Kaiser. Their attitude is all the more remarkable because a couple of years ago they opposed with the utmost vigour, even in tumultuous open-air meetings and noisy manifestations, as well as in their journals, the proposal made by the Barthou Ministry to return to the three years' military service, and because, ever since the adoption of that measure, they had agitated in favour of its repeal. In presence of the unjustifiable attack of the Germans, even M. Hervé, the notorious Internationalist, who formerly made himself odious by demanding "the planting of the French national flag on the dunghill," was one of the first men to volunteer to serve in the ranks. His offer was refused on account of his defective sight. However, in his Socialist organ, the '*Guerre Sociale*,' he continues

to encourage all French Socialists to forget their differences with the other political parties, and to constitute with them a thoroughly united nation, determined to repel the invader. Indeed, in an article published in the '*Guerre Sociale*' a few days after the beginning of the hostilities, M. Hervé said: "Bismarck founded the French Republic by killing the French Empire. We will go to Berlin to found the German Republic." His indignation at the atrocities committed by the Germans, and their vandalism in the destruction of Louvain, the cathedral of Rheims, &c., was expressed in as strong language as that employed by the ultra-conservatives.

Another man of quite a different type, M. Destounnelles de Constant, Senator, and moderate republican, formerly the second delegate of the French Government at the Hague Peace Conference, the universally known ultra-pacifist, has also been transformed into an ardent partisan of war against Germany. He declares that after the divulgations concerning the premeditated attack of Germany, and in presence of the atrocious crimes committed by the enemy, "peace can only be established by war to the knife"; and he adds, "this war must not be terminated by a semblance of peace (*un semblant de paix*). It will end by the crushing of German domination, or it will be necessary to recommence it."

The vast majority, not to say the unanimity, of the French nation refuse altogether to

separate the responsibility of the German peoples—whether they be Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Wurttembergers, or others—from that of their Governments for fostering German militarism with the pre-meditated intention of seeking to reduce France to the condition of a German vassal State, and of accepting and approving every kind of atrocity and vandalism to attain that end. The hostility towards the Germans, which was great at the commencement of the war, has become more and more implacable as the campaign is prolonged and the violations of the rules of civilised warfare become more and more numerous and undeniable. A remarkable proof of it was furnished by the volume of indignant protests raised against M. Anatole France, a Socialist in the best acceptation of the word, and a Member of the Académie Française, who in a Paris journal declared that after crushing German militarism there would be no reason why the French should not offer their friendship to the German nation. In presence of the outcry against that idea, M. Anatole France, who is seventy-one years of age, replied by a letter addressed to the general public through the intermediary of the press, that since his prose no longer pleased he would cease writing, and that he had already applied to the War Minister requesting to be incorporated in the army. He must have known his offer was entirely platonic. In any case, being sent for examination before the "Conseil de

Revision," he was, of course, pronounced unfit for military service.

The shattering of the plate-glass windows of the German shops on the Boulevards and elsewhere during the mobilisation period has been described as a manifestation of the hatred of the French for all that is German. The assertion is, however, at least an exaggeration of the truth, as the senseless destruction of property was the work, not of an excited patriotic crowd, but that of bands of roughs. Fortunately the police soon put an end to it, and in presence of the general reprobation it elicited, no attempt has been made either in Paris or in the provinces to indulge in similar disturbances. On the other hand, the Government recently ordered the sequestration of all the property possessed in France by Germans and Austrians, and the Institut de France is examining the question of the expulsion of all the German and Austrian Corresponding Members of the five Academies. The atrocities perpetrated by the Germans in Belgium and France, and the acts of vandalism committed by them at Louvain, Rheims, and so many other places, provoked no sort of protest from the German savants, many of whom, on the contrary, signed a document excusing, if not approving, them. Indeed, no fewer than twenty-two German universities addressed to foreign universities a declaration protesting against the reproaches made upon the conduct of the German army during the pres-

ent war. Two proposals were presented to one of the sections of the Institut. The first requests the Bureau of the Institut to inquire whether any legal text precludes the possibility of expelling German Correspondents. The second concerns the International Association founded a few years ago by the European Academies. The Bureau of the Institut de France is urged to examine, with the Academies of the allied States and neutral countries, whether the Consortium with the German Academies should or should not be maintained, and whether the arrangement to hold the next meeting of the International Association at Berlin in 1915 ought not to be cancelled.

No fewer than thirteen Corresponding Members of the Institut de France are among the ninety-six German savants who signed the abominable lying document against which the whole civilised world has protested. The Bureau of the French Institut has not, at the time of writing, yet deliberated on the questions of the expulsion of the German Corresponding Members and the exclusion of the German Academies from the International Association, but the energetic language in which the French Academies have, separately, expressed their reprobation of the German savants' excuses and approbation of nameless crimes and acts of abominable vandalism, and the speeches made at the public sitting of the Institut de France on 26th October, leave no doubt concerning the sentiments of the

élite of the French literary, scientific, and artistic worlds. It may be that the Bureau of the Institut de France cannot legally expel Foreign Corresponding Members, but it will at least stigmatise the attitude assumed by the men who boast of being at the head of German "Kultur."

In the meantime the Académie Française, which, as every one knows, compiles the French dictionary, is, it seems, likely to be asked to consecrate the word "Boche." Since the outbreak of hostilities the French, and especially the Parisians, have adopted it to express all that is brutal, savage, inhumane, uncivilised, and hateful. It is used both as a substantive and as an adjective. Though the onomatopœia is not striking, the word is derived from "Allemand." It is naturally applied to the Germans and to their manner of making war. The "Boches" are the men who deliberately murder non-combatants—women and children—who place cannons on Red Cross vans, who hold up their hands to indicate their surrender, and then, when the confiding French or British soldiers approach, fire point-blank at them, who burn down ancient universities, cathedrals, &c. The word was coined at the end of the Franco-German War of 1870-1871. When, at Versailles, King William I. of Prussia had succeeded, with the aid of Bismarck, in getting himself proclaimed Emperor of Germany, the Prussians, Bavarians, Wurtembergers, Saxons, &c., were all made united Ger-

mans (Allemands), and the Parisians, who have a special knack for transforming or deforming finals, turned "Allemands" into "Alleboches," and then by abbreviation adopted "Boches." At the present moment the enemy, whether they come from the north or south of Germany, or even from Austria, are for the Parisians all "Boches," and every action which is despicable, inhumane, or uncivilised is "boche."

The possibility of Paris being besieged was foreseen by every one immediately war was declared, but it was hoped the heroic action of the Belgians would delay the impetuous forward rush of the German hosts sufficiently long to enable the French to complete their mobilisation and, with the aid of the British contingent, beat back the enemy. The Belgians' wonderful defence of their territory, and the promptitude with which British soldiers were landed in France, did not, however, suffice. When once the Germans had fought their way through Belgium, their march on Paris was pursued with uninterrupted success till they reached the Marne. The world knows the brilliant strategical manoeuvre, and the undaunted valour of the French and British armies which, at that most critical juncture, saved the French capital from attack, and perhaps from occupation by the foe. At that time the preparations for the defence and the provisioning of Paris were far from complete, and though the triple circle

of forts protecting it inspired considerable confidence, especially in those people who were not aware of the power of the German siege artillery, the Government rightly refused to repeat the fault committed in 1870.

In that connection it is interesting and important to recall the circumstances under which the great mistake was made in the *année terrible*, and the patriotic but grandiloquent declaration made by M. Jules Favre when he assumed power as Foreign Minister in the Government of National Defence. While the Prussians and their allies of the German Confederation were marching on Paris, after the capitulation of Sedan, M. Jules Favre, believing France, rid of the Empire, would refind the indomitable energy to repel the invader she had shown in 1792, pronounced the historical but imprudent phrase: "Nous ne cederons ni un pouce de notre territoire, ni une pierre de nos forteresses" (We will abandon to the enemy neither an inch of our territory nor a stone of our fortresses). Very shortly afterwards, imbued with those sentiments, he left Paris on 17th September to negotiate with M. de Bismarck the conclusion of peace by the payment of an indemnity. He had interviews at the Chateau of Ferrières with King William and M. de Bismarck on 18th and 19th September, but, discovering the minimum the victorious foe would accept included, besides the proposed war indemnity, the cession of Alsace and various other terri-

tories, and that, even to conclude an armistice, the invader required the possession of Strasburg, Toul, Phalsbourg, and a fort dominating the French capital, M. Jules Favre returned to Paris, from which the Government issued a proclamation calling on the country to take up arms, and to wage implacable war till the Prussians and their allies should be driven out of the land.

There was no longer sufficient time for the Government to withdraw in safety from Paris before the investment of the city was absolutely complete, but the Council of Ministers had already committed the fault of deciding to remain. No doubt the remembrance of those facts was present to the mind of M. Viviani and his colleagues when they learned the German army was within 100 miles of the French capital. There could be no question of seeking, like M. Jules Favre did, to negotiate peace; so to avoid the possibility of the Government being held prisoner in a beleaguered city, or perhaps even captured, the President of the Republic, all the Ministers, the Senate, the Chamber, the Court of Cassation, and the Bank of France, at once removed to Bordeaux. The departure was, however, effected with such secrecy, and so rapidly, that it strongly resembled a precipitate flight. Every one knew that on the 2nd September the enemy was within a day's march of the outer circle of forts surrounding the capital, but no indication had been given the general public that the Government

intended to leave. It was, therefore, with great surprise that, on the morning of 3rd September, the Parisians read in their journals the proclamation of the Government announcing to the country the temporary transfer of the capital from Paris to Bordeaux.

The suddenness with which the very critical character of the situation was revealed to the Parisians was calculated to create a panic. The vast majority of the population had not foreseen the eventuality of the removal of the seat of Government to a provincial town, and it might have been feared the measure would be misinterpreted. The outbreak of the war at a moment when the Paris season was still at its height had already completely transformed the city. The call to arms had at the beginning of August created an unprecedented state of affairs. Every man between 21 and 47 years of age being liable to military service, the mobilisation took masters and men from every commercial and industrial establishment. Thousands of shops, warehouses, and offices were thus, by the forced absence of their chiefs and personnel, constrained to put up their shutters. At the same time all the theatres and other places of amusement closed their doors for the same reason, while the cafés and restaurants, being by order of the police shut, the former at 8 P.M. and the latter at 9.30 P.M., "Gay Paris" was reduced to the condition of a dull country town. There was scarcely a taxi-auto or even an ordinary

horse-cab in the streets, and all the auto-buses, without exception, had been commandeered for the army on the second day of the mobilisation. The dearth of the taxi-autos was chiefly due to the fact that the great majority of the chauffeurs had joined their respective regiments. The only means of locomotion left to the ordinary citizen was the Metropolitan Electric Railway, and the circulation of trains on various sections of that underground network of lines had to be suppressed on account of a large portion of the personnel having been called to arms.

Under these circumstances it is not astonishing the richer families should have abandoned Paris for their country houses, even before the Government thought it prudent to withdraw, and that a vast number of less wealthy families should, when made aware of the imminent danger of the enemy arriving under the walls of the city, have fled to take refuge in the homes of relations or friends in the provinces. The control of all the railways having passed into the hands of the Government, and the lines being required for the transport of troops, supplies, &c., for the army, the ordinary traffic was almost completely suspended. The exodus of the rich classes of society was easily effected in their automobiles, but persons of modest means had to inscribe their names and take their tickets sometimes several days before the departure of the limited trains which were destined to take them out of what they feared would soon be a

beleaguered city, or, perhaps worse, a city occupied by a foe that had shown utter contempt for the rules of civilised warfare and the rights of non-combatants. A great many more people fled in pony chaises, donkey carts, delivery vans, and all sorts of other vehicles, and some even left on foot rather than confront the possible, if not, as they apprehended, the probable dangers attending a bombardment of the city.

The population of Paris was thus reduced by about one-third. The attitude of the remaining two-thirds was that of perfect calm. They were not dismayed by the knowledge that the Germans were, so to say, within striking distance of their city. Their confidence in the ultimate result of the war was unshaken, and they were prepared, if necessary, to undergo the same privations as those suffered by the inhabitants of the capital in 1870-1871, especially as they were conscious the success of the Allies in the gigantic struggle might, to some extent, depend on their heroism. German aeroplanes, "Tauben" as they are called, though there are many types of those "doves," which flew over Paris to drop bombs and "visiting cards" announcing the coming of unwelcome guests, completely failed in their object, which was, it is to be supposed, to spread terror among the population. The appearance of one of them in the sky was the signal for crowds of people, of all classes of society, to satisfy their curiosity by assembling on all the

open spaces and broad thoroughfares to watch the evolutions of the artificial birds, which, in spite of their pacific name, sought, sometimes with too great success, to kill and wound non-combatants. Curiously enough their victims were invariably women and children. Since then "Tauben" have from time to time flown over the city, dropping bombs, but as a strict watch has been established, those that attempt to reach Paris are now for the most part either frightened away or brought to the ground by French avions. Nevertheless in the middle of October a "Taube," taking advantage of low clouds and mist, succeeded in approaching the city undetected, and perpetrated the crime of seeking to wreck Notre Dame Cathedral. One bomb dropped from it struck the roof of the ancient basilica, but fortunately did less damage than might have been feared, as it only shattered and charred a few rafters. The evil intention of the vandals is all the more undeniable because it has been shown the missile was of an incendiary character. A second bomb fell in the square contiguous to the cathedral, and a third in the immediate vicinity of the sacred and historical edifice. Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, protested officially against the outrage committed, without the shadow of an excuse based on military necessity, and with the evident intention of trying to reduce the majestic pile to the same ruined condition to which the German artillery had reduced that of Rheims.

The nomination of General Gallieni as Military Governor of Paris, and his proclamation to the inhabitants, had the effect of fortifying the courage of every one. That document was short but emphatic. It was — "The members of the Republican Government have left Paris to give fresh impetus to the defence of the nation. I have received the mandate to defend Paris against the invader. I will fulfil that mandate to the very end." Two days later came the announcement of the signature in London, on 5th September, of that most important declaration by which the allies, Great Britain, France, and Russia, undertook mutually not to conclude peace separately. The Parisians regarded the agreement as a pledge that, even supposing the enemy should occupy the city, they would soon be constrained to leave it. Moreover, the confidence in the triple circle of forts round Paris being sufficient to hold the foe at bay, which had not been wanting from the very first, was still more strengthened by the visible signs of all the necessary preparations being made to prevent the enemy entering the city. It was known that strong earthworks, trenches, &c., had been made between the forts, and now most of the city gates were closed and protected with earthworks, while trenches were dug more than half-way across the roadway in front of those still left open for traffic. At the same time, the Longchamps race-course and about half the Bois

de Boulogne were quickly transformed into veritable cattle ranges. The immense herds of bullocks and cows, and the enormous flocks of sheep, destined to supply Paris with milk and meat in the eventuality of the city being besieged, became the object of great curiosity and interest for the Parisians, who every fine day flocked in tens of thousands to witness the unprecedented spectacle of the fashionable resort converted into a gigantic stock farm.

When the advance of the enemy was checked, and even when the Germans were driven back some hundred miles in four days, the Parisians did not quite realise the importance of the success. It was not till the 12th September, when they learned the enemy was in full retreat, that they fully understood it. At least for the time being the imminency of the danger of Paris being attacked by the German hordes was averted. Whether it was the knowledge that the enemy might resume the offensive successfully, and perhaps next time reach the city, or whether it was due to a sort of apathy and resignation to their fate—whatever it might be which undeniably prevailed at that time, the inhabitants of Paris indulged in no outward demonstration of joy. The flags with which so many of the houses had been decked on the occasion of the mobilisation were left flying, but not a single one more was added to their number, and as for illuminating, no one entertained the idea for a moment.

Since then Paris has gradually, but very slowly, commenced to recover to some small extent its normal aspect, especially in the day. The number of taxi-autos and ordinary horse-cabs plying for hire has increased, and a certain number of the shops and cafés which had closed their doors have been reopened. However, the proprietors of many wholesale establishments, who had sought to hold their ground in the anticipation that at least a certain few of their regular customers would come from the provinces and abroad to make their provision for the winter, finding their hopes deceived, are one after the other closing their establishments. As for the dealers in "articles de luxe," they are either putting up their shutters or seeking to sell off at very reduced prices. The fashionable "couturiers" have extremely few of their ordinary customers, so some of them are offering to make dresses at very moderate prices, even for persons who may wish to furnish their own materials, and many renowned tailors have accepted contracts to supply ordinary uniforms for the army. The great emporiums, such as the Louvre, the Bon Marché, the Printemps, the Galeries Lafayette, &c., have reopened their doors, but the comparatively few salesmen and women who are in them are more than sufficient to serve the rare customers.

Paris will not become Paris again till peace is signed, or at least till the Germans have been driven out of France, and

even Belgium, and the campaign of the invasion of Germany has been commenced, not only in the east by the Russians, but by the French and British armies in the west, and in such a successful manner as to preclude the danger of the foe making another attempt to recross the frontier into France. No doubt, in the meantime, when the danger of an attack on the French capital is sufficiently removed to justify the return of the Government to Paris, the realisation of that eventuality would aid most powerfully to give animation to the city by the confidence it would naturally inspire in at least some of the tens of thousands of rich people who fled into the country on the approach of the enemy, and whose return might be expected, especially if at the same time the police order for the really unnecessarily early closing of the cafés and restaurants were annulled.

Extreme distress among the poor has been palliated by the allowance made by the State to families deprived of their breadwinners by the mobilisation. The wife of a soldier is given 1s. a day, and an additional 5d. for each child under sixteen years of age. However, the aged mother of a man called under the colours gets nothing, and the mother of illegitimate children has no claim to the State allowance, either for herself or her children, though she may have been living with her partner as his wife for many years. The knowledge that this was the law, created on the eve of the

mobilisation an extraordinary rush of "*faux ménages*" to the town halls to celebrate their civil marriage. But very many men who wished to get their union legalised had to join the army before all the legal formalities could be complied with. The consequence is that their illegal spouses and their children are, in too many cases, destitute, as are also a multitude of female shop assistants, typewriters, &c., who lost their places either by the closing of the establishments in which they were employed, or by the reduction of the personnel. Many of these young women seek to earn a precarious living by hawking journals in the streets, but those who thus succeed in keeping the wolf from the door form a very small contingent of the Parisian female army of unemployed. There are also some ten thousand persons, men, women, and children, formerly employed, in one way or another, in the theatres, concerts, and other places of amusement which were closed on the day of the general mobilisation, and of which the police have, till now, refused to authorise the reopening. They are actors, actresses, stage-walkers, scene-shifters, &c., who, not being a provident class of people, are for the most part now in great distress. There seems to be no valid reason for the maintenance of the interdiction of theatrical performances and concerts, especially as they might be placed under the strictest supervision of the public powers. On the contrary, the reopening of re-

spectable places of amusement seems to be desirable, as the performances would do something to relieve the constant depression from brooding over the vicissitudes of the war, and might be made a useful lesson of civism, morality, and patriotism. Petitions have been presented to the Military Governor of Paris, and to the Prefect of Police, begging them to authorise the reopening of at least a few selected places of amusement, of which the programmes would be subject to the approval of the public authorities. It is hoped that in the interest of the ten thousand persons attached to them, and now deprived in Paris of the means of existence, and also in the interest of the general public, the necessary permission to reopen at least some of the theatres and concert-halls will be given.

The military situation at the present moment makes the realisation of the Kaiser's ambition to enter Paris at the head of a victorious army most improbable. However, it is still within the bounds of possibility that another desperate effort may be made to attack the French capital. Supposing the most improbable eventuality of the Germans succeeding in effecting the complete investment of the city, which would require an army of at least a million men, they could not deprive it of communications

with the outer world as they did in 1870-1871. During the memorable siege of Paris in the *année terrible*, Gambetta, delegated by the Government of National Defence to organise the defence of the country in the provinces, had to leave Paris on 7th October in the car of an ordinary spherical balloon, which, with the carrier-pigeon, constituted the only means of communication. The balloon could of course never return, and though carrier-pigeons were transported in the car of each balloon which left the French capital, very few of them ever returned with the messages they were destined to bring. They were, for the most part, shot by the enemy. Now, with the existence of wireless telegraphy, Paris could never be deprived of the means of sending and receiving news, and the aeroplane would certainly be chosen as the means of locomotion by persons wishing to leave or enter the beleaguered city. The pilot of the aeroplane would undoubtedly run some risk of being attacked by the enemy's aerial craft, but by choosing the hours of darkness, and by rising high in the air before crossing the enemy's lines, the danger attending the expedition would be small. And he could return, bringing back as many persons, or as much freight—letters, &c.—as he took away.

T. F. FARMAN.

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

V. "CRIME."

"BRING in Private Dunshie, Sergeant-Major," says the Company Commander.

The Sergeant-Major throws open the door, and barks—

"Private Dunshie's escort!"

The order is repeated *fortissimo* by some one outside. There is a clatter of ammunition boots getting into step, and a solemn procession of four files into the room. The leader thereof is a stumpy but enormously important-looking private. He is the escort. Number two is the prisoner. Numbers three and four are the accuser—counsel for the Crown, as it were—and a witness. The procession reaches the table at which the Captain is sitting. Beside him is a young officer, one Bobbie Little, who is present for "instructional" purposes.

"Mark time!" commands the Sergeant-Major. "Halt! Right turn!"

This evolution brings the accused face to face with his judge. He has been deprived of his cap, and of everything else "which may be employed as, or contain, a missile." (They think of everything in the King's Regulations.)

"What is this man's crime, Sergeant-Major?" inquires the Captain.

"On this sheet, sir," replies the Sergeant-Major . . .

By a "crime" the ordinary civilian means something worth recording in a special edition of the evening papers—something with a meat-chopper in it. Others, more catholic in their views, will tell you that it is a crime to inflict corporal punishment on any human being; or to permit performing animals to appear upon the stage; or to subsist upon any food but nuts. Others, of still finer clay, will classify such things as Futurism, The Tango, Dickeys, and the Albert Memorial as crimes. The point to note is, that in the eyes of all these persons each of these things is a sin of the worst possible degree. That being so, they designate it "a crime." It is the strongest term they can employ.

But in the Army, "crime" is capable of infinite shades of intensity. It simply means "misdemeanour," and may range from being unshaven on parade, or making a frivolous complaint about the potatoes at dinner, to irrevocably perforating your rival in love with a bayonet. So let party politicians, when they discourse vaguely to their constituents about "the prevalence of crime in the Army under the present effete and undemocratic system," walk warily.

Every private in the Army

possesses what is called a conduct-sheet, and upon this his crimes are recorded. To be precise, he has two such sheets. One is called his Company sheet, and the other his Regimental sheet. His Company sheet contains a record of every misdeed for which he has been brought before his Company Commander. His Regimental sheet is a more select document, and contains only the more noteworthy of his achievements—crimes so interesting that they have to be communicated to the Commanding Officer.

However, this morning we are concerned only with Company conduct-sheets. It is 7.30 A.M., and the Company Commander is sitting in judgment, with a little pile of yellow Army forms before him. He picks up the first of these, and reads—

"Private Dunshie. While on active service, refusing to obey an order. Lance - Corporal Ness!"

The figure upon the prisoner's right suddenly becomes animated. Lance - Corporal Ness, taking a deep breath, and fixing his eyes resolutely on the whitewashed wall above the Captain's head, recites—

"Sirr, at four P.M. on the fufth unst. I was in charge of a party told off for tae scrub the floor of Room Nummer Seeventeen. I ordered the prisoner tae scrub. He refused. I warned him. He again refused."

Click! Lance-Corporal Ness has run down. He has just managed the sentence in a breath.

"Corporal Mackay!"

The figure upon Lance-Corporal Ness's right stiffens, and inflates itself.

"Sirr, on the fufth unst. I was Orderly Sergeant. At about four-thirrtty P.M., Lance-Corporal Ness reported this man tae me for refusing for tae obey an order. I confined him."

The Captain turns to the prisoner.

"What have you to say, Private Dunshie?"

Private Dunshie, it appears, has a good deal to say.

"I jined the Airmy for tae fight they Germans, and no for tae be learned tae scrub floors——"

"Sirr!" suggests the Sergeant-Major in his ear.

"Sirr," amends Private Dunshie reluctantly. "I was no in the habit of scrubbin' the floor mysel' where I stay in Dumbarton; and ma wife would be affronted——"

But the Captain looks up. He has heard enough.

"Look here, Dunshie," he says. "Glad to hear you want to fight the Germans. So do I. So do we all. All the same, we've got a lot of dull jobs to do first." (Captain Blaikie has the reputation of being the most monosyllabic man in the British Army.) "Coals, and floors, and fatigues like that: they are your job. I have mine too. Kept me up till two this morning. But the point is this. You have refused to obey an order. Very serious, that. Most serious crime a soldier can commit. If you start arguing now about small

things, where will you be when the big orders come along—eh? Must learn to obey. Soldier new, whatever you were a month ago. So obey all orders like a shot. Watch me next time I get one. No disgrace, you know! Ought to be a soldier's pride, and all that. See?"

"Yes—sirr," replies Private Dunshie, with less truculence.

The Captain glances down at the paper before him.

"First time you have come before me. Admonished!"

"Right turn! Quick march!" thunders the Sergeant-Major.

The procession clumps out of the room. The Captain turns to his disciple.

"That's my homely and paternal tap," he observes. "For first offenders only. That chap's all right. Soon find out it's no good fussing about your rights as a true-born British elector in the Army. Sergeant-Major!"

"Sirr?"

"Private McNulty!"

After the usual formalities, enter Private McNulty and escort. Private McNulty is a small scared-looking man with a dirty face.

"Private McNulty, sirr!" announces the Sergeant-Major to the Company Commander, with the air of a popular lecturer on entomology placing a fresh insect under the microscope.

Captain Blaikie addresses the shivering culprit—

"Private McNulty; charged with destroying Government property. Corporal Mather!"

Corporal Mather clears his

throat, and assuming the wooden expression and fish-like gaze common to all public speakers who have learned their oration by heart, begins—

"Sirr, on the night of the sixth inst. I was Orderly Sergeant. Going round the prisoner's room about the hour of nine-thirty I noticed that his three biscuits had been out and slashed, appariently with a knife or other instrument."

"What did you do?"

"Sirr, I inquired of the men in the room who was it had gone for to do this. Sirr, they said it was the prisoner."

Two witnesses are called. Both certify, casting grieved and virtuous glances at the prisoner, that this outrage upon the property of His Majesty was the work of Private McNulty.

To the unsophisticated Bobby Little this charge appears rather a frivolous one. If you may not cut or slash a biscuit, what *are* you to do with it? Swallow it whole?

"Private McNulty?" queries the Captain.

Private McNulty, in a voice which is shrill with righteous indignation, gives the somewhat unexpected answer—

"Sirr, I plead guilty!"

"Guilty—eh? You did it, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

This is what Private McNulty is waiting for.

"The men in that room, sirr," he announces indignantly, "appear tae look on me as a sort of body that can be treated

anyways. They go for tae aggravate me. I was sittin' on my bed, with my knife in my hand, cuttin' a piece bacca and interfering with naebody, when they all commenced tae fling biscuits at me. I was keepin' them off as weel as I could; but havin' a knife in my hand, I'll no deny but what I gave twa three of them a bit out."

"Is this true?" asks the Captain of the first witness, curtly.

"Yes, sir."

"You saw the men throwing biscuits at the prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"He was daen' it himsel'!" proclaims Private McNulty.

"This true?"

"Yes, sir."

The Captain addresses the other witness.

"You doing it too?"

"Yes, sir."

The Captain turns again to the prisoner.

"Why didn't you lodge a complaint?" (The schoolboy code does not obtain in the Army.)

"I did, sir. I tellt"—indicating Corporal Mather with an elbow—"this genelman here."

Corporal Mather cannot help it. He swells perceptibly. But swift puncture awaits him.

"Corporal Mather, why didn't you mention this?"

"I didna think it affected the crime, sir."

"Not your business to think. Only to make a straightforward charge. Be very careful in future. You other two"—the witnesses come guiltily to at-

tention—"I shall talk to your platoon sergeant about you. Not going to have Government property knocked about!"

Bobby Little's eyebrows, willy-nilly, have been steadily rising during the last five minutes. He knows the meaning of red tape now!

Then comes sentence.

"Private McNulty, you have pleaded guilty to a charge of destroying Government property, so you go before the Commanding Officer. Don't suppose you'll be punished, beyond paying for the damage."

"Right turn! Quick march!" chants the Sergeant-Major.

The downtrodden McNulty disappears, with his traducers. But Bobby Little's eyebrows have not been altogether thrown away upon his Company Commander.

"Got the biscuits here, Sergeant-Major?"

"Yes, sirr."

"Show them."

The Sergeant-Major dives into a pile of brown blankets, and presently extracts three small brown mattresses, each two feet square. These appear to have been stabbed in several places with a knife.

Captain Blaikie's eyes twinkle, and he chuckles to his now scarlet-faced junior—

"More biscuits in heaven and earth than ever came out of Huntley and Palmer's, my son! Private Robb!"

Presently Private Robb stands at the table. He is a fresh-faced, well-set-up youth, with a slightly receding chin and a most dejected manner.

"*Private Robb*," reads the

Captain. "*While on active service, drunk and singing in Wellington Street about nine p.m. on Saturday, the sixth.*" Sergeant Garrett!"

The proceedings follow their usual course, except that in this case some of the evidence is "documentary"—put in in the form of a report from the sergeant of the Military Police who escorted the melodious Robb home to bed.

The Captain addresses the prisoner.

"Private Robb, this is the second time. Sorry—very sorry. In all other ways you are doing well. Very keen and promising soldier. Why is it—eh?"

The contrite Robb hangs his head. His judge continues—

"I'll tell you. You haven't found out yet how much you can hold. That it?"

The prisoner nods assent.

"Well—find out! See? It's one of the first things a young man ought to learn. Very valuable piece of information. I know myself, so I'm safe. Want you to do the same. Every man has a different limit. What did you have on Saturday?"

Private Robb reflects.

"Five pints, sirr," he announces.

"Well, next time try three, and then you won't go serenading policemen. As it is, you will have to go before the Commanding Officer and get punished. Want to go to the front, don't you?"

"Yes, sir." Private Robb's dismal features flush.

"Well, mind this. We all want to go, but we can't go till every man in the battalion is efficient. You want to be the man who kept the rest from going to the front—eh?"

"No, sirr, I do not."

"All right, then. Next Saturday night say to yourself: 'Another pint, and I keep the Battalion back!' If you do that, you'll come back to barracks sober, like a decent chap. That'll do. Don't salute with your cap off. Next man, Sergeant-Major!"

"Good boy, that," remarks the Captain to Bobbie Little, as the contrite Robb is removed. "Keen as mustard. But his high-water mark for beer is somewhere in his boots. All right, now I've scared him."

"Last prisoner, sirr," announces the Sergeant-Major.

"Glad to hear it. H'm! Private M'Queen again!"

Private M'Queen is an unpleasant-looking creature, with a drooping red moustache and a cheese-coloured complexion. His misdeeds are recited. Having been punished for misconduct early in the week, he has piled Pelion on Ossa by appearing fighting drunk at defaulters' parade. From all accounts he has livened up that usually decorous assemblage considerably.

After the corroborative evidence, the Captain asks his usual question of the prisoner—

"Anything to say?"

"No," growls Private M'Queen.

The Captain takes up the

prisoner's conduct-sheet, reads it through, and folds it up deliberately.

"I am going to ask the Commanding Officer to discharge you," he says; and there is nothing homely or paternal in his speech now. "Can't make out why men like you join the Army—especially *this* Army. Been a nuisance ever since you came here. Drunk—beastly drunk—four times in three weeks. Always dirty and insubordinate. Always trying to stir up trouble among the young soldiers. Been in the army before, haven't you?"

"No."

"That's not true. Can always tell an old soldier on parade. Fact is, you have either deserted or been discharged as incorrigible. Going to be discharged as incorrigible

again. Keeping the regiment back, that's why: that's a real crime. Go home, and explain that you were turned out of the King's Army because you weren't worthy of the honour of staying in. When decent men see that people like you have no place in this regiment, perhaps they will see that this regiment is just the place for them. Take him away."

Private M'Queen shambles out of the room for the last time in his life. Captain Blaikie, a little exhausted by his own unusual loquacity, turns to Bobbie Little with a contented sigh.

"That's the last of the shysters," he says. "Been weeding them out for six weeks. Now I have got rid of that nobleman I can look the rest of the Company in the face. Come to breakfast!"

VI.—THE LAWS OF THE MEDES AND PERSIANS.

One's first days as a newly-joined subaltern are very like one's first days at school. The feeling is just the same. There is the same natural shyness, the same reverence for people who afterwards turn out to be of no consequence whatsoever, and the same fear of transgressing the Laws of the Medes and Persians—regimental traditions and conventions—which alter not.

Dress, for instance. "Does one wear a sword on parade?" asks the tyro of himself his first morning. "I'll put it on, and chance it." He invests himself in a monstrous clay-

more and steps on to the barrack-square. Not an officer in sight is carrying anything more lethal than a light cane. There is just time to scuttle back to quarters and disarm.

Again, where should one sit at meal-times? We had supposed that the C.O. would be enthroned at the head of the table, with a major sitting on his right and left, like Cherubim and Seraphim; while the rest disposed themselves in a descending scale of greatness until it came down to persons like ourselves at the very foot. But the C.O. has a disconcerting habit of sitting absolutely

anywhere. He appears to be just as happy between two Second Lieutenants as between Cherubim and Seraphim. Again, we note that at breakfast each officer upon entering sits down and shouts loudly, to a being concealed behind a screen, for food, which is speedily forthcoming. Are we entitled to clamour in this peremptory fashion too? Or should we creep round behind the screen and take what we can get? Or should we sit still, and wait till we are served? We try the last expedient first, and get nothing. Then we try the second, and are speedily convinced, by the demeanour of the gentleman behind the screen, that we have committed the worst error of which we have yet been guilty.

There are other problems—saluting, for instance. On the parade-ground this is a simple matter enough; for there the golden rule appears to be—When in doubt, salute! The Colonel calls up his four Company Commanders. They salute. He instructs them to carry on this morning with coal fatigues and floor-scrubbing. The Company Commanders salute, and retire to their Companies, and call up their subalterns, who salute. They instruct these to carry on this morning with coal fatigues and floor-scrubbing. The sixteen subalterns salute, and retire to their platoons. Here they call up their Platoon Sergeants, who salute. They instruct these to carry on this morning with coal fatigues and floor-scrubbing. The Platoon Ser-

geants salute, and issue commands to the rank and file. The rank and file, having no instructions to salute sergeants, are compelled, as a last resort, to carry on with the coal fatigues and floor-scrubbing themselves. You see, on parade saluting is simplicity itself.

But we are not always on parade; and then more subtle problems arise. Some of these were discussed one day by four junior officers, who sat upon a damp and slippery bank by a muddy roadside during a "fall-out" in a route march. The four ("reading from left to right," as they say in high journalistic society) were Second Lieutenant Little, Second Lieutenant Waddell, Second Lieutenant Cookerell, and Lieutenant Struthers, surnamed "Highbrow." Bobby we know. Waddell was a slow-moving but pertinacious student of the science of war from the kingdom of Fife. Cookerell came straight from a crack public-school corps, where he had been a cadet officer; so nothing in the heaven above or the earth beneath was hid from him. Struthers owed his superior rank to the fact that in the far back ages, before the days of the O.T.C., he had held a commission in a University Corps. He was a scholar of his College, and was an expert in the art of accumulating masses of knowledge in quick time for examination purposes. He knew all the little red manuals by heart, was an infallible authority on buttons and badges, and would

dip into *The King's Regulations* or the *Field Service Pocket-book* as another man might dip into *The Sporting Times*. Strange to say, he was not very good at drilling a platoon. We all know him.

"What do you do when you are leading a party along a road and meet a Staff Officer?" asked Bobby Little.

"Make a point," replied Cockerell patronisingly, "of saluting all persons wearing red bands round their hats. They may not be entitled to it, but it tickles their ribs and gets you the reputation of being an intelligent young officer."

"But I say," announced Waddell plaintively, "I saluted a man with a red hat the other day, and he turned out to be a Military Policeman!"

"As a matter of fact," announced the pundit Struthers, after the laughter had subsided, "you need not salute anybody. No compliments are paid on active service, and we are on active service now."

"Yes, but suppose some one salutes *you*?" objected the conscientious Bobby Little. "You must salute back again, and sometimes you don't know how to do it. The other day I was bringing the company back from the ranges and we met a company from another battalion—the Mid Mudshires, I think. Before I knew where I was the fellow in charge called them to attention and then gave 'Eyes right!'"

"What did you do?" asked Struthers anxiously.

"I hadn't time to do any-

thing except grin, and say, 'Good morning!'" confessed Bobby Little.

"You were perfectly right," announced Struthers, and Cockerell murmured assent.

"Are you sure?" persisted Bobby Little. "As I passed the tail of their company one of their subs turned to another and said quite loud, 'My God, what swine!'"

"Showed his rotten ignorance," commented Cockerell.

At this moment Mr Waddell, whose thoughts were never disturbed by conversation around him, broke in with a question.

"What does a Tommy do," he inquired, "if he meets an officer wheeling a wheelbarrow?"

"Who is wheeling the barrow," inquired the meticulous Struthers—"the officer or the Tommy?"

"The Tommy, of course!" replied Waddell in quite a shocked voice. "What is he to do? If he tries to salute he will upset the barrow, you know."

"He turns his head sharply towards the officer for six paces," explained the ever-ready Struthers. "When a soldier is not in a position to salute in the ordinary way——"

"I say," inquired Bobby Little rather shyly, "do you ever look the other way when you meet a Tommy?"

"How do you mean?" asked everybody.

"Well, the other day I met one walking out with his girl along the road, and I felt so blooming *de trop* that——"

Here the "fall-in" sounded, and this delicate problem was left unsolved. But Mr Waddell, who liked to get to the bottom of things, continued to ponder these matters as he marched. He mistrusted the omniscience of Struthers and the superficial infallibility of the self-satisfied Cookerell. Accordingly, after consultation with that eager searcher after knowledge, Second Lieutenant Little, he took the laudable but fatal step of carrying his difficulties to one Captain Wagstaffe, the humorist of the Battalion.

Wagstaffe listened with an appearance of absorbed interest. Finally he said—

"These are very important questions, Mr Waddell, and you acted quite rightly in laying them before me. I will consult the Deputy Assistant Instructor in Military Etiquette, and will obtain a written answer to your inquiries."

"Oh, thanks awfully, sir!" exclaimed Waddell.

The result of Captain Wagstaffe's application to the mysterious official just designated was forthcoming next day in the form of a neatly typed document. It was posted in the Ante-room (the C.O. being out at dinner), and ran as follows:—

SALUTES.

YOUNG OFFICERS, HINTS FOR THE GUIDANCE OF.

The following is the correct procedure for a young officer in charge of an armed party upon meeting—

(a) A Staff Officer riding a bicycle.

Correct Procedure.—If marching at attention, order your men to march at ease and to light cigarettes and eat bananas. Then, having fixed bayonets, give the order: *Across the road—straggle!*

(b) A funeral.

Correct Procedure.—Strike up *Tipperary*, and look the other way.

(c) A General Officer, who strolls across your Barrack Square precisely at the moment when you and your Platoon have got into mutual difficulties.

Correct Procedure.—Lie down flat upon your face (directing your platoon to do the same), cover your head with gravel, and pretend you are not there.

SPECIAL CASES.

(a) A soldier, wheeling a wheelbarrow and balancing a swill-tub on his head, meets an officer walking out in Review dress.

Correct Procedure.—The soldier will immediately cant the swill-tub to an angle of forty-five degrees, at a distance of one and a half inches above his right eyebrow. (In the case of Rifle Regiments the soldier will balance the swill-tub on his nose.) He will then invite the officer, by a smart movement of the left ear, to seat himself in the wheelbarrow.

Correct Acknowledgment.—The officer will comply, placing his feet upon the right and left hubs of the wheel respectively, with the ball of the toe in each case at a distance of one inch (when serving abroad, $2\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres) from the centre of gravity of the wheelbarrow. (In the case of Rifle Regiments the officer will tie his feet in a knot at the back of his neck.) The soldier will then advance six paces, after which the officer will dismount and go home and have a bath.

(b) A soldier, with his arm round a lady's waist in the gloaming, encounters an officer.

Correct Procedure.—The soldier will salute with his disengaged arm. The lady will administer a sharp tap with the end of her umbrella to the officer's tunic, at point one inch above the lowest button.

Correct Acknowledgment.—The officer will take the end of the umbrella firmly in his right hand, and will require the soldier to introduce him to the lady. He will then direct the soldier to double back to barracks.

(c) A party of soldiers, seated upon the top of a transport waggon, see an officer passing at the side of the road.

Correct Procedure.—The senior N.C.O. (or if no N.C.O. be present, the oldest soldier) will call the men to attention, and the party, taking their time from the right, will spit upon the officer's head in a soldier-like manner.

Correct Acknowledgment.—The officer will break into a smart trot.

(d) A soldier, driving an officer's motor-car without the knowledge of the officer, encounters the officer in a narrow country lane.

Correct Procedure.—The soldier will open the throttle to its full extent and run the officer over.

Correct Acknowledgment.—No acknowledgment is required.

NOTE.—None of the above compliments will be paid upon active service.

Unfortunately the Colonel came home from dining out sooner than was expected, and found this outrageous document still upon the notice-board. But he was a good Colonel. He merely remarked approvingly—

"H'm. Quite so! *Non semper arcum tendit Apollo*. It's just as well to keep smiling these days."

Nevertheless, Mr Waddell made a point in future, when in need of information, of seeking the same from a less inspired source than Captain Wagstaffe.

There was another Law of the Medes and Persians with which our four friends soon

became familiar—that which governs the relations of the various ranks to one another. Great Britain is essentially the home of the chaperon. We pride ourselves, as a nation, upon the extreme care with which we protect our young gentlewomen from contaminating influences. But the fastidious attention which we bestow upon our national maidenhood is as nothing in comparison with the protective commotion with which we surround that shrinking sensitive plant, Mr Thomas Atkins.

Take etiquette and deportment. If a soldier wishes to speak to an officer, an introduction must be effected by a sergeant. Let us suppose that Private M'Splae, in the course of a route march, develops a blister upon his great toe. He begins by intimating the fact to the nearest lance-corporal. The lance-corporal takes the news to the platoon sergeant, who informs the platoon commander, who may or may not decide to take the opinion of his company commander in the matter. Anyhow, when the hobbling warrior finally obtains permission to fall out and alleviate his distress, a corporal goes with him, for fear he should lose himself, or his boot—it is wonderful what Thomas can lose when he sets his mind to it—or, worst crime of all, his rifle.

Bobby Little had an alarming object-lesson in the immutability of this law quite early in his career. He had just returned with his flock from an early morning "pipe-opener,"

—a brisk “double” of half a mile. The platoon, blowing like grampuses, were standing “easy,” when there was a slight commotion in the rear rank. Next moment an immensely solemn sergeant marched briskly round the flank and came to a halt before Second Lieutenant Little. He was followed by one Private M’Gurk.

The sergeant saluted.

“If you please, sirr,” he announced in a voice of thunder, “this man wishes tae vomit!”

The requisite permission was hastily given, but it was touch and go. Another moment, and one of the Laws of the Medes and Persians would have been broken.

Again, if two privates are detailed to empty the regimental ashbin, a junior N.C.O. ranges them in line, calls them to attention, and marches them off to the scene of their labours, decently and in order. If a soldier obtains leave to go home on furlough for the week-end, he is collected into a party, and, after being inspected to see that his buttons are clean, his hair properly cut, and his nose correctly blown, is marched off to the station, where a ticket is provided for him, and he and his fellow-wayfarers are safely tucked into a third-smoker labelled “Military Party.” (No wonder he sometimes gets lost on arriving at Waterloo!) In short, if there is a job to be done, the senior soldier present chaperones somebody else while he does it.

This system has been at-

tacked on the ground that it breeds loss of self-reliance and initiative. As a matter of fact, the result is almost exactly the opposite. Under its operation a soldier rapidly acquires the art of placing himself under the command of his nearest superior in rank; but at the same time he learns with equal rapidity to take command himself if no superior be present—no bad thing in times of battle and sudden death, when shrapnel is whistling, and promotion is taking place with grim and unceasing automaticity.

This principle is extended, too, to the enforcement of law and order. If Private M’Sumph is insubordinate or riotous, there is never any question of informal correction or summary justice. News of the incident wends its way upward, by a series of properly regulated channels, to the officer in command. Presently, by the same route, an order comes back, and in a twinkling the offender finds himself taken under arrest and marched off to the guard-room by two of his own immediate associates. (One of them may be his own rear-rank man.) But no officer or non-commissioned officer ever lays a finger on him. The penalty for striking a superior officer is so severe that the law decrees, very wisely, that a soldier must on no account ever be arrested by any save men of his own rank. If Private M’Sumph, while being removed in custody, strikes Private Tosh upon the nose and kicks Private Cosh upon the

shin, to the effusion of blood, no great harm is done—except to the lacerated Cosh and Tosh; but if he had smitten an intruding officer in the eye, his punishment would have been dire and grim. So, though we may call military law cumbrous and grandmotherly, there is sound sense and real mercy at the root of it.

But there is one Law of the Medes and Persians which is sensibly relaxed these days. We, the newly joined, have always been given to understand that whatever else you do, you must never, never betray any interest in your profession—in short, talk shop—at Mess. But in our Mess no one ever talks anything else. At luncheon, we relate droll anecdotes concerning our infant platoons; at tea, we explain, to any one who will listen, exactly how we placed our sentry line in last night's operations; at dinner, we brag about our Company musketry returns, and quote untruthful extracts from our butt registers. At breakfast, every one has a newspaper, which he props before him and reads, generally aloud. We exchange observations upon the war news. We criticise von Kluck, and speak kindly of Joffre. We note, daily, that there is nothing to report on the Allies' right, and wonder regularly how the Russians are really getting on in the Eastern theatre.

Then, after observing that the only sportsman in the combined forces of the German Empire is—or was—the captain

of the *Emden*, we come to the casualty lists—and there is silence.

Englishmen are fond of saying, with the satisfied air of men letting off a really excellent joke, that every one in Scotland knows every one else. As we study the morning's Roll of Honour, we realise that never was a more truthful jest uttered. There is not a name in the list of those who have died for Scotland which is not familiar to us. If we did not know the man—too often the boy—himself, we knew his people, or at least where his home was. In England, if you live in Kent, and you read that the Northumberland Fusiliers have been cut up or the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry badly knocked about, you merely sigh that so many more good men should have fallen. Their names are glorious names, but they are only names. But never a Scottish regiment comes under fire but the whole of Scotland feels it. Scotland is small enough to know all her sons by heart. You may live in Berwickshire, and the man who has died may have come from Skye; but his name is quite familiar to you. Big England's sorrow is national; little Scotland's is personal.

Then we pass on to our letters. Many of us—particularly the senior officers—have news direct from the trenches—scribbled scraps torn out of field-message books. We get constant tidings of the Old Regiment. They marched thirty-five miles on such a day; they captured a position after being under continuous shell-fire for

eight hours on another; they were personally thanked by the Field-Marshal on another. Oh, we shall have to work hard to get up to that standard!

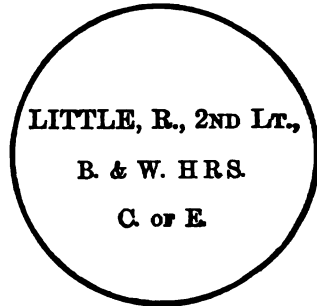
"They want more officers," announces the Colonel. "Naturally, after the time they've been having! But they must go to the Third Battalion for them: that's the proper place. I will not have them coming here: I've told them so at Headquarters. The Service Battalions simply *must* be led by the officers who have trained them if they are to have a Chinaman's chance when we go out. I shall threaten to resign if they try any more of their tricks. That'll frighten 'em! Even dug-outs like me are rare and valuable objects at present."

The Company Commanders murmur assent—on the whole sympathetically. Anxious though they are to get upon business terms with the Kaiser, they are loath to abandon the unkempt but sturdy companies over which they have toiled so hard, and which now, though destitute of blossom, are rich in promise of fruit. But the senior sub-alterns look up hopefully. Their lot is hard. Some of them have been in the Service for ten years, yet they have been left behind. They command no companies. "Here," their faces say, "we are merely marking time while others learn. Send us!"

However, though they have

taken no officers yet, signs are not wanting that they will take some soon. To-day each of us was presented with a small metal disc.

Bobby Little examined his curiously. Upon the face thereof was stamped, in ragged, irregular capitals—



"What is this for?" he asked.

Captain Wagstaffe answered. "You wear it round your neck," he said.

Our four friends, once bitten, regarded the humorist suspiciously.

"Are you rotting us?" asked Waddell cautiously.

"No, my son," replied Wagstaffe, "I am not."

"What is it for, then?"

"It's called an Identification Disc. Every soldier on active service wears one."

"Why should the idiots put one's religion on the thing?" inquired Master Cockerell, scornfully regarding the letters "C. of E." upon his disc.

Wagstaffe regarded him curiously.

"Think it over," he suggested.

(To be continued.)

WITH KNAPSACKS IN ANATOLIA.

BY W. J. C.

ONE cannot spend a few months in Northern Anatolia without hearing stories of the great gorge in the mountains of Pontus by which the Kizil Irmak reaches the Black Sea.

For the man of roving disposition it soon becomes invested with a glamorous atmosphere of mystery and adventure. He hears of it as a wild ravine, fifty miles in length, down which the greatest river in Asia Minor hurries in six or seven hours. Castles and rock-hewn tombs, the work of forgotten races, are said to exist along its precipices. There are stories too, which illustrate the easy lawlessness of the present riverside dwellers. And perhaps he may hear a shadowy tradition, historically true in substance, referring to a company of fugitive Crusaders who stumbled northward to this region and their end at Kastamouni.

Somewhat thus we had heard of the gorge ourselves, an American and an Englishman going from the interior of Asia Minor to Samsoun on the Black Sea. It was the first week in January. The weather was cold and bright, and the deep snow of the Anatolian winter had not yet arrived. We resolved to strike across country to the gorge, pass down it on boat or raft to Baffra, and reach Samsoun by following the coast. The

journey would not exceed a hundred and forty miles in all, and was to be done on foot where not by river. With three days' rations in case of need, spirit-stove and utensils, extra clothing, cameras, and our heavy Brownings and ammunition, each man's load came to something over twenty pounds.

In this promising fashion we left the hospitable American Mission at Marsovan a little after six on a morning of fog and hard frost. For the first day's stage, over the range of Tavshan Dag, we had obtained two guides. They were Anatolian Greeks, named Homer and Aratus, going to a mountain village with loads somewhat like our own. Being strong young fellows, and anxious to show their mettle, they set off at a hard pace, and gradually increasing it left us to respond or call ignominiously for an easier rate of travelling.

Now Lake and I had agreed that on this journey we would begin each day in leisurely fashion. If hard walking had to be done it was to come only after ten o'clock. In support of this resolution we had told each other of trappings in the Rookies, in New Zealand, the Caucasus, and Europe, all marred by rivalry either within the party or with strangers met on the road. Here, where

With Knapsacks in Anatolia.

[Dec.

we should meet no one, we intended to have, at last, the perfect walking trip. But now when it came to the point of telling these emulous Greeks to abate their pace we were in difficulties. Neither of us was willing to do prejudice to his own nationality. Each waited for the other to issue the order, and waited in vain. Something had to be done, and done quickly, for the guides were drawing away, and already we found ourselves breaking into a hot pursuit. But still no word was spoken; instead, the agreement to ensure pleasant travelling was tacitly thrown over, and we followed the guides at their own gait. They made a long tussle of it. When they dropped behind, two hours later, all of us were wet from the skin to our frozen jackets; but for the remainder of the day there was no more racing.

By ten o'clock we stood on the main ridge of Tavshan Dagb, nearly 6000 feet above the sea, and looked on a white world spread under a cloudless sky. The plain of Marsovan, thirty miles long and a dozen wide, lay now at our feet, a lake of vapour with snow-covered mountains for coastline. At its eastern end was the only splash of colour in the whole landscape. There the tremendous precipices of Amasia, their backs to the low sun, rose from the level fog as a long purple rampart holding up the billowing snow that stretched beyond to the country of the Dersim Kurds. We had climbed into a zero

temperature, and the piercing wind seemed to freeze every garment upon us. It was too cold to linger over the view; too cold to eat, though all confessed to being strangely hungry for this early hour. The track now followed the blunt undulating ridge for several miles, and here, with powdery snow stirring under foot like dust, we had to run now and then to keep warm. At noon we came to a Circasian village that straggled along a shallow valley with ragged pine-woods upon the slopes. It was a place of evil repute, the home of smugglers and horse-thieves, and at Marsovan we had been warned against the provocation. However, the shooting dogs here, whatever brutes gave less trouble than had been expected. They followed us, and barked noisily, but our numbers compelled respect, and they attacked in earnest only once. We were on the ice of a flooded roadway when, seeing their opportunity, they dashed viciously from behind a house. Every traveller in the interior of Asia Minor has trouble with dogs. He may be a dog-lover or a dog-hater; it is all the same, for the beasts are quite indiscriminating in their fierce hostility. He may stone them or beat them off, but must not shoot them unless prepared to be shot at himself. So now we used sticks, and I, with a special hatred in my heart, had a spiked stick. It represented cold steel, and I used it as a bayonet. I felt that I was beating off a dozen dogs single-handed, and was not a little

pleased with myself. And then my feet suddenly shot from under me, and I tumbled forward with a portentous crash. My knapsack burst open, and a gust of flying metallic things—kettle, stove, plates, and other gear—took the dogs in the face and went bounding and clattering along the ice. It did more than all my fighting efforts, for the pack turned in flight. The riddance was cheaply bought, but the process of it moved my companions to laughter that I thought immoderate. As for Lake, he became almost helpless in his mirth; and for a week afterwards he could find nothing quite so diverting as this recollection.

Late afternoon found us still on Tavshan Dagħ, but drawing now towards the western end of the range. Not a soul or habitation was in sight when the stillness of the mountains was broken by a far-away tapping of firearms. Presently the throbbing of drums could be recognised as well. The sounds appeared to rise from a deep valley on our left that the track was skirting. Within a few miles a lonely house in the valley bottom came in sight, surrounded by a crowd of men still beating drums and firing. The path now turned directly for the house by a slope so steep, and so glazed with ice, that we found no other way of getting down than sliding from one projecting rock to another. These undignified movements by two Giaours greatly interested the people below, some of whom gathered at the foot of the track and showed their

appreciation by laughter and shooting. Speaking for myself, I did not find the situation at all a pleasant one. Looking down as I slid, and noting the spirits of flame, I thought that the weapons should be pointed more definitely away from us. For safety, perhaps, the lead flew wide enough, but for my comfort I wished it in another direction altogether. Nor did the fact that it came from an hilarious wedding-party do anything to reassure me.

From the next high ridge we were able to look for the first time into the valley of the Kizil Irmak. Like the plain of Marsovan in the morning it was filled with dense, level fog. But the vaporous surface here was of vastly greater extent; by the map it stretched some eighty miles from north-east to south, and could not have been less than fifteen or twenty in width. In the light of the declining sun the illusion of water was perfect. It was a great gulf studded with an archipelago of enchanted islands, and enclosed by blue and purple hills and cliffs that formed bays, and fiords, and long peninsulas. Behind all, in the west, was a background of lofty mountains. Deep, frozen snow lay around us where we stood on a northern spur; but looking north and west little snow could be seen. Among the closely packed mountain-ranges of Asia Minor this peculiarity characterises the scenery during spring and late autumn. Look south from the top of some high pass and you see little but snow; turn

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on your heel and you have a country of browns and greens, and blue distances.

Homer's father's house was near at hand, and he was anxious that we should look in there when passing. He had been away for months at the American College at Marsovan, and now that he was again among familiar fields and paths he began to run over the snow, and expected us to follow. A great dog which sprang at him and nearly knocked him over, despite his thirteen stone, checked his progress. But it was only Megalos, "The big One," further evidence that home was near. And had it not been necessary to hold the beast, that he and I might not do one another injury, no doubt Homer would have run clean out of his guests' sight.

The cottage of our guide's father was that of a well-to-do Greek peasant. It was built of wood, raised above the ground on piles, and was clean inside. A very sick girl, one of Homer's sisters, lay on a divan in the best room. She had a high temperature, and was more or less light-headed, probably from enteric; but her condition and presence did not affect our reception by the mother and aunts. Another sister, a little maid of ten or eleven, brought us coffee and sweetmeats. She was a perfect specimen of a Greek child, dark-skinned, dark-eyed, and perfectly formed and proportioned. She wore only a thin cotton wrapping, wound tightly and cunningly round her shapely little body, with the ends hanging loose about

her ankles. She stood motionless for several minutes, bare-footed and upright, holding her tray aloft in both hands like an offering, and made a figure that would have delighted Alma Tadema.

Aratus disappeared for a few minutes after we reached the house, and when he returned I had to look at him twice to believe my eyes. Instead of native breeches and jacket, and goat-skin *charrooks* upon his feet, he was dressed now in Western garb. He had on a light, summery check suit; his trousers were actually creased, his boots were Parisian, his hat a very tolerable "Trilby"; a white shirt and collar, and flowing tie completed the transformation. With his handsome features and close-cut pointed beard he gave the impression of being a soulful painter who found a joy in life beyond his art. Yet he was not to be judged by externals, as I learnt the next day. The truth was that he had come into these mountains to take part in a theological controversy, a sort of heresy hunt in a village to which we were going, and desired to back his arguments with his best appearance. His history, too, as I heard it, was interesting and unusual. He had been a priest of the Greek Orthodox Church, and done duty at Jerusalem and Constantinople. But at the age of twenty-seven he threw off his canonicals, cut his long hair and beard, and entered the American College at Marsovan—where he was still a student. He remained Orthodox in faith, but was critical; and with the

Greek love for disputation took part in the religious differences of any Greek community within his reach.

Darkness had come when we stumbled down a hillside path into the forest village of Derekeuey. It was our destination for the night, and its twinkling windows, and smell of wood-fires on the frosty air, were gladdening to tired men. The guest-house welcomed us, and before a red-hot stove we were soon changing into dry under-clothing. Then the best fare the village could offer was set before us—soup, rice *pilaf*, fried eggs in sheep-tail fat, great wooden bowls of buffalo *yoghourt*, and fresh wheat bread. Tea of our own providing we drank by the quart. When we had done eating, and were sitting round the stove in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, the world did not hold three more contented men.

Villagers now began to drop in, and in a little time they filled the room. They soon told us how opportunely we had come. The morrow was the Greek Christmas, and Derekeuey people being Greek (descendants of fugitives from Amisos, itself a colony from old Miletus—so the legend ran), the festival was to be celebrated by giving an original play. It was an adaptation of the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and had been in rehearsal four months.

The church served as theatre, where at five the next evening the whole population of the valley assembled. Ourselves and a few others were provided with chairs; but the

remainder of the audience, who numbered, perhaps, three hundred, sat cross-legged on the floor. There was breathless interest even before the play began—and with sufficient cause. For flanking the stage were a material Paradise and a material Hell, whose occupants dressed their parts and were suitably vocal. In other details, also, as little as possible was left to the imagination. We looked upon the setting for a genuine mystery play, conceived with all the artless realism of a people still medieval.

The parable had been brought into harmony with life as lived in Derekeuey of the present day. The opening scene showed Dives and his brother and a party of roystering friends attacked by robbers on Tavshan Dagh. In this scrimmage the brother fell, shot with a Smith & Wesson revolver.

A banquet given by Dives was a real affair that lasted nearly an hour, and was watched with unflagging interest and a running fire of comment. We heard that the guests were charged three piastres each, say sixpence a head, for the part, as one conferring substantial enjoyment beyond their due as actors.

Beside Lazarus's death-bed angels and devils struggled physically for possession of the body. Being men opposed by girls, the devils were getting the upper hand, until the village headman—who, by the way, was Homer's father—ran from his raised seat, and came in heavily on the side of the angels.

Dives in his last illness was attended by a doctor who acted his part with tremendous zest. Summoned by a breathless runner, he came to the church at a gallop, revolvers and daggers in belt, and a double bandolier swinging over his shoulders. He carried a string of blue beads as protection against the "Evil Eye," and flourished a bottle of red fluid as token of his calling. Limitations of space prevented the introduction of his horse; but he was jealous of his dignity as a mounted man, and so went snorting and prancing to the stage with a stick between his legs.

For the villagers the play contained nothing whatever of burlesque. They saw in it the reasonable presentation of a sacred story, to be watched in awe and reverence. They sat as if transfixed; and from first to last, a matter of five hours, I noticed scarcely a smile. How much it wrought upon their nerves was evident when the band of devils, breaking suddenly out of their pen, dashed among the audience shouting, "Come with us." Bears dropping from the roof would not have caused more alarm.

The following morning the actors assembled in a field in order that we might photograph them. Here was a welcome and unlooked-for sequel to the play, and the people turned out again to enjoy it. All were anxious to be included in the pictures. They surrounded the players and masked the camera, and only with difficulty were got out of

the way. In pushing them aside I found a man seated in a chair hidden among the encroaching onlookers. He was ten yards in front of the posing actors, gazing intently at some written sheets that he held, and made, as I thought, a strangely preoccupied figure in these surroundings. When I pushed him back with the others he dropped his chair in the new position and hurriedly arranged himself as before. In the bustle of the moment I took him for a village funny man. It was only in the afternoon that I remembered to ask who he was and what he had been doing. And then a great and deplorable blunder on my part came to light, for he was the author of the play, and finding anything else unthinkable had supposed he was being photographed.

We left the village before dawn the next morning, thereafter to find our way without guides. The fog had vanished, and the air was singularly clear. But there was still a bitter frost, and even the tumbling streams that came down from Tavshan Dagħ were frozen to stillness. Each over-shot mill-wheel, too, was enveloped in a shroud of ice that hung with curious folds from the ox-skull placed in superstition above the chute.

By daybreak we emerged in the deep valley of the Kizil Irmak, and saw it take form and detail in the growing light. In the west a lofty range that fell precipitously to the river was a vague mountain mass, topped with a line of ghostly snow, till the sun appeared.

Then the snow flushed pink and the light creeping downward revealed tremendous gorges, and grey cliffs, and breadths of pine-forest, and spurs clothed with beech and oak scrub that retained the scarlet foliage of autumn.

Sometimes the frozen track, that rang underfoot like ice, passed through woods of gnarled hawthorns bearded with long silvery moss. Under the trees Christmas roses (*heleborus*) blossomed in profusion; here and there were clumps of cyclamen. For the tramping man it was a morning of sheer delight. I could not recall another in my experience that combined so many charms. Clear bracing weather, fine scenery, good going, and a spice of risk on the unbeaten ways of a wild and lawless country could be found elsewhere. But here were all these joys, and more, in an ancient Eastern land steeped in history and romance. One dark and mighty gorge six or eight miles away—a mountain split from summit to base—through which we had a glimpse of sunlit country beyond, like a park at the end of a city street, was known to Xenophon as the Gate of Paphlagonia. And the Kizil Irmak itself was no other than the Halys of the old Greeks and Romans.

As I went along, elated by my surroundings, I promised myself that some day I would roam across Asia Minor on foot. That I would go alone, with my gear on a pack-horse led by a trusty Turkish peasant, and follow road or track like a wandering dervish. The

scheme had been in my mind before; but on this buoyant morning I planned better than I knew. For within the year the journey came about, and, with various turnings aside, I had travelled in this manner from the Black Sea to the coast of Syria.

After clearing the hawthorn woods and scrub we passed into a fertile and well-cultivated district. The track became a broad, well-worn path, with solitary elm-trees growing beside it, each carrying a rick of maize-cobs built into the branches. We had reached the so-called plain of Vizier Keupru, where stand the town of that name and its three hundred surrounding villages.

It was market-day, and the path gradually filled with peasants driving horses and donkeys loaded with bags of wheat and walnuts, panniers of maize, great pumpkins, and sometimes a slung sheep or goat. Women were in the fields; but Turkish notions of seclusion usually deny the sex the pleasures of market-going. So here the long procession on the road consisted almost entirely of men and youths. These were a fine body of Anatolian peasantry. Although among several hundred none stood six feet, hardly any could be called short, and the average stature was decidedly high. They showed a great diversity of blood, and made a most interesting ethnological study. Some were pure Mongols, with narrow, slanting eyes, high cheek-bones, and a few straight hairs on lip and chin. Others were dark, with hawk-like

features and bushy beards. Others, again, were of that English type which surprises the traveller who finds himself in a town of Northern Anatolia on market-day. With their fresh complexions, foxy-brown hair, and grey, blue, or hazel eyes, this sort, in other dress, might easily have passed for natives of the eastern English counties.

Before noon we entered the filthy little town of Vizier Keupru—a place locally notable for its virulent typhoid. There was an Armenian merchant here from whom we hoped to get information about a raft or boat on which to go through the gorge. We found him in the bazaar, writing letters, and buying hides and walnuts over cups of coffee. His office was an open-fronted stall with a low counter, behind which he and his clerk sat cross-legged. He was a dark-bearded, placid man, perhaps not yet fifty, and wore the red Turkish fez, a black frock-coat, and easy slippers. Having been educated at Marsovan College, he was able to speak English. He heard our inquiry, sent out for coffee and stools for us, and then asked for our indulgence while he wrote a few letters. I noticed that so far he had said nothing about the boat, and in simplicity I took the omission for an oversight. He was reputed wealthy, the chief merchant of the place, and after watching him for a few minutes I thought the report well-founded, and that he deserved a wider field for his operations than a Turkish village-town.

While he wrote he also dictated letters to his clerk. It was a perfectly simultaneous process, done almost without raising eye or stopping pen. One thing finished, he passed to the next without hurry, but without a moment's delay or hesitation.

In a quarter of an hour he was disengaged, and then turned to us with the same pauseless application and readiness.

"Do you come from Manchester?" he asked me. I said that I came from London.

"In this bazaar," he went on, "there is much from Manchester, and nothing from London. Manchester does business with all the world." London, one gathered, was merely a name to him, Manchester a city of realities, commanding his deep respect.

After this light interlude he applied himself to the object of our visit. He seemed to have already done any thinking that it called for on his part. Everything was out and dried, and he spoke as if reading from the programme of a personally conducted tour.

A boat, he said, on which he proposed to travel himself, was going to Baffra to-morrow. He would be our guide to the river, the way being long and difficult to find; but we must leave his house not later than half-past four the next morning, as the boat was timed to start at ten. Would that suit us? To ensure our punctuality—our punctuality! as if he judged us to be a couple of irresponsible wanderers—we should be the guests of one of his relatives for the night. He regretted

that he could not put us up himself, but a member of his family had just died of fever. We came away with the feeling of being moved about like pawns, and yet of being fortunate.

By the kindness of our host, who woke us himself and sent his son to conduct us across the town, we reached the house a little before five. The merchant and his servant, a big black-bearded Armenian, were waiting impatiently, cloaked and spurred, and armed each with two revolvers. A remark dropped overnight by our host had given us the idea that the merchant was carrying money and desired our company by way of escort. Now, more than ever, this looked like the business in hand, and we scented possible adventures.

Five minutes after arriving we were in the street, going hard to keep up with the horses fresh from stable. Between the houses it was too dark to see our footing; but luckily the pools of filth were frozen, and we pounded along, a very cheerful and willing escort indeed. Cocks were crowing, though the frosty stars showed nothing of the dawn. A tall minaret beside the road made a black shadow against the sky as we passed. I stumbled over a sleeping dog. Silently as ghosts a line of hooded figures slipped by.

And then with a sudden turn the horsemen left the street and disappeared between two buildings. We followed with a rush, and, almost falling down a steep bank, found them splashing in

the bed of a river. Plunging in mud and water, and breaking through ice, they now took their way down-stream without a word of explanation or guidance to ourselves. Evidently they wished to leave the town by an unwatched route. We recalled a story of this very place, of a merchant who had been followed and attacked by Circassians; and not to be backward in the service put upon us we made ready to shoot without unnecessary courtesies.

But all the same we remained somewhat fastidious infantry. We objected to beginning the day wet to the waist, or even to the knee. We spent time in crawling along slippery, frozen banks, in leaping over streams, in forcing a way through bushes and scrub. Long spits of sand, too, had a great attraction for us, though generally leading away from the treasure. Noticing these delays the horsemen at last waited for us to come up, and advised patience, also a more direct advance. There were quite two miles of this unpleasant travelling, then we turned off into low hills and found a track leading to the mountains.

By sunrise we were high among the broken ridges that overlook Vizier Keupru from the north-west. Here, if any where, seemed to be the place for robbery had that been planned. The path twisted and climbed in a dense scrub of thorn-oak and juniper growing among tumbled rocks; no sign of life could be seen; and around lay the open mountains

for escape. But, after all, the spot was not so vacant of friendly human beings as it looked. As the morning grew lighter, voices were heard in the scrub, heads appeared and disappeared, and wisps of smoke began to go up from drovers' camps. A little later these people began to trickle on to the road. All drove loaded pack-animals, and were said to be going to Baffra by a path through the gorge that we now heard about for the first time.

Our first view of the Kizil Irmak opened without a hint of what was to come. The ground fell away abruptly, and from a height of nearly 3000 feet we looked down on a stretch of river gleaming in hazy sunlight between steep wooded slopes. A great precipice overhung the farther end of the reach; the merchant hailed us, and pointed it out as the entrance to the gorge.

We dropped from our high ridge to the water-side in a little more than half an hour. The way was a breakneck path through open pine-woods that allowed glimpses of the river and the farther mountains. Fragrant smoke from dying camp-fires drifted among the trees, and made a blue mist crossed by slanting bars of sunlight. Now and then came a resinous whiff from freshly cut pine-wood. On the turning pathway gaily-dressed Eastern figures, armed with dagger and long gun, moved among the rocks or stood out against the sunlit depth below. The bells from scores of lurching pack-animals filled the air with a

ceaseless jingling. If yesterday morning had seen the climax of tramping pleasure for me, what of this morning, with its odd adventures, its climb through the hours of dawn and sunrising, its anticipations, and now this unforgettable scene of Eastern travelling in the pine-woods at Chobanlu? I felt that to-day was even better than yesterday, and that I could never hope for anything quite so good again.

Within half a mile of the gorge six open boats, moored before a group of log-huts, showed that we had reached the place to embark. We arrived punctually at ten, but the boats were still to be loaded, though the goods were waiting. Evidently business and commerce were not the words to conjure with here. Boatmen sat carelessly smoking and drinking coffee. Others were asleep. Some stood round an open fire and watched the making and baking of wheaten cakes. One man was toasting a lark at the end of a stick. On the sunny hillside behind the huts a goatherd was blowing his reed-pipe to the accompaniment of tinkling goat-bells. I wondered how the merchant would take this drowsing scene, for he had said that some of the goods to be shipped were his. He hovered about uneasily and spoke to several men, but no activity followed.

"All are Turks," he exclaimed in English, spreading out his hands in a gesture that conveyed a world of meaning. His influence, he added,

amounted to nothing. In accordance with the custom of the river, he had sold his goods to the boatmen, and would repurchase them at an agreed price on safe delivery. We should have to wait until all the boats were loaded, for they made a point of travelling together in case of accident.

While Lake strolled away taking photographs, I cleaned my boots and shaved, surrounded by a crowd of nondescript onlookers, who took a close interest in the operations. Among them was a bland and smiling Circassian, with a long gun hanging across his shoulders. He professed some kind of liking for me, on the score of my puttees, I think, for he stroked and examined them approvingly, and remarked that Turkish soldiers had recently adopted that form of leg-covering. When I had finished, he suggested that we should do a little friendly shooting, using his gun. He explained that it fired either ball or shot, and that he had plenty of both. Finding I had created a favourable impression, no doubt beyond my merits, I was anxious to let it stand at that. I feared to jeopardise it by shooting with a silver-inlaid heirloom, a thing of tricks, that the owner had used all his life. So I declined his offer, but asked to see a display of his own skill. He smiled as gratefully at this request as if I had made him a present, and pointing out a small bird fifty or sixty yards away, knocked it over with a careless shot.

It was close on one o'clock

before all the boats were ready to cast off. Each was manned by a coxswain, who steered with a long oar, and three men who rowed in the bows, more to assist in steering than for progression. The passengers—and we numbered five in our boat—sat high amidships on bags of wheat.

Just below the huts the river turned sharply, and entered the gorge under mighty cliffs, about whose summits eagles were slowly wheeling. Thereafter the channel was a succession of short loops between precipices and abrupt mountain-spurs covered with pine forest. In this winding notch the water often ran with a slope visible to the eye. It would go head down at a cliff barring its direct way and be flung aside with a breaking wave along the foot like that under a steamer's bows at sea. Deflected thus it would pour over to the opposite bank, and there come away in another right-angled turn.

Sometimes the boat's speed was so great, and the turn so sharp, that collision with the cliff in front looked to be inevitable. But with the coxswain's weight against the steer-oar, and the other men rowing together on one side, the craft was always got round in time, though we might have to duck for leaning trees. There were places where a buttress of rock like a volcanic dyke narrowed the channel to twenty yards or less. Through these openings the river poured as if from a sluice. A quickening speed, a slight plunge, and the boat had shot the gap;

and looking back you saw a low, even slope of green water, and another boat coming down it.

After three hours of this breathless travelling a village came in sight. The merchant said it was the only village in the gorge, and was inhabited exclusively by Turks. He called it a place where no Christian man would think of spending a night. And then smiling, as if at a pleasant recollection, he added—

“Of one year I bought the taxes of this village from the Government, and profited £30.”

It was a little place, a score or so of windowless log-huts at the foot of a climbing glen. No doubt the tax-farmer got less than his due by the book, but I thought he must have had trouble in getting as much as he did. The boats drew up at the landing-place, and the crews went ashore. As if to reassure us, and himself at the same time, the merchant remarked confidently that we should not stay here long; we were to spend the night in a Greek village beyond the mountains. By every sign, however, the boatmen intended to go no farther this day, and the merchant became obviously disturbed. He landed, and held a lively conversation with our coxswain, who ended it by walking off and carrying his oar into the village, as though to make sure that we should not attempt to go on without him. The merchant came back to us with a story of broken faith. Before setting out he had stipulated for the Greek village as stopping-place,

and now the men would not proceed; their homes were here, and here they meant to remain. He suggested that we should persuade or compel the crew to go on, but we refused. We had come to see the gorge, not to travel through it in darkness. Besides, there was a hard frost, and the village with its smoking chimneys looked warm and comfortable. So in the end we all went to the coxswain's hut for the night, as the house of the inhabitant best known to us in a community of alleged evil-doers.

The hut was a windowless box of two fair-sized rooms, one of which was given up to the guests. Skins were spread on the earthen floor, and on them ten or a dozen people in all—for there were passengers from other boats—found places round a fire of oak logs.

After we had settled down the room looked like an armoury or gunsmith's shop. Revolvers, daggers, and other weapons hung from every peg, and with them at least a dozen cartridge-belts. The merchant had unburdened himself of two revolvers, but as he lay back a third could be seen—a short, handy weapon, from which he did not care to part, and he was still awaddled with cartridge-belts. An Armenian tax-farmer, I reflected, stranded for the night in a remote Turkish village, whose taxes he had collected, might be excused a deal of nervousness. Besides, was he not carrying money? Considering all things, one could not help regarding him as a brave man.

Bins of wheat and rice, and

jars of sheep-tail fat, stood round the room; strings of onions, and maize, and dried *balma* hung from the roof. Now and then the coxswain's wife, a shrouded figure with steadily averted eyes, visited these stores in preparation of a meal. We were hungry, and the meal took long to make ready. But she gave us, at last, *bulgour pilaf* (wheat berries instead of rice), boiled fowls, and thin wheaten cakes. Figure a shallow copper bowl two feet in diameter, heaped to a cone with loose grains of boiled wheat mixed in fat, and the quantity provided may be imagined. The meal was served and eaten in the primitive Turkish fashion. The bowl was placed on a low stool, and we gathered round it, sitting cross-legged on the floor in a tightly packed circle, and each worked his own private excavation in the mound of soft grains. Some had spoons; others were without; but these pushed the scooped left hand—on no account the right—into the food in an unobtrusive, polite manner; for we all were on our best behaviour. The fowls were expertly tern into portions, and distributed on sheets of bread resembling pancakes.

Our presence excited no little curiosity, for we were the first Europeans known to have set foot in the village. After supper people crowded in and gazed at us as if at beings hitherto mythical. They ransacked their memories, and came to the conclusion that within some forty years only two other Europeans had passed

through the gorge. In spite of their curiosity, however, the villagers kept early hours, and silently slipped away one by one. Before nine o'clock all had gone, and our chance company of Anglo-Saxons, Turks, Armenians, and Greeks arranged themselves for sleep in a semicircle before the fire, each one, except ourselves, wrapped in a long bear-skin riding cloak. Our host piled on the oak logs, turned down the little oil-lamp, and going to the inner room began an indistinct conversation with his wife. Presently he came back. He had noticed that we were lying only in coat or mackintosh, and now brought a heavy quilted *yorghani*, a warm covering for the coldest night, and spread it over us with the care of a father. It was a kindly act, duly appreciated, and put to the credit of himself and his hospitable race.

I awoke to the rattle of revolver-firing, a bodeful sound that died away almost as soon as I became conscious of it. The logs had burnt out, and the room was so cold that my breath had formed ice on the *yorghani*. My watch showed the time as two o'clock. The firing broke out again, and now seemed to have come nearer. Were the villagers turning out against the tax-farmer, I wondered, perhaps to give him a beating, the customary Turkish way of expressing popular disfavour? He and the others were still sleeping peacefully, and I decided to see what was going on before disturbing them.

So I went outside and climbed the slope behind the hut to get a better look-out. I had expected to find turmoil and noise; but instead I gazed on a scene of brilliant frosty moonlight, as placid and undisturbed as the eye of man ever looked upon. Not a soul was stirring within view. The stillness was of a mountain-top, and the cold so intense that the motionless air seemed to crackle and splinter around me as I moved. Presently the firing began again, the intermittent spluttering of two weapons of different weight, quickly followed by the angry burst of a dozen or more going off together. It came from the gorge, and evidently had nothing to do with us. I heard the next day that there had been a brush with horse-thieves at a drover's camp beyond the river.

All slept late the following morning, and there was such a rush to get away that we only had time to swallow a cup of cocoa apiece before leaving for the boats. By eight o'clock the village was out of sight, and I was anxiously wondering how I should keep warm. There had been a difference of opinion between us when preparing for the journey. I had preferred to carry food, as the best protection against extreme cold for a walking man. Lake, on the other hand, with his American respect for "zero weather," had preferred to make sure of wrappings, and would take his chance for food. So when he had scoffed at my "afternoon-tea outfit"—as he was pleased

to call it,—and milk, and butter, and Dutch cheese, I had laughed at the four-pound American sweater, heavy overcoat, and fur-lined boots, which he carried on his back. Thus far my choice had proved itself the right one daily, even three times a-day. But I had not foreseen the possibility of having to remain inactive when splashed water should fall as tinkling ice—as it did now in the boat. This situation, however, found Lake well prepared, and able to enjoy it in more ways than one. In overcoat and sweater, his head and neck in a Turkish *bashluk*, his feet and hands in fur, he sat smiling, a man happily justified, while I capered and froze in a mackintosh over norfolk and puttees. In spite of all that I could do the cold grew on me, and was becoming intolerable when an accident brought relief.

With a sound of breaking planks heard far along the water a boat struck the rocks. A little farther down there was a spit of shingle to which the current fortunately swept her when on the point of sinking. Two of the rear boats managed to bring up beside her, but ours and the others had to go a mile before another landing-place appeared. It was a ledge of frozen sand, at the foot of a broken cliff, with the Baffra track passing two hundred feet overhead. Here we got ashore, and the three coxswains, each a small adze hooked over his shoulder and a bunch of rags in hand, clambered to the path and went back to assist.

A general scramble to start a fire began almost before we had got out of the boats. There was no leaving the work to the "other fellows." Each man did what he could, as quickly as he could; and in this business no one, I believe, showed more activity than myself. With such a willing spirit upon us all we soon had a roaring blaze of dead scrub. We warmed ourselves and prepared breakfast; ate and drank, and smoked, and soon forgot past discomforts. In this state of unexpected ease and leisure the boatmen took to horseplay and wrestling, and at last began shooting at random. While the party was occupied in this fashion, and making noise enough for a skirmish, men hailed from the path overhead. Getting no reply, they also began shooting, as if the only thing to be done under the circumstances. In a little while firing ran along the gorge in both directions, growing more and more distant as each farther group of travellers in turn announced their presence, and that they could take a hand in whatever was going on.

After a delay of two hours the absent boats arrived, their crews shouting and singing as if in triumph. The injured craft had been repaired and reloaded, and now was watertight again. Equally good was the news about the cargo; it had suffered hardly at all by the immersion. As was said—

"What matters a little wetting of wheat, or barley, or nuts, or even flour, if it is soon to be made into bread?" Holding this cheerful view, all

set out again in the highest spirits.

For the next ten or twelve miles the river passed through the heart of the Pontic mountains. It was the finest portion of the gorge. Perhaps there were fewer sheer cliffs than before, but abrupt pine-covered steeps, broken by hanging rocks, sometimes rose in one soaring front from water to summit of the main range. In contrast to these tremendous slopes the next half-mile might bring a grey, ivied precipice, glistening with ice, and pierced with rock-hewn tombs. The openings to these old places of the dead were generally high up, as if for inaccessibility. But others were at the water's edge, and as the boat swept past them you could look into the moss-grown tunnels, and hear the water lapping and splashing within.

Now and again a wrecked boat was seen, perhaps among rocks well above the present level of the stream. Was there much drowning of boatmen? I asked the merchant.

"Surely," he replied, as if speaking of something perfectly obvious, and at the same time immaterial. Unconsciously, perhaps, he was influenced by prejudice of race. Had the boatmen been Armenians instead of Turks, I thought the manner of his reply would have been different.

About midday the river hurried us with increased speed along a narrow throat shut in by crags and broken cliffs. A ruined castle here, whose outer walls encircled

the conical rock on top of which the keep seemed to have stood, had the whole passage within cast of a sling-stone. Probably the fortress belonged to Mithridatic times; however, it was now so much a ruin that little of interest could be seen.

Some called the throat the Gate of Rock, but others argued that the name belonged to a local marvel, which they presently pointed out. This was a vast arch in the summit of a mountain three or four miles to the east. It framed a semicircle of blue sky in a rocky curtain joining two peaks, and was said to be the work of man, but as to its origin or purpose no one had the vaguest idea. It was *shay*, "a thing," and that sufficed for an incurious people.

The finest tomb in the gorge came into view a little distance below the castle. Its setting was impressive, and the position seemed to have been chosen as much for effect as anything else. It stood high in the face of a grey saddle-backed precipice that rose some 400 feet sheer from the water, and looked down a stretch of river to an open, smiling country beyond. The façade was like the portico of a Greek temple, a pediment supported by five columns or piers sheltering the entrance to the burial chamber behind. From base to apex the front could not have been less than thirty-five feet. And yet, when distance allowed the height and majesty of the cliff to be appreciated, the tomb became no more than a small four-light

window in a great gable-end. With all the imagination shown in choice of position, however, the general effect had been spoilt by those who hewed. They got the structure absurdly out of the perpendicular. It looked, indeed, like a picture hung irritatingly askant, and I hoped that some master hewer was beheaded for his carelessness, or at least that his account was disallowed.

With this great cliff the gorge proper suddenly ended. Beyond it opened a sunlit valley flanked by retreating mountains and dotted with villages set among fields of stubble tobacco. And now the sun shone upon us with a strange and delightful warmth. The air became balmy. Not a breath of wind stirred. The river doubled its width, and flowed more sedately in long, sweeping curves. Instead of sombre pine-trees, arbutus and bay—daphne, as the natives still call it—grew scattered along the banks. The crews took in their oars, and lighting a fire in the bow of each boat, gathered round it to make coffee, and began to sing, as if in happiness at passing from the gloom and icy rigour of the gorge into a valley of summer afternoon. Stretched in the luxury of comfortable warmth, I looked back on the half-mile of drifting boats. From each ascended its wreathing column of smoke. The sound of high-pitched monotonous song came clearly over the water. Without effort I could persuade myself that I had before me

the smoking altars and thanksgiving rites of old-time pagan boatmen, who had just returned in safety from a perilous journey.

"If it is the will of God," our coxswain replied, about four o'clock, when asked if he expected to arrive in Baffra that evening. For two hours the boats had been heaped together in confusion on a sunken spit in mid-stream. The united efforts of the wading crews had failed to shift them singly, and now it was said that only the scour would set them free. How long the process would take no one knew. We were anxious to reach Baffra without further delay, and as walking seemed the only certain way of getting there we began stripping in order to swim ashore. Boots were not unlaced, however, before the boat began to twist herself off the sand. A few minutes later we were on the road again, with night coming on, and fifteen miles to go for our next meal. The walk itself was nothing, and with compass and the boatmen's directions a town of 20,000 inhabitants seemed easy to find. But darkness fell before we reached the wide delta on which Baffra stands, and from the low hills no light or buildings could be seen across the plain. A full moon presently rose to our aid, but four hours of hard walking along deserted paths brought no sign of the town, and the misgiving grew that we had overshot it on one side or the other. At last, when we had halted in doubt, the beating of a horse's hoofs was heard in the dis-

tance. It came nearer and nearer. Was it on our path or another, one of several that we had seen diverging? In ten minutes a rider came up with us, and he said that he was going into Baffra himself.

The fashionable café was crowded when we entered, two gaunt, travel-stained, foreign men, armed and strangely accoutred. We may, indeed, have looked dangerous; at any rate, the people who gathered round us in curiosity kept a safe distance as a wise precaution where appearances were doubtful. Two wandering Turkish dervishes, battle-axe in hand, stalking into a London tea-room during its busiest hour, would not have excited more speculation.

At one time Lake had known a young Greek banker of the town, and now inquired for him as a man whose name should be familiar to all. But no one had any knowledge of Georgiades; all were sure that Baffra held no such citizen. Yet when Georgiades himself arrived, to act the part of a hospitable friend and take us to his house, all were as little abashed as if they had said they would send for him. The mystery was cleared up by Georgiades telling a curious story against ourselves. He was at a wedding when an agitated messenger arrived in urgent search of him.

"There come to the café two wild Englishmen," the youth hastily reported, "and they cry, 'Where is Georgiades? Where is Georgiades?'" In this sudden emergency the banker's friends at the café had thought

they would serve his best interests, and perhaps their own, by feigning ignorance of him.

With its substantial buildings and comparative cleanliness Baffra seemed almost European to us after our six months in the interior. It is, in fact, largely Greek, and, as towns go in Asia Minor, is a thriving, pleasant little place where every one looks as if he had just made some money. It lives by exporting the famous tobacco which bears its name, and is grown in the surrounding district. Trade is done chiefly by caravan. Not many towns can show so many camels in half an hour's walking. The morning we were there they filled the streets and vacant places, and in the market-square the vendors' stalls were lost among kneeling camels.

The pervading smell of Baffra is a haunting blend of camel and tobacco; the pervading sound the clamour of camel-bells. The town has also an undeniable claim to be considered a smoker's paradise. By local custom the tobacco warehouses give leaf to all for the asking; no smoker ever buys tobacco in Baffra. And for some the custom does even better; in more than one office I saw a man rolling the day's supply of free cigarettes for the staff. As visitors we were in a special position of privilege; our pockets soon bulged with the choicest cigarettes, and

more bundles of rare leaf were offered us than we could bring away.

We began our last day's stage on a bright morning that had only a touch of frost in the air. The road kept to the narrow fringe of level country between the mountains and sea. Sometimes it led through swamps where bay-trees grew luxuriantly. Sometimes it passed among leafless oak-woods tangled with the vines of climbing roses and carpeted with flowering heleborus thick as English primroses in spring. Then it went for miles along a beach of yellow sand with the Black Sea showing a placid mood in the sunlight of afternoon. Looking over the water it was hard to realise that the season was mid-winter. The mountains, however, took no part in the deception. On them the bristling pine-trees soon ran up into the powdered whiteness and hard glitter of frost; and in the distant west a bar of jade-green sky above the ridges told of coming snow, according to the weatherwise.

At five o'clock a waiter, correctly garbed, was bringing me afternoon tea in the Mantika Palace Hotel at Samsoun. We had used up the lingering fine weather to its last day. For the next afternoon a blizzard was raging over the country; and with it began two months of the deepest snow and hardest frost known in Asia Minor for half a century.

MEDIEVAL COOKERY.

BY L. F. SALZMANN.

"WHAT an Hodg-potch do men that have Abilities make in their Stomachs, which must wonderfully oppress and distract Nature. For if you should take Flesh of various sorts, Fish of as many, Cabbages, Parsnops, Potatoes, Mustard, Butter, Cheese, a Pudden that contains more than ten several ingredients, Tarts, Sweetmeats, Custards, and add to these Cherries, Plums, Currans, Apples, Capers, Olives, Anchovies, Mangoes, Caveare, &c., and jumble them together into one Mass, what eye would not loath, what Stomach not abhor, such a Gallemaufrey? Yet this is done every Day, and counted Gallent Entertainment." Probably most people imagine that the indiscriminate consumption of every kind of fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, and vegetable, and the concoction of savoury messes, and "puddens" of multiple ingredients, is an abuse of modern luxury unknown to our hardy ancestors. That Lucullus and other ancient Romans had brought the art of cookery to an unsurpassed height is, of course, a matter of more than common knowledge, and no reputation for erudition can be obtained, even at a suburban dinner-party, by references to dishes of nightingales' tongues or to the emperor who ransacked the known world that he might feast on phoenix

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before he died. But when it comes to medieval times there is a prevalent idea that our English ancestors were gross rather than elaborate eaters; oxen and sheep roasted whole, an occasional boar's head at Christmas, perhaps a swan or a peacock at a nobleman's board, and, of course, a venison pasty,—such would be the popular idea of a medieval menu, and if puddings were suggested it is probable that hesitating votes would be cast for something solid in the suet-pudding line. It is also not uncommon to hear complaints that the poorness of modern teeth may be traced to the newfangled custom of eating soft and overcooked foods, and to such innovations as stews and fricassées. Now it is quite true that our ancestors did eat on a large scale, and that their preparations for a feast were apt to be wholesale and even Gargantuan. The provisions for King Richard II. and the Duke of Lancaster, when they dined with the Bishop of Durham in London in September 1387, suggest the victualling of a town against a siege. What the number of their united retinues may have been I do not know, but they should have fared pretty well with 120 sheep, 14 salted and 2 fresh oxen, 140 pigs and 12 boars, 210 geese, 720 hens, besides 50 capons "of hie

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grece" and 8 dozen other capons, 50 swans and 100 dozen pigeons, a few odd scores of such things as rabbits and curlews, with corresponding quantities of accessories, as eleven thousand eggs, 120 gallons of milk, and 12 gallons of cream. By way of comparison I have jotted down the orders given for articles of food to be sent to the court of Henry III. for Christmas in 1246; they include five thousand chickens, eleven hundred partridges, and as many hares and rabbits, ten thousand eels, 36 swans, 54 peacocks, and 90 boars,—these latter expressly specified as being "with their heads whole and neatly carved," an important stipulation, as

"The boar's head, I understonde,
Is first service in the londe
Whersoere it can be found.
Servitur cum sinapio."

Brawn and mustard, indeed, was the stock form of *hors d'œuvres* with which every banquet opened,—so much so that it even figured at the head of the wonderful fish dinner given by Henry V. at the time of his marriage to gentle Kate of France,—and the boar's head was only the exalted form of the humble brawn which, we learn, might grace the peasant's board, for

"A Franklen may make a feste im-
proberabille:
Brawne with mustarde is concord-
able,

Bakon served with peson."

If anywhere, we should expect to find in a franklin's

feast solid and fare, and it is true or mutton, chicken pigeon, apples and p-bred and chese to figure in the list them we also find which has nothing our custard, but "crustade" or pasty "dowcettes," "fryt leche lovely," spiced wafers, washed down and the similar, liquor, "bragot." "leche" is a sweet sort of vague an composition as wh called a shape or mo is more in the na savoury—to make i eggs and bread-cr "swyng them togy sage and parsley, saffron, cook it broth but strain it it get solid before Doucettes appear to a kind of sweet pork ing from the recipe, as follows: "Take hakke it smal, and (= eggs) y-mellyd and a lytel Milke, hem togederys with Pepir and bake hem (= a pie crust), and se Like most fifteenth recipes this carries a s of vigour which make that the cook in th must have been a muscle and energy; t ged hares he is bidde "hacke hem in gobett for "pigge in sauge" tions are: "Take draw him, smyte off kutte him in iiij quart him til he be ynow,

uppe and lete cole, smyte him in peeces," and after seasoning, "cowohe thi pigge in disshes and caste the sirippe ther-uppon."

If we find a certain elaboration in the cookery of the farmer's household, we may expect, or even assume, further refinements and complications at the tables of the wealthy; and so far is it from a fact that kickshaw cookery, to the deterioration of teeth and morals, is a modern innovation, that four centuries ago a rhyming moralist protested alliteratively against the abuse.

"Cookees with theire newe conceytes,
choppynge, stampynge and gryndynge,
Many newe curies all daye they are
contryvynge and fyndynge
That provokethe the peple to perelles of
passage throug payne soore pyndynge,
And throug nice excesse of suche re-
ceytes of the life to make an endynge.

Some with Sireppis, Sawces, Sewes
and Soppes,
Comedies, Cawdelles cast in cawdrons,
pannes and pottes
Leases, Jelles, Fruturs, Fried mete that
stoppes
And distempereth alle the body, both
bak, bely and roppes."

No doubt it was right and wise to issue such warnings, "lest the belly-god hale you at length captive into his prison-house of gurmandise, where you shall be afflicted with as many diseases as you have devoured dishes of sundry sorts"; but while it is true enough that "God may sende a man good meate, but the devyll may sende an evyll cooke to dystroye it," yet there is something to be said for the counter-proverb, "A good Cooke can make you good

meate of a whetstone." In many cases the cook must have had poor material to deal with, and much skill must have been required to render the results appetising. One of the cleverest of medieval doctors declared that "A good cooke is halfe a physycon, for the chefe physycke (the counceyll of a physycon excepte), dothe come from the kytchyn," adding that—"yf the physycon, without the cooke, prepare any meate, excepte he be very experte, he wyll make a werysshe dyssehe of meate the whiohe the sycke can not take." At the same time it would be unwise for any enthusiastic admirer of ancient times and methods to put into the hands of his cook the recipe-book of a fifteenth-century predecessor of Hannah Glasse (of hare-catching fame), or the omniscient Mrs Beeton. (In parenthesis, what a magnificent piece of irony would it have been if Mr Beeton had been a confirmed dyspeptic or a convinced vegetarian;—only a Greek tragedian or Colonel Newnham-Davis could deal with such a theme as it deserves.) What cook, even if her board-school education had been supplemented by a course of cookery classes at a technical school, could deal satisfactorily with this recipe for "Daryoles"?—"Take croddys of the deye and wryng out the whey; and take yolkys of Eyroun, nowt to fewe ne nogt to many, and strayne hem bothe togederys thorw a straynour, and than hard thine ocfynne and ley thine marew ther-in; and pore thine comade theron, and bake

hem and serve hem forth." The "yolkys" might betray the identity of "Eyroun" with eggs and the mention of whey might suggest that "croddys" were curds, but it is probable that the connection of the qualifying "deye" with dairy would defeat her; nor could she be expected to recognise "marew" as being marrow, and "comade" as referring to the strained eggs. As to "hard thine cofynne," my difficulty is the opposite of the cook's; I know what it means, but do not know the modern terms: the "cofynne," which is to be baked, is the pastry casing into which the mixture is to be put. Even when interpreted, most of these recipes would exasperate a modern cook by their omission of all mention of quantities. That just quoted is almost unusually exact in saying that the eggs must be not too many nor too few. Opening the book casually my eye is caught by "Papyns"; for this dish you are told to "take fayre mylke and floure . . . take yolkys of eyroun . . . take sugre, a gode quantityte, . . . a lytil salt . . . sette it on the fyre tyl it be sumwhat thikke," directions which certainly err on the side of vagueness. Some of the names also tend to confusion: "Blamang" proves to be a mixture of chicken and rice and almonds; "Charlette" has nothing to do with either Apple Charlotte or Charlotte Russe, but is made of little bits of veal or pork boiled with eggs and ale; and "Sardeynes" are not the little headless savouries whose identity has re-

cently been disputed by the Law Courts, but a mixture of rice and spice and milk. Some of these would ornament the fare, even if the cooks themselves were not tory to a moderate degree. "Blandyssorye," "cye," "Mammenyettys," and "Crustys" sound inviting; "Flampoyntes," "Hanoneye," and "ounce" have at least a hint of the unknown; but be as well not to "bake" on the menu, a footnote to explain was merely the old giblets.

A Tudor invention if we may believe who says that the kitchen "useth (taken up of late) a breefe rehearsall so many dishes as in at everie course the whole service in or supper while: some call a memorie billet but some a file." For each therefore, we are more than the condiners, as we possess of quite a large public dinners, such coronation banquet IV. and Henry V. stallion feasts prelates, and so forth have to "dine Humphrey" in the sense of having eat, we can at least ourselves in imagination the good Duke's t

ing our way through the three courses from the inevitable mustard and brawn down to the "quince bake, leche dugard, and frutere sage," ending up with "Blaunderells or pepyns, with caraway in confite; wafurs to ete, ypooras to drynk with delite." That three courses should be the normal length of a public dinner might seem to support the theory that our ancestors were wiser than we, especially as there is never any mention of the speeches which now prolong the boredom of similar entertainments. As a matter of fact, however, each course was a dinner in itself, and included the most varied assortment of dishes. At Duke Humphrey's table the first course was composed of soup, beef and mutton, swan, pheasant, capon, venison bake, &c.; the second contained two soups or potages, "blanger mangere," birds, including peacock "in hakille ryally"—that is to say, with all its feathers on, "rabettes sowkere" (sucking rabbits were a favourite dainty), "dowcettes, payne puff and leche Jely Ambere"; and the third, cream of almonds, small birds such as snipe, quails, and "mertinettes rost," fish, such as perch in jelly and fresh-water crayfish, and various sweetmeats. Such confusion of substance was typical of the normal three courses, and it is difficult to see why the triple division should have been considered necessary, unless it was to afford opportunities for the display of artistic ingenuity in the making of the "subtleties" with

which each course was distinguished. These "subtleties" were more or less elaborate devices worked in pastry, sugar and jelly representing figures or scenes appropriate to the occasion. The pudding in the shape of a lion which Martha set before Miss Matty, and which the latter declared ought to be put under a glass shade (I trust all my readers know their 'Cranford' well enough to remember the incident), was a humble "subtlety." At the wedding of Henry V. two of the "soteltes" took the form of figures of St Katherine, in allusion to the royal bride; those at the installation banquet of Archbishop John Stafford depicted the Holy Trinity with St Thomas of Canterbury, St John the Baptist, and other saints; while at Archbishop Warham's feast one represented the interior of an abbey church; that suggested for a model "Feste for a bryde," or wedding breakfast, in the sixteenth century was certainly appropriate, if a little previous.

There were not wanting protests against all this miscellaneous feeding and pleas for method as well as for moderation. Old Burton, quoting Crato, declares: "It much availes likewise to keep good order in our diet, to eat liquid things first, broaths, fish, and such meats as are sooner corrupted in the stomach; harder meats of digestion must come last." A century before Burton wrote Andrew Borde had complained that "Englyshe men hath an evyll use; for at the beginning at dyner and supper

he wyll fede on grose meates, and the beste meates which be holsome and nutratyve and lyght of dygestion is kept for servauntes; for whan the good meate doth come to the table, thorowe fedyng upon grose meate the appetyde is extynet." The same writer is one of the earliest authorities for the use of olives as *hors d'œuvres*: "Olyves condyted, and eaten at the begynnyng of a refection, doth corroborate the stomacke and provoketh appetyde." He pays a similar testimony to capers, and also says that "six or seven damysens eaten before dyner be good to provoke a mans appetyde; the skyn and the stones must be ablatyd and caste awaye and not used." In the matter of soups the ordinary pottage was more in the nature of a broth or even a stew, and made up in body what it lacked in clarity, but where fish were concerned our ancestors had a far wider range of choice than we. At the great fish banquet given by Henry V. in honour of his wedding no fewer than forty varieties of fish were served, ranging from whale to minnows. If any purist objects that whale is not a fish, I will concede him the scientific point and fall back upon the infallible authority of the Pope, for the Church undoubtedly held that whales and everything else that moved in the waters were fish, some flesh-loving casuists even endeavouring to include in Lenten fare the beaver's tail, which one writer classes with salt porpoise and seal as "deynteithes fulle dere." It must have been their meat-

ness rather than any delicacy of flavouring which brought into favour such apparently unattractive fish as the whale, seal, porpoise, — "the which kynde of fysshe is nother praysed in the olde testament nor in physycke," — and sturgeon. The latter, always eaten with whelks, which are possibly not so repellent as their appearance on barrows in the smaller streets of London would lead one to suppose, was notoriously a royal fish, and the abundance of orders for slices of whale and for porpoises to be sent up to the royal kitchen show that they were more than tolerated. Not, of course, that they could for a moment be classed with such a dainty as the lamprey, which proved fatal to the first Henry, and of which Henry III., in a moment of enthusiasm, declared that they made all other fish seem insipid. "Lamprey fresshe baken" figured in the feast of Henry V., and a contemporary cookery-book gives elaborate instructions for the preparation of such a dish, of which the most curious part refers to the raising of the crust: "Skald the Lampray and pare him clene and couche hym round on the cofyn tyl he be helyd (covered); then kyvere hym fayre with a lid save a lytel hole in the myddelle, and at that hool blow in the cofynne with thine mowthe a gode blast of wynde, and sodenly stoppe the hole, that the wynd abyde withynne to reyse uppe the cofynne that he falle not adowne; and whan he is a lytel y-hardid in the oven pryke the cofyn with a pynne y-steked on a reddys

ende, for brekyng of the oofynne, and than lat bake and serve forth colde." If this method of raising the crust is still practised in the kitchen one would prefer to remain in ignorance of the fact. As there was a proper manner of preparing lamprey pie, so there was a proper manner of serving it when it came to table,—as any one familiar with the elaborate science of carving as practised in the Middle Ages might guess.

"Fresshe lamprey bake, thus it must be dight:
Open the pastey lid, therin to have a sight,
Take then white bred, thyn y-kut and light,
Lay it in a chargere, dische or platter right;
With a sponne then take owt the gentille galantyne,
In the dische on the bred lay hit, lemman myne,
Then take powder of Synamome and temper hit with red wyne,—
The same wold plesse a pore man, y suppose, well and fyne;—
Mynse ye the gobyns as thyn as a grote
Then lay them uppon youre galantyne stoudinge on a chaffire hoots."

Although it might be difficult for the inexperienced to perform correctly the ceremony of carving a lamprey pie, with its elaborate ritual of heating up the gravy on a chafing-dish and so forth, it would at any rate be easier to get some result than in the case of the crustaceans, for "crabbe is a slutte to kerve and a wrawd wight," and lobster is little better. Even the miniature shrimp is more bother than he is worth, and the best thing that one old writer can say of them is that they "give a kind of exercise

for such as be weak; for head and brest must first be divided from their bodies; then each of them must be dis-scaled and cleane picked with much pidling." Still, shrimps were occasionally eaten for supper by the monks of Winchester, who were also addicted to oysters by way of entrée, though the oyster as a rule does not seem to have been in demand,—I cannot trace it on the menu of any banquet, and it appears to have ranked little higher than the humble "muscule" in public estimation. On the other hand, much more importance was attached to the various kinds of fresh-water fish which we for the last three generations have treated with increasing neglect. Trout, of course, are too delicious ever to fall out of fashion, and eels still command a certain market, though not used in the vast quantities once customary, but who that is not himself a fisherman ever eats the once admired pike and carp? Still less appreciated are the barbel, perch, tench ("of a most unclean and damnable nourishment"), bream, gudgeon, and roach, all once thought worthy to appear at a king's table. Therein, perhaps, we show wisdom, for "fysshes of the see, the which have skales or many fynnes, be more holsomer than the fresshe-water fyssh," and also better flavoured. The latter is all the more important since the decay of cookery has laid us open to the charge of having many religions but only one fish-sauce, whereas the converse was the case with our

ancestors, who were skilled in sauces and could even make an appetising dish out of such unpromising material as the much-dried stockfish, as one of them bears witness: "I have eaten of a pie made onely with stockefishe whiche hath been verie good, but the goodnesse was not so much in the fishe as in the cookerie, which may make that savorie which of itself is unsavorie." The stockfish was the finny counterpart of "Martilmas beef," that is to say, beef killed about Martinmas (11th November) and cured by hanging in the smoke. Such hanged beef Andrew Borde considered more useful as a waterproof than as a food, for "if a man have a peece hangynge by his syde and another in his bely, that the whiche doth hange by the syde shall do hym more good yf a showre of rayne do chaunse than that the which is in his bely." In other words, it was for external application only, in which it differed from "chardequynce," or quince marmalade, which "is comfortable for a mannys body, and namely for the Stomak." By the way, I wonder how many people realise that marmalade is essentially and derivatively a preserve of quinces, and that its application to "oranges in succade" is comparatively recent. So also is its use as a breakfast dish. Breakfast was formerly a meal to which little importance was attached and of which we therefore hear little, though in the days of the British Solomon one writer laid it down that "he that eateth everie day tender Onions

with Honey to his breakfast shall live the more healthfull."

The opinion just quoted on the value of onions might be supported by one given eighty years earlier that "onyons maketh a mans appetyde good and putteth away fastydyousnes." On the other hand, a writer intermediate between these two considered that onions injured the memory, "because they annoy the Eyes with dazeling dimnesse through a hoate vapour," while a much later author summed up the more obvious peculiarities of that pungent root in his declaration that "onions make a man stink and wink." There appears to be an idea rather prevalent that in the Middle Ages there were very few vegetables, and only a little while ago I saw it stated definitely that cabbages had not been introduced into England much more than a hundred years, whereas they occur in the fifteenth-century cookery books, and the "pot herbs" of which the tithes were payable to the vicar of Henfield were defined in 1409 as "cabbages and leeks and other herbs of which broth is made by the custom of the country." Some idea of the variety of the "other herbs" may be gathered from a contemporary recipe for pottage, which begins: "Take Borage, Vyolet, Malwys, Pereely, Yong Wortys, Bete, Avencee, Longebeff (a kind of bugloss), with Orange and other." Several of these herbs have fallen into disuse; borage lingers in our claret-cup, and mallows, avena, and

"longebeff" may be left unregretted in oblivion, but the loss of violets is sad, especially as "Almon-butter made with fyne suger and good rose-water and eaten with the flowers of many vyolettes is a commendable dysshe, specyallye in Lent, whan the vyoletes be fragrant; it rejoyseth the herte, it doth comforte the brayne, and doth qualyfye the heate of the lyver." There was also in the fifteenth century a dish called "Vyolette," made of almond milk and rice flour flavoured with "Gyngere, Galyngale, Pepir, Datys, Fygys, and Rasonys y-corven," and coloured with saffron, "and when thou dressyste, take the flowres and hew them and styre it therewith; nym the braunchys with the flowres and sette above and serve it forth." Similar pleasant compounds were made with red roses, primroses, and hawthorn flowers, and the variety of herbs and plants called in aid would imply that the average cook believed that "there is no Herbe nor weede but God hath gyven vertue to them to helpe man." At the same time there was no tendency to vegetarianism, and, however deeply versed in herblore, the medieval cook might exclaim with him in Plautus—

"Like other cooks I do not supper
dress

That put whole medows in a platter,
And make no better of the guests than
beeves

With herbs and grass to feed them
fatter."

Vegetables are all very well in their way, but most men of those days would have

agreed with Nebuchadnezzar what time he "champed the unwonted food," that "it may be wholesome but it is not good."

"Their lives that eat such food must
needs be short;
And 'tis a fearful thing for to report,
That men should feed on such a kind
of meat
Which very juments would refuse to
eat."

Space fails me to dilate upon pheasant eaten with sugar and mustard, upon "grete pyes" each containing the whole stock of a poulterer's shop, or upon the varieties and virtues, or otherwise, of meats. But few will disagree with the statement that "the flesh of an olde ramme wyll not lightly digest, and that is very evyll," or the similar axiom of another sage that "olde beefe and kowe-fleshe doth ingender melancoolye." Banquets began and ended with fruits, and the servant was instructed before retiring to ascertain whether his master would have "any conceites after dinner as appels, nuts, or oreame," or such fruits as strawberries, which "be praysed above all buryes, for they dothe ingender good blode, eaten with suger." At the same time "Rawe orayme undecocted, eaten with strawberyes or hurtes, is a rurall mannes banket. I have knowen such bankettes hath putt men in jeopardy of theyr lyves"; wherefore "Be ware of cowe creme and of good strawberyes, hurtelberyes, jounocat, for these wyll make your soverayne seke but he ete harde chese."

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

A BORDER VENDETTA.

"ALLAHU Akbar — Allaha Akbar! La ilaha illa'llah."¹ The closing words of the call to prayer floated away through the still evening air from the minaret of the little border village mosque, which was perched on a spur of the rugged hills at the edge of the Kajurai plain, overlooking a small stream. It was a wild scene, but there was a stern picturesqueness in its very wildness. The steep stony hills, rising abruptly out of the maidan, were bathed in a kind of purple haze. Their naked spurs were scantily clothed with a spare scrub vegetation, from the midst of which here and there rose a stunted-looking acacia or a babul tree. From the foot of the hills a series of billowy undulations covered with long grass stretched for miles, dotted with cattle slowly returning homewards. Around the village, flocks of goats tended by women and children were picking up a living from the scrub in the extraordinary way that goats have. The village was a collection of mud-walled houses, protected by fortified towers, the latter rising on solid bases formed of layers of stones and brushwood, with walls three feet thick loopholed for rifle-fire. Their doors were so high up that access to them, except

by means of a ladder, was impossible for anything without wings. The white mosque with its cupola and minarets stood on the north side a little way out of the hamlet, crowning a small knoll, and lit up, as it was, by the rays of the sinking October sun, formed an effective picture against the dark background of the hills.

Wali Khan was a Malik Din Khel Afridi, and a man of substance. Tall, lean, and wiry, his piercing steel-blue eyes looked out from beneath a pair of bushy eyebrows, from a long, gaunt face of fair complexion. His nose was aquiline and prominent above a grizzled moustache, giving him a curious resemblance to one of the hawks of his native hilla. There was a something forbidding about his appearance, but in spite of this he was a good-looking man and a typical mountaineer. He was dressed in a loose shirt or tunic, and a pair of trousers which would have made a Dutchman's nether garments look skimpy. A turban loosely wound round a closely-fitting skull-cap adorned his head. His apparel may once have been white, but, if so, it had long lost its pristine purity, and was now of a nondescript colour, its prevailing hue being of a dirty slate-grey. He carried a rifle which looked

¹ Allahu Akbar, &c. = God is great, God is great, there is no God but God.

suspiciously like that with which the Sirkar's troops were armed. Across his broad muscular chest was a well-filled bandolier, and a long Khyber knife was stuck into the folds of his kamarbund, within ready reach of his right hand. He had just migrated with his family from Dwa Toi, having come down to spend the winter and graze his flocks and herds on the pastures of the Kajurai plain. For the moment he was as much at peace with the world as it is possible for an Afridi ever to be, as even his blood feuds had been satisfactorily settled from his point of view, since he had shot his enemy Gul Khan previous to his departure from Maidan. True, it was probable that Gul Khan's son, Fateh Mahomed, might be feeling a little sore; but he was in the service of the Sirkar, and his regiment was stationed a long way from the Frontier. Wali Khan therefore reckoned that Fateh Mahomed would not be able to take leave without the news reaching him, in plenty of time, from one of his own relatives in the same regiment. Maybe, too, there were one or two reckonings outstanding, but on the whole he felt the world was going very well with him, as he entered the mosque, accompanied by three out of his four sons, fine upstanding lads of ages ranging from fourteen to eighteen.

Unsuspectingly they fell on their knees in the courtyard of the mosque, but, as they bowed their foreheads to the ground, a shot rang out from the hill-

side above, and Wali Khan rolled on the ground in the agonies of death. Several more shots disturbed the silence of the evening, and ere the echoes had died away, Wali Khan and his three sons were still as the evening sky above them.

Meanwhile his wife Zardana, with her youngest son Kamal, a boy of seven or eight years of age, was driving in the goats from the hillside a little distance to the east of the village. When she heard the first shot, Zardana, guessing there was trouble, took her small boy and hid in a cleft in the rocks. For some time they lay concealed, listening to the crack of the rifles, and then a party of five men, walking swiftly, passed close by their refuge. As they passed, she heard one of them say with a grim laugh: "Ohé Fateh Mahomed, that was well done. The old wolf and three of his cubs are dead. It is a pity the fourth was not there, so that we might have destroyed the whole litter. Still he is but a child and of no consequence." A voice replied: "That is a true word, oh Amir Khan, and thus will my father Gul Khan rest in peace." Zardana, knowing that Gul Khan had met his death at the hands of her husband, suspected from this that vengeance had overtaken him. Directly the men had passed out of earshot she made her way to the village, and quickly discovered that her suspicions were well founded. Wasting no time in useless lamentations, she left that same night for Peshawar, de-

termining to place herself and her small son under the protection of the strong arm of the Sirkar. She reached the city in safety, and was soon securely hidden in the labyrinth of the bazaar.

For two or three weeks she lay close, but learning at last that Fateh Mahomed had returned to his regiment, she set out one evening for her brother's village, Taodamela, situated a mile or two north-east of the Chora Pass, which lies some twelve miles west of Jamrud. Her brother, Mir Akbar, was a malik of the Kambar Khels, and a man of great influence. To him she entrusted Kamal, and herself returned to Peshawar, where she hoped from the gossip in the bazaar to discover the identity of the remainder of those concerned in her husband's murder. Before leaving she took the boy to the mosque that they might pray for vengeance on his father's murderers, and made him take an oath on the Koran that never would he desist from the pursuit of his revenge; and that if by reason of death or other cause any of those concerned should have passed beyond his reach, then he would exact the penalty from one of the delinquent's household. This she made him swear, in the presence of his uncle, by all his hopes of Paradise. Then taking farewell of them both, she said: "I leave you now, my son, and if it should so happen that we meet not again, yet be sure I shall be with you to strengthen your arm when you strike down

Fateh Mahomed and their three. For of a truth I shall reach you, hand, if so be they bring their names. Grow strong the son of mine, and use of the knife till you avenge and brothers. Al my little one." to her brother him, saying: "O I leave with you light of my eyes my life. Keep him so that he may on those who have a widow. Allah you as you deal. To which Mir answer: "Fear not—Kamal shall be as my own son, and prosper you in peace."

Mir Akbar was as Pathans go, and small nephew well Mahomedan of the he trained Kamal in the same religion, daily pray for success in the feud, and for vengeance on his father's murderers. Kamal wanted for nothing as Mir Akbar was a Pathan not to be troubled by matters to the methods to bring them to conclusion. The difference between the shadow and the dark; the bullet and the secret ambush. He would upward stab in the

when the long Khyber knife leapt from its sheath and into his opponent's body in one lightning movement, after he had lulled the suspicions of the doomed man—Mir Akbar made use of them all. He taught Kamal both by precept and example how it was not only legitimate but even honourable to deceive an enemy by any artifice or promise, save only when he came as a guest under your own roof, and that even then he was no longer to be respected when once he had passed outside the threshold. Robbery with or without violence he taught him as a fine art, and he made him an expert in the use of a rifle before he was fifteen years old. Above all, he taught him how to conceal himself for either offence or defence, till the boy would lie hidden behind a blade of grass or a stone seemingly scarcely large enough to conceal a mouse.

Kamal lived and thrived till he was about seventeen years old. He was a well-grown youth about five feet seven inches in height, with sharp clean-cut features and long, sleek black locks which fell nearly to his shoulders. The keen mountain air of Maidan and the cold winters near the Chora Pass, with long days spent on the hillside, followed by nights in the open air, had hardened his body and muscles and broadened his chest. He could walk twenty or thirty miles continuously, scarcely knowing the meaning of fatigue. His eyesight was

keen as the eagle's that hung poised above Maidan, whilst within limits he could judge distance to a yard. At the same time he had learnt patience, so as to wait on opportunity, with the result that he seldom threw away a shot or fired until he was certain of hitting; but he had also learnt to strike as quickly as a cobra when the opportunity did come, and with as little scruple. Brave almost to rashness, always cheery and gay, with a quick sense of humour, he was a typical Pathan, and a good one according to their code, or rather want of code. For across the border the most honoured professions are those of murder and theft, whilst only a fool would tell the truth, unless by chance it were more deceptive than a lie, and so served his purpose.

For some years Kamal had seen or heard but little of his mother, and not yet had he learned the names of the three men who had assisted Fateh Mahomed and Amir Khan in the murder of his father and brothers. However, during the annual migrations of his uncle's family to Khwaja Khel in Maidan, he had made it his business to become acquainted with every road and path which led to the village of Makhtar, where the two men he knew of lived. It was situated in the Rajgal valley, which is divided from Maidan by a high ridge. He knew both men by sight, and on one of his excursions, as he was lying on the hillside above

a path, Fateh Mahomed had passed close below him, little recking of the fierce eyes watching his every movement and the little fingers that itched to hold a knife. Kamal had been unarmed, and even had he not been, he was only thirteen years old at the time, and scarcely felt equal to attacking a full-grown man. Even at that age, too, he had learned well his lesson of patience, and now to it he added another—namely, never to be unarmed, lest when his chance came it should find him helpless.

It was in the May of his eighteenth year, just after his arrival in Khwaja Khel, that returning about dusk one evening to his uncle's house Kamal was greeted by his mother, who was stretched on a charpoy beside the door. The strain of the past ten years had weighed heavily on Zardana. Pathan women at the best of times age early, and grief at the tragic deaths of her husband and elder sons, and the long separation from her youngest, had told upon her. Sickness and want had also attenuated her gaunt frame, till she looked little more than skin and bone. Still, a light of triumph and a fierce lust for vengeance shone out of her black eyes, and she had barely greeted him when she burst out with: "Kamal, my son, I have at last succeeded. The years have been long and weary, and Wali Khan's blood has for too many moons cried out to Heaven for vengeance; but praise be to Allah, the All-merciful, who

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"Shabasé,¹ mother mine, thou hast indeed done well, nor will I fail thee now. May my flesh be eaten by the jackals and my bones be picked clean by the vultures if Amir Khan win to Makhtar in safety. Never have I ceased to pray for vengeance and to thirst after it, as our kinsfolk thirst for the cool waters of Tirah amid the burning sands of Hindustan in the hot season. Now, praise be to Allah, thy news has come in answer to my prayers. Take thine ease now, oh my mother, and be sure that when next I see thee my tidings shall gladden thy ears, for night and day will I await Amir Khan till I send his soul to hell."

Kamal's preparations were soon made. A sheepskin full of flour, slung across his back, formed his supply column, whilst he himself was his own transport; a rifle and a handful of cartridges, with his knife by his side, and his armament was complete. He determined to make for Dwa Toi at the entrance to the Rajgal valley, where he hoped to learn if Amir Khan had passed, since beyond it lies the Kuki Khel country, and there he knew his quarry would be amongst friends. If, however, his mother's information was correct, he should be well ahead of him. He arrived at Dwa Toi in the early hours of the morning, and lay up in a convenient hollow, for he did not wish to enter the village till the sun was well up, lest some regrettable incident should oc-

cur. The Pathan is apt to shoot first, and make inquiries afterwards about any one approaching at unusual hours. He therefore curled himself up and went to sleep till a more suitable time for prosecuting his inquiries. Luck befriended him, for when at length he reached the village, he came upon a knot of men engaged in desultory conversation. He mingled with them quietly, and overheard one man casually remark that he had seen Amir Khan in Peshawar a week before. He added that Amir Khan was engaged in a case which was down for hearing in the Deputy Commissioner's Court, so he would not be able to leave the city until that very day, or at earliest the night previous. Kamal was delighted at his good fortune in getting this information without even having to make inquiries. Since Peshawar was forty miles away as the crow flies, he could make pretty sure that Amir Khan was unlikely to reach Dwa Toi for a couple of days yet, though it was possible he might push through in one. As he, Kamal, was not taking any chances, he wasted no more time, but slipped unobtrusively out of the village and made his way a mile or two up the Rajgal valley. Here he selected a spot whence, unseen himself, he had an almost uninterrupted view of the track for half a mile or more. Realising that to keep watch night and day he must fortify himself with

¹ Shabasé = Bravo. It is the Pushtu equivalent for "Shabash."

previous sleep, he made and disposed of some chupatties, lighting his fire in a cave where the smoke would not betray him to the chance passer-by. Then, being possessed, like the dog, of the faculty of sleeping at any time, he stretched himself on the ground and slept till about four in the afternoon, when he awoke and prepared himself for his vigil. The place he had selected for his ambush was between a couple of big rocks at the side of, and a little higher than, the road. Here for hour after hour he crouched motionless as the rocks themselves, his clothes so harmonising with his surroundings that even in broad daylight there would have been nothing to catch the eye.

It happened to be the period of the full moon, and the summer nights were bright as day. At about eight o'clock the moon rose above the northern Ghar range, flooding the Rajgal valley with its soft radiance. Quiet and peaceful lay the valley beneath her beams. It was shut in on all sides by steep rocky hills, crowned with pine-woods, whilst at its eastern end a narrow defile gave an exit to the tumbling stream which fretted over its rocky bed in the centre of the vale. On either bank of the river fields of young wheat and barley, intersected by water-channels, shimmered in the silvery light as a gentle breeze swept over them. Slowly the hours of the night passed

away, but no one came near. At last, fitfully, but heralding the a Then he crept cramped and constraint of the keeping watch he prepared h with infinite ca eating it lay do cave's mouth w ing vigilance th even a bird cou valley unseen by decided to leav place of ambush of daylight, as the road for h light a fire, w mouth of the manded the ro range. The su till it was ver valley, and th decline. The d towards evening throughout its dared not even night had been to his eager ha minute of the d an hour, and ad fire of his impa for the time wh of his rifle shou on Amir Khan's his forefinger ou round the trigger sun steeped the flood of golden Kamal had no

glories. To him it only suggested that it was time for him to go back to his position for the night, and slowly and cautiously he crawled down the hill on hands and knees. Once again he watched the moon light up the valley, and as she cleared the hill-tops a solitary figure came into sight. Nearer and nearer it came, and Kamal scarcely dared to breathe as he wondered if the hour of his vengeance had arrived. The minutes dragged on and on, till it seemed to the boy's eager longing that weeks had passed since first he saw the distant figure. Now the oncomer stopped, and, stooping, adjusted his chapli.¹ For the moment he was in a shadow, but as he advanced the moon's rays shone full on his face. Kamal's heart stopped beating, and there was a sharp constriction in his throat as he recognised the hated features. Amir Khan was in his own country now, and his only thought was to press on to his village. No recollection crossed his mind of the wolf cub that had escaped him ten years before. The cub had grown, and with bared fangs was measuring his distance, for Kamal had drawn the sharp butcher knife from its sheath, and with every muscle tense was crouched like a steel spring. As the man passed below the rocks the long knife struck him between the shoulders with the full driving power of the boy's weight behind it. Kamal had leapt

from his hiding-place like a hungry panther, and with the same swift movement had driven the steel right through the man's body. With a choked cry Amir Khan fell on his face. He was still breathing as Kamal turned him on to his back, and, laughing into the distorted face, cried—"Dog, dost remember the old wolf Wali Khan, and the manner of his death?" A glance of savage hate sufficiently answered his grim taunt. Kamal smiled unconcernedly at the scowl of his fallen foe, and coolly turning the body till he could withdraw the knife he waited till the twitching limbs were still, and the moonlight showed the eyes glazed in death. Then with another laugh he started over the hillside for Khwaja Khel.

He arrived soon after sunrise. As he entered his uncle's house he saw his mother lying asleep near the doorway. She opened her eyes at his coming, and an eager look overspread her wasted features as she recognised him. Kamal bent his head in answer to the unspoken question, and drawing his knife, held it before her eyes, saying, "It has drunk the life-blood of Amir Khan. For a whole day and night I watched for him where the road leaves the Dwa Toi defile, and on the evening of the second day the accursed one came. All unknowing he passed beneath me, and I laughed silently as I watched and thought how close he was

¹ Chapli—a leathern sandal.

to hell. As he passed I struck once, but before he died he knew whose hand had smitten him down and that Wali Khan's blood was avenged." A sob of triumph shook Zardana's frail body as she essayed to speak, but at last, with feeble faltering accents, she said: "Praise be to Allah, oh my son, who after these many long years has granted this boon in answer to my petitions. I am near my end; nay, lament not, Kamal, for I am weary and fain would rest, and thine hand has given me peace. Never could I have lain quiet in the earth had I not seen vengeance on one at least of those who wronged me. Allah bless thee and keep thee, who art the only fruit of my body left to me in mine old age. Perchance, if it is His will, I may live to see thee return triumphant over yet another of our enemies." The faint voice died away, and Zardana's eyes closed, whilst Kamal flung himself on the ground beside her, and was soon wrapped in a deep slumber. He awoke towards sunset, feeling something of a hero. Though he had seen more than one die, he had never actually taken part in the killing of a man before; and he knew that Mir Akbar looked upon him with increased respect as one who had attained to manhood, though the grim old Afridi spoke no word of approval.

No suspicion fell on Kamal regarding the end of Amir Khan. Beyond the Frontier a violent end is too common

to excite remembrance. He had spoken said that Allah many enemies subsequently diffi- tives to fix t on any one By this it i suggested tha was required. have been amp there was no as no one ha deed, and Ka clues behind h a matter of ment after al enough to kil tunity offered. of his especial hope that the be amongst the it was "Kism Allah,—and A philosophically

Kamal now business to bee with the pers of the other m was interested of the two w Rajgal valley. after some we inquiry that M in a tower is little distance side of the vill It stood on a and was so pla impossible to any medium r door faced tow and was scree walnut-tree. ingly made up would have to tient observatio habits, unless o friend. He ha

Ahmad as the next object of his revenge, since Darya Khan was absent from Rajgal that year, whilst Fateh Mahomed was with his regiment. Months passed by, and he was unable to glean anything of value to help him in his quest. Meanwhile his mother was sinking fast, though she had rallied somewhat when he had brought her the news of Amir Khan's death. There was nothing specific the matter; she was simply worn out, and the life within her flickered like a candle nearing its end. Whenever Kamal returned from one of his excursions her bitter hate lent her a fictitious strength, and she used to raise herself with a hungry look of fierce anticipation, only to sink back in patient disappointment when she saw from his face that success had not crowned his efforts. At times she used to consult with Kamal, but their deliberations only served to inflame their hatred without coming to any result.

The year was drawing on into the autumn, and the Afridis were beginning to make preparations for the move to the winter settlements, when Kamal set off once again over the hill separating Maidan from the Rajgal valley. For some days the leaves had been turning, and the night before a big storm had swept down from the Sufed Koh. When Kamal reached the spot from which he could overlook Makhtar, his heart leapt within him, for he saw that the big walnut-tree that grew at the foot of Mir

Ahmad's tower, and screened its doorway, was almost denuded of its leaves. Had his chance come at last? Rather under than over three hundred yards from the southern border of the village there was a rocky knoll, affording excellent natural cover. It rose beside a deep and thickly wooded nullah, which offered a concealed line of approach, if he could but reach it unobserved. The difficulty lay in the fact that a number of women were working in the fields near the village, and children were tending cattle and goats close by. There was no certainty either that even if he reached the hillock he would see Mir Ahmad. Still he thought it worth the trial, and worked his way down the hill from rock to tree, and tree to rock, till he reached the head of the nullah. So far as he could tell he had not been seen; anyway the alarm had not been given. The worst part of the journey was over now, and the only risk was his coming upon some shepherd tending his flocks, or some one gathering firewood in the nullah. It was a risk he could only guard against by the caution of his advance, and despite every care he was once nearly discovered by a small boy in search of a strayed goat. Kamal only just had time to sink down into the shelter of a friendly bush, whence for half an hour, his knife in his hand, he watched the boy, prepared to silence him for ever should the necessity arise. Eventually the boy

discovered his truant charge, and departed whacking it up the sides of the ravine, and showering upon it a choice flood of invective. Kamal breathed more freely, and continued his slow advance. Without further adventure he reached the top of the hillock, and soon found a convenient niche from which he could easily watch Mir Ahmad's door at a distance of about two hundred and fifty yards. The hours slowly passed, but about four in the afternoon his patient watch was rewarded by the sight of his enemy, who came and stood in the doorway of his tower. His foot was on the ladder, and he was preparing to descend, when he turned halfway round to speak to some one inside. Kamal's rifle was at his shoulder, the barrel resting on a rock, but with finger on the trigger he waited till Mir Ahmad should turn and face him again. His nerves were strung up to fever pitch, and he could have shrieked aloud, as minute after minute passed and Mir Ahmad showed no signs of moving. At length, however, the moment came. Mir Ahmad, still glancing back over his shoulder, turned his body, presenting his breast to Kamal's aim. A pressure of the forefinger, and, as the report rang out, Mir Ahmad started convulsively, pitched head foremost down the ladder, and lay in a crumpled heap at the bottom.

Two! thought Kamal exultantly, as he beat a hasty retreat into the nullah, where he hoped to lie hid till it was

dark enough to tirement over t counted on a respite before t be up, and he use of them, b way rapidly as the head of th could with saf not try the hi dark, so, selectin cover he coul sconced himsel his knife draw since it was to a rifle, nor was advertise his w shooting again. couple of hour before he judg continue his re three search-par close by his hid out discovering hugged himsel he learned from sation, and the rose from the vi Ahmad had neve He had but on the man did no he died, by whos for it robbed hi some of its sv last, cautiously hiding-place, he the nullah ag thought it po piquet might h at the head of sidered it prude by another road the west of the along the right Rajgal stream for and a half, he ever up another nullah a path he knew o the crest of the

Maidan, from where it was easy to drop down to Khwaja Khel.

His mother was dozing as he entered the house, but started up on her couch into instant wakefulness at his step. One glance at his face was sufficient for her, and her voice regained all its pristine strength as she called: "Praise be to Allah and to Mahomed, his holy prophet, thou hast succeeded, my son. Mir Ahmad is dead at thy hands?" "It is truth," answered Kamal; "as the swine left his house in the third watch, whilst his foot was yet on the topmost rung of the ladder, I shot him, and he was dead ere he touched the ground. The village hummed like a bees' byke disturbed, and for two hours I crouched in a bush like an oorial doe in hiding, but Allah protected me, and when night threw her mantle over the hillside I came away. But—what hast thou, oh my mother?" He broke off. His mother had fallen back on the charpoy, a look of ineffable content over her features. A slight shudder shook her frame, and her spirit had passed.

Too stunned at first to realise she was dead, Kamal tried to revive her, but his uncle drew him away, bidding him leave her to the ministrations of the women. Before she was wrapped in the grave-clothes, Kamal went to take a last farewell of her. She lay as if quietly asleep, her age had dropped from her like an old garment, and though

the features were wasted and worn, she looked young again as in the days when she had crooned over her first-born son, and peacefully happy as she had been then. Zardana had grown very dear to her son in the last few months, and as he gazed on the still features the remembrance of her wrongs welled up in his heart, and with a dry sob he exclaimed: "Sleep now, oh my mother, for thou hast undergone much toil and sorrow. But if thy spirit can hear me, listen and bear witness as I swear again by Allah and by the tomb of his holy prophet Mahomed, that never will I cease from my vengeance till the last of those accursed ones, who wronged thee, has paid in full. May my soul writhe for ever amidst the torments of the damned if I fail in the least jot of this my vow." The last rites were soon performed, and a few days later Mir Akbar's household had started for Taodamela, as the fresh snow was already lying on the peaks of the Sufed Koh.

Some weeks passed away, and Kamal had been revolving many plans in his head to reach Wali Mahomed. So far, however, he had not hit on anything feasible, for he had not been able even to become acquainted with his personal appearance. One evening a stranger came to Taodamela in search of some strayed cattle. Mir Akbar being the chief malik in the village, the man was directed to his house. He was hospitably received, and

having explained that he was Wali Mahomed of the village of Kadam, he set forth his errand. Kamal's eyes glistened as he heard the visitor's words, but he gave no other sign that he realised that chance had brought one of his enemies under the same roof-tree with himself. On the contrary, he set himself to disarm suspicion by the courtesy and attention he showed the stranger. For the night Wali Mahomed slept in Mir Akbar's house, and in the morning Kamal volunteered to accompany him a portion of his way. He alleged as an excuse that he had business in Halwai, a village lying a little to the north-west of Wali Mahomed's road. They had gone about a couple of miles out of Taodamela, when Kamal's hand stole to the handle of his knife, and the next second the bright blade flashed in the sunlight. Quick though he was, Wali Mahomed was quicker in his leap aside, drawing as he did so his own knife. His return blow gashed Kamal's shoulder, as the boy sprang in to close with him, aiming a fierce thrust at the man's stomach. The stroke nearly got home, but Wali Mahomed writhed clear and seized the boy's wrist, at the same time striving to shorten his weapon. Kamal was too near to allow of this, for they were locked in a close embrace, struggling breast to breast. Wali Mahomed, a full-grown man, was by far the stronger, but Kamal was lithe as an eel and clung fast to his opponent.

At length forced him pair tripped falling with ground, K Just before Kamal's le the handle a small st was in Wal bund. Wit ceeded in o his head s knocking plunged th opponent's slow degree sciousness, first to re weight that causing his deep gasps. he partially weight roll sank back the effort. able to m Mahomed side. He sick and di to his head was stiff f had receive of the fig moment he It was sti before he together, an in time, for out on his when he sa coming tow tively he t but the hur his heels, a Kuki Khels was a bro homed. K reaching T

though not unscathed. A rifle bullet struck him in his already wounded shoulder, and he was faint with loss of blood when he gained the shelter of his uncle's house.

He was soon convalescent, but thenceforth he bore his life in his hand. The killing of Wali Mahomed reminded folk of Kamal's parentage, and relatives of Amir Khan and Mir Ahmad were not slow to remember the part the two had played, in conjunction with Wali Mahomed, in the death of Wali Khan and his three sons. Kamal was soon to receive a sharp reminder of this, for being one day at the village of Maora, which lay close to Dargai, a Kuki Khel hamlet, on his return a bullet whistled past his ear, and flattened itself against a rock beside him. He did not wait to see from what quarter it came, but blotted himself out behind a convenient stone. From here he wormed his way up the hillside till he reached a spot where he could safely lie concealed, intending to proceed on his way under the kindly cover of night. For two or three hours he lay prone against the earth, escaping discovery by only a hair's-breadth. Three men were searching the hillside for his body, and passed within five yards of the cleft in which he had taken refuge. He judged it prudent to make a long detour, even after night had set in, as his enemies, when they gave up the search, had taken the direct path to Taodamela, and he had but little doubt they would be lying in

wait for him. From that time on he kept away from the vicinity of the Kuki Khel villages, but it was only a few days before he narrowly escaped destruction from a big rock, which mysteriously detached itself from the hillside above him, when he was making his way along a narrow path which ran beside the brink of a deep precipice. The rock missed him by inches only, and the wind raised by its downward rush almost caused him to lose his footing and follow it over the precipice. A week or so afterwards, in Taodamela itself, only his practised agility saved him from a murderous knife-thrust aimed at him by a man who was passing him in broad daylight. Kamal's knife flashed out in response, but his assailant had vanished into a gully between two houses, which opened into some scrub jungle not far from the head of a deep nullah, into which Kamal was too wary to follow.

This last escape, however, convinced him that he had made that part of the world too hot to hold him, and on Mir Akbar's advice he set out one night for Peshawar. Here he fell in with an old acquaintance, Ata Mahomed, a sepoy in the 150th Afridis, who was on his way up the Bara valley on recruiting duty, and Kamal was easily persuaded to enlist. A short interview with the recruiting staff officer and a doctor followed, and soon he was in the train on his way to Multan, where the 150th were then stationed. As may be imagined, everything was

strange to him, and the trammels of discipline were at first most irksome to the boy, accustomed to obey only his own impulse and will. For a few months life was about as congenial to him as the cage is to the freshly trapped hawk. But, to carry on the simile, he was in the hands of experienced falconers. Hard physical work at regular intervals left him little time to brood, and he quickly realised that resenting discipline was about as useful as the hawk finds the beating of its wings against the bars of the cage. Not long afterwards too, he, in company with other recruits, was detailed to keep the ground at a big review, and the sight of his regiment marching past, with their tattered colours flying, roused a feeling of pride in the lad's breast.

Kamal was no fool, and he put his heart into his work, so that he was shortly noted by the adjutant as likely to do well. Musketry, that common stumbling-block to the young recruit, had no terrors for him, and at the end of nine months he found himself one of a party paraded to be sworn in on the colours in the presence of the whole regiment. His work was now lighter, but he was ambitious, and had visions of a subadar's¹ stars on his shoulders, so with the help of the regimental schoolmaster he set himself to conquer the educational test which

was the path. Da school, the work o a bania; h "who, aft doubtless it, he stud dogged pe ere long t of a thir Drill he so now havin tests for p he cast a bringing h He found the regimer men were was conge was quick the most e regiment. by, and at weather, so he had joi self at th lough roll gymnastics wild sava before into up soldier, cleanliness ing insiste ment had r of a dand many an soft eyes "burka"² swaggered bazaar, res clothes and coat, a bl wound rou his head.

¹ Subadar = Indian company commander.

² Burka = a shapeless garment which conceals the wearer from head to foot. It has two slots for the eyes.

prudent, however, to make for Khwaja Khel by a roundabout road, so crossed the Kohat Pass. Then following the Khanki valley, he entered Maidan at its western end by way of the Chingakh Pass, having previously changed his gay attire for something more in keeping with his native hills.

On arrival at Khwaja Khel he learned from his uncle, Mir Akbar, that neither of his especial enemies, Fateh Mahomed or Darya Khan, was at the time in the Rajgal valley, but that a flattering interest was likely to be taken in his (Kamal's) movements by the relatives of Amir Khan and Mir Ahmad. The thought of possible, or rather probable, danger to himself Kamal treated lightly, especially as he was only in the same case as almost every man in the valley, but since he could not prosecute his vengeance he had to find other pastime. This was soon forthcoming in the person of a comely little border maiden, Gulzané by name, daughter of one Maddu Khan who lived at Bagh. Kamal had seen her four years previously, soon after he had settled accounts with Amir Khan, and now finding time hang heavy on his hands, after the strenuous regimental life, the recollection of her black eyes drew him down the valley. He soon found means of gaining her good graces; but Maddu Khan was avaricious, and her price was high—five hundred rupees, or the value

of a good rifle. Kamal was not the only suitor for Gulzané's hand, but being like his Scottish prototype, young Lochinvar,—neither a laggard in love nor a dastard in war,—he at once began to think of ways of raising the necessary money. After some cogitation he came to the conclusion that a successful dacoity or highway robbery was the most promising method of satisfying Maddu Khan's demands. Besides, it appealed to his sporting instincts, whilst to a good Mahomedan the kidnapping of a fat Hindu bania and the extortion of a high ransom was a work of merit. He persuaded Maddu Khan to give him a month in which to pay down the money, and with a couple of dare-devil friends who were ready for anything he made his way to Kohat. Fortune favoured his efforts, for on the very first day he got news of a wealthy soucar,¹ one Moti Lal of Peshawar, who was on his way from Kohat to Bannu in two or three days' time. Kamal and his companions at once set off to reconnoitre the road, their idea being to hold up Moti Lal at some convenient spot. According to circumstances, they would either loot their prey then and there or, if he was not carrying money on his person, remove him to some secure hiding-place in the hills, and there detain him till a ransom was paid. What they required was found some twenty miles out of Kohat, where the

¹ Soucar = an Indian banker.

road runs through a defile; and whilst one of the three returned to Kohat to watch Moti Lal's movements, Kamal and his other friend selected a deep gully in the hills to the west of the road, where they could temporarily lie concealed. The next day the man who had been watching Moti Lal returned with the news that the soucar was leaving Kohat in an ekha¹ at about ten o'clock on the following morning, so that he might be expected soon after two o'clock. The three men prepared their ambush at about the narrowest part of the road, the breadth of which had been further reduced by a heap of *kunkur* placed ready for mending purposes. About half-past twelve they settled themselves down to wait, one on either side of the road, whilst the third went back a little distance towards Kohat to signal the approach of their quarry.

Moti Lal, head partner of the big banking firm of Mulraj & Co., had left Kohat that morning with a sense of impending misfortune. To begin with, a single jackal had commenced to call just outside the serai where he was lodging, and had broken off suddenly in the middle of its best top-note. Then as he was ponderously mounting into his ekha he had sneezed violently, whilst as he left Kohat on the Bannu road a hare had dashed across the way before him, squeaking loudly as it ran. As if these were not sufficient omens of

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¹ Ekha = a two-wheeled springless

a mile out of Laohi, the pony picked up a stone, and though he struggled gamely on, his pace slowed almost to a walk. Moti Lal, resenting this, urged on the driver, calling him the son of a pig and other appellations of endearment. These the driver with many blows passed on to the unfortunate pony, casting aspersions on the honour of his parents for many generations previous. At length it became obvious that not even stripes could get the wretched beast along, and the driver getting down discovered the cause of the trouble. This was soon removed and the ekha quickly on its way again, the pony being lashed into a gallop to make up for lost time. Not a soul was in sight along the road, when suddenly the pony fell heavily. A slack wire had been stretched across the road, cunningly concealed in the dust, and so arranged that a slight twitch on either end drew it taut, raising it some six or eight inches above the ground-level. Before Moti Lal could realise what had happened, he discovered he was guarded on each hand by two armed men with drawn knives, who were conducting him into the hills on the north of the road. A third man roughly jerked the pony to its feet, ordering the driver to lead the ekha up a side nullah. When well out of sight of the road the party halted, and Moti Lal was relieved of the money he had on him. He was then gagged and blindfolded, a

"burka" was thrown over his head, and he was placed on the pony, his feet being tied under the animal's belly. Meanwhile the driver was also gagged, blindfolded, and trussed up. After a hint that it would be both unwise and unhealthy to recollect any details concerning the identity of his captors, he was flung down between a couple of rocks to get free as best he might. A jab from a knife started the pony, and till close on midnight Kamal and his companions pressed on into the hills, by unfrequented by-paths. At last they stopped in a deep hollow, twenty miles away from the scene of the outrage. Here Moti Lal was given his choice between signing an order for Rs. 1500, or the loss of his nose. He was further informed that if the cash was not delivered at a spot arranged within a couple of days, he would not see Peshawar again. Realising that his captors were fully prepared to go to any lengths, with a heavy sigh the soucar did as he was ordered. The money was duly paid over, and after releasing Moti Lal at a spot not far from the scene of his abduction, Kamal and his friends were soon on their way to Maidan. They had taken the precaution of keeping their prisoner in strict purdah,¹ so that he should not be able to recognise them.

Kamal reached Khwaja Khel with a week to spare, and soon arranged matters with Maddu Khan, who felt no concern as

¹ Purdah = lit. a curtain. Here used to signify in strict seclusion.

to the origin of the money so long as he got it. The marriage was celebrated at Bagh, and Kamal led his bride home to his uncle's house. The journey was not uneventful. The bride and bridegroom left Bagh in all their bravery, in the midst of the marriage procession, to the notes of the sarnai and the dhol, and the discharge of many rifles. Suddenly, as they turned towards Khwaja Khel, a bullet hummed past Kamal's ear with a sound like the buzz of an angry hornet, and struck in the ground beyond with a vicious whist. Kamal's friends, who were forming an escort to the happy pair, went off to attend to the matter, but the would-be assassin had made good his escape, and the procession reached Khwaja Khel without further adventure. A few brief days of dalliance amidst wedded bliss followed, and Kamal had to rejoin his regiment, his furlough being over.

For some time now his life was uneventful, at least so far as exciting episodes were concerned, though the cup of his joy was filled to overflowing by the birth of a son. About eight months after he had rejoined, he received one morning an urgent letter from his uncle, advising him to take leave as his wife's time was approaching. He managed to get fifteen days, and hastened up to Khwaja Khel. As he reached his house he was electrified by the sound of an infant's wailing. He rushed inside to find his wife lying, weak but smiling, on her string bed, and by

her side a tiny bundle giving utterance to a lusty cry. Gulzané could scarcely articulate from pride, but she gasped out: "May my lord be pleased. Allah has sent us a man-child. The babe is healthy, for listen how he scolds." Proudly Kamal picked up the child, and gazed upon his features. As he did so the babe, ceasing awhile from his cries, smiled into his face. Kamal was delighted, and exclaimed: "A manling indeed! See, oh Gulzané! He fears me not at all, he smiles upon me. Now have I no fear that my father will lie un-avenged, for even if I perish here is one who will carry on the feud and exact vengeance. Wilt thou not, little sonling?" The child struggled feebly in his arms, and Kamal laughed proudly, "Ah! the wicked one, he would escape from my hands." "Give him back to me, my lord," begged Gulzané, "he is but weak yet, though ere long thou wilt be strong enough, wilt not, my prince-ling? Art pleased, my husband, with thine handmaid," she went on with a shy smile in her dark eyes, "that I have borne thee a son?" "In very truth hast thou pleased me, oh Gulzané, Light of mine eyes and Breath of my nostrils. Precious indeed wert thou to me aforetime, but now doubly so, Heart of mine. But see, Sher Bahadur is hungry, and thou must attend to his wants. Sher Bahadur shall he be named, for bold is he that he showed no fear of me, a stranger, and a tiger will he be to his enemies when he goes

forth to destroy them. Aie, how he tugs and strains at thy breasts, Gulzané. Plain is it that he will not be denied, but will have his desire to the uttermost. So wilt thou always, sonling, and so would we have it; is it not a true word, Gulzané, wife of my bosom?" Kamal stopped speaking, for Gulzané had closed her eyes, and he saw she was weary and needing rest. Softly he stole from the house, but none so proud as he in all Tirah. The little life that owed its being to him and his wife was a never-failing source of joy and wonder, and it may be his friends were not sorry when the time came for him to return to his regiment, for he never tired of expatiating on the merits of the babe. It was an amiable trait, not unknown amongst parents in more civilised communities, but apt to be tiresome. To hear him it seemed that never before had a child been born in Maidan, though children were as common as stones in that country of rocky hills.

Fifteen days quickly pass, and his life now merely followed the ordinary routine of the regiment, but about two years after the above events he was selected for promotion, and received his lance stripe. In the meantime the 150th Afridis had been removed on relief to Nowshera. Here Kamal gained further favourable notice by the clever capture of a rifle thief. The man, Rahmat Khan, a Zakha Khel, was known to him, and the pair met by chance in the

bazaar. After some desultory conversation from which Kamal gathered that Rahmat Khan was in Nowshera on business, they separated. Kamal, going straight to the adjutant of his regiment, told him of Rahmat Khan's presence in the bazaar, suggesting that it might be well to look carefully to the security of the rifles. He also suggested that if he were put in orders for fifteen days' leave he would undertake to secure Rahmat Khan red-handed. He obtained the necessary leave of absence, for there had been an epidemic of rifle thieving at several of the stations near the Frontier. It was suspected that Rahmat Khan was a ringleader in the game, but hitherto no proof had been obtainable, whilst some twenty rifles had disappeared from British India across the border. Kamal watched his opportunity, and meeting Rahmat Khan again, he told him in the course of conversation that he was going up to Tirah on leave. At the same time he hinted that if there was anything Rahmat Khan wanted taken up in that direction, he thought he saw his way to obliging him if it were made worth his while. He explained that he was travelling up to Peshawar as orderly to a sahib in his regiment, and that with a little ingenuity it would be quite simple to smuggle an extra package in with his sahib's luggage, which would naturally be quite exempt from any unwelcome attentions from the police. Rahmat Khan fell into

the trap, and admitted that he had a couple of buried rifles he was anxious to get out of British territory. A price was agreed upon, and Rahmat Khan arranged to hand them over at a spot just outside the bazaar on a certain night, when Kamal would meet him with a box made up to look like an officer's uniform case. As luck would have it, as Rahmat Khan was proceeding to the rendezvous, taking with him the rifles, he fell in with an armed patrol, and was by it safely lodged in charge of the nearest regimental quarter-guard, till he could be handed over to the civil power. Kamal himself did not appear in the transaction, and his share was only known to the regimental authorities, though Rahmat Khan had his suspicions, and vowed to get even when he escaped from the clutches of the Sirkar. As, however, in the course of the trial it was proved that in the theft of these two particular rifles a man had been killed, Rahmat Khan disappeared to the Andamans on a life sentence, so Kamal could afford to laugh at his threats.

A few weeks later Kamal was promoted to naick,¹ and ere long his turn for furlough came round again. He journeyed with a party of friends as far as Bagh, where he stopped to pay a visit to his father-in-law. Here he learned that Darya Khan was in the Rajgal valley, so he promised himself to settle accounts with another of his enemies before the expiration of his furlough.

The reckoning was to come sooner than he had expected. He had left Bagh in the early morning, on his way to Khwaja Khel, and had just crossed a low ridge when a flock of rock-pigeons sprang into the air from the hillside about quarter of a mile away. They were evidently startled, and, though now in his own country, Kamal felt he must walk warily. To drop behind a big boulder was the work of a moment, and a matter of habit. From its friendly shelter he carefully scanned the hill, but not a soul was in sight. The spot whence the pigeons had risen lay exactly in his path. To get above it meant a long detour, whilst if an enemy was hidden there, the foe had the advantage of interior lines, whilst a spur of the hill would conceal his movements. It would have been possible, of course, to return to Bagh, but then the pigeons might only have been disturbed by a wandering fox, so after a careful reconnaissance Kamal proceeded on his way. He carried his rifle in his hand, and had loosened his knife in its sheath, so as to be prepared for all eventualities. Cautiously he strode forward, and had almost reached the suspicious spot, but still there was no sign of life in the broken rocks above him. Suddenly a whistle shrilled out, and almost simultaneously came the reports of three rifles. A bullet sang past his head, whilst another seared his left side, passing between his body and

¹ Naick = corporal.

his arm. At the same time the barrel of his own rifle struck him a violent blow on the chest. He sprang aside, and crouched behind a jutting-out and overhanging rock, but he felt he was trapped. His own rifle was useless, for he found on examination the third bullet had struck the barrel, denting it badly. His escape so far was little short of miraculous, for the shots had come from close range, and he felt that it was an impossibility his luck could continue. The only chance in his favour was that his place of refuge could not be commanded from a distance, and that if his enemies tried to come to close quarters only one would be able to come at a time, as the path was narrow. They knew he had a rifle, and being ignorant that it was damaged, they would be careful not to expose themselves, which they would have to do to see him where he lay. On the other hand, he was in too cramped a position to be able to put up much of a fight. For ten minutes he crouched motionless, his knife drawn in his hand, not knowing how or when the attack would come. The minutes crept by, and he heard the rattle of a stone on the pathway beyond his rock of refuge. Then silence, and another long trying wait. Suddenly, and without warning, a man dashed round the rock. Kamal aimed a savage out at him, but missed, while his opponent's steel shore through the folds of his turban, inflicting a nasty scalp wound. The blow would

probably have ended the fight and Kamal's history at one and the same time, if the first force had not been taken by a projecting root. Before the blow could be repeated, Kamal had seized his opponent's arm, and then, tripping, the two rolled over and over, struggling fiercely. Down the side of the hill they rolled, till Kamal's head struck against a big rock, and he lost consciousness. Meanwhile his opponent, who was no other than Darya Khan, had managed to seize hold of a small tree and to shake off Kamal's unconscious grip. As he did so, and was trying to collect his scattered senses, a warning whistle twice repeated rang out from the pathway above. Looking up he saw his friends signalling him to make good his escape. He saw them run off hurriedly up the hill among the rocks, and at the same time heard the reports of more than one rifle. Guessing that a party of Malik Din Khels, or perhaps Kambar Khels, had caused the interruption, he too took to flight, after casting a regretful look at Kamal's body where it lay wedged beside a big stone some thirty feet farther down the hill. He longed to go down and make sure of his work, but a bullet striking the ground beside him pointed out only too plainly the folly of further delay, and he beat a hasty retreat. On reaching a position of comparative safety, finding he could still see Kamal where he lay, he unslung his rifle and had a

rapid shot, but was unable to see the result.

Kamal's rescuers were a party of Malik Din Khel shepherds, who, hearing the first shots, had moved across the valley to see what was going on. They carried him into Khwaja Khel, where it was found that, in addition to the scalp wound, Darya Khan's last shot had passed through his right arm, luckily without touching a bone. He had also received some severe cuts and bruises in his tumble down the hill, so that altogether he was in rather a sorry plight. Being gifted, however, with the marvellous vitality of the Pathan (a vitality which has enabled a man with seven bullets in him to get home in a charge, and out down his foe), a few weeks saw him on his feet again, and ready to try conclusions with Darya Khan. Chance brought an opportunity in his way, for one day as he was on the ridge between Maidan and the Rajgal valley he came face to face with his enemy. They met alone on the naked hillside, and, neither having had an opportunity to use his rifle, with silent mutual consent they resorted to the steel once again for the arbitrament of their quarrel. For fully fifteen minutes out, thrust, and parry followed in rapid succession, neither gaining much advantage, though Kamal's left arm hung useless by his side, and Darya Khan's face was laid open from the eye to the chin. At length, however, Darya Khan's foot slipped on a loose

stone, and before he could recover Kamal's knife had bitten clean through his collar-bone and deep into his chest. He fell without a groan, and in spite of his wound Kamal laughed with exultation as he realised that his vengeance was nearly completed. The families of four out of the five men concerned in Wali Khan's murder had each paid for it with a life, and Kamal felt sure that ere long a way would open whereby he would reach Subadar Fateh Mahomed, the last, and the ringleader, of the band. In the meantime, however, he had to rejoin his regiment.

Three years were to elapse before Kamal could even hope for a chance of finally closing accounts. Fateh Mahomed's regiment had been sent to China. At length news came that they were on their way back, and knowing that, according to custom on return from Colonial service, furlough would at once be opened to all ranks, Kamal took fifteen days' leave. He had determined to lie in wait for his last enemy as he had done for Amir Khan. Being then stationed in Kohat, he crossed into Maidan by the Sampagha and Arhanga Passes. He travelled by night and carefully avoided any villages, for he had no wish that news of his coming should be circulated. Once again he made use of the hiding-place that had served him so well twelve years previously, and waited through the long hours for his enemy's coming. Proverb says that history repeats itself, and

so it seemed to Kamal as he watched the moon light up the Rajgal valley and move in its stately path across the sky. Once again morning broke and the object of his hate had not appeared. About midday, however, as he lay in the mouth of his cave he descried a party of men coming from the direction of Dwa Toi, and recognised Fateh Mahomed in their leader. It was a moment for quick decision. Should he risk a long shot and trust to his powers of speed for escape? or should he await another opportunity, which might not occur for months? He had waited for over twenty years—was it not worth while to be patient a little longer? Again, Fateh Mahomed was now approaching a rock of which he knew the range to a yard. The air was still, and he felt that he could not miss. In

the confusion he would have a good start, and if the hunt grew too hot there were hiding-places in plenty in the hills. As he weighed the various chances in his mind, his barrel resting on a rock and pointing full at the heart of his unconscious foe, the latter reached the rock and halted for a moment to allow one of his party to overtake him. As he did so Kamal pressed the trigger, and Fateh Mahomed fell forward on his face. Scrambling hastily out of the cave, Kamal succeeded in reaching a side nullah. He had to lie hid till dusk, when he made his way to Bagh without difficulty. The hours of waiting passed like an ecstatic dream, till he thought it safe to move. His father's death was avenged, his vendetta accomplished.

E. F. KNOX.

HOLLAND AND THE SCHELDT.

"You are always talking to me of principles. As if your public law was anything to me; I do not know what it means. What do you suppose that all your parchments and your treaties signify to me?"

ALEXANDER I. to TALLEYRAND.

THESE are sentiments after the Kaiser Wilhelm II.'s own heart. He regards a treaty as a tiresome arrangement, giving rise to certain rights and obligations; to be respected so far and so long as it is found to be operating to his own advantage, but otherwise to be set on one side as a matter of no practical importance. He agrees with the view expressed by Professor Treitschke that 'every treaty is a voluntary limitation of the individual power, and 'all international treaties are written with this stipulation: *rebus si constantibus*. The State has no higher judge above it, and will therefore conclude all its treaties with that silent observation, . . . every State is in the position of being able to cancel any treaties which have been concluded.' Expediency alone is allowed to determine whether the obligations of a treaty into which Germany has entered are to be further observed or not, for in such high matters there is no room for honour to play a part.

Of all the disillusionments which the Great War is bringing to the Kaiser, none appears to him to be so amazing as this, that Great Britain and Belgium are prepared to shed their last drop of blood in de-

fence of their national honour. To the Kaiser it seemed wanton folly that Belgium should risk her very existence in an attempt to protect her rights of neutrality; it is simply inexplicable that Great Britain should have entered the lists to preserve inviolate a mere 'scrap of paper.' *Experientia docet*. War is a rough school in which to learn the elementary rules of national conduct, as the Kaiser and his misguided myrmidons are finding to their cost.

It is more than probable, if Germany had not violated her treaty obligations as a guarantor of the independence and neutrality of Belgium, that neither Great Britain nor Belgium would have entered the field of battle. It will only be by the most skilful handling of problems of the utmost delicacy that Holland, having regard to her treaty obligations, will be able to remain neutral.

At the outbreak of the war Holland at once declared her neutrality, and set forth in a series of articles the dispositions which she had made to safeguard her position.

Article 2.

Neither the occupation of any part of the territory of the State by a

belligerent, nor the passage across this territory by land, is permitted to the troops or convoys of munitions belonging to the belligerents, nor is the passage across the territory situated within the territorial waters of the Netherlands by the warships or ships assimilated thereto of the belligerents permitted.

Article 3.

Warships or ships assimilated thereto belonging to a belligerent, which contravene the provisions of articles 2, 4, or 7, will not be permitted to leave the said territory until the end of the war.

Article 4.

No warships or ships assimilated thereto belonging to any of the belligerents shall have access to the said territory.

The territorial waters of Holland are stated in Article 17 to comprise coastal waters for a distance of 3 nautical miles, and as regards inlets for a distance of 3 miles from a line drawn across the inlet at the point nearest the entrance where the mouth of the inlet is not wider than 10 miles.

The territorial waters of Holland, therefore, include the river mouths of the Scheldt, Meuse, Waal, Lek, and Rhine, the mouth of the Scheldt at Flushing being only some 3 miles wide. On the 3rd August Holland informed Belgium that she might be compelled to alter the arrangement of buoys and lights on the Scheldt, thereby closing the navigation of the river altogether at night. Belgium having given her consent, the work was forthwith carried out. It is not without interest that on the

5th August Great Britain promised Belgium that she would ensure the free passage of the Scheldt for the provisioning of Antwerp.

Of course, by remaining neutral, Holland has nothing to hope for in the improbable event of Germany proving to be victorious. Professor Treitschke, whose views may be taken as indicative of Prussian sentiment, has frankly stated the attitude of Germany towards Holland—

‘The Rhine is an infinitely precious natural possession, but through our own fault the part that is of most material value has come into foreign hands, and it is an indispensable task of German policy to win back the mouths of the stream. . . . We are much too shy if we do not venture to declare that the entrance of Holland into our Customs Union is as necessary to us as our daily bread.’

On the other hand, Holland can hardly expect that the Allies will be disposed to regard with much favour her claim to share in the fruits of victory, unless she has borne some part of the heat and burden of the fray. At the same time it is possible to understand her reluctance to take her place in the arena, and even to sympathise with the anxiety of her statesmen to save her, if possible, from a fate similar to that which has overtaken her bruised but dauntless neighbour.

Now, if there had been no international rivers within her territory, the course of Holland's neutrality would have been comparatively plain sailing.

It is not only the right but the duty of a neutral State, unfettered by treaties, to resist any attempt to violate her neutrality, which, having regard to her existing circumstances, she can reasonably be expected to prevent. This was made clear in the award given by the Emperor Louis Napoleon in 1851 in the arbitration between the United States and Portugal in relation to the destruction, 37 years before, of the American privateer *General Armstrong* in Fayal Harbour by an English squadron; and the principle has also recently been acted upon in the Russo-Japanese War when the *Diana*, one of the Russian vessels which escaped during the sortie from Port Arthur on the 10th August 1904, and took refuge in the French Port of Saigon, was disarmed and her crew interned by order of the French Government.

Now, although under the 13th Hague Convention (1907) the mere passing of a warship through her waters would not constitute a breach of the neutrality of a Power, a neutral Power is bound to apply impartially to all belligerents such prohibitions and restrictions as she issues; and, as Holland has declared it to be her intention to exclude all belligerent warships from her territory, it is sometimes doubted whether she will be able to perform her duties as a neutral in a manner consistent with the treaty obligations which she has undertaken. The difficulty would arise if Holland were by force to pre-

vent a German or a British warship from entering or leaving the Scheldt. Could she, for instance, after having declared her neutrality, permit a British warship to ascend to Antwerp, and prevent a German warship from doing the same thing? Or again, has she any right at all, having regard to the Treaties of 1839 relating to the neutrality and independence of Belgium, to exclude a British or a French warship from the Scheldt when on its way to succour Antwerp? Now, the Scheldt, like the Rhine, is an international river, which means that in its course it separates or traverses the territory of more than one State. The Scheldt flows for 75 miles through France, for 137 miles through Belgium, and for 37 miles through Holland, and from Le Catelet in France it is navigable, as a highway of commerce, throughout the remainder of its course into the North Sea.

The distinction between such a river and one which flows wholly through the territory of a single State is, of course, obvious. No one denies that the navigable waters of a national river in the absence of treaty rights may be opened or closed at the will of the State through the territory of which it flows. It is equally clear that in times of peace, and probably also during war, the closing of an international river against merchantmen flying the flag of a State which occupies the upper reaches, by a State through whose territory it flows into

the sea, would be a violation of the comity of nations. Jurists are not agreed as to whether this right of passage belongs to the merchantmen of all nations, or only to those of the co-riparian States, and it may be doubted, (notwithstanding the wider construction put upon Article 109 of the Treaty of Vienna by the Conference of Paris in 1856), whether Holland is bound by international law to admit into the Scheldt the merchantmen of any State which is not a co-riparian; for, as appears from a minute of 3rd March 1815, the Conference of Vienna rejected an amendment by Lord Clancarty on behalf of Great Britain to open the Rhine 'au commerce et à la navigation de toutes les nations,' on the ground that it was not intended by the Treaty of Paris (which bore the same meaning as Article 109 of the Treaty of Vienna), 'de donner à tout sujet d'état non-riverain un droit de navigation égal à celui des sujets des états riverain, et pour lequel il n'y aurait aucune réciprocité.' Holland, however, does not, and probably after the redemption of the tolls in 1863 could not, claim to exclude from the Scheldt during the war the merchantmen of any nation. This right of 'innocent passage,' as it is called, is not an unrestricted one in any case, for 'its exercise is necessarily modified by the safety and convenience of the State affected by it, and can only be effectually secured by mutual convention regulating the mode of its exercise.'

International jurists also differ as to whether in times of peace the right of innocent passage applies to the warships of any foreign State, but, notwithstanding the view for which Great Britain has sometimes contended, it cannot seriously be maintained that a State is not entitled to exclude from its territorial waters warships and any ships engaged on an errand of war flying a foreign flag.

It remains, therefore, to consider whether Holland, under any treaty, has surrendered the right of closing the Scheldt during the war to any foreign warship, which otherwise she undoubtedly would possess. How does the matter stand?

In 1575 Zeeland, which included both sides of the mouth of the Western Scheldt, joined the Union of the Upper Provinces in the struggle which they were waging to free themselves from the yoke of Spain; and by the Treaty of Munster in 1648 the Seven Provinces wrung from Spain a declaration that 'les rivières de l'Escaut . . . seront tenues closes du côté des dits Seigneurs Etats.' The effect of the closing of the Scheldt to the Belgic Provinces which still adhered to Spain was to ruin the commercial prosperity of Antwerp, and to transfer its trade to Rotterdam. The Dutch, however, justified the stipulation on the ground that the course of the river through Holland was entirely artificial, the banks having been erected and maintained by the skill and money of Dutchmen.

In 1715, by the Treaty of

Utrecht, the Belgic Provinces passed to Austria; and in 1784 the Emperor Joseph II. endeavoured to force the opening of the Scheldt, and to restore to Antwerp the trade which she had lost. The attempt, however, failed, and the closing of the river against the Belgic Provinces was reaffirmed by the Treaty of Fontainebleau in 1785.

In 1792 the French overran Belgium; and on the 16th November 1792 the Scheldt was declared to be free, the decree of the French Convention stating as the ground of the declaration 'that a nation cannot, without injustice, pretend to the right of exclusively occupying the channel of a river, and of hindering the neighbouring peoples who border on its higher shores from enjoying the same advantage.' From 1795 until 1813 Holland remained in the hands of the French, Napoleon in 1810 formally annexing Holland as being 'in the nature of things nothing but a portion of France.'

In 1814 the Great Powers met in Paris after the downfall of Napoleon, and by Article 5 of the Treaty concluded on the 30th May it was agreed that 'the navigation of the Rhine from the point where it becomes navigable to the sea and *vice versa* shall be free, so that it cannot be interdicted to any one'; and, further, that 'the future Congress . . . shall likewise examine and determine in what manner the above provision shall be extended to

the other rivers which, in their navigable course, separate or traverse different States.'

In the following year (1815) Holland and Belgium were united under the hereditary sovereignty of the House of Orange, and on the 9th June the Treaty of Vienna—one of the most important documents ever executed—was signed on behalf of the Great Powers. Articles 108 to 117 of the Treaty relate to the navigation of international rivers, and were afterwards incorporated in the Treaties of 1839, which created the independent and neutral kingdom of Belgium.

Article 108.

The Powers whose States are separated or crossed by the same navigable river, engage to regulate, by common consent, all that regards the navigation of that river.

Article 109.

The navigation of the whole length of the course of the rivers referred to in the preceding Article, from the point where each of them becomes navigable to its mouth, shall be entirely free (*sera entièrement libre*), and shall not, *in respect of commerce*, be prohibited to any one (*et ne pourra, sous le rapport du commerce, être interdite à personne*).

By Act XVI., annexed to the Treaty of Vienna, the arrangements to be made with respect to the navigation of the rivers were set out in detail, and by Regulation VII. the regulations relating to the Scheldt were to be analogous to those detailed for the Rhine.

Between 1814 and 1831—a

period of constant friction between the two peoples—the question of the right of Holland to close the Scheldt was in abeyance owing to the Union, and from 1833 until 1839 Holland consented to leave the navigation of the Scheldt open until the relations between the two countries should be finally defined by treaty.

A settlement was ultimately reached, and was embodied in three Treaties, signed in London on 19th April 1839: (1) between Holland and Belgium; (2) between the Great Powers (Great Britain, France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia) and Holland; and (3) between the Great Powers and Belgium.

To each of these three Treaties was annexed the 24 Articles which created an independent and permanently neutral Kingdom of Belgium; the terms of the 24 Articles being guaranteed by the Great Powers, and acknowledged by Holland to have been agreed upon by common consent.

By Article IX. (1) Articles 108 to 117 of the Treaty of Vienna were made applicable to the international rivers of Holland and Belgium; (2) the pilotage and buoys of the Scheldt, and of its mouth, and the maintenance of its channels below Antwerp, were placed under 'une surveillance commune'; (3) a duty was made leviable by Holland in respect of the navigation of the Scheldt by vessels passing to and from Belgium. Other provisions were also made for the joint-superintendence of the river.

It is because of the different meanings which have been attributed to the provisions of these Treaties that the maintenance by Holland of an attitude of neutrality is becoming a matter of increasing and serious difficulty.

On behalf of Belgium it is contended (1) that the effect of the Treaties of 1839 was to prevent Holland from exercising, without the consent of Belgium, any right, which otherwise she might have had, of closing the waters of the Scheldt, on the ground that under the Treaties the waters of the Scheldt within her territory passed from the exclusive sovereignty of Holland, and became vested in a co-sovereignty or condominium of Holland and Belgium.

(2) That even if Holland was not wholly deprived of the right to exercise exclusive sovereign powers over the waters of the Scheldt within her territory, it would amount to a breach of her obligations under the Treaties were Holland, after having recognised the independence and neutrality of Belgium, to prevent the passage through the Scheldt of warships sent by the Powers for the purpose of protecting the neutrality of Belgium.

On the other hand, it is urged on behalf of Holland, in reply to the first contention, that the provisions of the Treaties relating to the navigation of international rivers were not intended to apply either in peace or war to vessels of war, and only referred to navigation by mer-

chant vessels; and further, that the rights given to merchantmen under the Treaties are subject to the sovereign right of Holland to take such steps as she might deem necessary for the defence of her own territory, even if such steps involve the closing of her territorial waters; and to the second contention, that, as Holland did not guarantee either the independence or the neutrality of Belgium, she is under no obligation to permit warships to pass through her territorial waters to succour Belgium, or for any other purpose.

The claim which is made on behalf of Belgium to a co-sovereignty over the Scheldt would seem to be quite untenable. If it had been intended in 1839 to deprive Holland of sovereign rights over her territorial waters, and to vest those rights in Holland and Belgium jointly, one would naturally expect to find that the Powers had expressed their intention in precise and unambiguous terms. Yet nothing of the sort was done. Indeed, those who contend for the co-sovereignty of Holland and Belgium place more reliance upon the negotiations which preceded the Treaties of 1839 than upon the terms of the Treaties. It is urged that two passages, one taken from a memorandum by the plenipotentiaries of Holland and submitted to the Conference on 14th December 1831, and the other from the reply of the Conference on 4th January 1832, conclusively show

that the claim of Holland to retain exclusive sovereign rights over the Scheldt was rejected by the Conference. The Dutch plenipotentiaries urged

‘quant à la navigation de l’Escaut, le Gouvernement des Pays-Bas n’a jamais en l’intention de l’entraver, si non lorsque la défense du Royaume pendant la guerre le commandoit temporairement; et bien que par la séparation de la Hollande et de la Belgique, l’article 14 du Traité de Munster ait repris sa vigueur, la Hollande considère la liberté de l’Escaut comme la conséquence immédiate d’un Traité équitable de séparation. Elle est prête à s’engager à fixer les droits de pilotage sur l’Escaut à un taux modéré.’

To this the Conference replied—

‘En ce qui concerne les principes du droit des gens, le Gouvernement Néerlandais n’ignore pas que le droit des gens général est subordonné au droit des gens conventionnel, et que quand une matière est régie par des conventions, c’est uniquement d’après ces conventions qu’elle doit être jugée . . . ainsi ce n’était point avec des principes abstraits, c’était avec les Traités qui forment aujourd’hui le code politique de l’Europe, que l’article en question devait être en rapport. Ces Traités ont considérablement altéré les privilèges que le droit des gens général attribuait aux Gouvernements sur la navigation des fleuves et rivières. Les gouvernements avaient le privilège de les fermer sur leur territoire au commerce des autres nations. Ils y ont renoncé, &c.’

The correct inference to be drawn from the passages cited, however, appears to be one unfavourable to the claim to co-sovereignty, for the Conference, in their reply, do not suggest that Holland no longer possessed sovereign rights over

the waters of the Scheldt within her territory; they only lay it down that, since the Treaty of Vienna, States through whose territory international rivers flow are not any longer able 'les fermer sur leur territoire au commerce des autres nations,'—a proposition which Holland would probably not have been disposed seriously to dispute.

Again, if it had been intended, by declaring the navigation of international rivers to be entirely free, to prohibit the closing of territorial waters against ships of war, it is strange that both the Treaty of 1839 and the Treaty of 1815 expressly prohibit the closure of international rivers only *sous le rapport du commerce*. And when the object for which it was sought, both in 1815 and in 1839, to obtain freedom of navigation on the Scheldt is understood, it becomes clear that the Powers never intended to preclude Holland from closing the Scheldt to foreign vessels of war.

The obvious purpose of freeing the navigation on international rivers was to prevent those commercial highways from being closed to the subjects of States in occupation of the upper reaches of the rivers, and, this being the end in view, it is not surprising to find that in the Treaties of 1814 and 1839 it is provided that Antwerp should be 'uniquement un port de commerce.' Why was this disposition made? Because on the one hand the Powers sought to make Antwerp accessible to merchant vessels

through the Scheldt, and on the other hand the Powers were not minded to permit Antwerp to become once more a naval arsenal: 'un pistolet braqué sur le cœur de l'Angleterre.'

Belgium herself, in 1891, as Professor Nys has pointed out, seriously compromised her claim to the co-sovereignty of the Scheldt by admitting in effect that Holland was at liberty to remove buoys, &c., in the river without the consent of Belgium, 'en cas de guerre ou de danger éventuel de guerre.'

No doubt, to the extent to which joint-superintendence of the navigation of the Scheldt had been established by the Treaty of 1839, the exclusive sovereign rights of Holland were diminished; but in other respects, and except *sous le rapport du commerce*, her sovereign rights over the Scheldt remained whole and unimpaired. The claim to co-sovereignty put forward on behalf of Belgium must therefore be dismissed as unsustainable.

The second contention—namely, that Holland is precluded by the Treaties of 1839 from opposing the passage of warships through the Scheldt, if sent by the Powers for the purpose of protecting the neutrality of Belgium—would also seem to be unwarranted by the terms of the Treaties, however strong may be the moral grounds in favour of such a claim.

It is urged that the consideration for the cession to

Holland of Limbourg and part of the Duchy of Luxemburg was the independence and neutrality of Belgium, and that if Holland were to prevent the guaranteeing Powers from fulfilling their duties under the Treaties, she would herself be committing a breach of her obligations under the Treaties. But it is, of course, admitted that Holland did not guarantee either the independence or the neutrality of the newly-created kingdom, and when the claimants are requested to point out what term of the Treaties it is which, in the circumstances suggested, it is alleged that Holland would violate, no answer is forthcoming.

Holland admits that in 1839 she reluctantly recognised the independence of Belgium as a fact, but she urges that there is a vast difference between acknowledging the existence of a State, and undertaking that that State shall continue for ever in undisturbed possession of its political rights; and she maintains that there is nothing in the terms of the Treaties which compels her to adopt towards Belgium or the guaranteeing Powers an attitude different from that which she has assumed towards all other States.

In short, the position of neutrality which Holland has taken up, appears, on a strict view of her international obligations, to be unassailable.

And yet, while it must be

acknowledged that in excluding all belligerent ships of war from her territorial waters, Holland is acting in accordance with her international rights, she would be well advised to consider whether she may not be buying her present immunity from the horrors of war at too high a price. By refusing to permit British warships to pass up the Scheldt, Holland has rendered the task of the Allies immeasurably more difficult. If a British fleet had been allowed to proceed to Antwerp, that noble city might not have fallen; while if Holland had thrown in her lot with the Allies, the naval arsenals of Germany would probably by this time have become untenable. The Allies have hitherto loyally observed her neutrality; but it is quite certain, if and when it appears to suit her purpose, that Germany will pay no more respect to the political rights of Holland than she has done to those of Belgium, and Holland may at length, all too late, be forced into the battle. In any case, the loss of her independence will inevitably follow the triumph of Germany, while the longer she hesitates to throw in her lot with the Allies, the less consideration can she expect to receive from them when victory at length crowns their efforts. Holland's path lies through slippery places. Let her take heed lest she fall.

ARTHUR PAGE.

NICKY-NAN, RESERVIST.

BY "Q."

CHAPTER IV.—THE FIRST SERMON.

SOME ten minutes after the brakes had departed, Mrs Polsue and Miss Oliver, bound for divine service, encountered at the corner where Jolly Hill unites with Bridge Street, and continued their way together up the Valley road.

"Good-morning! This is terrible news," said Miss Oliver, panting a little, for she had tripped down the hill in a great hurry.

"I have been expecting it for a long while," responded Mrs Polsue darkly. Like some other folks in this world she produced much of her total effect by suggesting that she had access to sources of information sealed to the run of mankind. She ever managed to convey the suggestion by phrases—and, still more cleverly, by silences—which left the evidence conveniently vague. To be sure, a great-uncle of hers had commanded in his time a Post-Office Packet plying between Falmouth and Surinam, and few secrets of the Government had been withheld from him: but he was now, as Mrs Polsue had to confess, "no more," and when you came to reflect on it (as you sometimes did after taking leave of her), the sort of knowledge she had been professing

could hardly have been telegraphed from another and better world. She had also a cousin in London, "in a large way of business," who communicated to her—or was supposed to communicate—"what was wearing": an advantage which she used, however, less to refresh her own toilettes than to discourage her neighbours'. Moreover, there was a brother-in-law somewhere "in the Civil Service," to whom she made frequent allusion. But the knowledge she derived from him concerning State secrets or high politics could, at the best, but be far from recent, because as a fact the pair had not been on terms of intercourse by speech or letter since her husband's decease twelve years ago. (There had been some unpleasantness over the Will.)

"I have been expecting it for a long while," asseverated Mrs Polsue.

"Gracious! Why?"

"You are panting. You are short of breath. You should be more careful of yourself than to come hurrying down the hill at such a rate, at your time of life," said Mrs Polsue. "It reddens the face, too: which is a consideration if you insist on wearing that bit of

crimson in your hat. The two (as well as that of the Three shades don't go together." Pilohards by the Quay-head),

"It is not crimson. It is cherry," said Miss Oliver. and so gave her a marked advantage over her friend. To

"Which, dear?" speak in military phrase, her

"The ribbon, Mary-Martha. You should wear glasses. . . . But I started late," Miss Oliver confessed. "I didn't like to show myself walking to Chapel, and so many of the men-folk passing in the opposite direction. It seemed so *marked*." She might have confessed further (but did not) that she had waited, peeping over her blind, to see the brakes go by. "But *you* were late, too," she added.

"If you will use your reason, Cherry Oliver, it might tell you that I couldn't get past the crowd on the bridge, and was *forced* to wait." "Dear me, now! Was it so thick as all that? . . . You know, I can't see the bridge from my back window—only a bit of the Old Doctor's house past the corner of Climoe's: and I shan't see the bridge even when the old house comes down. But I called in builder Gilbert last Monday on pretence that the back launder wanted repairing; and when he'd examined it and found it all right, I asked him how pulling down that house would affect the view: and he said that in his opinion it would open up a bit of the street just in front of the Bank, so that I shall be able to see all the customers going in and out."

This was news to Mrs Polsue, and it did not please her at all. Her own bow-window enfiladed the Bank entrance

(as well as that of the Three Pilohards by the Quay-head), and so gave her a marked advantage over her friend. To speak in military phrase, her conjectures upon other folks' business were fed by a double line of communication. "Well, my dear, you won't pry on *me* going in and out there," she answered tartly, with a sniff. "Whenever I wish to withdraw some of my balance, to invest it, I send for Mr Amphlett, and he calls on me and advises—I am bound to say—always most politely." But here Miss Oliver put in her shot. (And Mrs Polsue indeed should have been wariier: for the pair were tried combatants. But a tendency to lose her temper, and, losing it, to speak in haste, was ever her fatal weakness.)

"Why, of course, . . . and *that* accounts for it," Miss Oliver murmured. "Accounts for what?" "Oh, nothing. . . . There was a visitor here last summer—I forget her name, but she used to go about making water-colours in a mushroom hat you might have bought for sixpence—quite a simple good creature: and one day, drinking tea at the Minister's, she raised quite a laugh by being so much concerned over your health. She said she'd seen the doctor calling at your house almost every day with a little black bag, and made sure there must have been an operation. She mistook Mr Amphlett for the doctor, if you ever heard tell of such simple-mindedness."

"WHAT?"

"And the awkward part of it was," Miss Oliver continued in a musing voice, searching her memory—"the awkward part was, poor Mrs Amphlett's being present."

"And you never told me, Cherry Oliver, until this moment!" exclaimed the widow.

"One doesn't go about repeating every little trifle. . . . And, for that matter, Mrs Amphlett was just as much amused as everybody else. 'Well, the bare idea!' she cried out. 'I must speak to Amphlett about this. And Mary-Martha Polsue, of all women!' These were her very words. But of course one had to say *something* to explain to the other innocent woman and stop her running on. So I told who you were; and that, as everybody knew, you were a well-to-do woman, and no doubt would feel a desire to consult your banker oftener than the most of us."

"If you had money of your own, Cherry Oliver, you'd know how vulgar it feels to have the thing paraded like that."

"But I haven't," said Miss Oliver cheerfully. "And, anyway, you weren't there, and I did my best for you. . . . Well, now, I'm glad sure enough to know *from you* that 'tis vulgar to make much of your wealth, and I'll remember it against the time my ship comes home. . . . Somebody did explain—now I come to think of it—that maybe you'd be all the more dependent on Amphlett's advice, seein' that you hadn't been used to handle

money before you were married, and it all came from your husband." ["There! And I don't think she'll mention my cherry ribbon again in a hurry," thought Miss Oliver.]

After a moment's silence Mrs Polsue rallied.

"I was saying that this War didn't surprise me. The wonder to me is, the Almighty's wrath hasn't descended on this nation long before. He must be more patient than you or me, Charity Oliver; or else more blind, which isn't to be supposed. Take Polpier, now. The tittle-tattle that goes about, as you've just been admitting; and the drinking habits amongst the men—I saw Zeb Mennear come out his doorway, not fifteen minutes since, wiping his mouth with the back of his sleeve; and him just about to board the brake and go off to be shot by the Germans!"

"Maybe 'twas after kissin' his wife good-bye," Miss Oliver suggested. "I should."

"There's no accounting for tastes, as you say. . . . But I've had good reason to know for some time that they order a supply into the house and drink when nobody is looking. I've seen the boy from the Pilohards deliver a bottle there almost every Saturday. . . . So, the public's being closed this morning, he can't help himself but go off with (I dare say) a noggin of Plymouth gin for a stiffener; and might, for all we know, be called to the presence of his Maker with it still inside him."

"What harries me," con-

feared Miss Oliver, "is the Government's being so inconsistent. It closes the public-houses on a six-days' licence and then goes and declares War on the very day the magistrates have taken the trouble to hallow." She shook her head. "I may be mistaken—Heaven send that I am!—but I can't see on any Christian principles how a nation can look to prosper that declares war on a Sabbath. If it's been coming this long while, as everybody seems to say now, why couldn't we have waited until the clocks had finished striking twelve to-night—or else done it yesterday, if there was all that hurry?"

"The Battle of Waterloo was fought on a Sunday," Mrs Polsue put in. "I've often heard my great-uncle Robert mention it as a remarkable fact."

"Then you may be sure the French began it, with their Continental ideas of Sunday observance. I suppose we mustn't speak ill of the French, now that we're allies with them. But I couldn't, when I heard the news, help fearing that our King and his Cabinet had been led away by them in this matter: and once you begin tampering with the Lord's Day——" Miss Oliver shivered. "We shall have the shops open next, I shouldn't wonder."

"You are right about the Battle of Waterloo," said Mrs Polsue. "My great-uncle Robert was always positive that the French began it. He had that on the best author-

ity. The Duke of Wellington, he said, had no choice but to resist: and it must have gone all the more against the grain because he was distantly connected with John Wesley, only for some reason or another they spelt their names differently. My great-uncle, in the room that he called his study, had two engravings, one on each side of the chimney-piece. One was John Wesley, when quite a child, being rescued from a burning house, with his father right in the foreground giving thanks to God in the old-fashioned knee-breeches that were then worn. The other represented the Duke of Wellington in a similar frame on his famous charger Copenhagen and in the act of saying in his raucous way, 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!' My great-uncle would often point to these two pictures and spell out the names for us as children. 'W-es-le-y' and 'W-el-le-s-le-y,' he would say. 'What different destinies the Almighty can spell into the same word by sticking a few letters in the middle!'"

"It's to be wished we had more men of that stamp in these days," sighed Miss Oliver. "I should feel safer."

"I hear Lord Kitchener well spoken of," said her friend guardedly. "But I think we go too fast, my dear. It does not follow, because the Reserves are called up, that War is actually declared. It is sometimes done by way of precaution—though God forbid I should say a word in defence

of a Government which taxes us for being patriotic enough to keep domestic servants. That doesn't, of course, apply to *you*, my dear; still——"

"It only makes matters worse," Miss Oliver declared hastily. "If they haven't declared War yet, there's the less hurry to gallivant these Reservists about in brakes when to-morrow's a Bank Holiday. And, as for patriotism, if I choose to fall downstairs taking up my own coals, surely I'm as patriotic as if I employed another person to do it: though for some reason best known to itself the Law doesn't compensate *me*."

"There's something in what you say," agreed Mrs Polsue, a little mollified, having caused her friend to rankle. "And the Law—or the Government, or whatever you choose to call it—could afford the money, too, if 'twould look sharper after compensating *itself*. . . . A perfectly scandalous sight I witnessed just now, by the bridge. There was that Nicholas Nanjivell called up to take his marching-orders, and—well, you know how the man has been limping these months past. The thing was so ridiculous, the other men shouted with laughter; and prettily annoyed the Customs Officer, for he went the colour of a turkey-cock. 'Tis your own fault,' I had a mind to tell him, 'for not having looked after your business.' Pounds and pounds of public money that Nanjivell must have drawn first and last for Reservist's pay, and nobody

takin' the trouble to report on him."

"I suppose," said Miss Oliver, "the man really *is* lame, and not shamming?"

"The Lord knows, my dear. 'Twas *somebody's* business to have a look at the man's leg, and not mine nor yours, I hope. . . . Put it now that the case had been properly reported and a doctor sent to see the man. If he's shamming—and unlikelier things have happened, now you mention it—the doctor finds him out. If the man's sick, and 'tis incurable, well, so much the worse for him: but anyway Government stops paying for a fighting man that can't fight—for that is what it amounts to."

"You can't make it less," Miss Oliver agreed.

"But doctors are terribly skilful nowadays with the knife," went on Mrs Polsue. "Very likely this growth, or whatever it is, might have been removed months ago."

"He ought to be made to undergo an operation."

"And then, most like, he'd have gone off with the others to be fed at the country's expense and no housekeeping to worry him, instead of giving Mr Amphlett trouble. For he has been giving Mr Amphlett trouble. Three times this past week I've seen him call at the Bank, and if you tell me 'twas to put money on deposit——"

"If builder Gilbert is right," put in Miss Oliver with a sigh of envy, "I shall be able to see the Bank as well as you, when that house comes down:

and I shan't want to use spectacles neither." She out in with this stroke as the pair joined the small throng of worshippers entering the Chapel porch. Also she took care to speak the last seven words (as Queen Elizabeth danced) "high and disposedly," giving her friend no time for a *riposte*.

The Minister, Mr Hambly, gave his congregation a very short service that morning. He opened with three sentences from the Book of Common Prayer: "Rend your heart, and not your garments. . . . Enter not into judgement with thy servant, O Lord. . . . If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." . . .

Then, after a little pause, he gave out the hymn that begins "On earth we now lament to see." . . . It had not been sung within those walls in the oldest folks' remembrance — nay, since the Chapel had been built; and many were surprised to find it in the book. But at the second verse they picked up the tune and sang it with a will:—

"As 'listed on Abaddon's side,
They mangle their own flesh and slay,
Tophet is moved and opens wide
Its mouth for its enormous prey;
And myriads sink beneath the
grave
And plunge into the flaming wave.

O might the universal Friend
This havoc of his creatures see!" . . .

They sang it lustily to the end.
With a gesture of the hand Mr

Hambly bade all to kneel, opened the Book of Common Prayer again, and instead of "putting up" an *extempore* prayer, recited that old one prescribed for use "*In the Time of War and Tumults*":—

"O Almighty God, King of all kings, and Governour of all things, whose power no creature is able to resist, . . . Save and deliver us, we humbly beseech thee, from the hands of our enemies; abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices; that we, being armed with thy defence, may be preserved evermore from all perils, to glorify thee, who art the only giver of all victory;" . . .

The voice, though creaking in tone and uttering borrowed words, impressed many among its audience with its accent of personal sincerity. Mrs Polsue knelt and listened with a gathering choler. This Hambly had no unotion. He could never improve an occasion; but the more opportunity it gave the more helplessly he fell back upon old formulæ composed by Anglicans long ago. She had often enough resented the Minister's dependence on these out-of-date phrases, written (as like as not) by men in secret sympathy with the Mass.

Mr Hambly arose from his knees, opened the Book, and said: "The portion of Scripture I have chosen for this morning is taken from Paul's Letter to the Ephesians, vi. 10:—

'My brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against

principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

He paused here, and for a moment seemed about to continue his reading; but, as if on a sudden compulsion, closed the book, and went on:

"My Brethren,—choose any of those words. They shall be my text; they and those I read to you just now: 'If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.'

"In entering upon this, War we may easily tell ourselves that we have no sin: for in fact not a man or a woman in this congregation—or so far as I know—harbours, or has harboured a single thought of evil disposition against the people who, from to-morrow, are to be our enemies, in whose distress we shall have to exult. In a few days this will seem very strange to you; but it is, and has been, a fact.

"So it might plausibly be said that not we, but our Government, make this war upon a people with whom you and I have no quarrel.

"But that will not do; for in a nation ruled as ours is, no Ministry can make war unless having the people behind it. That is certain. The whole people—not only of Great Britain, but of Ireland too—seems to be silently aware that a War has been fastened upon it, not to be shirked or avoided, and is arming; but still without hate. So far as, in this

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little corner of the world, I can read your hearts, they answer to my own in this—that they have harboured no hate against Germany, and indeed, even now, can hardly teach themselves to hate.

"None the less, the German Emperor protests, calling on God for witness, that the sword has been thrust into his hand: and, if he honestly believes this, there must be some great confusion of mind in this business. One party or the other must be walking under some terrible hallucination.

"The aged Austrian Emperor calls on *his* God to justify him. So does the German: while we in turn call on *our* God to justify *us*.

"Now, there cannot be two Gods—two real Gods—president over the actions of men. That were unthinkable. Of two claimants to that sceptre, one must be a pretender, an Anti-Christ.

"Therefore our first duty in this dreadful business is to clear our minds, to make sure that ours is truly the right God. Let us not trouble—for it is too late—about any German's mind. Our business is to clear our own vision.

"I confess to you that, however we clear it, I anticipate that what we see in the end is likely to be damaging to what I will call 'official' Christianity. However you put it, the Churches of Europe (established or free) have been allowing at least one *simulacrum* of Christ to walk the earth, claiming holiness while devising evil. However you put it, the slaughter of

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man by man is horrible, and—more than that—our Churches exist to prevent it, by persuasion teaching peace on earth, good-will towards men.

“Disquieted, unable to sleep for this thought, I arose and dressed early this morning, and sat for a while on the wall opposite, gazing at this homely house of God across the roadway. It looked strange and unreal to me, there in the dawn; and (for Heaven knows I can never afford to slight the place it holds in my affection) I even dared in my fondness to reckon it with great and famous temples such as in our Westminster, in Paris, in Rheims—aye, and in Cologne—men have reared to the glory of God. I asked myself if these, too, looked impertinent as this day’s sun took their towers, dawning so eventfully over Europe; if these, too, suffered in men’s minds such a loss of significance by comparison with the eternal hills and the river that rushed at my feet refreshing this valley as night-long, day-long, it has run refreshing and sung unheeded for thousands upon thousands of years.

“Then it seemed to me, as the day cleared, that whatever of impertinence showed in this building was due to *us*—and to me, more than any—who in these few years past have believed ourselves to be working for good, when all the while we have never cleared our vision to see things in their right proportions.

“We are probably willing to accept this curse of War as a

visitation on our sins. But for *what* sins? O, beware of taking the prohibitions of the Decalogue in a lump, its named sins as *equivalent*. In every one of you must live an inward witness that these sins do not rank equally in God’s eye; that to murder, for instance, is wickeder than to misuse the Lord’s name in a hasty oath; that to bear false witness against a neighbour is tenfold worse than to break the Sabbath. Yet we for ever in our Churches put these out of their right order; count ourselves righteous if we slander our neighbour, so it be on the way to worship; and in petty cruelties practice the lust of murder, interrupting it to shudder at a profane oath uttered by some good fellow outside in the street. To love God and your neighbour, summed up, for Christ, all the Law and the Prophets: and his love was for the harlot and the publican, as his worst word always for the self-deceiver who thanked God that he was not as other men.

“I verily believe that in this struggle we war with principalities and powers, with the rulers of darkness in this world, with spiritual wickedness in high places. But make no mistake: the men who are actually going out from England to brave the first brunt for us are men whom *we* have not taught to die like heroes, who have little interest in Church or Chapel or their differences, who view sins in an altogether different perspective from ours; whom we

enlisted to do this work because they were hungry and at the moment saw no better job in prospect: whom we have taught to despise us while they protect us.

"The sins of our enemy are evident. But if *we* say that we have no sin, we shall deceive ourselves and the truth will not be in us."

"Did you ever hear a feeble or a more idiotic sermon?" demanded Mrs Polsue of Miss Oliver on their way home down the valley.

"If ever a man had his chance to improve an occasion——"

"Tut! I say nothing of his incapacity. There are some men that can't rise even when 'tis a question of all Europe at

war. But did you hear the light he made, or tried to make, of Sabbath-breaking?"

"I didn't hear all that," Miss Oliver confessed: "or not to notice. It seemed so funny his getting up at that hour and dangling his legs on a wall."

"We will press to have a married man planned to us next time," said Mrs Polsue. "A wife wouldn't allow it."

"Do you suppose he *smoked*?" asked Miss Oliver.

"I shouldn't wonder. . . . He certainly does it at home, for I took the trouble to smell his window-curtains; and at an hour like that, with nobody about——"

"There's an All-seeing Eye, however early you choose to dangle your legs," said Miss Oliver.

CHAPTER V.—THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

Just about seven o'clock next morning Nicky-Nan, who had breakfasted early and taken post early in the porchway to watch against any possible *ruse* of the foe—for, Bank Holiday or no Bank Holiday, he was taking no risks—spied Lippity-Libby the postman coming over the bridge towards him with his dot-and-go-one gait.

Lippity-Libby, drawing near, held out a letter in his hand and flourished it.

"Now don't excite yourself," he warned Nicky-Nan. "When first I seed your name 'pon the address I said to myself 'What a good job if that poor fella's luck should be here at last,

and this a fortun' arrived from his rich relatives in Canada.' That's the very words I said to myself."

"As it happens, I han't got no rich relatives, neither here nor in Canada," answered Nicky-Nan. "Is that letter for me? Or are you playin' me some trick?"

"A man of your descent," said Lippity-Libby, "can't helphavin relatives in great quantities dispersed about the world. I've figured it out, and the sum works like that old 'un we used to do on our slates about a horse-shoe. Your great-grandfather married your great-grandmother, and that set the ball

rollin'—to go no farther back than the head will carry. Six sons an' daughters they had, for the sake of argyment, and each married and had six again. Why, damme, by that time there's not a quarter in Europe where a rich chap deceased mayn't be croppin' up and leavin' you his money, for no better reason than that you're a Nanjivell. That always seemed to me one of the advantages of good birth. For my part," the postman continued, "my father and mother never spoke of such matters, though she was a Collins and married in Lanteglos parish, where I daresay the whole pedigary could be looked up, if one wasn't a postman and could spare the time. But in the long evenings since my poor wife's death I often find time to think of you, Mr Nanjivell; bein' both of us lame of the right leg as it happens. Hows'ever 'tisan' no news o' riches for 'ee to-day, sorry as I be to say it: for the postmark 's 'Polpier.'"

He tendered the letter. Nicky-Nan stretched out a hand, but drew it back on a sudden suspicion.

"No," he said. "You may take an' keep it. 'Tis a trick, I doubt."

"You can't mean that, surely?" Lippity-Libby eyed the letter almost greedily, holding it between finger and thumb. "Of course, if I thought you meant it—I don't remember gettin' more 'n three letters in all my life; that's if you don't count the trade they send me at election times,

tellin' me where to put my cross. Three letters all told, and one o' they was after my poor Sarah died, threatenin' me about the rates, that had slipped out o' my head, she bein' in the habit of payin' them when alive. The amount o' fault she'd find in 'em, too, an' the pleasure she'd take in it, you'd never believe. I've often thought how funny she must be feelin' it up there—the good soul—with everything of the best in lighting an' water, an' no rates at all—or that's how I read the last chapter o' Revelations. . . . Yes, only three letters of my own, that have handed so many to other people, with births, marriages, an' deaths, shipwrecks an' legacies an' lovin' letters from every port in the world. Telegrams, too—I'd dearly like to get a telegram of my own. . . . But Government be a terrible stickler. You may call it red tape, if you will: but if Mrs Pengelly caught me holdin' back any person's letter, even though I knowed it held trouble for 'en, she'd be bound to report me, poor soul, an' then like enough I'd lose place an' livelihood. So I thank 'ee, naybour, for bein' so forward to give me a bit o' pleasure; but 'twon't do—no, by the Powers Above it won't." He shook his head sadly. Then of a sudden his eye brightened. "I tell 'ee what, though. There's no rule of His Majesty's Service why I shouldn't stand by while you reads it aloud."

"No, no," said Nicky-Nan hastily. "Here, hold hard a

moment—Is it in Amphlett's handwritin' by any chance?"

The question wounded Lippity-Libby's feelings, and he showed it. "As if I shouldn't ha' told you!" he protested, gently reproachful.

"Nor his clerk's?"

"What, Hendy?—Hendy makes all his long letters straight up an' down, while these be made with loops. The writin's sloped backwards too, with a rake on it, same as was fash'nable on some o' the tea-clippers in my young days, but now 'tis seldom carried 'nless by a few steam-yachts."

"Well, hand me over the thing—I'll risk it," said Nicky-Nan.

He took the missive and glanced at the address—"Mr N. Nanjivell, *Naval Reservist*, Polpier R.S.O., Cornwall." The words "*Naval Reservist*" underlined gave him a tremor. But it was too late to draw back. He broke open the envelope, drew forth the letter, unfolded it, and ran his eye hurriedly overleaf, seeking the signature.

"Why, 'tisan' signed!"

"Not signed?" echoed Lippity-Libby. "That's as much as to say 'nonymous.'" Suddenly he slapped his thigh. "There now! O' course—why, what a forgetful head is mine! And simme I knew that hand, too, all the while."

"Eh?"

"Yes, to be sure—'tis the same that, up to two years ago, used to write an' send all the 'nonymous letters in Polpier. The old woman an'

I, we tracked it down to one of two, an' both females. It lay between 'em, and I was for old Ann' Bunney—she bein' well known for a witch. But now that can't be, for the woman's gone to Satan these three months. . . . An' my missus gone too—poor tender heart—an' lookin' down on me, that was rash enough to bet her sixpence on it, an' now no means to pay up."

"Who was the other?" demanded Nicky-Nan, frowning over the letter, his face flushing as he frowned.

"You're goin' to read it to me, be n't you."

"Damned if I do," answered Nicky-Nan curtly. "But I'd like to know who wrote it."

"It don't stand with Government reggilations, as I read 'em," said Lippity-Libby, "for a postman to be tellin' who wrote every 'nonymous letter he carries. . . . Well, I be wastin' time: but if you'll take my advice, Mr Nanjivell, and it isn't too late, you'll marry a woman. She'll probably increase your comfort, and—I don't care who she is—she'll work out another woman that writes 'nonymous. Like a stoat in a burrow, she will, specially if she happens to take in washin' same as my lost Sarah did. She was shown a 'nonymous letter with 'Only charitable to warn' in it. Dang me, if she didn't go straight an' turn up a complaint about 'One chemise torn in wash,' an' showed me how, though sloped different ways, the letters were alike, twiddles an' all, to the very

depa. I wouldn't believe it at the time, the party bein' a female in good position. But my wife was certain of it, an' all the more because she never allowed to her last breath that the woman's shimmy had been torn at all. Well, so long!"

Nicky-Nan carried the letter indoors to his small, dark sitting-room, and there spelled it through painfully, holding the paper close up to the window-pane. It ran:—

Sunday, 2/8/14.

Mr N. NANJIVELL.

SIR,—As an inhabitant of Polpier, born in the town and anxious for its good name, besides being a ratepayer and one that pays taxes to His Majesty, I was naterally concerned to-day at your not taking your place along with the other men that went off to fight for their country. I am given to understand that you were served with a paper, same as the rest, and the Customs Officer was put out by your not going. I don't wonder at it. Such want of pluck.

Its no good your saying you are not Abel. If you are Abel to be a Reservist and *draw pay*, you are Abel to Fight thats how I look at it. I would let you to know the Public doesnt pay money for gamey legs that go about taking all they can get until the Pinoh comes.

Theres a good many things want looking into in Polpier. It has reached me that until th present sistem came in and put a stop to it you drew pay

for years for drills that you never attended.

This is a time when as L^d Nelson said England expects every Man to Do his Duty. I think so bad of your case that I am writing by same post to the Custom House at Troy about it. So I warn you as

A WELL-WISHER.

Nicky-Nan read this amiable missive through, and re-read it almost to the end before realising the menace of it. At the first perusal his mind was engaged with the mechanical task of deciphering the script and with speculating on its authorship. . . . He came to the end with no full grasp of its purport.

His wits were dulled, too, being preoccupied—in spite of Lippity-Libby—with suspicions of Mr Amphlett. He recognised the hand of an enemy; and though conscious of possessing few friends in the world (none, maybe—he did not care how many or how few, anyway), he was aware of one only enemy—Amphlett. He held this tenement which Amphlett openly coveted: but what besides had he that any one could envy? Who else could wish him worse off than he was? His broken past, his present poverty and daily mental anguish, his future sans hope—any one who wanted these might take 'em and weloome.

But when, on the second reading, he reached the last paragraph but one, his heart stood still for a moment as if under a sudden stab.

Yes, . . . in the man or woman who had written this letter he had an enemy who indeed wished him worse off than he was, and not only worse but much worse; who would take from him not only the roof over his head, but even the dreadful refuge of the Workhouse; who would hunt him down even into jail. That talk about his not going to the War was all nonsense. How could all the Coastguard or Custom House Officers in Christendom force a man to go to the War with a growth under his thigh as big as your fist? Damn the War!—he'd scarcely given a thought to it (being so worried with other matters) until last night. He hadn't a notion, at this moment, what it was all about. But anyhow that stuff about "want of pluck" was silly nonsense,—almost too silly to vex a man. He would have gone fast enough had he been able. In truth, Nicky-Nan's conscience had no nerve to be stung by imputations of cowardliness. He had never thought of himself as a plucky man—it wasn't worth while, and, for that matter, *he* wasn't worth while. He had, without considering it, always found himself able to take risks alongside of the other fellows. Moreover, what did he amount to, with his destinies, hopes, and belongings all told, to be chary of losing them or himself?

But it was a fact, as the letter hinted, that some years ago, and for two successive seasons, the Reservists' training happening to fall at a time when fish was plentiful and

all hands making money, he, with one or two other men, had conspired with a knavish Chief Officer of Coastguard to put a fraudulent trick on the Government. It was the Chief Officer who actually played the trick, entering them up as having served a course which they had never attended, and he had kept their training pay as his price. What his less guilty conspirators gained was the retention of their names on the strength, to qualify in due time for their pensions.

This and other abuses of the old system had been abolished when the Admiralty decided that every reservist must put in his annual spell of training at sea. The trick at the time had lain heavily upon Nicky-Nan's mind: but with time he had forgotten it. Since the new order came into force, he had fulfilled his obligations regularly enough—until the year before last, by which time his leg really disabled him. It had fortune'd, however, that one afternoon on the Quay, loafing around less on the chance of a job. (for odd jobs are scarce at Polpier) than to wile away time, he had encountered Dr Mant, the easy-going practitioner from St Martin's. Dr Mant, fancying an excursion after the mackerel, at that time swarming close inshore, Nicky-Nan had rowed him out and back along the coast to St Martin's. The bargain struck for half-a-crown, the doctor sent his trap back by road.

Some way out at sea he inquired, "Hullo! what's wrong with that right knee of yours?"

"Ricked it," answered Nicky-Nan mendaciously, and added, "I was thinkin' to consult you, sir. I be due for trainin' with the Reserve in a fortni't's time."

"Want a certificate? Here, let me have a feel what's wrong." The Doctor interrupted his whiffing for a moment to reach forward and feel Nicky's knee professionally, outside the thick sea-cloth trousers. "Hurts, does it? You've a nasty swelling there, my man."

"It hurts a bit, sir, and no mistake. If I could only have a certificate now——"

"All right; I'll give you one," said the Doctor, and turned his attention again to the mackerel.

Before stepping ashore at St Martin's, he pulled out a fountain pen and scribbled the certificate on a leaf torn from his note-book. Having with this and one shilling compounded for his trip, he said as he traced up his catch—

"There, stick that in an envelope and post it. You're clearly not fit for service afloat till that swelling goes down."

Nicky-Nan duly posted the certificate, which Dr Mant had characteristically forgotten to date. After a week it came back with an official note drawing Nicky's attention to this, and requesting that the date should be inserted.

"Red tape!" said Nicky. He borrowed a pen from Mrs Penhaligon, and wrote the date quite accurately at the foot of the document.

Then, for some reason or other, his conscience smote him.

He put off posting the letter; and at this point again fortune helped him. Word came to him by a chance wind that the staff of the Coastguard had been shifted over at Troy. Also (though he never discovered this) the Chief Officer of Customs, after returning the certificate, had left for his summer holiday.

So Nicky-Nan kept it in his pocket; and nothing happened.

The next year—so easy is the slope of Avernus—Nicky-Nan, who had felt many qualms over filling in a date which (though accurate) should by rights have been filled in by the Doctor, felt none at all in adding a slight twiddle of the pen which changed "1912" into "1913"; by which he escaped again, and again went undetected.

It had all been contrived so easily, and had succeeded so easily! Everything said and done, his leg was worse. Any doctor alive, if brought in, would bear witness that it incapacitated him.

Also any man, who looks ahead, will fight for the pension which alone stands between him and the workhouse.

With such arguments Nicky-Nan had salved his conscience; and his conscience had slept under them.

Now in a moment, with eyes fixed on the fatal handwriting, he saw every bandage of false pretence, all his unguents of conscience, stripped away, laying his guilt bare to the world.

An enemy was on his track—one who knew and could call up fatal evidence.

The light in the window-pane had been growing darker for some minutes. The morning had broken squally, with intervals of sunshine. A fierce gust came howling up the

little river between its leaning houses and broke in rain upon the bottle-glass quarrels of the window.

Nicky-Nan started, as though it were a hand arresting him.

CHAPTER VI.—TREASURE TROVE.

The rain—the last, for many weeks, to visit Polpier—cleared up soon after midday. At one o'clock or thereabouts Nicky-Nan, having dined on a stale crust and a slice of bacon and recovered somewhat from his first alarm (as even so frugal a meal will put courage into a man), ventured to the porch again for a look at the weather. The weather and the set of the wind always come first in a Polpier man's interest. They form the staple of conversation on the Quay-side. Fish ranks next: after fish, religion: after religion, clack about boats and persons; and so we come down to politics, peace and war, the manner of getting to foreign ports and the kind of people one finds in them.

Nicky-Nan could read very few signs of the weather from his dark little parlour. The gully of the river deflected all true winds, and the overhanging houses closed in all but a narrow strip of sky, prolonged study of which was apt to induce a crick in the neck. To be sure, certain winds could be recognised by their voices: a southerly one of any consequence announced itself by a curious droning note which, if it westered a little, rose to a sharp whistle and, in anything

above half-a-gale, to a scream. But to *see* what the weather was like, you must go to the front porch.

Nicky-Nan went to the front porch and gazed skyward. The wind—as the saying is—had “caught in,” and was blowing briskly from the north-west, chasing diaphanous clouds across the blue zenith. The roofs still shone wet and dazzling, and there were puddles in the street. But he knew the afternoon was going to be a fine one. He took pleasure in this when, a few moments later, his ear caught the thudding of a distant drum. . . . Yes, yes—it was Bank Holiday, and the children would be assembling, up the valley, for the Anniversary Treat of the Wesleyan Sunday School. There would be waggon waiting to convey them up-inland to Squire Tresawna's pleasure-grounds—to high shaven lawns whereon, for once in the year, they could enjoy themselves running about upon the level. (In Polpier, as any mother there will tell you, a boy has to wear out his exuberance mostly on the seat of his breeches and bring it to a check by digging in his heels somewhere. And the wastage at these particular points of his tailoring persists when he grows up to

manhood; for a crabber sits much on the thwart of a boat and drives with his heels against a stretcher. Thus it happens that three-fourths of Billy Bosistow's cobbling is devoted to the "trigging" of boot-heels, while the wives, who mend all the small-clothes, have long ago and by consent given up any pretence of harmonising the patch with the original garment. At Troy and at St Martin's they will tell you that every Polpier man carries about his home-address on his person, and will rudely indicate where. Mrs Penhaligon put it one day in more delicate proverbial form. "In a rabbit-warren," she said, "you learn not to notice scuts.")

While Nicky-Nan—who, as we have said, had a fondness for children—stood and eyed the weather with approval, Mrs Penhaligon came bustling out, with her bonnet on.

"Lord sakes!" she exclaimed. "Be that the drum already? What a whirl one does live in!—and if there's one thing I hate more'n another, 'tis to be fussed."

"What about the children, ma'am?"

"The children? . . . Gone on this half-hour, I should hope. 'Beida's a good gel enough, when once ye've coaxed her into her best things. It sobers her you can't think. She'll look after 'Biades an' see that he don't put 'Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us' into his mouth, though 'tis where he puts most things."

"But you're goin' to the Treat yourself, ma'am?" Nicky-Nan suggested.

"What, in *this* rig-out? Catch me!" answered Mrs Penhaligon, not with literal intention but idiomatically. "No, I'm but goin' up to see 'em off decent. But I wonder at you liggin' behind, when 'tis the only Bank Holiday randivoo this side o' Troy. . . ."

"'Tidn' for want o' will," Nicky-Nan answered ruefully and truthfully, with a downward glance, which reminded Mrs Penhaligon to be remorseful.

"Eh, but I forgot . . . and you with that leg on your mind! But you'll forgive a body as has been these two days in a stirabout. And if you're fittin' to take a stroll before I get back, maybe you'll not forget to lock the house up."

Nicky-Nan promised. (He and the Penhaligons had separate keys of the main door.) He watched the good woman as she hurried on her way, tying her bonnet-strings as she went.

It occurred to him that, leg or no leg, he felt lonely, and would be all the better for a stroll. So, having fetched his stick and locked the house-door behind him, he dandered down towards the Quay. The street was empty, uncannily silent. "It's queer, now," thought Nicky-Nan, "what a difference children make to a town, an' you never notioin' it till they're gone." All the children had departed—the happy little Wesleyans to climb on board the waggons, the small Church of England minority to watch them, and solace their envy with expectation of their own

Treat, a more select one, promised for this-day-fortnight. Then would be *their* turn, and some people would live to be sorry that they went to Chapel. But a fortnight is a long time, and weather in the west is notoriously uncertain. Of course you cannot eat your cake and have it: but Mrs Penhaligon arrived just in time to stop a fight between 'Bert and Matthey Matthew's ugly boy, who sang in the Church choir, and hoped it would rain. (*Odium theologicum.*)

The most of the mothers had departed also, either to "assist" at the Treat or to watch the embarkation: while those of the men whom the War had not claimed had tramped it over to Troy, which six weeks ago—and long before the idea of a European War had occurred to any one—had advertised a small regatta for Bank Holiday, with an afternoon's horse-racing.

The tunding of the drum up the valley seemed to Nicky-Nan to emphasise the loneliness all about him. But down by the Quay-head he came in sight of Policeman Rat-it-all (so named from his only and frequent expletive), seated on a bollard and staring up at the sky.

Nicky-Nan hesitated: hung, indeed, for a moment, on the edge of flight. This was Bank Holiday, and until to-morrow's sunrise a constable was powerless as Satan in a charmed circle. Still, the man might have the ejectment order in his pocket—would, if not already furnished with it, almost certainly know about it. On the other hand there was a chance

—it might be worth while—to discover how much Rat-it-all knew. Forewarned is forearmed. Moreover, when your country is at war, and silence holds the city, there is great comfort in a chat. Nicky-Nan advanced with a fine air of nonchalance.

"Lookin' at the sky?" said he. "Wind 's back in the nor'-west again. Which, for settled weather, I'd rather it took off-shore a bit later in the afternoon. It'll last though, for all that, I shoudn' wonder."

Policeman Rat-it-all withdrew his gaze from the firmament.

"I wasn' thinkin' of the wind," said he. "I take no account of the elements, for my part. Never did; and now never shall—havin' been born up to Bodmin, where the prison is."

"Oh!" said Nicky-Nan suspiciously. "What's it like?"

"Bodmin?" Policeman Rat-it-all seemed to reflect for a moment. "Well, I wouldn't just say it's altogether *like* any place in particular. There's a street, of course, . . . and there's the prison, and the barracks, and an asylum where they keep the lunatics, and a workhouse and what-not. But if you put to me, in so many words, what it's *like*—"

"I—I meant the prison," explained Nicky-Nan; that being the only feature of Bodmin in which he felt any instant concern.

"It's a place," answered Policeman Rat-it-all with painful lucidity, "where they shut people up. Sometimes there's an execution. But not often;

not very often; once in a while, as you might say. There's a monument, too,—upon a hill they call the Beacon. I'm very fond of Bodmin. It's the County Town, you know; and with these little things going on, in one way and another, why that enlarges the mind."

"Does it so?" asked Nicky-Nan, a trifle puzzled.

"It do indeed," the constable assured him with conviction. "Take *me*, now, at this present moment, for instance. You comes upon me suddent, and what do you catch me doin'? You catches me,"—here his voice became impressive—"you catches me lookin' up at the sky. And why am I lookin' up at the sky? Is it to say to you, 'Nicholas Nanjivell, the wind is sot in the sou'-west?'"

"Not if you expect me to believe 'ee. 'Tisn' a point off north-an-by-west."

"—Or," the constable continued, lifting a hand, "is it to say to you, 'It is sot in the *north-west*,' as the case may be? Or is it I was wastin' the day in idleness, same as some persons I could mention in the Force if there wasn' such a thing as discipline? Not so: I was lookin' up in the execution of my duty. An' what do you suppose I was lookin' for?"

"I'm sure I can't tell 'ee," answered Nicky-Nan after a painful effort at guessing. "It couldn' be for obscene language; nor yet for drunks."

Policeman Rat-it-all leant forward and touched him on the top button of his waistcoat.

"Zepp-a-lins!" he said mysteriously.

"Eh?"

"Zepp-a-lins!"

"Oh!"—Nicky-Nan's brow cleared—"You mean them German balloon things the papers make so much fuss about."

"Die-rigitable," added Rat-it-all. "That's the point."

"Well? . . . Have 'ee seen any?" Nicky-Nan lifted his gaze skyward.

"I won't go so far as to say that I've seen anything answerin' to that description knockin' about—not up to the present. But there are times when a man must keep his eyes liftin' if he doesn' want Old England to be taken with what the newspapers call a Bolt from the Blue."

"I've come across the expression," said Nicky-Nan.

"Well, what I say is, Down here, in this corner of the world—though, mind you, I'm not sayin' anything against it—you don't *reelise* things, you reely don't. Now I come from Bodmin, as I think I must have told you."

"You did."

"Where you see the soldiers goin' about with the stripes down their trowsers: but they've done away with that except for the Yeomanry (which is black, or dark blue, I forget which), and that's how you knew the difference. So your mind gets enlarged almost without your knowin' it, and you feel what's at stake."

"I wonder you didn' want to enlist," said Nicky-Nan.

"I did: but I was too tall—too tall *and* too strong," sighed the policeman, bending

his arm and causing his biceps to swell up mountainously. "You haven't a notion how strong I am—if, for instance, I took it into my head to catch you up and heave you over the Quay here. Yes, yes, I am wonderfully well made! And on top of that, Mother picked up some nonsense against soldiering off a speaker at a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon. There was nothing for it but the Force. So here I AM. But give me the wings of a dove, and I'd join the Royal Flyin' Corps to-morrow, where they get higher pay because of the risk, same as with the submarines. If you ask me, every Englishman's post at this moment is in the firing line."

Nicky - Nan winced, and changed the subject in haste.

"Well, it must be a great consolation to have such strength as yours," he said pleasantly. "But I wonder—with nothing else doin', and on a Bank Holiday too—you could manage to stay away from the School Treat."

"Rat-it-all!" broke out the constable, and checked himself. "I thought I was igslaining to you," he went on as one who reasons patiently with an infant, "that a man has to think of something above an' beyond *self* in these days."

"I've never found time to think out the rights an' wrongs o' warfare, for my part," said Nicky-Nan.

"Ah, I daresay not." Policeman Rat-it-all blew out his chest. "It's a deep subject," he added, wagging his head solemnly. "A very deep sub-

ject; and I quite understand your not having time for it lately. How about that Ejectment Order?"

Nicky - Nan jumped like a man shot. "Ha-have you got the—the thing about 'ee?" he twittered. "Don't tell me that Amphlett has got 'em to send it down? . . . But there, you can't do anything on a Bank Holiday, anyway."

"Have I got the thing about me?" echoed the policeman slowly. "You talk as if 'twas a box o' matches. . . . Well, I may, or I mayn't; but anyways I've followed the case before Petty Sessions; and if you haven't a leg to stand on, the only thing is to walk out peaceably. Mind, I'm puttin' it unofficial, as between friends."

"And what if I don't?"

"Then, rat-it-all!—I mean," the constable corrected himself to a tolerant smile and gazed down on his mighty hands and arms—"then I got to put you into the street."

Nicky - Nan leaned on his stick and the stick shook with his communicated fury. "Try it—try it—try it!" he blazed out. "Try it, you Bodmin fat-head!"

He shuffled away, nodding his head with wrath. He roamed the cliff-paths for hours, pausing now and again to lean his back against an out-crooping mass of rock and pass the back of his hand across his eyes, that at first were blood-shot with fury. He had a great desire to kill Policeman Rat-it-all. As his passion died down and he limped forward, to pause and again limp for-

ward, his gait and the backward cast of his eye were not unlike those of a hunted hare.

He reached the house door at nightfall, just as Mrs Penhaligon came shepherding her offspring home down the dusky street. 'Biades had yielded to the sleep of exhaustion, and lay like a log in his mother's arms. 'Bert, for no other reason than that he had tired himself out, was sulky and uncommunicative. But 'Beida—whose whole manner ever changed when once she had been persuaded into fine clothes—wore an air of sustained gentility.

"Squire Tresawna keeps seven gardeners," she reported. "He has three motor-cars and two chauffeurs. The gardeners keep the front lawn so short with their mowing-machines that 'Biades couldn't possibly have made the front of his blouse in the mess it is unless he had purposely crawled on his stomach to lower me in the eyes of all. When it got to a certain point I pretended to have no connection with him. There was nothing else to do. Then he felt sorry and wanted to hug me in front of everybody. . . . Oh, thank you . . . yes, I've enjoyed myself very much. Mrs Tresawna wears a toque: but I suppose that when you get to a certain position you can carry on with toques long after every one else has given them up. She has two maids; one of them in a grey velours dress that must have been one of Mrs Tresawna's cast-offs, for it couldn't possibly have come out of her wages; though, by the fit, it

might have been made for her."

A little before ten o'clock Nicky-Nan climbed the stairs painfully to his bedroom, undressed in part, and lay down—but not to sleep. For a while he lay without extinguishing the candle—his last candle. He had measured it carefully, and it reached almost to an inch beyond the knuckle of his forefinger. It would last him a good two hours at least, perhaps three.

He lay for a while almost luxuriously, save for the pain in his leg, and watched the light flickering on the rafters. They had a few more days to abide, he Amphlett's men never so sharp: but this was his last night under them. His enemies—some of them until this morning unsuspected—were closing in around him. They had him, now, in this last corner.

But that was for to-morrow. The very poor live always on the edge of to-morrow; and for that reason the night's sleep, which parts them from it, seems a long time.

After all, what could his enemies do to him? If he sat passive, the onus would rest on them. If Policeman Rat-it-all flung him into the street, why then in the street he would sit, to the scandal of Polpier. If, on the other hand, Government claimed him for a deserter, still Government would have to fetch a cart to convey him to jail: his leg would not allow him to walk. Of wealth and goods God Almighty had al-

ready eased him. *Cantat vacuus* . . . He slid a hand down under the bed-clothes and rubbed the swelling on his leg, softly, wondering if condemned men felt as little perturbed—or some of them—on the eve of execution.

He ceased rubbing and lay still again, staring up at the play of light on the rafters. Fine old timbers they were . . . solid English oak. Good old families they had sheltered in their time; men and women that feared God and honoured the King—now all gone to decay in churchyard, all as cold as homeless fellows. The Nanjivells had been such a family, and now—what would his poor old mother think of *this* for an end? Yet it was the general fate. Pushing men, your Amphletts, rise in the world. Old families go down, . . . it couldn't be worked else. If he had only been born with *push*, now! If it could only be started over again, . . . if he had been put to a trade, instead of being let run to sea—

He broke off to wonder at the different things the old beams had looked down upon. Marriages, births—and deaths. The Old Doctor (he knew) had died in the fore-room, for convenience—the room where the Penhaligons slept: and even so, the family had been forced to lift the coffin in and out of window, because of that twist in the stairs. There wasn't that difficulty with people's coming *into* the world. No doubt in its time this room must have seen a mort of births too. . . . And the children? All gone, the same way!

Drizzle o' rain upon churchyard graves. . . . "And you, too,"—with a flicker of his closing eyelids threatening the flicker on the beams—"you, too, doomed, my billies! Amphlett 'll take *me* to-morrow, *you* the day after; as in time the Devil 'll take him and his!"

Nicky-Nan rolled over on his side and, perceiving the candle to be burnt down to a short inch, hastily blew it out. Almost in the act of relaxing the elbow on which he had raised himself for this effort he dropped asleep to his pillow.

For three hours he lay like a log. Then his troubled brain began to reassert itself. At about two in the morning he sat bolt upright in his bed. For twenty minutes or so he had been thinking rather than dreaming, yet with his thought held captive by sleep.

He reached for his match-box and struck a light. . . . The whole world was after him, banging him down, tearing down the house above his head! . . . Well, he would go down with the house. Amphlett, or Government, might take his house: but there was the old hiding-cupboard to the right of the chimney-breast. . . .

When they summoned him to-morrow, he would have vanished. Only by uncovering his last shelter should they discover what was left of him. He would perish with the house.

He lit the candle and carried it to the cupboard; opened this, and peered into the well at his feet: lifted one of the loose bottom-boards, and, holding himself steady by a grip on

the scurtain, thrust a naked leg down, feeling into vacancy.

The ball of his foot touched some substance, hard and apparently firm. He supposed it to be a lower ceiling of the hole, and, after pressing once or twice to make sure, put all his weight upon it.

With a creak and a rush of masonry the whole second flooring of the cupboard gave way beneath him, leaving his invalid leg dangling, in excruciating pain. But that the crook of his elbow caught across the scurtain (shooting darts as of fire up the jarred funny-bone), he had made a part of the avalanche, the noise of which was enough to wake the dead. Luckily, too, he had set his candle on the planching floor, just wide of the cupboard entrance, and it stood burning as though nothing had happened.

With pain which surely must be worse than any pain of death, he heaved himself back and on to the bedroom floor again. The cascade of plaster, timber, masonry, must (he judged) have shot itself straight down into his parlour below.

He picked up the candle, and warily — while his leg wrung him with torture at every step — crept down the stairs to explore.

The parlour-door opened inwards. He thrust it open for a short way quite easily. Then of a sudden it jammed: but it

left an aperture through which he could squeeze himself. He did so, and held the candle aloft.

While he stared, first at a hole in the ceiling, then at the "soree" which had broken through it and lay spread, fan-shaped, on the solid floor at his feet, he heard a footstep and Mrs Penhaligon's voice in the passage without.

"Mr Nanjivell! Is that Mr Nanjivell?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Oh, what has happened?"

"Nothing, ma'am. Only a downrush of soot in the chimney," answered Nicky-Nan, gasping: for the heap of dust and mortar at his feet lay scattered all over with golden coins!

"But the noise was terrible. I—I thought for sure it must be the Germans," came in Mrs Penhaligon's voice.

"Nothing of the sort. You exaggerate things," answered Nicky-Nan, commanding his voice. "A rush of soot down the chimney, that's all. I've been expectin' it for weeks."

"You mustn't mind my bein' easily alarmed—left alone as I be with a family——"

"Not in the least, ma'am." Nicky-Nan resolutely closed the door and lifted his candle to confirm the miracle.

The candle, which had been guttering, shot up one last flame and died on a flicker of gold.

(To be continued.)

INDIA AND THE WAR.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND,
G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

IN honour bound, we have gone to war with the greatest military power the world has known, and are now fighting for our very existence as a free nation. We have entered upon the ordeal under favourable conditions, side by side with powerful allies; and if we are true to ourselves there can be only one result; but the fight is a hard one, and will strain our endurance to the utmost. Therefore we may well feel thankful for the proofs of enthusiastic loyalty and support which have come to us from all parts of the Empire.

Perhaps nothing has appealed more strongly to the imagination of Englishmen than the passionate eagerness with which the Chiefs and people of India have urged their devotion to the Crown, and their claim to a share in the dangers and sacrifices of the great conflict. Their attitude has a deep significance, and has been rightly hailed in this country with admiration and gratitude.

To our enemies it has come as a painful surprise. They have always represented the British dominion in India as an oppressive foreign tyranny, and they confidently expected that India would seize this opportunity to throw off the yoke. We have as confidently believed that she would be heart and soul on our

side. No doubt there have been symptoms of "unrest" in India during the last few years, — seditious vapourings and seditious acts on the part of political agitators, culminating in the abominable attempt upon the life of the Viceroy. In a population of three hundred millions there must always be some malcontents, and they can do mischief out of proportion to their numbers. But they are not India.

The attitude of the Indian Chiefs and people to-day is, in fact, what might have been, and was, foreseen. They have answered nobly to the call of honour, but all who have studied India and its history knew what their answer would be. In 1885 there was trouble in Afghanistan, and for some days war between England and Russia seemed to be imminent. Then, as now, the Indian Chiefs at once offered their contingents for service, and the troops of the Indian Army showed the keenest desire to meet the enemy, and throughout the country all seditious mutterings died suddenly away. The prospect of war against a foreign power proved in a moment that India was loyal at heart.

Two or three years ago the writer was asked to deliver at Cambridge some lectures on the British connection with

India. The military position and the example of 1885 were referred to in the following words: "Therefore the confidence of the British is not a foolish one, and they may boldly face all possible enemies with armies largely consisting of Indian troops. Many of those troops have shown themselves to be magnificent fighting men, and the great outburst of loyalty which was called forth twenty-five years ago by the prospect of war with Russia showed in what spirit they would enter upon war against any foreign power. The Indian races will fight for the British in the future, as they have fought for them in the past, with splendid courage and fidelity."

The fact is that the Indian is for the most part innately loyal. The feudal spirit is still strong in India, after all our efforts to introduce democratic ideas foreign to the soil. Loyalty will be given to any ruler who has the smallest right to it, and is rarely withheld even from one who has not. The people have been accustomed for countless generations to look with reverence to their Chiefs; and the Chiefs themselves, proud as they are, have been accustomed to look to a great over-lord. Many of them served the Moghul emperors with striking devotion; and when the British King in person took his seat upon the Imperial throne, the enthusiasm with which he was greeted was no pretence, but the expression of a true and deep-seated feeling.

As to the soldierly spirit

which is being so strongly shown, it must be remembered that India has always been a land of fighting men, and the traditions of many of its races are full of chivalrous feeling. The most ancient of Indian Chiefships, the Rajput States, look back with pride upon incidents in their history which, as examples of courage and self-sacrifice, can hardly be matched in the annals of any race in the world. And others of the Indians have proud traditions too. The Mahomedans won empire in India by the sword, and held it for hundreds of years. The great military brotherhood of the Sikhs has shown, both in its wars against us and in many later wars against our enemies, a stately valour which cannot be surpassed. The sturdy little Gurkha closing for a hand-to-hand fight is a joy to see. And there are many more — of various races and creeds — who have proved themselves stout soldiers. Small wonder that they long to share in the great war now, and to show what they are. Led by British officers they will face any troops in the world.

But when all this has been said, it may yet seem strange, to those who have not studied Indian history, that a race of foreign rulers should be able to rely with confidence upon the loyalty of a vast population differing from them in blood and religion and ways of thought. The object of this paper is to trace very briefly the conditions under which the British dominion in India has been established, and

to show that there is a sound reason for the faith that is in us.

In the first place, what is India? Seeley, in his 'Expansion of England,' goes so far as to say that there is no India. This is hardly correct, but it would be little exaggeration to say that there is no such country as India, and no such nation as the Indians, except in the sense that Europe is a country and the people of Europe are a nation. The tract of territory which we are accustomed to call India contains every variety of physical features, of climate, and of population.

It has mountain-ranges with peaks nearly twice the height of the Alps, rising from vast fields of perpetual snow. In the Himalayas—Him Ālay, the abode of snow—there are literally scores of Switzerlands. India also has burning sandy deserts where rain is almost unknown, and jungles where more rain sometimes falls in a week than in England in a year; and immense fertile plains tilled by swarming millions of men; and forests stretching away for hundreds of miles, where herds of wild elephants still roam in freedom. As to climate, an expert authority has said that "the world itself affords no greater contrast than is to be met with, at one and the same time, within its limits." As to population, India contains as many people as all Europe, excluding Russia, and there is at least as much difference between a Pathan from the North-West Frontier and a Madraai from the south as there

is between a Norwegian and a Portuguese. They stand completely apart, in race and character and religion, and the language of the one is wholly unintelligible to the other. Both are "Indians" in the eyes of the European, just as the Norwegian and the Portuguese are both "Farangis," Franks, Europeans, in the eyes of the Indian, but the two terms are equally broad and vague.

It is true that India is cut off from the rest of the world by marked geographical boundaries. An immense chain or mass of mountains, two thousand miles in length, bounds it on the north; the ocean bounds it on the south; and to east and west the mountain mass throws out great ranges which reach practically down to the ocean. It is true also that throughout this vast enclosure, as large as all Europe, excluding Russia, one religion, known to us as Hinduism or Brahmanism, has established itself as the dominant faith, just as Christianity has established itself in Europe. But, on the western side in particular, the mountain mass is not impassable, and for thousands of years fair-skinned races from Central Asia have poured down, wave after wave, into the Indian plains, and have mingled their blood with the dark native populations whose origin no one knows. In the same way the Brahmanical religion, springing from the faith of some of the earliest of these northern races, has taken to itself the countless faiths of the aboriginal population, until it

has become a mixture of different and often conflicting beliefs, maintaining an inner philosophy, but almost unlimited in its practical tolerance. It permits the worship of innumerable gods, "deities who abhor a fly's death and those who delight still in human victims." Hinduism, moreover, with all its infinite variations, accounts for only two-thirds, two hundred millions, of the population. The great Mahomedan religion has broken into India, and numbers over sixty millions of adherents; while the adherents of other religions in India are nearly as numerous as the entire population of England.

Therefore, though there are geographical barriers which have to some extent isolated India from the rest of the world, and given it, to outside eyes, a certain measure or appearance of unity, there has been room for the maintenance of many races and languages and creeds. Sir John Strachey tells us that "the differences between the countries of Europe are undoubtedly smaller than those between the countries of India"; that there is no "Indian nation"; and that a "native of Calcutta or Bombay is as much a foreigner in Delhi or Peshawar as an Englishman is a foreigner in Rome or Paris."

Nor is this all. Not only is there no Indian nation, but there is no nation in India. The various countries in India are not nations and never have been nations, in the European sense of the word. There have been, and there are, feudal homedan dynasties succeeded

chiefships, and tracts where no such country as France or Italy, inhabited by a compact organised nation of Frenchmen or Italians, has ever been formed in India.

We are not speaking of the future. India is in a sense distinct from the rest of the world; and the British, by establishing a central Government, by their uniform system of education, by covering India with a network of railways and telegraphs, perhaps by their very presence, are doing something to unify India, and to bring about a semblance of national feeling.

As a recent Indian writer has said, "It will yet take the Indians a great many years to be a compact and united people, but under the protection of the British Government the soldering has begun." He may be right. While we are dividing into four nations of white Christians in the British Isles, we may be welding into one nation the three hundred millions of India, with all their various creeds and colours. But, so far, India has never been a nation, or a company of nations; and that is the essential fact which underlies the whole story of the British dominion.

Many great dynasties of Hindu kings had reigned in India long before the Christian era, and continued to reign until about a thousand years ago. Then the Mahomedans began to break in from the westward, and a series of Mahomedan dynasties succeeded

the Hindu kings. Finally, in the sixteenth century, the last and greatest of these, the dynasty of the Moghuls, established itself in the North, and in the time of our Queen Elizabeth it became, under the great Akbar, supreme over the larger part of India. The Moghul seemed then to be one of the mightiest monarchs in the world. He was a foreigner, of alien creed, ruling over a great population of Hindus; but his rule, though founded on conquest, had been strengthened by a policy of wise conciliation, and his splendid empire seemed firmly based upon the consent of the various Indian races.

It was at this time that the British connection with India practically began. The maritime nations of Europe were then competing for the lucrative trade of the East, and in the year 1600 Queen Elizabeth gave a charter to the first East India Company. From that time forward the British in India gradually became more and more firmly established, until at last the supreme power fell into their hands.

The history of that wonderful achievement seems to fall naturally into three divisions or periods, each distinguished by one dominant feature. There was first a commercial period; then a period of wars and territorial expansion; and finally a period of consolidation and internal progress. Of course these periods were not clean cut; their limits were more or less indefinite. In each of them there was much

commerce and much fighting, and some internal progress. But each had a distinct keynote. Commerce was the keynote of the first, which lasted from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the close of the American Revolution—from the beginning of the seventeenth century to nearly the end of the eighteenth. During that time the British in India were represented by a commercial Company, and the welfare of their trade was their primary object.¹ Shortly before the American Revolution the Company took over, most unwillingly, the rule of certain territories in Eastern India. From this time they became one of the country powers, and found themselves involved in many wars. Trade became a secondary object, and the keynote of this period, which lasted about seventy years, until the suppression of the great Mutiny of 1857, was territorial expansion. Then the Company ceased to exist as a ruling power, the administration of India was taken over by the Crown, and the third period began. The keynote of this period, lasting up to the present time, has been consolidation and internal progress.

With regard to the first or commercial period, it may be remarked that in the time of Queen Elizabeth trading enterprise was a very different thing from what it is now. The trading companies of the several European nations carried on both in the Eastern and Western seas an unofficial but definite war against each

¹ For a time there was more than one Company.

other, arming their ships and their factories, and often engaging in bloody fights, of which as a rule their respective Governments took no notice. Traders who were not strong enough to protect themselves had no chance whatever. As the trade of the East was specially lucrative, there was specially fierce competition for it, and the British Company was constantly at war with the Portuguese, the Dutch, or the French. The Portuguese were soon worn down, and after some severe fighting the British ousted the Dutch from the trade of the Indian mainland; but the contest with the French was long, and seemed at one time likely to go against us. When it began in earnest, shortly before the middle of the eighteenth century, a great change had come over India. The Moghul Empire, so powerful and splendid a hundred and fifty years earlier, had practically fallen to pieces. The Emperor still held his Court, and exercised a nominal sovereignty over the greater part of India; but Delhi itself, his capital, had been sacked by a Persian invader, Nadir Shah, the Napoleon of Asia, and the Moghul dominions had broken up into a number of virtually independent chiefships, mostly held by Mahomedan adventurers from beyond the Northern frontier.

All this time the British Company had kept free, or nearly free, from any acquisition of territory. The Moghuls had no navy, so that the European powers could come freely to India and fight each other

at sea, or attack each other's settlements on the shore. But inland the Indian rulers had large armies, and our people had no wish to get into trouble with them. We had some small tracts of land round our factories, but these had been got by grant from the country powers, for value received; and the heads of the factories were discouraged from obtaining further cessions. "As our business is trade," the Directors wrote, "it is not politic for us to be encumbered with much territory."

If it had not been for the French, this commercial point of view would probably have been maintained; but the French looked at the matter in a different light. They were by no means content with the idea of trade, and their proceedings soon forced the British Company into a course of action which resulted in its becoming against its will a political and military power. In 1741 the famous Dupleix was appointed Director-General of the French East India Company, and he speedily came to the conclusion that the proper course for his countrymen was to form alliances with some of the Indian rulers, to attack and destroy with their aid the British settlements, and then to found a territorial empire. In the end he failed, because the British were too strong at sea, and also because they were fortunate enough to find at the critical moment some exceptionally capable fighting men, notably Clive. But for a time Dupleix shook our power and reputation in

India, and greatly increased that of the French. He was quick to see that the armies of the Indian rulers, though large, were incapable of standing against trained troops, European or Indian, and the ease with which he defeated one of these rulers, the Nawab of the Carnatic, made the rest of them look up to him with awe and respect.

It is evident, but it is worth pointing out, that the ambitious schemes of Dupleix would have had no hope of success if the Indians had been one compact nation, and very little hope of success if any of the country powers had been organised on a national footing. But among a number of chiefships held by alien adventurers, whose armies consisted largely of ill-armed foreign free-lances, ready to change sides at any moment on the chance of better pay or plunder, a determined man, with a well-armed disciplined force at his back, might hope to take a hand in the general *mêlée*, and perhaps to make his Company the strongest power in India.

In 1754 Dupleix was recalled in undeserved disgrace, but fighting with the French went on during the Seven Years' War of 1756-1763, and it was during this war that the future of the British Company was decided. The story is interesting, for what occurred then had momentous consequences.

The British Company had long possessed a factory at Calcutta in Bengal. This country was now held by an Afghan adventurer, who after the break-up of the Moghul

Empire had established himself as a practically independent chief. Just as the Seven Years' War broke out he died, and was succeeded by his son, Suraj ud Dowlah. When, fearing an attack by the French, the British factors fortified Calcutta, the new ruler objected, marched against them with a large force, and took the factory. Then followed the tragedy of the Black Hole, when more than a hundred English were done to death. They were soon avenged by Clive, who, coming up from Madras with a small body of European and Indian troops, advanced against the Bengal ruler and routed him at Plassy. One of his officers who had turned against him was then set up in his place, and thus at one stroke the British became predominant in the rich province of Bengal, larger and more populous than England. At first the Company, true to their commercial principles, shrank from the responsibility of taking over the rule of the province; but the system of keeping up a puppet ruler proved to be unworkable, and in 1765 the Moghul Emperor granted to the British the direct administration of Bengal, nominally under his sovereignty. From this time the Company stood forth openly as a territorial power, with a large yearly revenue; and the foundation of British supremacy in India had been laid.

It is important to note that all this was made possible by the fact that there was no nation in India. The ruler of

Bengal was easily beaten and dethroned because he was a foreign chief, having nothing in common either in blood or religion with the bulk of his subjects. His mercenary troops had no attachment for him and no inclination for serious fighting. They were ready enough to ravage and plunder the province in his name, for the Bengalis were a soft unwarlike race and made no resistance, but facing good troops, even at odds of ten to one, was another matter. They were scattered like sheep, and the people of the country had no sympathy for them or hostility to their conquerors. Accustomed to foreign domination, the Bengalis were ready to accept any ruler who seemed to be the strongest, especially if he gave them some prospect of peace and decent government. And the Moghul Emperor cared very little who ruled Bengal, for in all but name the province had long been independent of him. Indeed he was glad to have the hope of support from the good troops of the English Company against the various rebel chiefs who were threatening him, notably against the Marattas, a Hindu people, who were now sweeping India with

roving bands of freebooters and carving out principalities for themselves in all directions. There was not a solid nation anywhere to make head against them, and though they were not a solid nation themselves, but a loose confederacy, they had some sort of coherence for attack against the disorganised chiefships into which the Empire had broken up.

Clive left India in 1767, and not long afterwards Warren Hastings, a distinguished servant of the Company, became the first Governor-General of the British possessions. His administration lasted for thirteen years, from 1772 to 1785. A high-minded man, of indomitable courage and tenacity, he did great service to England under the most cruel difficulties. It can hardly be doubted that but for him our Indian possessions would have shared the fate of our American colonies during the war with France and Spain which closed in 1783. He was rewarded, largely to serve party purposes, with impeachment, and the long torture of a seven years' trial, on charges which should never have been preferred. There are few more shameful incidents in our history.¹

¹ The persecution of Warren Hastings brought its Nemesis. English education has been fostered in India by the British Government, and the study of English classical literature has been steadily encouraged. Unluckily, as Sir Henry Maine pointed out, the classical literature of the eighteenth century was saturated with party politics, and, still more unluckily, it was largely devoted to the subject of India. The accusations brought against Hastings by Burke and Sheridan, and other masters of English style, were put into the hands of Indian students, who were thus taught to regard the British dominion in India as founded on atrocious crimes. As the literature of the eighteenth century was also full of a spirit of revolt against authority, the natural result was to stir up some discontent among educated Indians. Sir Alfred Lyall, from whom the writer has throughout borrowed freely, first made this clear.

It has been shown that the first great territorial acquisition by the British in India was due, not to the destruction of any Indian State, but to the overthrow of an Afghan foreigner ruling a peaceful Indian population. Nevertheless the second period of the British connection with India, that of territorial expansion, had now opened. It seems desirable, at the risk of some repetition, to inquire what was the condition of India at the beginning of that period.

The Moghul Empire had practically ceased to exist. The territories over which it had once held sway had fallen away one by one, and India had been parcelled out among a number of chiefs, most of them still nominally owning the sovereignty of the Moghul, but all acting as if they were independent, and making war upon each other as they pleased without reference to their overlord. Indeed the Emperor had for long been little more than a prisoner in the hands of any of those chiefs who happened to be strongest at the moment. Most of them, moreover, were adventurers, foreign to the soil and the race of their subjects. India, in fact, was one great field of war, over which numerous armies marched and fought and plundered in all directions. It has been estimated that perhaps two millions of armed mercenaries were gathered about the standards of the various leaders; and all lived at the expense of the peasantry and trading classes, who submitted to every conqueror or raider in turn. It may be

desirable to describe a few of the most important of these powers.

Immediately to the north-west of the British province of Bengal was the Nawab Vazir of Oudh, originally a Minister of the Moghul, now an independent Mahomedan prince, ruling large and fertile districts inhabited mainly by Hindus. Beyond him again was a remnant of territory held by the Emperor in person, or some of his officials. Still farther to the north-west was the Punjab, over which the Sikhs, a body of Hindu sectaries, were establishing their supremacy. On the western coast of India were the Marattas, now the strongest power in India, but, as before remarked, a loose confederacy rather than a nation. Their leaders had seized upon various tracts in the centre of India, and founded principalities there; but in truth the Marattas had no geographical limits, for their roving swarms of horsemen plundered India from sea to sea, exacting their tribute, a nominal quarter of the revenue, but often much more, from every ruler not strong enough to resist them. A considerable number of more or less ancient chiefships still existed in the deserts and jungles of Central India; but all or almost all were periodically harried by the Marattas. In the south two great Mahomedan chiefs, each ruling a Hindu population, were the most formidable among the competitors for supremacy. These were the Nizam of Hyderabad and the famous

freebooter seized the Mysore.

Hyder Ali and his Hindu king.

Among all chiefs, with ill-armed and armies, stood in company, with its administration more efficient force regularly European officers draw from England arms and munitions seemed likely entered the eventually proved any of the powers; and probability that they would have that stronger than control to avoid sufficient these was little which would acts of aggression powers hand. A policy of the British non-interference of isolation and Company favoured such as the easy to maintain.

It was the less easy to maintain because the possession of Bengal by the British had now literally thrown open to them the gates of empire by bringing them into the valley of the Ganges, which for more than two thousand years had been the seat of the great Indian kingdoms. They were no longer a trading company with small possessions in the remote south, but a territorial power in the touch with the heart of India. Clive had fully understood the position in 1765, and pointed out that the Moghul Empire was now practically at the mercy of the Company. But he was himself opposed to a policy of conquest, and the Company, true to its trading

India and the who had the command of the large army, and the British military force—well led by a British officer, and able to supply the wants of the war. It was the British policy of wish, the honour, of Parliament the schemes of conquest, and the measures repugnant to the spirit of this nation. British entered upon the period of their history in the short period of supreme dominion. As a matter of fact, the movement towards that end began soon after Hastings left India, and continued with little intermission until the end was attained. It was greatly accelerated by the fact that successive Governors-General were no longer mere servants of the Company, but almost all English noblemen, with parliamentary and social influence in England, and full military powers. Some of them were ambitious and masterful men, who scoffed at the cautious non-interference policy of their nominal superiors, and did not scruple to override it.

The first war came in 1790—when the famous Tippo, who had attacked one of our Indian allies, was called to account by Lord Cornwallis. Tippo was the Mahomedan ruler of a Hindu country, the son and successor of a foreign soldier of fortune. He possessed a formidable army, consisting largely of foreign free-

lances. He was eventually beaten, and a part of his territory was added to the Company's possessions about Madras. In this war the British acted in alliance with two Indian powers, and the British force itself was largely composed of Indian sepoy who had enlisted of their own accord under the British flag.

After a short return to the policy of non-interference under Sir John Shore, Lord Wellesley came out to India, and his seven years' tenure of office was a memorable one. His first step was to complete the overthrow of the Mysore ruler, who, undeterred by his former defeat, was in communication with the French Revolutionary Government, and thoroughly hostile. With the aid of the Nizam our troops invaded Mysore, the capital was stormed, and the unhappy Tippoe was killed. His territory was divided, our Indian ally receiving a portion, and the British taking for themselves several districts. But the old Hindu State of Mysore was revived, and the native dynasty restored. It remains to this day.

The Marattas were the next enemy. Some of the leaders of the confederacy had not only carved out for themselves large principalities in the centre and north of India, which was not Maratta country, but had taken into their service a considerable number of French and other foreign officers, and had raised formidable armies. The Moghul Emperor was in their hands, and hardly any part of India was free from their incur-

sions. Though they were a brave and capable race, it was evident that until their power was broken there would be no peace in the land. Luckily they quarrelled among themselves, and in 1802 one of their self-made chiefs attacked and defeated the nominal head of the confederacy, known as the Peshwa. Thereupon the Peshwa appealed to the British Government and entered into a subsidiary alliance with them.

It may be explained here that Wellesley's deliberate policy, a very bold one, was to bring the various Indian princes into a system of subsidiary alliances, by which they undertook to act in subordination to the British Government in matters of external policy, to employ no foreign European officers, and to accept in place of their own armies a contingent of troops supplied by the British Government, for the support of which they paid in money or in land. Such a system would of course have been incompatible with the existence of a combined Indian nation, or of any real nations in India. Yet the Nizam accepted it without much difficulty, and afterwards many other chiefs accepted it eagerly as a safeguard against their neighbours. And the contingents supplied by the British consisted almost entirely of Indian troops voluntarily enlisting for the service.

But the system was by no means acceptable to the Maratta chiefs, who believed they were fully capable of standing by themselves, and had no intention of giving up the practice of harrying their

men who resisted, and carrying off or violating the women. Before any troops could be got together to punish them they had disappeared.

In 1817 their number had so greatly increased, and their forays had become so bold, that Lord Hastings determined to suppress them. For that purpose he assembled an army of no less than 120,000 men, which was closing from several points upon the Pindari strongholds, when its work was complicated by a rising of the Maratta chiefs, who, though beaten by Lord Wellesley, had not been thoroughly subdued, and now threw in their lot with their fellow-robbers. The Pindaris and Marattas were joined by a large contingent of Afghans from beyond the frontiers of India. There was some hard fighting, for the enemy numbered 150,000 men with 500 guns, but they were crushed and subdued, and the Maratta confederacy disappeared for ever. Their territories were not all taken from them even now, but a large part was annexed to the British dominions. Thus many millions of Indians were delivered from oppression, and the simultaneous breaking up of the Pindari hordes freed the whole peninsula from the raids of these pitiless marauders. The British army of 120,000 men contained 13,000 Europeans. The rest, nearly nine-tenths of the whole, were Indian troops.

It is to be noted that one result of this war was the salvation of the most ancient chiefships in India, those of the Rajputs. They had suffered

oruelly from the oppression of the Marattas, and were now on the verge of extinction. The Rajput States were set on their feet again by the British Government, and their brave and chivalrous clans were intensely grateful. They have ever since been among the most enthusiastically loyal of the Indian races. Several of their chiefs, among them the veteran Maharaja Pertab Singh, are now serving personally under the British flag.

For present purposes it is unnecessary to describe the first Burmese War of 1824, or several other Indian wars which, though important enough in some respects, had no specially striking features. In all of them the bulk of the British force consisted of Indian troops.

But one war stands out from the rest, because, though the British eventually defeated their enemy, their reputation for invincibility, acquired by half a century of almost unbroken success, was rudely shaken. This was the Afghan War of 1839-42, when a British force was destroyed in the passes beyond our North-West Frontier. It was in its strategical plan an insane war, and it brought upon us disastrous consequences, for there can be little doubt that it not only induced the last of the great Indian powers to attack us, but led to a revolt in our own Indian Army which shook our rule to its foundations.

After the Afghan War only one Indian power remained independent and formidable. This was the kingdom of

the Punjab, where had now established premacy. The Punjab, for the Punjab, the western provinces consisted of various had never been whole. Nevertheless more than any other. Though they were among the Punjab they had complete predominance. Their last great Singh the Punjab consolidated among Indian fought not only fervour and only with something military confidence. They had they despised in their who were drawn robust races in the East; and British force they Afghans beyond In 1845 they be restrained, and eager for the cities of Hindustan, into our territory. bloody battles they feated; but two years they rose again, and battles had to be fought they finally submitted. the Punjab was and the British brought up to the boundary of India, numerous, and it would be impossible to discuss the cause undoubtedly was the Army that they had indispensable. The kingdom of Oudh and neighbouring districts, had formed the bulk of the British forces

in all our recent wars, including the wars against the Sikhs, and they had gradually come to see that the British troops in India were few compared with themselves. Further, they had learned in Afghanistan that European troops could be overwhelmed by numbers. They had in their possession large quantities of artillery and munitions of war. Eventually they became convinced that they held in their hands the power to make or mar the British Raj. This was a dangerous frame of mind for any body of troops, and it was likely that whenever they might find, or imagine they had found, grave reason for discontent they would give trouble.

Unfortunately this occurred in 1857, and the bulk of the Bengal army broke into revolt. There were many massacres of Europeans; and there was much hard fighting, which lasted for two years. Then the revolt was crushed.

It would be wrong and foolish to minimise the importance of the Mutiny, or to make any excuses for the abominable crimes which were committed by some of the mutineers. They treacherously murdered officers who trusted them; and they slaughtered English women and children—a thing which can never be forgotten, and ought not to be forgotten. But when that is said there remains something more to be said.

The revolt has often been regarded, even in England, as a national rising by the Indians against foreign rule,

and the suppression of the revolt has been regarded as a final conquest of India by the British. Nothing could be further from the truth. The revolt was a military mutiny and a partial one. It affected almost the whole of the Bengal army, but it did not spread to the armies of Bombay and Madras; and it was not backed by any large proportion of the people of India. If any one will look at the map and mark off, with the help of a history, the tract of country over which the revolt really established itself, he will see that it was a comparatively small one, the central division of Northern India only. It was a very important part of India, including the old capital of the Moghul empire, but it was a comparatively small part. And even within it the bulk of the population did not join the mutineers. Except in Oudh, from which many of the mutinous regiments were drawn, there was no general rising against the British. There was much disorder, and much fighting among the people themselves, in which thousands were killed, and millions suffered severely; but that is a different matter. And it is an unquestionable fact that of the great ruling chiefs of India not one threw in his lot with the rebels. The old Moghul was for a time a more or less willing prisoner in their hands, and some of the minor chiefs and landholders joined them; but of the great ruling chiefs not one did so. They felt that they owed the security, in many cases the existence, of

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It has been said before that as a rule the Indian is innately loyal—that his loyalty is easily won and not easily alienated. But it should also be said that the British have been loyal to India. They have been doubt made mistakes, but they have tried to do their duty to the Indian races. From the beginning of their rule in Bengal under Clive and Hastings they have, as far as in

them lay, worked for order and justice to all. Their early reforms were of great benefit to the people; nor can it be doubted that the good administration of the British provinces, and the general peace and freedom from oppression which were gradually substituted for general war and rapine, had much effect in making Indians co-operate so willingly in the establishment of British supremacy, and in the defence of it when assailed. The contentment of the people, and their belief that the British Government wished to be just, were of great value in the Mutiny, and throughout.

That contentment was due above all to a thing which is little understood in England—the work of the district officers, who form the backbone of the British administration. The “district” is the unit of the British administrative system in India. It is a tract of territory rather larger than an average county in England, and it is managed, with the help of a few subordinates, by an officer who in the eyes of most Indians practically is the British Government. He is responsible for the peace of the district, collects the revenue, dispenses justice, looks after the police, the roads, the jails, sanitation, and much more. He is, in fact, the real ruler of the people. Some years ago a distinguished Indian made a speech in the Legislative Council in which he referred to the district officer. “The Viceroy,” he said, “represents the might and majesty of the Empire;

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but the Viceroy is not so potent as the District officer, who has found his way to the hearts of the people. . . . Many an English administrator has left behind him a name which is a household word in our villages and towns, and is written indelibly in the hearts of the people.” These men are unknown in England, but they and the equally unknown men of other Indian services, especially the soldiers who serve all their lives in the Indian army, leading Indian troops in frontier expeditions and other small wars of which Europe hears little or nothing, are the real builders and upholders of the British power, for it is they who win the loyalty of the Indian.

Not many days ago Lord Crewe received a number of officers newly appointed to posts in the Indian services, and he spoke to them in words which do him honour, for they show that he understood and appreciated the work done for England in India. He said—

“A long line of Viceroys and Governors, and a line not so long of Secretaries of State, who I hope have done their share by legislation and otherwise, have no doubt contributed their part; but it is to the quality and character of the Indian Civil Service and the other Services in India, your forebears, that we must look for the key to India's present attitude of loyalty and devotion. It is owing to them, and the manner in which the country has been administered by them, that British rule has been regarded, and is regarded to-day—though there will always be points for legitimate criticism and difference of opinion—as a kind rule and a just rule.”

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“When by the blessing of Providence internal tranquillity will be restored, it is our earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industry of India, to promote works of utility and improvement, and to administer the Government for the benefit of all our subjects resident therein. In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude of all power grant to us, and to those in authority under us, and to those carry out these our wishes for the good of our people.”

So ended the second period of the British connection with India. When it began, the British were a company of traders, who had lately acquired a foothold in Bengal as rulers

ments had been instituted; railways and telegraphs had been introduced. In fact, a solid foundation had been laid by the great Company for the future work to be carried on under the Crown. And directly the Mutiny had been finally crushed and the country pacified, the British Government began to build upon that foundation. It would be impossible, within the limits of an article, to enumerate, much less to explain, all the measures of internal reform which have succeeded, but the progress made has been immense. The development of communications and of public works of all kinds; the practical extinction of all possibility of famines; the lightening of taxation, until, to quote Sir John Strachey, "there is certainly no country in the world possessing a civilised government in which the public burdens are so light"; the establishment of a judicial system, of which an English judge has said that India possesses "by far the best system of criminal law in the world"; the astonishing increase of trade and cultivation; the extension of local self-government; the advances in sanitation and medical organisation of all kinds, and many other reforms which cannot be cited,—have made the India of 1914 so different from the India of 1857 that one can hardly believe the change has been effected in so short a time.

There is only one point on which it may be desirable to say a few words before closing this paper. It is

not perhaps generally understood in England that a very small proportion of the judicial and executive posts in the Indian Government service are held by Englishmen. Of course, it is true that the proportion of Englishmen in the higher posts is comparatively large. So long as Great Britain intends to uphold her dominion and to see that India is ruled on the principles she considers right, it is inevitable that this should be the case. But nothing is more striking than the small number of Englishmen employed in India compared with the large number of Indians. Sir John Strachey pointed out ten or twelve years ago that only about 1200 Englishmen were employed in the civil government of 232 millions of people, and in the partial control of 62 millions more, the inhabitants of Native States, and that by far the greater part of the actual administration was in Indian hands. He showed that between eight and nine hundred posts were ordinarily reserved for the civil service, to which Indians are admissible if they can pass the examination; and that, excluding those posts, there were about 3700 persons holding offices in the superior branches of the executive and judicial services, of whom only 100 were Europeans. Moreover, nearly all posts of minor importance, which are far more numerous, were held by Indians. "Native officers manage by far the greater part of the business connected with all branches of the revenue

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BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

THE third volume of the Life of Benjamin Disraeli¹ opens at a moment of calm. The orator's attack upon Peel had had its due effect, and the powerful Minister had been forced to resign in the hour of victory on the battlefield. But much else besides Sir Robert Peel's supremacy had perished. The party of Protection had demolished its adversary, it is true, but had fallen itself in the general ruin, like Samson in the temple. If Peel, for his part, had destroyed the great Tory party, he had left no policy for either party to defend or attack. The Corn Laws were repealed, and it seemed as though the fight must be fought over again on the same ground. On the one hand the Manchester School, having effectually "lowered the tone" of English life, had neither the power nor the desire to construct, and on the other, the Champions of Protection seemed to have no other prospect than that of attempting to put together the broken pieces of a shattered edifice. Disraeli, at the outset, cherished the vain hope of reaction. Encouraged by the adamant resolution of Lord George Bentinck, he thought that, since Peel had been overthrown, the work that he had achieved might be undone. But soon doubt and uncertainty crept

into his mind. "The past is a dream," he wrote, "and the future a mystery. I cannot read it." But time brought a swift piercing of the mystery. He awoke from the dream of the past, and discovered that the future belonged not to the visionary but to the practical politician. He was no longer the free-lance who had led Young England and broken the power of Sir Robert Peel. With the increasing gravity of his purpose he assumed a graver demeanour. "According to a descriptive writer," says Mr Buckle, "Disraeli changed more than his seat. He modified the extravagance of his clothing. The 'motley-coloured garments,' which he still wore at the close of the session of 1846, were exchanged for a suit of black, 'unapproachably perfect' in every stitch, 'and he appears to have doffed the vanity of the coxcomb with the plumage of the peacock.' He was also thought to have acquired a weightier manner of speaking, suited to his more responsible position."

The changes thus hinted corresponded accurately to a change of mind. Disraeli knew better than most of his contemporaries that politics is a game which must be played in accord with certain rules. There are always supporters to be conciliated, animosities to be

¹ The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By William Flavelle Monypenny and George Earle Buckle. Volume III. London: John Murray.

less courageous man. Disraeli could not say a word upon the vexed question without alienating some support. Though Protection were dead in the country, it still retained many warm champions in the Commons. Stanley himself, Disraeli's own chief, was a thick-and-thin believer in the ancient and righteous cult. What, then, was Disraeli to do? Was he to desert his leader or to lose the sympathy of the rank and file? Was he to keep on good terms with Mr Young and the Protection Society, or to loosen his hold upon the House? Mr Buckle's excellent book affords many proofs of the statesman's delicate position. That he should have won his own way in the end was a foregone conclusion. But it took him some ten years of thankless work to complete the education of his party.

And by the irony of politics, at the very moment that Disraeli was fighting their battle, the Peelites and Cobdenites fell upon him with renewed bitterness. Having won in the fight of Free Trade, these politicians knew no other cause which they might espouse, and so they guarded their victory with a jealous fury, as though it were about to be snatched from them. If they had had their way, whatever was left of English history should have been one long, uninterrupted triumph. They would have been content to go from platform to platform celebrating Peel's conquest of Protection. And when Disraeli declared that he had no wish to abro-

gate the Acts of 1846, they either refused to believe him or were enraged that the Aunt Sally, at which they hoped to hurl their brickbats, was ravished from them. Instead of rallying to Disraeli, because he had come over to their side, they declared that whatever he said was untrue, whatever he did was wrong. Mr Gladstone and the Peelites, no doubt, were moved by the anger of revenge against the man who in his famous *Philippics* had triumphantly demolished their leader. The Cobdenites, with whom Disraeli had a certain curious sympathy, assailed him as sentimentalists always assail that which they do not understand. For them Free Trade was not a policy; it was a religion. They held it sacred as the Ark of the Covenant, and when Disraeli told them that it was an "accident," for a while beyond the reach of criticism, they repelled such overtures as he permitted himself to make with anger and contempt. The attacks upon Disraeli's Budget of 1852, for instance, were inspired rather by malevolence than by mere disapproval. It was a Free Trade Budget, which leaned naturally upon direct taxation, and in principle differed little enough from the Budget which covered Mr Gladstone with glory a year later. But it was Disraeli's Budget, and it was therefore attacked most acrimoniously by Wood, Graham, and Gladstone, who might have supported it had it borne another's name. Disraeli, always

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supreme head in the Commons, but one of a triumvirate, and refused to recognise the plain fact that the leader is always the man who leads, not the unfortunate chosen in the vague hope that he may lead some day. And Disraeli was not merely a politician without connections: he was also a militant Jew. There is no doubt that his championship of his own people did not a little to break in pieces the party of Protection. By a stroke of ill luck Lord John Russell brought in his motion to admit Jews to Parliament at a time when the stalwart few led by George Bentinck and Disraeli were not wholly at one. Those who were keenest for Protection wavered in their views of Church discipline, and the supporters of the Tractarian movement were apt to set their theological opinions higher in the scale than their hatred of Free Trade. The speech which Disraeli delivered on behalf of his own people was, therefore, nothing less than a bomb-shell. It disconcerted all his friends of the High Church, and added not a jot of strength to the cause of Protection. Against the eloquence and ingenuity of Disraeli's plea there is not one word to be said. He was a Jew, proud of Jewry, pleading for the Jews. With his political estimate of the Jews none could quarrel. "It will be seen," said he, "that all the tendencies of the Jewish race are conservative. Their bias is to religion, property, and natural aristocracy; and it should be the interest of statesmen that this bias of a great race should be encouraged, and their energies and creative powers enlisted in the cause of existing society." There is no challenge of any kind in these words. When Disraeli touched upon the religious argument, his touch was less sure, his statement provocative. To profess the whole Jewish faith is, may be, "to believe in Calvary as well as in Sinai." His celebrated peroration was not devised to strengthen the waverer. "Has not He made their history," he asked, "the most famous in the world? Has not He hung up their laws in every temple? Has not He vindicated all their wrongs? Has not He avenged the victory of Titus and conquered the Cæsars? What successes did they anticipate from their Messiah? The wildest dreams of their rabbis have been far exceeded. Has not Jesus conquered Europe and changed its name into Christendom? All countries which refuse the cross wither, while the whole of the new world is devoted to the Semitic principle, and its most glorious offspring, the Jewish faith. . . . Christians may continue to persecute Jews, and Jews may persist in disbelieving Christians, but who can deny that Jesus of Nazareth, the Incarnate Son of the Most High God, is the eternal glory of the Jewish race?" It is excellent rhetoric, and yet of no effect. It is acceptable neither to Christians nor to Jews. For it leaves out of sight the two

truths, that the Jews crucified Jesus, and have refused for nearly two thousand years to put their faith in Him.

That Disraeli should have defended the race from which he sprang is entirely to his credit. It is not a little strange that he should have missed the point of his own argument. He preaches in 'Tancred' and elsewhere the romantic doctrine that "all is race." All is race—that is true. But the race of which Disraeli spoke and wrote is the Jewish race, and the race which he aspired to govern was the English race. It would be easy to turn the reasoning against him, and to resent the intrusion in our counsels of one who was not of our own blood. That is what the narrow-minded politician of sixty years ago did, and by his folly long excluded from the leadership the farthest-sighted statesman of his time. And yet a superficial excuse may be found for him. He did not perceive that Disraeli was lifted by his genius far above the superstition of blood. He belonged not to England nor to Palestine. He was akin to the great of all times and places. It was only in the foibles and vanities of life that he betrayed the signs of his origin. He had not the qualities which are commonly associated with the Jewish race. In a country of brave men he was conspicuous for his courage. He was never tired of urging upon Stanley the bold course. He was content always to take risks, and to fight for

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ant consideration whether the Colonies ought or ought not to be represented in this House—although these are questions which we ought not to discard from our minds,—but looking only to the commercial and fiscal part of the subject, I cannot understand by what means in the present day, following the current of our recent legislation, the consolidation can take place unless we can reduce into a fact a phrase which political economists are so fond of using—namely, that our Colonies should be placed on the same footing as the Counties of England.” Thus he was already—in 1850—a convert of the doctrine of Colonial Preference; and if he had had his way, or had found in Stanley a more energetic colleague, he would have devised some method by which the Colonies should be represented in a truly Imperial Parliament. To Lord Derby he put the question with great force and clearness in 1851: “Is it impossible to make a great push,” he asked, “founded much on the alarming state of Europe and the consequently unstable character of our foreign trade, to reconstruct our Colonial system, or rather Empire, by freeing the Colonies from all duties, or some other mode, and conceding to them as represented in the Imperial Parliament the vacancy occasioned by the disfranchised boroughs, so bringing a third element formally into the House, and healing that too obvious division and rivalry between town and country?”

It is a crude sketch, yet it contains all the ideas which in the last sixty years have been held by the passionate champions of our Colonial Empire. Unhappily, Derby was not of those who make “great pushes,” and Disraeli’s sketch never grew into the finished drawing of his imagination.

Mr Buckle’s book shows us Disraeli at many angles and in many lights. He leaves us in no doubt as to Disraeli’s grasp of foreign affairs and of foreign policy. It was not for a whim that Louis Philippe called him a friend, or that Metternich hailed him as a colleague in the great task of “conservation.” Disraeli had travelled widely and felt little of the narrowness of insularity. Though not an accomplished linguist, he knew France as he knew England, and it was upon a knowledge of France that his foreign policy was based. He believed first and foremost in a cordial understanding with France, and when he first took office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he hoped to frame a commercial treaty with that country. But he was always sure that it was the best chance of prosperity that every country should develop in proper accord with its own character and traditions. He condemned bitterly the ideal of uniformity which Lord Palmerston and the Radicals had set up in the face of Europe. “You looked upon the English Constitution as a model farm,” he said. “You forced this Constitution in

every country. You laid it down as a great principle that you were not to consider the interests of England, or the interests of the country you were in connection with, but you were to consider the great system of Liberalism, which had nothing to do with the interests of England, and was generally antagonistic to the interests of the country with which you were in connection." Thus he demolished a superstition of foreign policy, which exists nowhere to-day save in the United States of America.

As the career of Disraeli is unfolded, our impression deepens and widens of his skill in attack. He was an awkward adversary, as Peel and Gladstone knew, and there is no better chapter in Mr Buckle's book than that in which he sets forth Disraeli's cruel and efficient mangling of the Coalition which committed us to the Crimean War. He would not move a want of confidence in them, said he, because they had no confidence in themselves. That Palmerston and Aberdeen and Lord John Russell should attempt to row in the same boat was at once their shame and their ineptitude. And their position was made no surer nor saner by the fact that they held together, a disconnected gang, merely because they hated

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MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE WAR AND THE PEOPLE—JOHN SMITH, DUPE OF THE DEMAGOGUES—HIS ATTITUDE IN PEACE AND WAR—MR WELLS AND THE MILITARY CASTE—SPIES ON THE EAST COAST—MR M'KENNA'S SHIFTING OF RESPONSIBILITY—THE CORRESPONDENT AGAIN—LORD ROBERTS.

JOHN SMITH is the very type and exemplar of the British Citizen. His friends and flatterers tell him that if he be not the People itself, he is its loftiest representative. He understands his duties (or his privileges) as well as any man. He discharges what he believes to be the functions of a patriot with exactitude. For instance, he accompanies his father every week when that worthy goes forth to draw his old-age pension, and not infrequently condescends to share in the spending of a great part of it at the "Three Feathers." At election times he bears himself with the highest gallantry. He shouts always with the noisiest crowd. In the delicate art of marking a ballot-paper he has few equals. He votes early, and he would vote often, on the principle that there cannot be too much of a good thing, if he did not stand in wholesome fear of the jail. A public meeting sets him at his ease instantly. There, indeed, he is in his element. With a proud familiarity he slaps his chosen candidate on the back, and feels sure that he is playing a foremost part in the government of the country. When, in the days before the war, the demagogues told him that he was all-wise and all-

knowing, he accepted the tribute with a gratified smirk. His greed for flattery was unappeased and unappeasable, and flattery was poured out in gallons'-full by those who demanded his vote and interest. And so he came to believe himself a finished politician. He talked very glibly in his public-house about the pacific intentions of countries which he could not find upon the map of Europe. He professed a vast contempt for a thing which he called "Showvinism." He did not know what it was, but he linked it in his mind with the Union Jack, and, by a strange perversity, thought it had something to do with a well-advertised dramatist, whose antics he read of in his halfpenny paper. Above all, he was told and he believed that Germany was our devoted friend. He had heard from twenty platforms and from a hundred busy canvassers that the Germans would never come to Great Britain, and that if they came they would bring peace and plenty with them. "We couldn't be worse off under the Germans," said John Smith, after his sixth glass, "than we are now," and all his friends smiled approval.

And so he voted wholeheartedly for the suppression

of armaments. Unwilling to lift a hand himself in the defence of his country, he looked down with contempt upon a red coat. When that eminent statesman, Sir William Byles, asserted that we had no need of an army, since nobody would attack us, if we behaved ourselves, John Smith shouted himself hoarse with satisfaction. When a Minister, in the hunt for popularity, denounced Lord Roberts for a "croaker," he cheered as lustily as though the orator were offering him an extra shilling a-week for nothing, as indeed he was. But it was Mr Runciman, that great leader of men, who most nearly touched his heart. When this profound thinker discovered that it was his duty to "apologise for Lord Roberts," who in his zeal for defence had cast a doubt upon the kind intentions of Germany, John Smith was in an ecstasy of delight. He cut the speech reverently from the newspaper and pasted it upon the wall of his parlour, that it might catch his expectant eye whenever he entered the shrine of his respectability. It followed naturally that he hated National Service more bitterly even than early closing. It was his business, he said, to vote, not to fight; and when the welcome fallacies of the peace-party descended to his brain, he told all his friends in the bar that there was no money in war, and that therefore there was no fool in the world big enough to draw his sword.

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ain't it my army? Don't I pay for it?" Though it never entered his head that he should enlist himself, he watched the "idle rich" going out to fight and die for their country with obvious satisfaction. That was what they were meant for, he thought. As for him, he was a voter, and must stand by the ballot-box at all hazards. But when the wirepullers ignored him altogether, he began to get angry. Nobody came to flatter him and to tell him that he was saving the country. The hustings were silent and deserted. The value of votes fell lower than they had ever fallen in a free democracy. The rascals who had insisted that Germany was his friend were at Westminster, drawing £400 for their pains, and in a national crisis could not waste a thought upon the poor, simple electorate. So John Smith succumbed to a fit of injured vanity. He missed his place in the sun. He sneaked about his favourite public-house with a complaining, deprecatory air. After reading four-and-twenty solid columns of war news, he grumbled that he was not told what his army was doing. He murmured angry threats against those who veiled the field of battle from his eyes. "When I buy a thing," said he, "I like to know all about it, and now there ain't a word said. Why, if they'd tell me what my pal, Bill Jones, is up to, and what French has for breakfast, I'm not sure I wouldn't go to the front myself."

He didn't go to the front. He was content to air his

grievances at home, and the bitterest of these grievances was that he was not allowed to take a suitable part in the fray. He wanted once more to put his head in the lime-light. When the necessity of National Service had been explained to him, he had grinned an idle refusal. It wasn't his business to defend his native land, he had thought then; now he was indignant that he might not strike a blow for hearth and home if a hostile force landed on our coasts. Having missed his chance, he redoubles his anger. Once filled with scorn for what he calls "conscription," he now demands the right of going forth, untrained and ill-armed, to meet the Germans, should they achieve a raid upon the English coast. He would be more effective if he called the policeman at the corner to run in the approaching enemy. His vanity does not permit him to learn the lesson that, since he has declined to serve, he can do no more than stand and wait.

And John Smith, being a dupe, is the least blameworthy of them all. The responsibility for his impotence and inaction lies upon the shoulders of those who purchased his vote with vain deceptions. As a representative of the People, he was ordered to oppose a reasonable scheme of military service, and to cover with insult the hero who devoted the last years of his life to preaching the gospel of defence. And now that the Army, voluntary and aristocratic, has come to his aid, he still

insists that it is a People's war. For the other belligerents it is a People's war; they have sent their whole manhood into the field. England alone had to rely, at the outset, upon an expeditionary force, composed of men who fought for her because they loved the battle and feared not the sacrifice. To confuse these gallant soldiers with the greedy abstraction called the People is a manifest injustice, and suggests that they will claim the prize who have not borne the burden of the fight. We regret that Mr Wells should already have thrown discredit upon those who have laid down their lives for their fatherland. "This is a people's war," he says without the slightest warrant,—"a war against militarism, it is not a war for the greater glory of British diplomatists, officials, and people in uniforms. It is our war, not their war, and the last thing we intend to result from it is a permanently increased importance for the military caste." It is not pleasant to contemplate this peevish utterance. It is true that one of the objects for which our army is fighting is the suppression of Prussia's military autocracy. That fact does not rob "the people in uniform" of the glory and credit which they have won. It is still "their" war, and not "our" war, "we" being the foreseeing folk, who were certain that peace was eternal and military service a snare of red-coated selfishness. Nor can we believe that "officials," if

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Minister on his guard. He preferred to follow his cynical policy of "wait and see," with the result that the war found us completely and disastrously unprepared.

We were saved by the heroes of the military caste. So far as it has gone, it is their war, and theirs alone. They made no bargain and they exact no reward. They have gladly given their lives to the cause of England, and Mr Wells has already involved them in suspicion. They are to have no "permanently increased importance." Have they asked for it? If they had not died in France, the People, which "makes a mock of uniforms," would have suffered the fate of extinction which has overtaken Belgium. And every word which hints their dispraise is a testimony of gracelessness and ingratitude. Even now the People, in the very moment of pretending that it is "our" war, stands aloof. It clings feverishly to its ease and its sports. In a single day in November seventy football matches were played, and seventy gates demanded payment of the multitude. These exhibitions of callousness between them would have accounted, no doubt, for 200,000 Britons, who prefer to watch the antics of "the muddled oafs," their champions, than help to write a new page of history across the Channel. As we are forced to share their disgrace to-day, so we should see to it that after the war all "citizens" of military age who have refused to

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take up arms should be disfranchised. Privileges imply duties, and they who decline to serve their country should neither be flattered at the hustings nor be permitted to drop their inglorious mark into a ballot-box.

When the war is over the responsibilities of many people will be justly assigned. It will then be pointed out clearly by whose interested rhetoric the people of the British Isles has been converted to supineness and levity. In the meantime we commit the war and its conduct to the hands of the Radical Government, and since we have thus committed them we have a right to expect a reasonable confidence in exchange. The authority of the Cabinet is to-day supreme and unchallenged. For that very reason the members of the Cabinet should reply to reasoned criticism with candour and good sense. As they are sheltered from a partisan attack, so they should put away from them the temptation to defend themselves as Radicals. If they do their duty, they speak not for a clique but for the nation. And this elementary duty both Lord Haldane and Mr M'Kenna have blindly overlooked. So deeply ingrained is their provincialism that they refuse to understand or to cope with a very serious situation. That Germany prepared for her raid upon Europe by an elaborate system of spies is known to all the world. The fate of Belgium was sealed by watchful hirelings. If the Germans succeeded in landing an army

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on the shores of Great Britain, they would doubtless be helped and comforted by thousands of eager compatriots. That, we believe, is common ground, and the Government should welcome every opinion, every piece of evidence, which might make easier the suppression of an odious system. It should remember that those who point to an evil that cries aloud have a far wiser end in view than to attack the self-love of pompous Ministers. And mark how it received the sincere criticism of patriots. Lord Crawford in the House of Lords "called attention to the danger caused by the presence of alien enemies in this country." As we all know, Lord Crawford is prone neither to alarm nor to exaggeration, and yet the facts which he divulged should seem grave enough to shake the assurance of the most smugly complacent Minister. He told the House that an alien enemy, to whom the Home Office had refused naturalisation before the war, still lived on a spot commanding a view of the sea. "Next door but one to him was another alien enemy who made no secret of his relatives in the German army, or of his profound contempt for this country."

Nor is this the worst. Not long since a German was detected in the dangerous task of intercepting official messages sent along the coast to the coastguard by telephone. He was punished by being deprived of his telephone, which it is likely that he has recovered long before this. So lights

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great deal of injustice." Where could you surpass the levity of that pronouncement? It is difficult; therefore don't trouble. In saving England from devastation, we might be guilty of injustice to Germany; therefore let England take her chance. How shall you argue with nonchalance such as that? It is possible only to record that for the death of every English sailor or soldier, who falls through information given to the enemy by spies, the British Government is solely and exclusively responsible.

Lord Haldane is frivolous. Mr M'Kenna brushes the whole question aside as a merely partisan attack. His vanity persuades him to believe that a personal assault is being made upon him. How could it be a personal assault? When the safety of England is involved, who would stoop to discuss such personality as Mr M'Kenna may happen to possess? For our part, we know nothing whatever about him beyond his public words. But we do know that the speech which he delivered in defence of himself avoided altogether the serious question at issue. He agreed that our first duty was to win the war—a vast concession,—but he "did not go the length of saying that in endeavouring to avoid risks we should do injustice." Surely any reasonable man would admit that if injustice be done that risks be avoided, the injustice is instantly condoned. The Germans, who have outraged our hospitality, came to these shores for their own

pleasure or their own profit. If the innocent suffer with the guilty, the fault is theirs, not ours. They should either have stayed at home or protested loudly against an infamous betrayal ordered by their Government. Mr M'Kenna, however, not only refuses to take adequate measures of security; like the party man that he is, he attempts to shift the responsibility. It is not the safety of England that is in his mind; it is the security of the Treasury Bench. If a fault had been committed, it was not by him. He had shown all the zeal that could be expected of him. The Home Office was not to blame, and that was all he cared about. "It is not the duty of the critics," said Mr M'Kenna, "to say which department is responsible, but do not therefore let them say the Home Office. Let them say the Government, and we shall soon know which is the department."

If these words have any precise meaning, they are an attack upon a colleague. Whatever they mean, they suggest that Mr M'Kenna is unfit for the position he holds. It is the safety of England that is at stake, not the merits of the Home Secretary. As Mr Bonar Law said, "it is not a question of which Minister is responsible. We want to see the thing properly done," and until the thing is properly done, the whole Government will lie under a heavy charge of incompetence. It is unendurable that signals should

be flashed from the East Coast to German ships; it is undurable that petrol should be supplied from the coast of Scotland to the enemies' submarines. And the sooner that this grave danger is clearly understood and recognised as of far greater importance than Mr M'Kenna's "responsibility," the safer will be the only thing that matters—England's security.

Mr Asquith has acknowledged in the House of Commons the cordial support which he has received from members of the Opposition. Let him make his gratitude a reality by protecting us in the future from such arguments as those adduced by Mr M'Kenna. The situation admits of no pettifoggery. We must hear the truth, irrespective of Ministerial vanity. The dead-weights in the Cabinet, which mattered not when there was no more desperate job on hand than the spoliation of an impoverished Church, must forthwith be removed. Had the Prime Minister risen to the height of the occasion, he would have insisted that certain members of the Opposition should be admitted to his counsels. He might then have faced the country as the representative not of a party, but of a men. It is too late, we fear, to follow the only right course. But at least, since we are all firmly and honourably determined to fight the battle until a complete victory be achieved, we might be spared the garrulity of parochial Ministers. What on earth

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their readers far more deeply into their confidence than does England. This is demonstrably untrue. Though the Germans may admit certain correspondents to their firing line, they pursue the policy adopted by the Japanese in their war against Russia, and enjoin upon them the strictest silence. The vapid praise lavished upon their patrons by kept writers, like Dr Sven Hedin, matters as little as their nebulous excursions into international politics. Sweden's well-known traveller might have written every word which has come from his pen quite as conveniently in the highlands of Thibet as in the Kaiser's headquarters. For the rest, the public of Berlin is informed daily that there is no change on the Eastern frontier, and has not yet heard that Lody, the Spy, has received the punishment which he deserved. "But," says Mr Healy, "the American papers are stuffed daily with German lies." Does he recommend Germany's plan as a counsel of perfection? Far better our own economy of news than the general dissemination of interested falsehood! Nor can the fanatics, who declare that nothing will go right until the brisk journalist is at the front, appeal honestly to the example of France. She issues her *communiqué* every day, which we share, and in return she fills the columns of her newspapers with articles culled from the English press. In conclusion, we shall act far more wisely if we place ourselves in the hands

of the soldiers who are responsible for the conduct of the war than if we clamour recklessly for uncensored news, and to such waverers as still persist we commend with confidence a candid article, published some nine years ago, wherein 'The Times' collected from the past the dangerous indiscretions of war correspondents. If this sad record leaves its readers unconvinced, let us assume that war is a circus, and care no more about the victory.

As Lord Roberts lived for more than fifty years in the service of his country, so he died, as he would have wished to die, at the front. In all the drama of the war there has been no incident more intensely dramatic than the death of this devoted hero. "I must go and see the Indian soldiers," he said when he left England. "It is the most useful thing I can do." It were superfluous to embellish these plain and noble words. Throughout his long life Lord Roberts has cherished no other wish, no other ambition, than to be "useful" to his country. What he has achieved for England is emblazoned in gold upon many a page of history. The great deeds which he did in India, in Afghanistan, in South Africa, are his glory, and the proud inheritance of us all. Since the Duke of Wellington died, no soldier has fought England's battles with better skill and courage, no soldier has filled the national imagination with finer visions of heroism than Lord Roberts. He has appeared to us all as

the personification of the military virtues. We take a just pride in reflecting that his great name is compatriot with our own. In peace as in war he has proved himself the sleepless guardian of the Empire. When the burden of his years was too heavy to be borne in the field, he strove without ceasing to arouse his countrymen to a sense of their danger. He fought for the cause of National Service with the same bravery and perseverance wherewith he had fought on many a field for the honour of England. The message which he brought was unwelcome. His selfless efforts were discouraged by the Ministers responsible for our security. It was his fortune to be abused by such demagogues as Messrs George and Acland, who have not yet sought grace with apologies. But firm in the conviction that he spoke and wrote the truth, Lord Roberts admitted no discouragement. He revealed the purposes of Germany and the defenceless condition of Great Britain with all a soldier's eloquence. His prophecies have come only too true; the justice of his warnings is everywhere acknowledged. The outbreak of war in an unarmed land did not turn his magnanimous soul to recrimination. If the event had shown the eternal rightness of his deeds and words, it was sufficient for him. Nor has his work been in vain. He has left to his countrymen a deep lesson that yet needs to be learned, a shining example which the passage of time will never dim. Those who would honour his memory can find no better means than enlistment in the army to which he gave his life. The plan which he advocated will assuredly be translated into action, and when in the time to come we know that our defences are sure, it is to Lord Roberts that we shall owe the heaviest debt of gratitude. The last words that he used in public have the sonority and should carry the conviction of a voice from the grave. "Two years ago," wrote he in 'The Hibbert Journal,' "at a crowded meeting in Manchester, I said to my fellow-countrymen, 'Arise and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal is at hand.' I claim a hearing, therefore, when I say to-day, 'Arise and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal is come.'" Is there any laggard who to-day will turn a deaf ear to this appeal? Lord Roberts, at any rate, had no memory in his long life wherewith to reproach himself. His were the rewards for which good men strive—honour, renown, happiness, the consciousness of duty faithfully performed. And as he was happy in his life, so also was he happy in his death, which came to him as a friend, where he would have chosen to meet it. "As he was called," wrote Field-Marshal Sir John French, "it seems a fitter ending to the life of so great a soldier that he should have passed away in the midst of the troops he loved so well, and within the sound of the guns."

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